



Presented to the
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY
by the
ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE
LIBRARY

1980

Fine Binding

THE CARSWELL COMPANY LIMITED

1153
B2976

BLACKWOOD'S

Edinburgh

MAGAZINE.

Legislative Library
Ontario

VOL. XLIV.

7662

JULY—DECEMBER, 1838.

Legislative Library
Ontario



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH,

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

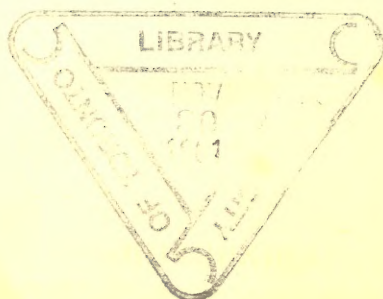
1838.

AP

4

36

V44



BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXIII.

JULY, 1838.

VOL. XLIV.

Contents.

	PAGE
THE SEXTON'S DAUGHTER. A POEM, BY ARCHÆUS . . .	1
THOUGHTS ON ORPHEUS,	21
CASIMIR PERIER,	34
HYMN TO DIANA. CALLIMACHUS,	52
MY FIRST CIRCUIT; LAW AND FACTS FROM THE NORTH, . . .	57
THE STROLLERS,	94
CORY'S ANCIENT FRAGMENTS,	105
EXTRACTS FROM THE DRAWER OF OUR WHAT-NOT,	120
CORONATION ODE FOR QUEEN VICTORIA. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, . . .	140

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH :

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXIII.

JULY, 1838.

VOL. XLIV.

THE SEXTON'S DAUGHTER. A POEM.

BY ARCHÆUS.

PART I.

1.
BESIDE the church upon the hill
A cottage stood of aspect gray,
Whose owner's task it was to till
The three fair fields that round him
lay.

2.
An orchard small, a garden-plot,
By closest hedge-rows fenced around,
With leafy tufts adorned the spot,
And marked the churchyard's ancient
bound.

3.
The church and tall church-spire at
hand,
Around the cottage shed repose,
And gravely watch the teeming land,
Where slow a stream through mea-
dows flows.

4.
Below, upon the prosperous plain,
From that high church the gazer sees
A village small, with fields of grain,
And pastures bright, and shading trees.

5.
To him who owned the church-side
farm,
The churchyard yielded gain as well ;
The Sexton he, whose strenuous arm
Dug all the graves, and tolled the bell.

6.
Sad seemed the dull gray-headed man,
Of sluggish thought, and careful heed ;
He shaped his life by rule and plan,
And hoarded all beyond his need.

VOL. XLIV. NO. CCLXXIII.

7.
One daughter, little Jane, had he,
The silent Sexton's only child ;
And when she laughed aloud and free,
The gray old Sexton smiled.

8.
For she within his heart had crept,
Himself he could not tell you why,
But often he has almost wept
Because he heard her cry.

9.
All else to him appeared as dead,
Awaiting but the shroud and pall ;
It seemed that to himself he said,
" I soon shall dig the graves of all."

10.
And beast, and man, and home, and
wife,
He saw with cold, accustomed eye ;
Jane only looked so full of life
As if that she could never die.

11.
And when she still could hardly walk
By holding fast his wrinkled finger,
So well he loved her prattling talk,
He often from his work would linger.

12.
Around her waist in sport he tied
The coffin-ropes for leading-strings,
And on his spade she learnt to ride,
And handled all his churchyard
things.

13.
Henceforth on many a summer day,
While hollowing deep the sunlit grave,

A

Beside him he would have her stay,
And bones to be her playthings gave.

14.

At whiles the busied man would raise
Above the brink his bare gray head,
With quiet smile a moment gaze,
And turn to labour for the dead.

15.

And when, slow-winding up the hill,
Between the elms, the funeral came,
Her voice would sound so cheerly shrill
As if 'twere all an infant's game.

16.

But when the burial rite was there,
The drooping forms, the weeping eyes,
The awful thrill, the hallowing prayer,
The sudden whisper lost in sighs,—

17.

The child then sought her father's side,
And spoke in wondering accents low,
And he almost aloud replied,
“Hush, hush, my dear! 'tis always so.”

18.

One day upon a baby's grave
His morning's work must Simon spend,
And Jane her seat by him must have,
And all his well-known task attend.

19.

Soon 'mid the herbage soft and green
The little place of rest was made,
Whence daisy-cover'd meads were
seen,

And where the hawthorn cast a shade.

20.

Old Simon, almost resting now,
With slackened stroke his labour plied,
And raising oft his moistened brow,
With longer looks his darling eyed.

21.

Then Jane cried out in sudden glee,
“Oh, what a pretty grave is there!
It would be just a bed for me,
With room enough, and none to spare.”

22.

The father's hand let fall the spade,
His cheek grew pale, he heaved a
groan;
And when the children's graves he
made,

Thenceforth he always worked alone.

23.

These hours, and others more, when he
In fields was labouring far away,
Dear Jane beside her mother's knee
Would oftener pass than she would
play.

24.

The child and woman thus akin,
Two shapes of earth's obscurest
mould,
Had love as true, both hearts within,
As e'er in loftiest lay was told.

25.

I know not—'twas not said of yore—
But still to me, a man, it seems
That motherhood is something more
Than e'en a father's fondness deems.

26.

The teeming breast has thrills, 'tis
plain,

More deep than e'er its partner knew,
A mystery of hopeful pain,
That makes a greater blessing due.

27.

And thus, though far in years apart,
The mother and her child were one;
The youthful and the elder heart
To one true heart had grown.

28.

The mother was an humble woman,
Unskilled in aught that's known to few,
And having only this uncommon—
A zeal to practise all she knew.

29.

And Mary from her bosom's core
Of many things could speak to Jane,
That, never finding voice before,
Had mutely dwelt, but not in vain.

30.

Of change and trial here on earth,
Of hopes by which we conquer sins,
And of the spirit's better birth
Than that which first our life begins.

31.

And sometimes, when the closing day
Shot through the cottage window-pane,
And o'er the mother cast a ray
That kindled all the heart of Jane,—

32.

Then starting she would turn and
look,

As if it were the cloven sky
That o'er the quiet face and book
Shot out its glories suddenly.

33.

Oft, too, while Mary mildly spake
In words now flowing smooth and free,
From Simon's eyes a gleam would
break;

So both were taught, his child and he.

34.

Thus from within and from without,
She grew a flower for mind and eye;
'Twas love that circled her about,
And love in her made quick reply.

35.

Church, too, and churchyard were to
Jane

A realm of dream, and sight, and lore;
And, but for one green field or twain,
All else a sea without a shore.

36.

Of this her isle the central rock
Stood up in that old tower sublime,

Which utter'd from its wondrous
clock

The only thought she had of Time.

37.

For her at Sunday-service hours
The world she knew expanded wide,
The chiming bell had wizard powers
To bid new visions round her glide.

38.

For now came trooping up the hill
The young and old, the faint and
strong;
The white-frock'd men the sunshine
fill,
And girls, a many-colour'd throng.

39.

The sires of all from age to age
Were laid below the grassy mould,
Whose hillocks were to Jane a page
Inscribed with lessons manifold.

40.

And in the porch, or on the green,
And in the pause between the prayers,
She marked each various face and
mien

With eyes that softened theirs.

41.

She marked the mild gray head serene,
Or happy look of youthful glow,

As if a sunbeam played between
Those hearts and hers to warm her so.

42.

And brows where darker passions
wrought,
And strength with more of ill than
good,

Would stamp upon her infant thought
A fear ill understood.

43.

She turned from these and blushed,
and heard

With deeper sense the prayer and
praise,

And oft some strange but holy word
Her soul in vague delight could raise.

44.

The child between her parents
knelt,

Who prayed the more to God above,
Because so close to them they felt
The dearest gift of heavenly love.

45.

And well that heart the mother
knew

Which he but as from far could prize ;
For scarce an impulse in it grew
But Mary first had seen it rise.

PART II.

1.

Years flowed away and never brought
The weary weight of care to Jane ;
They gave emotion, wonder, thought,
The strength of life without the pain.

2.

To her new beauty largely given
From deeper fountains looked and
smiled ;
And, like a morning dream from
heaven,
The woman gleamed within the child.

3.

Her looks were oftener turned to
earth,
But every glance was lovelier now ;
'Twas plain that light of inward
birth
Now kissed the sunshine round her
brow.

4.

Withdrawn was she from passing
eyes
By more than Fortune's outward law,
By bashful thoughts like silent sighs,
By Feeling's lone retiring awe.

5.

So fair the veil that twilight weaves
Around its golden shows,

Or shadow of its own green leaves
Upon the crimson rose.

6.

And she had reached a higher state,
Though infant joys about her clung ;
With gaze more fixed a graver fate
Above her beauty hung.

7.

So fares it still with human life,
Which, ever journeying on,
Unconscious climbs from peace to
strife,

Till new ascents be won.

8.

And thus about her youth was spread
The shadow thrown by coming Time,
The expectance deepening o'er her
head

Of passion's sad Sublime ;

9.

While all that on the dreadless flower
The war of Will and Doom may bring,
Stands waiting but the signal hour
To sweep on fiery wing.

10.

Heavy and stern came down the blow
On her who had no shield of pride ;
Who never felt the grasp of wo
Until her mother died.

11.

The gold-haired maid and hoary man
Together knelt beside the bed,
And saw with helpless gaze the span
That parts the living from the dead.

12.

Slow dragged the following day : for
him

His known familiar life was gone ;
The Past was something dark and
grim

That he must look at now alone.

13.

But all his fondest heart awoke,
And opened toward his orphan child ;
To her with cheerful ease he spoke,
And wondering marked she never
smiled.

14.

She knew not what the mind will
bear,

Yet only learn the more to brave ;
It seemed the world so large and fair
Must sink within her mother's grave.

15.

That grave himself would Simon
make,

And she could only turn and groan,
When first the spade she saw him
take,

As if the grief were not his own.

16.

Then soon the burial pang was o'er,
And calmer flowed the stream again ;
But Jane would never witness more
An open grave or funeral train.

17.

The maiden now was left to be
Her father's only prop and stay,
And in her looks was plain to see
A heart resolved, but never gay ;

18.

A loveliness that made men sad,
Like some delightful, mournful ditty,
Too fair for any but the bad
To think of without love and pity.

19.

Each household task she duly wrought,
No change but one the house could
know,

And peace for her was in the thought,
Her mother would have wished it so.

20.

But often in the silent hours
Of summer dawn, while men were
sleeping,

She rose to gather fragrant flowers,
And wet their leaves with weeping.

21.

She strewed them o'er her mother's
grave,

To wither where her joys had faded ;

No growth she deemed could either
have,

Though shower and sunshine aided.

22.

And oft she read her Bible there,
Her mother's book that well she knew ;
And felt that in the hallowed air
Its meanings brighter grew.

23.

One morning, while she sat intent
Beside the grassy mound,
Her brow upon the headstone leant,
Her foot upon the ground,—

24.

The sunshine sparkled through the
sky,

The breeze and lark sang on to-
gether,

And yet there seemed, afar and nigh,
One silent world of azure weather.

25.

But from beyond the old Yew-tree
A voice disturbed the maiden's ear,
And in the lone tranquillity
It sounded strangely near.

26.

'Twas now a broken word of prayer,
'Twas now a sob of " Mother! Mo-
ther ! "

And all the sorrow bursting there
The heart she felt had sought to
smother.

27.

No woman's voice so deeply rings,
Though men by graves but seldom
pray ;

And, ah ! how true the grief that brings
A man to weep by light of day !

28.

With wonder awed, with pity stirred,
From off the book she turned away ;
And still the same low sob she heard,
And still he seemed to pray.

29.

With sorrow moved for others' woes,
The maiden rose upon her knee ;
Upon her feet the maiden rose,
And stood beside the old yew-tree.

30.

And doubting, trembling, there she
stood,

Nor dared the mourning man to see ;
And, though her thoughts were all of
good,

She feared to stay, she feared to flee.

31.

Against the broad yew-trunk she
leant,

The black boughs' vault of shade a-
dorning,—

A fixed, fair, living monument,
Amid the light of morning :

32.

Till silently stood up the man,
And from the grave he stept aside,
But started back with visage wan,
When there the maid he spied.

33.

He too was young, and sad, and pale,
Two mourning youthful hearts were
they ;
They had the same familiar tale,
Man's tale of every day.

34.

And each upon the other gazed,
With eyes from sorrow cold and slow ;
They knew not why, but felt amazed
That each was not alone in wo.

35.

Few moments they together stayed,
And few the broken words they spake,
And parted so, the man and maid,
Their separate paths alone to take.

PART III.

1.

The pair who thus that morning met
Had never mingled mutual speech,
And now could neither heart forget
What time so brief availed to teach.

2.

In secret thought each breast could say
That one it knew of kindred mould,
And through the long, long summer
day
That tale in fancy oft was told.

3.

For far unlike was Henry's mind
To aught that Jane had seen before ;
Though poor and lowly, yet refined
With much of noblest lore.

4.

A gentle widow's only child
He grew beneath a loving rule ;
A man with spirit undefiled,
He taught the village school.

5.

And many books had Henry read,
And other tongues than ours he knew,
His heart with many fancies fed
Which oft from hidden wells he drew.

6.

What souls heroic dared and bore
In ancient days for love and duty,
What sages could by thought explore,
What poets sang of beauty :

7.

With these he dwelt, because within
His breast was full of silent fire.
No praise of men he cared to win,
More high was his desire ;

8.

To be, to know what'er of Good
To man below is given ;
And, asking Truth as daily food,
Seek little more from Heaven.

9.

To him the friend of all his days
Had been his saintly mother,
And ev'n the playmate of his plays—
He never wished another.

10.

For he was weak and oft in pain ;
From noisy sports he shrank away ;
But songs to sing, or tales to feign,
For him made holiday.

11.

And she had lived in cities wide,
Had sailed across the fearful ocean,
Could tell of wealth, and camps, and
pride,
And peopled earth's commotion.

12.

And books had she a precious store,
With words whose light was never
dim ;
Five crowded shelves, like mines of
ore,
Or undiscovered realms for him.

13.

A surgeon had the husband been,
Who left this young and widowed
bride ;
He left her while her leaves were
green,
But ah ! they withered when he died.

14.

So here she lived unmarked, alone,
Through quiet years remote from
blame,
With little that she called her own
But him who bore his father's name.

15.

Two hearts had she, the one so sad
It often ached within her breast ;
But in her boy a heart she had
Now thrilled with hope, now lulled to
rest.

16.

And tall he grew, though never
strong,
And beautiful at least to her ;
A soul he seemed attuned to song,
With thoughts of endless inward stir.

17.

By love she taught him best to love,
She gave him hope by trust in God ;

When pained below he looked above,
Yet scorned no flower of nature's
sod.

18.

And when to fill the ripening man
In deeper flow Reflection came,
When Thought and Wish their strife
began,
Fears, Passions, Doubts no longer
tame ;

19.

Though small the help 'twas hers to
give,—
For deep not wide her best of lore,—
“ Still, still,” she said, “ by Conscience
live,
And Peace and Truth from Heaven
implore.

20.

“ My son, for these to toil is good,
For these to none who seek denied ;
And thought must be thy lonely food,
No teacher at thy side.”

21.

No teacher had he ; but a friend,
The only friend in Henry's reach,
The kindly Vicar, books would lend,
And counsel, though unskilled to teach.

22.

And by his word was Henry made
The master o'er the village boys ;
A teacher still, by smiles and aid
Alluring on to nobler joys.

23.

Thus Henry lived in meek repose,
Though suffering oft the body's pain,
Though sometimes aimless Thoughts
and Woes

Like wrestling giants racked the brain.

24.

But now an outward sorrow fell
Down on his heart with heavier sway ;
Through months of sickness long to
tell

His mother passed from earth away.

25.

His books, his thoughts, his boys were
now

A swarm of insects murmuring round.
Afresh they stung his aching brow,
And fevered him with weary sound.

26.

And when the toilsome day was past,
And darkness veiled his burning eyes,
Upon the bed his limbs he cast,
And wished he ne'er again might rise.

27.

A flitting wish and soon recalled ;
But still there lived within his mind
A shame for courage thus appalled,
For faith so weak, and reason blind.

28.

He knew not if he slept or woke,
'Twas all exhaustion's clouded gloom,
When light like moonshine round him
broke,

And showed his mother's grassy tomb.

29.

And o'er it floated, borne in air,
Her form serene in brightness clad,
With glistening stars around the hair,
And eyes of love no longer sad.

30.

Her looks like summer lightning
spread,
And filled the boundless heavenly
deep ;

Devoutest peace around she shed,
The calm without the trance of sleep.

31.

He knew not how, but soon was gone
The phantom shape that blessed his
eyes ;

The churchyard Yew-tree, black and
lone,

Stood up against the starry skies.

32.

Bewildered, yet consoled, he rose,
And looked abroad ; the dawn was
breaking,

It was the night's gray chilly close,
The day's fresh golden waking.

33.

He left the village, crossed the rill,
While dawn's pale gleams had scarce
begun ;

He climbed the elm-bedarkened hill,
And in the churchyard faced the sun.

34.

Beneath a clear unruffled morn,
Beside the grave he knelt in prayer ;
There breathed a voice to soothe and
warn,

And still Repose was whispering there.

35.

And there he saw the gentle maid
Whose earliest grief was like his
own :

To him it seemed his mother bade
Their hearts should each to each be
known.

36.

Yet passed a week as if no more
They could recall their mournful
meeting ;

And then, when seven long days were
o'er,

Again they spoke with timid greet-
ing.

37.

Amid the noiseless crystal morn
They stood below the nightly Yew ;

They dared not feel new hopes were
born

For both, and trembling pleasures new.

38.

Now neither sat beside the grave,
They stood below the old Yew-tree,
That with its sable shadows gave
A home where grief might love to be.

39.

They speak of those so lately gone,
And words of sorrow dry their tears ;
And even when the tear flows on
It each to each the more endears.

40.

For grief like theirs, without remorse,
Is yet a gentle hallowed feeling,
And darkens not the limpid source
Of joy, from love's deep fountain steal-
ing.

41.

Thou Breeze of dawn, a music blent
With hues that are a song of light !
Thou Sky, whose dome, above them
bent,

Expands the cloudless god to sight !

42.

Thou greenest World, through count-
less ages
Adorned our bounteous home to be !
So fair beyond the dreams of sages,
Which are but glimpses caught from
thee !

43.

And Thou pervading Soul of All,
In man's large mind most clearly
shown,

Receiving at devotion's call

Whate'er of best thy Sire makes
known !

44.

Bear witness ! ye consenting saw,
And shed from all your seats above,
A strength all evil fears to awe,
In those two hearts combined by love.

45.

At morning oft, and oft at eve,
They met below the old Yew-tree,
For they would not forget to grieve,
Though blest as mortal souls may
be.

46.

'Twere worth a thoughtful wish to see
A loving pair so calm, so young,

'Mid graves, beside the churchyard
tree,

While summer's light around them
clung.

47.

He seemed a more than common man,
Whom children passed not heedless
by,

With graven brow of shapely span,
And sudden-moving, pensive eye.

48.

Retired and staid was Henry's look,
And shrank from men's tumultuous
ways ;

And on the earth as on a book
He oft would bend his gaze.

49.

But then at sight of bird or flower,
Or beam that set the clouds in flame,
Or aught that told of joy or power,
Upon the man his genius came.

50.

Most flashed his light whene'er he saw
The kind and blooming face of Jane,
When Love, by its supremest law,
Bade care depart, and fears be vain.

51.

His Jane was fair to any eye ;
How more than earthly fair to him !
Her very beauty made you sigh
To think that it should e'er be dim.

52.

So childlike young, so gravely sweet,
With smiles of some disportive sprite,
While blushes clear and fancies fleet
Played o'er in rippling waves of light.

53.

It was, in truth, a simple soul
That filled with day her great blue
eyes,

That made her all one gracious Whole,
Unmarred by vain and selfish lies.

54.

She had no art, and little skill
In aught save Right, and maiden Feel-
ing.

On Henry's wisdom leant her will,
No ignorance from him concealing.

55.

And so she freshened all his life,
As does a sparkling mountain rill,
That plays with scarce a show of strife
Around its green aspiring hill.

PART IV.

1.

With bold affection, pure and true,
The lovers rose all fears above,
And Faith and Conscience fed with dew
The strong and flame-like flower of
love.

2.

Sometimes amid the glimmering meads
They walked in August's genial eve,
And marked above the mill-stream
reeds
The myriad flies their mazes weave.

3.

While under heaven's warm lucent hues
They felt their eyes and bosoms glow,
And learnt how fondly Fancy views
Fair sights the moment ere they go.

4.

And then, while earth was darkening
o'er,
While stars began their tranquil day,
Rejoiced that Nature gives us more
Than all it ever takes away.

5.

In earliest autumn's fading woods
Remote from eyes they roamed at morn,
And saw how Time transmuting broods
O'er all that into Time is born.

6.

That power which men would fain
forget,
The law of change and slow decay,
Came to them with a mild regret,
A brightness veiled in softening gray.

7.

While in this mood one day they sat
Beside a lonely woodland spring,
On moss that spread a living mat,
The fountain's verdant fairy-ring—

8.

To Jane her lover slowly said,
"The time, the scene, recall to me
A story of a youth and maid
In famous lands beyond the sea.

9.

"In land of Greece in ancient days,
A man, by many dreams possessed,
Would wander oft from trodden ways,
And rudest wilds he loved the best.

10.

"He strewed his thoughts along the
gale,
He gave his heart to earth and sky,
To trees his life's fantastic tale
Was known, but not to mortal eye.

11.

"His soul devout, his shaping mind,
Had power at last o'er mystic things,
And could the silent charms unbind
That chain the fountain's icy springs.

12.

"There shone a breezeless autumn
morn
When o'er the crystal cell arose
A woman from the waters born,
And fair as aught our fancy knows.

13.

"He sought to make the maid his own,
For earthly love a human bride;
Her voice had love's pathetic tone,
But still her words the suit denied.

14.

"One day of pure delight was given
In every month of changing skies,

And 'twas once more the autumnal
heaven

That saw the Fountain Spirit rise.

15.

"Again the youth his fay besought
A mortal's lot with him to share,
For converse all of airy thought
Contents but souls ensphered in air;

16.

"And man will ask below the skies
That breast may lean to beating breast,
That mingling hands and answering
eyes

May halve the toil and glad the rest.

17.

"I too," she said, and saying darkened,
'Must speak to thee of certain doom,
To thee for whom my deeps have
hearkened,

And oft have felt unwonted gloom.

18.

"For thee my heart, so calmly blest,
Has throbb'd with keener hopes and
joys;

My waves have sparkled unrepressed,
And breathed for thee more vocal
noise.

19.

"Too fond has been our mutual love
To last beneath yon clouded sun;
And fate, that sternly sits above,
Decees our bliss already done.

20.

"At morn or eve thou must no more
Return for commune sweet with me;
My gaze on mortal eyes is o'er,
Because it may not feed on thee.

21.

"Thou must in other pathways roam,
But sometimes think that once we met;
I seek my lonely cavern home,
There still to live, but not forget.'

22.

"The tinkling words were hardly said,
When sank the fountain's mournful
daughter;

The youth, to grasp the form that fled,
Sprang shrieking down the fatal water.

23.

"— Dear Jane, 'tis but a graceful
story,

To soothe and not oppress the mind;
But now the year is turning hoary,
I hear it moaned by every wind.

24.

"And in the autumn's look I trace,
I know not why, a threatening stare,
Nor e'en thy dear and rosy face
Can disenchant the spell-bound air.

25.

"Yet well I know 'tis empty dream,
And vainer still the legend's voice,

For if too fond man's love may seem,
'Tis but by erring in the choice.

26.

"Begone, ye fears that round us wait,
The soul's dim twilight hour possess-
ing !

A Will beyond the Grecian Fate
Has given us love's unstinted bless-
ing."

27.

Jane listened first with pensive gaze,
Then dread disturbed her seeking
glance,

Though she but half could read the
phrase

That told the heathen land's romance.

28.

But clear she saw, and truly felt,
That Henry was not well at ease ;
'Twas not a grief obscurely spelt,
But plain as aught the spirit sees.

29.

Her arms around his neck she threw,
Against his cheek her head she laid,
And he could feel the sigh she drew,
Could feel the passion of the maid.

30.

Then first upon her soul it broke
That Time their lives might sever ;
From joy's delightful trance she woke,
And it was gone for ever :

31.

As when a child first snaps the band
That close to home has bound him ;
Or as the sailor dreams of land,
And wakes with waves around him.

32.

Long time she paused, and hid her
face,
Then raised her head in piteous sor-
row,

As doubting in his look to trace
A hope for e'en to-morrow.

33.

She saw his cheek so worn and pale,
She saw the dark expanded eye,
And read the unimagined tale
Of sure and near mortality.

34.

Her shuddering face she stooped in
dread,

And then once more was fain to look ;
Slow tears her eyes o'erladen shed
On his thin hand, that feebly shook.

35.

They spoke not, ere they rose to go,
And walked towards the far church-
tower ;

Side pressed to side, they journeyed
slow,

While passed one voiceless, throbbing
hour.

36.

But when they reached the burial-
ground,

They turned and looked o'er hill and
plain ;

And, starting up from misery's
swound,

He faintly said to Jane—

37.

"The autumn woods are fair to see,
Its clouds with straggling sunshine
burn ;

But lovelier will the springtime be,
When warmth, and hope, and life re-
turn."

38.

With long, sad smiles, of sorrow bred,
The fate-struck lovers left each other,
While both at heart more deeply bled
Than even for a buried mother.

PART V.

1.

Slow dragged along the unsmiling
year,

With winds, and mist, and foliage
torn ;

And, though their green love grew
not sere,

They could not cease to mourn.

2.

But still they strove to feed their hope,
Though faint and worn away with
fears,

Though in their passion's ample scope
Was room for many tears.

3.

To see the Sexton Henry came,
And told how great a thing he sought ;

The father did not loudly blame,
But sat in unrejoicing thought.

4.

At last he spoke, with lingering
tongue :

"My friend, I will not say you no,
Though Jane is still but weak and
young

From her old father's side to go.

5.

"Indeed, 'twould be a wiser plan,
If you could come and live with me ;
Though I am not a book-learned man,
With her to help we might agree.

6.

"The house and fields are all my own,
And will be his who weds with her,

And I grow old to work alone,
And oft would rather rest than stir.

7.

"And after me, 'tis plain to think,
My son may be the sexton too ;
But for your books, and pen, and ink,
I know not what's the good they do.

8.

"Ah! well, I see you hang your
head ;
And where, my friend, 's the need of
shame ?

'Tis not too late to change your trade,
And then—why, Jane may change her
name.

9.

"To-morrow evening come again ;
Till then, at least, I'll not refuse ;
I would not cross the wish of Jane,
Though she, I fear, is young to
choose."

10.

Before that eve, it so befell
The lovers met beside the tree,
And Henry said—" 'Twere vain to
tell
That I would give all else for thee.

11.

"But, Jane, although I should desire
My thoughts and aims in sleep were
laid,
My limbs the needful strength require
To ply a labourer's busy spade."

12.

"Oh! well," she said, "I know it all!
My father's wish can never be.
Oh! could we but the past recall,
So you again were calm and free!

13.

"Yet, Henry, still our love is sweet,
The best of life I e'er have known,
And if again we never meet,
I oft shall think it o'er alone.

14.

"These fallen leaves were bright and
green

The day that first I heard you speak ;
How many hours have passed between,
Strengthening my heart, though still
'tis weak!

15.

"I seem to look with larger eyes,
And deeper thoughts within me
stream ;
More livelier sights around me rise,
And gifts bestowed by you they seem.

16.

"But yet it must not be, I know ;
Whate'er the unpausing moment's
choice,
Great hopes within your bosom grow,
That never yet have found a voice.

17.

"And in the body's daily task
No time, no rest for thought allowed,
Regrets will wake, and move, and ask,
And speak the more, not speaking
loud.

18.

"And you will muse, from day to day,
Of all you might have been and done ;
Of wisdom widening men's highway,
Of goodness warning like the sun.

19.

"And you for want of those will pine
Who might reflect your fancy's hues ;
Perhaps will think the fault is mine
Of all the nobler life you lose."

20.

Half-turned the maid, as if to part,
Affrighted by the imagin'd pain,
But Henry pressed her on his heart,
And kissed her eyes, and spoke again :

21.

"Though this were true that sounds
so strange,
Yet need we not at once decide ;
Perhaps your father's mind may
change,
And hopes be ours now undescried.

22.

"Your love is not forbidden yet ;
It shames not you, it blesses me.
The past we never can forget,
And happier may the future be."

23.

The evening came, and trembling
stood
The lover at the father's door,
And found within the maid he wooed,
And that old man so bent and hoar.

24.

Their trimmest garb had each put on,
Around was neatness, comfort, cheer ;
The clouds appeared to distance gone,
And Jane's bright face bespoke not
fear.

25.

She sat upon her mother's chair,
And poured the drink that Henry
loved ;
Her tea with him 'twas joy to share,
And sit beside him unreprieved.

26.

And close beside the blazing fire
Was placed the old man's easy seat ;
The flames, now low, then shooting
higher,
Cast o'er him glimpses bright and
fleet.

27.

They showed a face more soft than
bold,
Though keen the look of settled will ;

With lines that many winters told,
But little stir of good and ill.

28.

And thus the untroubled, aged man,
His long-experienced lesson spake,
In words that painfully began,
While slow his pondering seemed to
wake :—

29.

“ Perhaps you think, dear daughter
Jane,
My wishes neither kind nor wise,
Because I keep a sober brain,
And look about with wistful eyes.

30.

“ Yet surely I have lived and wrought
More years than you, or he you love ;
And it must be a foolish thought
Of yours that I cannot approve.

31.

“ I know not who can better learn
Than one who lives so long as I,
Who all life long have tried to earn,
And still have set my earnings by.

32.

“ And I have seen a many score
Of men and women laid in earth ;
I mostly, too, can tell them o’er,
And all their prosperings, e’en from
birth.

33.

“ And always I have seen withal
That thriftiest heads are honoured
most ;

And those who into misery fall,
By them respect is quickly lost.

34.

“ A man who gains and keeps to-
gether,
Is like the tree that yearly grows,
That, stout and strong in wintry
weather,

A goodly crop in summer shows.

35.

“ But he who spends and wastes away,
Is like a tree decayed within ;
Though still the leaves and bloom be
gay,

Its top will soon be shrunk and thin.

36.

“ Or see the gleaner winnowing grain,
The empty chaff goes flying ;
The plump, full, yellow seeds remain,
Like gold for profit lying.

37.

“ The chaff may glitter in the sun,
And dance before the wind,
But I would rather look upon
The quiet heap behind.

38.

“ What some within an hour would
spend,
The wise man takes a day to win ;

But when the waste has reached an
end

The gains of thrift are coming in.

39.

“ And ever I have seen that they
Who least had cause to fear the morrow,
Have cheeriest walked the open way,
Nor hung their heads in sorrow.

40.

“ Who does not feel how hard the
thought

For one whose life must soon be o’er,
That all his days have added nought,
But still made less man’s little store ?

41.

“ And therefore, Jane, I think it right
That you should choose a gainful man,
One working hard from morn till night,
Gathering and hoarding all he can.

42.

“ Yet, mind you well, I do not say
But Henry may your husband be ;
Though much I doubt if learning’s pay
Will keep a house from leanness free.

43.

“ His health, by study much abused,
Seems now, if well I mark, to pine ;
And then he has been always used
To nurture delicate and fine.

44.

“ His mother’s stipend ceased with her,
And he, I know, must needs be poor ;
And so methinks it better were
That you and he should love no more.

45.

“ But stay till winter days be past,
And when the spring returns again,
If still I find your liking last,
Why then—nay, come and kiss me,
Jane.”

46.

Thus wandered round his maze of
speech

The long-experienced man ;
Determined both the twain to teach,
Through all his saws he ran.

47.

With eyes upon the table bent,
The maiden stooped her glowing face ;
But Henry gazed with look intent,
The father’s inmost thought to trace.

48.

And when of sinking health he spoke,
The lover’s brow was flushed with red,
While Jane turned white beneath the
stroke,

With anguish more than dread.

49.

But when the closing promise came,
They both were comforted and cheered ;
For, freed from strife, remorse, and
blame,
The old man’s eye no more they feared.

PART VI.

1.

November days are dusk and dull,
And yet they teach the heart to ponder;
Of sober depth the skies are full,
While fades from earth its garb of wonder.

2.

We breathe at whiles so charmed an
air,
By sound each leaf's light fall we learn;
No breeze disturbs the spider's snare
That hangs with dew the stately fern.

3.

Soon heaves within the boundless frame
A strong and sullen gust of life,
And rolling waves and woods proclaim
The darkened world's increasing strife.

4.

'Mid boom, and clang, and stormy
swell,
And shadows dashed by blast and rain,
Leaves heaped, whirled, routed, sweep
the dell,
And glimpses course the leaden main.

5.

And yet, though inward drawn and still,
There beats a hidden heart of joy;
Beneath the old year's mantle chill
Sleeps, mute and numb, the unconscious
boy.

6.

And they who muse and hope may
guess
With faith assured the future spring;
But him who loves all hours will bless,
All months to him of May-time sing.

7.

"At least I've known," young Henry
said,
"How dark soe'er new days may prove,
Love's inspiration shared and fed
By her I love."

8.

With lifted brow, and buoyant heart,
He now fulfilled his daily toil,
And e'en 'mid weary tasks would start
Bright springs from desert soil.

9.

He stood with zeal the untaught to
teach,
'Mid fifty faces young and rude,
And turned a cheerful front to each,
That brightened them and yet sub-
dued.

10.

He strove that clear they might discern
What aims to man true value give,
And said—"You do not live to learn,
But learn that you may better live."

11.

The boy who came with sun-bleached
head,
And dress by many a patch repaired,
Still felt in all that Henry said
E'en more than strongest words de-
clared.

12.

Those truths, as more than lessons
taught,
Were learnt as more than lessons too;
The teacher's precept, will, and
thought,
E'en from his look fresh import drew.

13.

And well he knew how wilful sway
Disloyal service breeds at best,
And often fills the schoolboy's day
With hate by fear alone repressed.

14.

Yet could he temper love and meekness
With all the sacred might of law,
Dissevering gentleness from weakness,
And hallowing tenderness by awe.

15.

Nor e'er beneath his steadfast eye
Could ill escape its grave reproof;
Nor durst he set his conscience by,
That peace might reign by its re-
moval.

16.

His love was no unblest device
To lengthen falsehood's coward mood,
Nor purchased liking at the price
Of calling evil—good.

17.

He woke the sense, he warned the
breast,
Affirming truths supreme,
And let the voice within attest
He told no misty dream.

18.

Each feeling thus that moved the child,
As each in turn awoke,
To its fixed law was reconciled,
And owned the strengthening yoke.

19.

So still the God revealed below
As one great Will of Good to all,
He taught for Sire and Judge to know,
On whom for aid all needs may call.

20.

Amid his poor, unknown throng
Of little learners pleased he stood;
To him their murmur hummed a song,
And every face had germs of good.

21.

And when the exhausted aching frame
Would fain have sunk away to rest,

He thought how high the teacher's
aim,
What seeds his sleep would leave sup-
pressed.

22.

So have I seen upon a hill
A fair green tree of milk-white flowers,
Where bees sucked out their honeyed
fill
Through all the long day's basking
hours.

23.

To its green cells and vases white,
That yield an odorous air,
The swarm with musical delight
For their sweet gold repair.

24.

But dark decay may mine the tree,
Or lightning-bolt may blast,
And not a flower for wind or bee
Delight the saddening waste.

25.

The winter pressed with gloom and chill
Round Henry's wavering thread of life,
And though the eye shone boldly still,
The cheek grew thin amid the strife.

26.

And while at solitary night
His candle showed some ancient page,
And like a deft familiar sprite
Evoked for him the buried sage;

27.

While from the distant snow-clad
world

The clown, belated, marked the beam,
Nor guessed of what the glimmering
told,

What human task, or goblin dream,—

28.

The lonely student oft would shrink,
And startling, clasp his painful breast,
With long-drawn sigh of Jane would
think,

And seek at last reluctant rest.

29.

Yet once again did Jane and he
By Simon's hearth at evening meet,
And once beneath his bare ash-tree
They filled at dawn their grassy seat.

30.

'Twas then a cold and misty morn,
The churchyard seemed a cave of
death;

They saw the Yew, by cold unshorn,
Stand hearse-like black in winter's
breath.

31.

And e'en while now the lovers spoke
They felt the fog between them rise;
Round each it spread a dull gray
cloak,
And masked them each in vague dis-
guise.

32.

At parting Henry said—"Farewell;
On Sunday morn we meet again;
When first rings out the old church
bell,
With merry chant, expect me then."

33.

At last, though slow, that Sunday
came,

And Jane put on her best array,
And still her colour fled and came
As if it were her wedding-day.

34.

Her father went to ring the bell,
And she to watch the doorway sprang,
And on the latch her finger fell,
And paused, and paused—the church-
bell rang.

35.

No step was there: it seemed a knell
Whose notes her father's hand was
ringing;

She oped the door for breath, the bell
So heavily went swinging.

36.

She knew that Henry was not there,
And yet she looked below the tree;
There stood nor shape of misty air,
Nor sunbright face in sunshine free.

37.

She looked the winding road along,
Now hid no more with leafy green,
But 'mid its loitering speckled throng
For her no living shape was seen.

38.

She turned, and passed the dim church-
door,

Beneath an ancient arch's frown,
And in the aisle upon the floor
She knelt not, but her knees fell down.

39.

Upon the seat she stooped her face,
But still she heard that doleful bell,
And though she prayed for Heaven's
dear grace,

'Twas still the same pursuing knell.

40.

And when the people stood to sing,
Though now the weary bell was
o'er,

She heard it through her bosom ring,
As if 'twould ring for ever more.

41.

She could not rise upon her feet,
She could not stand when others stood,
And all the words she could repeat
Were still—"To me, O God! be
good!"

42.

At last the service all was done,
And she might go from church away,
But still she could not be alone,
She must beside her father stay.

43.

His mid-day meal she must prepare
Before the second service-bell ;
And she must sit beside him there,
And by constraint be well.

44.

Once more they reached their home
again ;
The winter day had changed to night ;

He dozed beside the fire, and Jane
At last was free from busy light.

45.

She left his frugal supper laid,
She heard him breathe with slumber-
ous tone ;
And then, released, the trembling maid
Dared slip away alone.

PART VII.

1.

Upon the maiden's weary soul
The silent darkness dawned like day,
While free amid the boundless Whole,
Alone with God, she took her way.

2.

And yet a thrill of shame and fear
In her with love and anguish met ;
She longed that earth would cease to
hear,
And heaven one hour its gaze forget.

3.

But Henry more than all was dear ;
On her he seemed to call for aid,
And she through wave and gale would
steer,
To track the wandering mourning
shade.

4.

Along the churchyard path she went,
And saw above the Yew
The low discoloured firmament,
While cold winds round her blew.

5.

But swift along the road she sped
With still increasing pace,
And walked where blackest darkness
led,
The more to hide her face.

6.

And now to Henry's home she came,
Where never she had been before ;
She could not now remember shame,
But knocked upon the door.

7.

An aged woman, dull and slow,
Came creeping at the sound,
Nor asked the comer's name to know,
But straight the key turned round.

8.

Jane hurried in, and at the first,
These words unpausing said—
“ O ! tell me, tell me all the worst !
Tell me, is Henry dead ? ”

9.

She marked the woman's wrinkled
cheek,
And saw 'twas swollen with weeping,
Before she heard her answering speak,
“ He is alive, and sleeping.

10.

“ 'Tis now the second day that he
Has been too weak to rise from bed,
And truly, as it seems to me,
He never more will lift his head.

11.

“ I've loved him ever since a child,
And tended him from day to day ;
I sometimes think 'twould drive me wild
If I should see him pass away.”

12.

Then Jane exclaimed,—“ What noise
is there ?
I hear a tapping faint and low.”
The other hastened up the stair,
And Jane with her would go.

13.

And she was there when Henry
said—
“ I heard a voice that spoke below ;
Or was my heart by dreams betrayed ?
It seemed the voice that best I know.”

14.

His words were weak, and drawn with
pain,
His face looked flushed with burning
red ;
She would no more her love restrain,
But swiftly knelt beside the bed.

15.

Her arms around his neck she threw,
She gave his lips a quivering kiss,
And heart to heart tumultuous flew,
For nought was left them now but this.

16.

Few moments passed in hurried grief,
And then her face away she drew,
And gazing, sought to find relief
In looks where misery met her view.

17.

He strove to smile with happier eyes,
But could not long the toil sustain ;
From his deep glance the meaning
flies,

The lids drop down—he longs in vain.

18.

On her young heart his withered hand
She laid, and pressed it strongly there,
As if her life she could command,
And bid it pass to him from her.

19.

He slept. The maiden whispered low,
 "I pray you try to find me, dame,
 A friend who to the church would go,
 And say why here to-night I came."

20.

The woman went, and Jane remained
 With all she e'er had loved the best,
 His hand upon her bosom strained,
 Her face by his, but not in rest.

21.

In her large eyes the unthought-of tears
 Gathered fully, gathered slowly,
 And o'erflowed their azure spheres,
 Drops of pain, but pure and holy.

22.

The lingering minutes, measured out
 By that sad rain, drew on and on,
 Till Henry feebly turned about,
 And raised his eyes, and heaved a groan.

23.

"Dear Jane," he said, "my only love!

I feel I have not long to stay ;
 'Tis good, almost my hopes above,
 That you are not away.

24.

"'Tis not that I have much to tell
 Before my lips their breath resign ;
 But, oh! 'tis peace, 'tis more than well,
 While thus my hand is clasped in thine.

25.

"For here upon my bed of death
 Is with me all that earth can give ;
 Thus God supports the fearless faith
 Which cannot cease to live.

26.

"My mother, and that humble friend,
 The boys that were my flock, and thou,
 To none beside my thoughts extend,
 Save Him whose heaven is near me now.

27.

"My boys again I fain would see,
 And speak once more my frequent tale,
 That only Reason makes men free,
 That Right and Truth can never fail.

28.

"That Reverence is the bond for man
 With all of highest men may know ;
 That Love must work by Wisdom's plan,
 Or be a false and boastful show :

29.

"That Conscience holds supernal power
 To rend or heal the human breast ;
 And that in guilt's most dismal hour
 God still may turn its war to rest.

30.

"To them, to thee, my sinking voice,
 Beloved! would fain once more pro-
 claim,
 In Christ alone may those rejoice
 Deceived by every other name.

31.

"In all but Him our sins have been,
 And wrestlings fierce of fevered mind ;
 In Him alone on earth is seen
 God's perfect Will for all mankind.

32.

"The shadows round me close and
 press,
 But still that radiant Star I see,
 And more I seem its light to bless
 Than aught near worlds could give to me.

33.

"Through chill and fire, and smoke
 and pain,
 It calmly shines with widening orb,
 And while to those great beams I
 strain,
 All dark, all brightness they absorb."

34.

His upward look drew light and peace
 From some unclouded source above ;
 The tears of Jane had learnt to cease,
 And she was hushed in fearless love.

35.

But, sighing slow, he turned from
 heaven

To gaze at her, his lamp on earth,
 With thoughts that need not be for-
 given,

For they, too, claimed a sinless birth.

36.

"My more than dear, my wife"—he
 said—

"I leave a toilsome lot to thee ;
 To bear, a widow, though unwed,
 The lonely memory of me.

37.

"So young, so beautiful as thou,
 To feel thou art on earth alone,
 That none can be, as I am now,
 Thy first whole hope, and all thy
 own ;

38.

"With few or none beside the heart
 To cheer, uphold, and comprehend ;
 With thoughts at which the crowd
 would start,
 And grief which they would vainly
 tend.

39.

"Still hope! still act! be sure that
 life,
 The source and strength of every good,
 Wastes down in feeling's empty strife,
 And dies in dreaming's sickly mood,

40.

"To toil in tasks, however mean,
For all we know of right and true—
In this alone our worth is seen ;
'Tis this we were ordained to do.

41.

"So shalt thou find in work and
thought
The peace that sorrow cannot give ;
Though grief's worst pangs to thee be
taught,
By thee let others nobler live.

42.

"Oh ! wail not in the darksome forest,
Where thou must needs be left alone,
But, e'en when memory is sorest,
Seek out a path, and journey on.

43.

"Thou wilt have angels near above,
By whom invisible aid is given ;
They journey still on tasks of love,
And never rest except in heaven.

44.

"The God who gave in me a friend,
Is more than any friend to all ;
Upon my grave before him bend,
And He will hear thy lonely call.

45.

"One kiss, my Jane—I now must
rest."

His eyes grew faint, his eyelids closed,
And when her lips to his were pressed,
His lips in death reposed.

PART VIII.

1.

"Oh ! father, father, list to me ;
The tale that I shall tell,
It must no more my burthen be,
And, father, heed me well.

2.

"Last night upon my bed I lay,
And prayed that I might sleep,
But still my wakeful thoughts would
stay,
And still I could not weep.

3.

"The moonshine filled my room with
light,
A stream of silver air,
And all the window-panes were bright,
And showed the stars so fair.

4.

"I lay and looked, when, lo ! a hand,
A giant hand outspread ;
Methought the moonlit skies it
spanned,
And darkened o'er my bed.

5.

"This hand of giant size, I say,
It beckoned me to rise,
I saw its shadow where I lay,
I felt it on my eyes.

6.

"I rose and went, I passed the
door,
And, father ! I beheld,
Where stood the old Yew-tree be-
fore,
A form that heavenward swelled.

7.

"It seemed a dark gigantic man,
Who sat upon a mound ;
His face not well my eye could scan,
For darkness wrapped it round.

8.

"Oh ! taller far than spire or trees,
That form above me bowed ;
A mantle falling o'er his knees
Concealed him all in cloud.

9.

"I knew 'twas not an earthly thing
That there before me rose ;
Some nameless ghost-land's ghostly
king,
Whose look my life-blood froze.

10.

"And when he fixed his gaze on me
I turned my eyes away,
And there before his foot could see
A grave that open lay.

11.

"I could not choose but enter there ;
And passing down the new-made
cell,
I left the clear and moonlit air,
Where dark his shadow fell.

12.

"With easy slope the passage dived,
And on I travelled far and slow,
Till through the vault my steps ar-
rived
Where light from heaven appeared to
flow.

13.

"I saw a valley broad and green,
Where trees and rocks were scattered
round,
And hills of ancient wood were seen
Encircling all the quiet ground.

14.

"Old trees and vast, with caves of
shade,
Bright waters foaming down the
steep,

Green hues that dappled all the glade,
Gray rocks that lay in awful sleep.

15.

"And over all a sky was spread
Of woodland violet's deepest glow,
While amber pale and ruby red
Hung o'er the aerial hills below.

16.

"And 'mid this sky without a moon
Great beaming stars of golden blaze,
Like flaming garlands thickly strewn,
Filled all the world with pearly rays.

17.

"Then o'er my head a sound I knew
Of many swift and gentle wings;
Sweet airy music o'er me flew,
And seemed to wheel in blended rings.

18.

"And sooner than than eye could
^{see}
With life the earth and skies o'er-
flowed,

And grass and rock, and hill and tree,
Ten thousand radiant beings showed.

19.

"'Twas Angels all, a dazzling throng,
With wings of rose and golden down,
With hair of sunbeams pale and long,
To each bright face a streaming crown.

20.

"They floated o'er the trees and
rocks,
They sat o'er all the grassy dell,
They hid the hills in glancing flocks,
And seemed amid the stars to dwell.

21.

"And One to me, the nearest there,
Upon a brown and craggy steep,
Raised up toward heaven a face so
fair,

With inmost joy I longed to weep.

22.

"He held a branch of darkest yew
That dropped with glittering tears of
rain,

And loud he sang a song that drew
All things around beneath the strain.

23.

"He sang of love, and death, and life,
And worlds and hearts, the homes of
these;

Of peace that conquers every strife,
Of grief whose pang the spirit frees;

24.

"Of all that is, and journeys on
From worst of ill to best of good;
For not a moment e'er is gone
But in the next survives renewed.

25.

"And while he sang, the earth and
skies,
And all those countless forms around,

More softly gleamed with shifting
dyes,
And flushing drank the blissful sound.

26.

"The trees were piles of trembling
flame,
The rocks like diamonds heaped the
sod,

Each star a living eye became,
And all, methought, were eyes of God.

27.

"The stream that shimmered down
the hill

In waves of clearest crimson ran;
And that sweetsinger, brightening still,
Grew lovelier far than man.

28.

"His words upon the glowing stream
Sank melting down, and borne along
Upon the mingled floods of dream
All floated in accord to song.

29.

"The world was changed around me,
all

To arches, rock, and tree were grown;
I stood amid a pillared hall,
Beneath a roof of carven stone.

30.

"The windows beamed with many a
hue

Of living forms in smooth array;
Again those Angel hosts I knew,
And through them shot the light of
day.

31.

"They twinkling shone with radiance
keen,

With eyes whose brightness dazzled
mine;

And thousands round the walls were
seen,

With hands upraised in prayer di-
vine.

32.

"Before me, 'mid a depth of gloom,
I mark'd one high enormous shade,
And him I knew, compelled by whom
His giant hand I first obeyed.

33.

"Like some great dusky crag he
towered,

In cloudy folds involved and dim;
As midnight's darkest heaven he
lowered,

The world's whole strength reposed
in him.

34.

"But, oh! a form before him lay,
And watch o'er this he seemed to
keep;

'Twas Henry's form in twilight gray,
That corpse-like slept an icy sleep.

B

35.

"And when that frozen face I saw,
So calm, so chill, without a breath,
The giant shape I knew with awe,
And owned the king was Death.

36.

"The dread lips moved; a voice there
came,
Like midnight wind in trees;
All shook around, as waves a flame
Beneath a gusty breeze.

37.

"'I claim my own,' the Shadow said;
'If any answers, No!
His life must ransom this, my dead,
Who thus shall 'scape from wo.'

38.

"O'er all those Angel faces fell
A sad and helpless gloom;
The building seemed a mouldering
cell,
A dark and misty tomb.

39.

"Then loud I spake, with swelling
voice,—
'To him thy respite give,
And hear my swift and willing choice
To die that he may live.'

40.

"Before the lowly bier I knelt,
And kissed the lips and eyes,
And o'er the face a warmth I felt,
And saw new life arise.

41.

"There dawned again my Henry's look,
And feebly met my view;
With sighs and throbs his bosom shook,
His eyes my presence knew.

42.

"Above him poured a blaze of light,
And, looking whence it flowed,
The boundless form was dazzling
bright,
The darkness round him glowed.

43.

"Like God he sat, serene and mild,
In snowy whiteness clad;
His face with sunlike glory smiled,
And made all being glad.

44.

"No roof was there; the stars of heaven
Were shining round his head,
And o'er his brow a Crown of Seven
Their wondrous lustre shed.

45.

"In circling lines the Angel race,
A world of lights, rose high;
And joy shone bright in every face,
And love in every eye.

46.

"But Angels' looks were nought to
me,
Who saw beside me clear
My Henry's eyes, that now could see,
Nor taught me more to fear.

47.

"No voice of God or Angel spoke,
And I was Henry's own;
But when upon my bed I woke,
I found myself alone.

48.

"But still I saw his fondest gaze,
Who bade affright be dumb;
And, filled with peace fullest amaze,
I knew my end was come."

PART IX.

1.

Upon the spring-clad fields and woods,
The churchyard graves and tall
church-tower,
The warm, pure daylight softly broods,
And fills with life the morning hour.

2.

The vast sepulchral Yew-tree waves,
And feels the sunshine cheer the shade,
And e'en the low and grassy graves
Appear in living slumber laid.

3.

The only sad and helpless thing,
That May-day makes not less forlorn,
Is that old man, to whom the spring
Is dead, and dead the breezy morn.

4.

These live not now, for all is dead
With her who lies below the sod;
His daughter from his life is fled,
And leaves but dust by spectres trod.

5.

The smooth sweet air is blowing round,
It is a Spirit of hope to all;
It whispers o'er the wakening ground,
And countless daisies hear the call.

6.

It mounts and sings away to heaven,
And 'mid each light and lovely cloud;
To it the lark's loud joys are given,
And young leaves answer it aloud.

7.

It skims above the flat green meadow,
And darkening sweeps the gray mill-
stream;
Along the hill it drives the shadow,
And sports and warms in the skiey beam.

8.

But round that hoar and haggard man
It cannot shed a glimpse of gladness;
He wastes beneath a separate ban,
An exile to a world of sadness.

9.

Upon a bench before his door
He sits, with weak and staring eyes,
He sits and looks, for straight before
The grave that holds his daughter
lies.

10.

If any come with him to speak,
In dull harsh words he bids them go ;
For this strong earth he seems too
weak,
For breathing life too cramped and
slow.

11.

A gnawing rage, an aimless heat,
Have scored and set his grating face ;
His eyes like ghosts the gazer greet,
The guards of misery's dwelling-place.

12.

A sun-dial pillar left alone,
On which no dial meets the eye ;
A black mill-wheel with grass o'er-
grown
That hears no water trickle by ;

13.

Dark palsied mass of severed rock,
Deaf, blind, and sere to sun and rain ;
A shattered gravestone's time-worn
block

That only shows the name of—Jane.

14.

'Tis thus he sits from hour to hour,
Amid the breeze beneath the sky ;
And still, when beats the noisy shower,
The cottage doorway keeps him dry.

15.

With open door he shelters there,
A pace behind his outward seat ;
And, fixed upon his old arm-chair,
Looks through the rain from his re-
treat.

16.

Upon his daughter's grave he stares,
As if her form he thought would rise,
For all to him the semblance wears
Of mist that has his daughter's eyes.

17.

He heeds not passing beast nor men,
Nor wain at hand, nor distant plough ;
Not e'en a burial draws his ken—
He is no longer Sexton now.

18.

But while, like some gray stump, he
sits,
Dried up at root, and shorn of all,
Still nature round him works and
flits,
And fills and lights her festival.

19.

And e'en around his daughter's grave,
Where Life for him in Death is cold,
Fair growth goes on, and grasses wave,
And coloured flies their revels hold.

20.

And, lo ! at last the old man's gaze
Is brightened with a gleam of sense,
A butterfly all yellow plays
Above the grave, nor wanders thence.

21.

And see, below the flutterer's dance,
From earth a streak of colour spring-
ing ;
It is the primrose leaves that glance,
To him his daughter's presence bring-
ing.

22.

To her 'twas May's most precious
flower,
That well she loved, and tended oft ;
Its pale stars filled her hawthorn bower
With clustering fancies mild and soft.

23.

She strewed it o'er her mother's grave,
Its grace with Henry loved to note ;
To Simon oft the flower she gave,
And fixed it in his Sunday coat.

24.

And now, with gradual change of heart,
He saw it peep above the sod
Where she was laid : it seemed to start
A special sign for him from God.

25.

An hour he sat, and marked it well,
Then rose and would behold it near ;
His face no more was hard and fell,
No more the man was numbed and
drear.

26.

Another hour upon his staff
He leant, and pored above the grave ;
He gave at length a silent laugh,
And seemed to grasp some purpose
brave.

27.

Then eager tow'rd his house he went,
And took his old and idle spade,
And round his fields with fixed intent
He walked, and many pauses made.

28.

And where below the hedge-row shade
A little tuft of primrose grew,
He dug it with his churchyard spade,
As if 'twere gold that thence he drew.

29.

And so with sods of yellow flowers
He filled his basket full and gay,
And back in evening's quiet hours
Towards the church he took his way.

30.

Beside the grave of Jane he stood,
And round it smoothly dug the ground ;
With clods as many as he could,
He made a primrose border round.

31.

His work was done, and brightly sank
The day's last light upon his head ;

The flowers that kindred beauty drank,
And all was peace around the dead.

32.

And while by day the man had wrought,
And while by night awake he lay,
He felt within a flow of thought
Serene, that led him still to pray.

33.

Before him now his daughter came
In all her truth, as if alive ;
Now child, now woman, still the same,
And made his purest heart revive.

34.

He thought how after Henry died
She strove and toiled with earnest will,
To each small task her heart applied,
Though Death within was strengthen-
ing still.

35.

How week on week, 'mid humble calm,
And zealous heed that would not sleep,
She found her suffering's holiest balm
In suffering's lowest silent deep.

36.

And so she wore away. The night
In which she went to Henry's home
Had seized her all with chilly blight,
And warmth again would never come.

37.

She laid her down, but not to rest,
For feverish dreams besieged her bed ;
And, with too many thoughts oppressed,
It seemed that thought itself was fled.

38.

But now with steadfast voice and eye
She met her father's wandering gaze,
And told of visions bright and high—
Strange visions told in darkling phrase.

39.

Then swift she sank ; she could not
speak,

But lay a pale, unmoving clod,
At last she said, with utterance weak,
“Remembering me, remember God !”

40.

The thought of this, of her, of all
That she to him had been before,
Began within his heart to call,
And open wide its inmost door.

41.

Though seventy winters gathering still
Had choked with ice some sacred cells,
He felt within him now a thrill
That thawed the solid icicles.

42.

From morning's burst to soothing eve
He loitered near the hallowed spot ;
And though he never ceased to grieve,
The pangs of grief he now forgot.

43.

He tended still the primrose flowers,
He decked with them his Mary's
mound,

In what to him were Sabbath hours
On Henry's grave he set them round.

44.

And sometimes when a funeral came,
With pensive eyes the train he saw ;
Bareheaded stood, and so would claim
His share in others' grief and awe.

45.

But once 'twas more than this. There
died

A worn-out widow's only good,
A daughter, all her help and pride,
Who toiled to gain their daily food.

46.

Who saw their state might well con-
fess

Such boundless want was strange to
see,

For little can the rich man guess
The poor man's utter poverty.

47.

And when the burial all was o'er,
And there the mother stayed alone,
With fingers clasped, and weeping
sore,

She stood, for every hope was gone.

48.

But Simon crept in silence there,
And stretched his hand beneath her
view,

That held five golden pieces fair,
More wealth than e'er before she
knew.

49.

“The aching heart it cannot heal,
I know,” he said, “nor give you rest ;
But thus you will not have to feel
The pangs that seize the helpless
breast.”

50.

Few words she said, and went away,
But lighter heart that eve he bore
Than he for many a weary day
Perchance had ever felt before.

51.

Next day began with sunbright dawn,
And soon to tend the grave he went ;
From toil by sultry heat withdrawn,
He felt his strength was overspent.

52.

He sank to earth in quiet sleep,
Beside the grave his head he laid,
And in that slumber soft and deep
He died below the Yew-tree shade.

THOUGHTS ON ORPHEUS.

OH, the blessing upon and throughout the whole man, of the first real, warm, green light, and genial glow of Spring! Not as it is seen in towns, giving but a more brazen face to brick presumption, but as it steals gently upon the country, amid rocks and trees, into the deep shade, like a long-mourned spirit returning re-embodied from the dead, bearing at once the twofold charm of earthly and Elysian loveliness. Such was Alcestis—Alcestis! the restored Alcestis! We have been reading the beautiful tale—the volume of Euripides is open upon the now growing grass—our scholars, whose youthful, hopeful hearts, drew in from the gentle Greek generosity, and the sweet passion, even hence incipient, and soon ready to burst the bud, and open with the promise of perfect love—our scholars have bounded away like young fawns stricken, not unconscious of the pleasing wound; and we, lying upon the sunny green, saw them upon the verge of the shade, the dark eye, as it were, of the deep dell before us—and a change came o'er them and us. Is it dream or vision? They have robed behind the trees, and bearded too—they present us with their tasks—we take them graciously.—So—they are signed, Euripides—Shakspeare—Alcestis—the Winter's Tale. Then two come up behind them, and look over their shoulders. We know them instinctively—Virgil and Ovid; and there leans the melancholy Orpheus beneath the caverned rock; and deep in its hollow are dimly seen Eurydice and Alcestis in parting embrace, and one with head averted, and in deeper shadow—Alcestis bending forwards, and half in a reflected mysterious light. Then came another, and took up the lyre which Orpheus had left unheeded beside him. He struck; it was Gluck's "Euridice;" "Che farò senza Euridice? dove andrò senza il mio ben?" Oh, the heart-piercing sounds! Orpheus started up and rushed into the deepest wood, and the voice of his moaning was lost in the indistinct howling of the dimly moving tigers that followed the incantation of his wo. Then did the measure change

to a dying sound; and Alcestis fell back in the shade, fainting upon the supporting arm of a scarce distinguishable figure; and the music was also Gluck's, "Le pur cara è a me la vita." We awoke—the vision passed—Oh, that it would return!

But here is the most substantive presence of it still before us. Here lie the sun-lit pages worthy of such illumination—Euripides, Virgil, Ovid, Orpheus, Shakspeare; and, apart, what is this modest volume? Elton! His tale, too, is of Orpheus—it is a dream. We must, however, keep up our character of Master, and hear our class. The tale of Orpheus is, doubtless, the original of the plays. And how simple the story is! Orpheus, a man—more, a poet—a husband—more, an adoring husband—loses his wife. Lyre in hand, he descends to the infernal regions, and by his art of song obtains the boon he seeks—her restoration, but upon the condition that he must not look back in the passage to the upper world. He is overcome by his love, and regards not the condition. He looks back, and she is lost to him—for ever! Here all is tragic, for Orpheus himself is torn to pieces by the Bacchantes whose love he scorns. How could this tale have arisen but from a dream? how often does the blessedness of sleep restore!—Then the waking—the looking back—and what utter desolation is there of the heart! As Wordsworth says of his Lucy, "Oh! the difference to me," a fully exact translation of the passage in Euripides of the exclamation of the husband of Alcestis—πολύ γὰρ τὸ μέσον.

Admetus.—ὦ σχῆμα δόμων, πῶς
εἰσέλθω;
Πῶς δ' οἰκήσω, μεταπίπτοντος
Δαίμονος; οἱ μοι πολὺ γὰρ τὸ
μέσον.

It is a domestic reality, and has sunk deep in all its possible wo into many a fond heart—thence how forlorn! There is not among ancient fables one of deeper interest, nor set off with greater variety in the picturesque development of its scenery and action. The dramatic pieces of the Greek,

and our own bard of Avon, though they are more drawn within the common circle of human life, and may, therefore, be more directly and palpably pathetic, yet want the romantic range and wild accompaniment which make the original an untiring and ever-affecting narrative. It is one of those subjects, the embellishment of which poetry has but vaguely defined, leaving the fuller accomplishment for the sister art. The painter will find in it full scope for his genius; it comprises a series of pictures, each varying in character—it admits of sublimity, magnificence, tenderness, beauty, richness of scenery, forest and mountain, with their subdued and listening monsters, leopards and tigers, and the wild revelry of the Bacchanalian women.

If we must act the Didascalus, the ferule or a sound flogging for Ovid. His jejune narrative has not a single beauty—it is cold and feeble. Nor shall his trite sermonizing save him. And, oh! the puerile conceit that Eurydice did not complain, when relapsing into death and Orcus, because it showed she was too much loved! What business had he to prose it away that we must all die?

“Tendimus huc omnes, hæc est domus
ultima; vosque
Humani generis longissima regna tenetis.”

And his abominable conclusion merits for him the real taking up.

Now let us see Virgil's account—read it again and again—it is all Music of Affection. If sparingly told, it is well set, and what is told reaches the heart. The sole, the absorbing passion of Orpheus breathes in the inimitable hexameters—inimitable in tone, and in such choice of words, that a substitution cannot be imagined. In all this it is perfect. What a tone of melancholy pervades it! Virgil leaves much of the agony of Orpheus to be imagined, as a thing not to be told. We see what Orpheus saw with his mind's eye—the picture that haunted him—his Eurydice in the Stygian bark, never to be restored. She was even before him in that fearful passage—

“Illa quidem Stygia nabat jam frigida
cymbâ.”

Having thus shown that such was the ever-present scene in the mind's eye of Orpheus, he could add no more

with effect—he leaves it as *the one* never to be obliterated—and with admirable transition passes on to give some idea of the duration of his grief—“Seven whole months by the lonely Strymon”—

“Septem illum totos perhibent ex ordine
menses
Rupe sub æriâ, deserti ad Strymonis undam
Flevisse, et gelidis hæc evolvisse sub antris,
Mulcentem tigres, et agentem carmine
quercus.”

And how truly pathetic is the simile! and how is the cruelty and tenderness touched off by the epithets *durus* and *implumes*, and the violence of *detrahit* and the warmth of the *nest*!—And then the loneliness of the grief—the night season—the whole night—

“Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub
umbrâ
Amisso queritur fœtus, quos *durus* arator
Observans *nido implumes detrahit*; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile
carmen
Integrat, et mœstis late loca questibus implet.”

The whole tale of the Pastor Aristæus (whom, by the by, we do not at all pity for the loss of his bees), of which the Orpheus forms but a part, is, perhaps, the richest of Virgil's episodes. But even in Virgil we object to the speech of Eurydice. True, it is the best that could be made for her, but it is destructive of the shadow of mystery, which throws her image upon the imagination as of a creature of love spiritualized, and as yet under the prohibition of the human senses. The injunction renders her invisible, and should have rendered her inaudible. How striking is this yet remaining mystery of Death upon the living imagined in the Alcestis of Euripides! Simple, too, is the story of Alcestis. Admetus, King of Thes-saly, is fated to die. Apollo, who, banished from the Gods, had served him, obtains life for him, on condition that one should die willingly in his stead. Alcestis alone, his wife, consents to die for him. She dies. At the moment of her death, Hercules arrives as a guest to the house of Admetus. The hospitable Admetus receives him, concealing the cause of his grief. This, however, Hercules learns from

the servants, and determines to rescue Alcestis from the hands of Death. He accordingly lies in ambush at the sepulchre, seizes, wrestles with Death, and obtains Alcestis. Hercules returns with her to Admetus, but does not discover her until the lamenting husband has given proof of his love and the depth of his affliction, by refusing to receive her to his care, supposing her to be one whom Hercules (as he had declared) had won as the prize of his toils, and requested Admetus to preserve until his return. The play here terminates in the restoration of Alcestis to her husband. She is thus, in her dying, and more full and happy restoration, the true Eurydice. The dim and faintly sketched character of fable is brought out from the cold shades of Orcus into the warmth and glow of life and love, a mere individual human being, and therefore the more an object of our admiration and sympathy, breathing virtuous patience, unknown endurance, and indomitable affection, in her dying breath. Eurydice is the ideal personification, Alcestis the natural perfection of wedded love.

Every thing in the play is made subservient to the development of this beautiful character. She has none to support her (no female friend) in her resolution, and her husband is unable and, we fear, unworthy the sad office: she is supported solely by her love—her own gentle, yet firm mind. It is this union of firmness and gentleness that constitutes the beauty, we had almost said the rarity, of her character. Our sympathy is kept alive by her continual dying; there is no cessation from the secret working of the doom under which, whilst she suffers, she loses not one particle of her resolution: nor has her ebbing life less tenderness; as the life-blood chills, life lingers as it were in the surviving warmth of her affections. Mrs Jameson, in her admirable work on the Female Characters of Shakspeare, in that of Hermione not unaptly describes Alcestis. “She is a queen, a matron, and a mother; she is good and beautiful, royally descended; a majestic sweetness, a grand and gracious simplicity, an easy, unforced, yet dignified self-possession, are in all her deportment, and in every word she utters; she is one of those characters of whom it has

been said proverbially that ‘still waters run deep;’ her passions are not vehement, but in her settled mind the sources of pain or pleasure, love or resentment” (the last we would omit as not shown, at least in action, in that of Alcestis), “are, like the springs that feed the mountain lakes, impenetrable, unfathomable, and inexhaustible. Shakspeare has conveyed (as is his custom) a part of the character of Hermione in scattered touches, and through the *impressions she produces on all around her.*” “The expressions, ‘most sacred lady,’ ‘dread mistress,’ ‘sovereign,’ with which she is addressed or alluded to; the boundless devotion and respect of those around her, and their confidence in her goodness and innocence, are so many additional strokes in the portrait.” There is a striking instance of one of these incidental touches in Euripides; one of the servants speaks of Alcestis as

Δέσποιναν, ἥ μοι πᾶσι τ' οἰκέταισιν ἢ
Μήτηρ· κακῶν γὰρ μυρίων ἑρρέετο,
'Ὀργῆς μαλάσσοις' ἀνδρός.—Line 772.

My mistress, who to me and all the domestics was

As a mother, for from innumerable ills she freed us,

Soothing the anger of her husband.

Admetus we can scarcely respect; bad as the act of allowing his wife to die for him is, the dialogue between him and his old father, whom he upbraids for not dying, instead of his wife, for him, sinks him lower in our regard than the occasion of the drama requires—and the old man has, unquestionably, the best of the argument. Towards the end of the play, however, he rises, through pity for his unfeigned love and affliction, and his refusal to receive his undiscovered wife brought to him by Hercules, somewhat in our esteem; so that we are artfully thus prepared entirely to sympathize with him, and finally to enter into his full happiness in having the lovely, the lost Alcestis restored to him. His aversion to look at the lady to be intrusted to his care, and at the first hasty look the resemblance to the form of Alcestis, and his burst of feeling, and wonder, and entreaty that she should be removed from his sight, thereupon, are perfect in dramatic effect.

σὺ δ', ὦ γύναι,
 "Ἢ τίς ποτ' εἴ σὺν, ταῦτ' ἔχουσ' Ἀλκίσιδι
 Μορφῆς μέτε' ἴσθι, καὶ προσήζαι δέμας.
 Οἱ μοι κόμιζε πρὸς θεῶν ἀπ' ὀμμάτων
 Γυναῖκα τήνδε, μή μ' ἔλθῃς ἡγεμένον. Line 1065.

And you, O lady,
 Whoever you are, know that you have the same stature
 As Alcestis, and are like to her in person.
 Alas, me! remove from my eyes, by the gods I beseech you,
 This lady, that you do not utterly destroy me undone.

And his after hesitation, how expressed in the breaking of the line—

Δοκῶ γάρ, αὐτὴν εἰσορῶν, γυναῖχ' ὄρεῖν
 Ἐμην.

Methinks, as I look on her, I do behold
 My wife.

How like Shakspeare, where poor old Lear, in similar doubt and surprise, says,—

“Methinks I should know you, and know this man,
 Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is; and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.”—*King Lear*, Act IV., Scene 5.

Thus Admetus, that the interest may be still in suspense, has the vision removed from his eyes, for they are dim with tears, and he can for awhile no longer see; and then is his grief renewed with double bitterness, as from a double loss.

Δολοῖ δὲ καρδίαν ἐκ δ' ὀμμάτων
 Πηγαὶ κατεβράχασιν ὧ τλήμων ἐγὼ
 Ὡς ἄρτι πένθες τέδε γίνομαι πικρῶ.

It troubles my heart, and from my eyes
 The fountains flow down. O, wretched that I am,
 How afresh do I taste the bitterness of this grief!

The refusal of Hercules to deliver her into any other hand but that of Admetus most feelingly and naturally brings about the discovery. He receives her with averted look, and knows not that she is his wife till he is told to look at her, and see if she be like her, and be happy. The recognition (even ending in terror, lest it be unreal—some phantom conjured from the dead—is true to nature) is finely conceived.

Admetus. ὦ θεοί, τί λέξω; θαῦμ' ἀνέλπιστον τόδε·
 Γυναῖκα λεύσσω τήνδ' ἐμὴν ἐτητυμῶς.

Ἢ κέρτομός με θεοῦ τις ἐμπλήσσει χαρὰ;

Hercules. Οὐκ ἔστιν· ἀλλὰ τίδ' ὄρεῖς δάμαρτα σὴν.

Admetus. Ὁρα γε, μή τι φῶσμα νεστίζων τὸδ' ᾗ.

O Gods! what shall I say? unhop'd for is this miracle;
 I do indeed look on this my wife,

Or does some false heart-cutting joy of the God strike me with wonder?

Hercules. Not so; but in truth you see here your very wife.

Admetus. Oh! take care, then, that this be no phantom of the dead.

And what does Alcestis say? Alcestis! the recovered from the dead, “forbid to tell the secrets of that prison-house.” Can speech tell her

happiness? And who would dissolve the spiritual awe that is around her? —The spell of Death in Life. She speaks not. When Admetus asks *why*

she speaks not, who could give the reply but the Hercules who had grappled with Death, and knew the undiscoverable mysteries, and the holiness

Ad. Τί γάρ ποθ' ἤδ' ἀναυδος ἑστήκεν γυνή;

Herc. Οὐπω δέμις σοι τῆσδε προσφονημάτων

Κλῦεν, πρὶν ἂν θεοῖσι τοῖσι νερτέροις

Ἀφαιγνίσκηται· καὶ τρίτον μόλη φάος.

Ἄλλ' εἴσαγ' εἴσω τήνδε. Line 1146.

Ad. Why, then, does this lady stand speechless?

Herc. It is not permitted you as yet to hear her words

Address'd to you before her purification, and rites

To the infernal gods, and the third day shall come.

But lead her now within.

In the tale of Orpheus, he is himself every thing—not so in the play. The Eurydice there is every thing in Alcestis. It is sufficient, therefore, in the latter, that the conquest over Death should be by main force; for, had the spell of Orpheus been added, the pathos of the wife's devotion would have been diminished, and the dying weakness of the gentle wife is not ill set off by the vigour of the arm that rescues her; yet the real story is more poetical, and more really grand in itself. Hercules conquers Hades by main force—Orpheus by a new power, his lyre, a thousand times more potent; for the earth yields to his incantation, and opens to him a passage, and Pluto and Proserpine are not constrained, but charmed. Death is but as the minister—the servant—and had not delivered up his charge; but in the case of Orpheus the inexorable deities were moved. We have observed that Admetus is not the most worthy character. Was this intended to show the nature of woman's love? to enhance it? to exalt it? How perfect is that woman in her all-perfect love, whose sense of duty, and obedience, and affection, absorbs to itself, but to annihilate them, the defects of the man she has chosen, and sees in him but the husband and the father! If Euripides has selected so poor a character as Admetus, we may suppose it was not without reason, for Shakspeare has even worse mated Hermione. And here in Hermione we have Eurydice again—the new version, the invention, but from the original tale, of consummate genius. If, in the Alcestis, the Eurydice be brought within the circle of domestic life, a real *dramatis persona*, it is much more the case in the Hermione

which the newly-vested spirit must in part put off, in the resumption of her mortal loveliness?

of the Winter's Tale. The fabulous is altogether dropped. We lose something, it is true, of the awful interest, the wondrous mystery of the rescue from Death itself—that bold personification; but the situations, therefore, the more come home to our own hearts.

In the Alcestis, we admire more than we pity. She is a voluntary sufferer. So, indeed, to a certain extent, is Hermione, for she endures a sixteen years' seclusion—unnecessarily, but for her honour's sake—but, in all that relates to her husband, she is vilely injured. Euripides makes Admetus but a poor character. Shakspeare makes Leontes a wicked one. Perhaps the Queen sees but his jealousy as the cause of his cruelty to her, and may therefore be excused for her final reconciliation; but the commanding one of his courtiers secretly to poison Polyxenes, the object of his jealous passion, his friend, and his guest, is so mean a piece of villany, that we are scarcely reconciled to him throughout the play, and are the less interested in his penitence. This would have been injurious to the piece, were it not for the divided interest afforded by Perdita in the two last acts. In Perdita Hermione finds her reward. She is, indeed, reconciled to Leontes, and wonderfully fine is that reconciliation, and therein she, too, like Alcestis, is silent; but Perdita she blesses—like a creature that had for years been conversant with holy thoughts and prayers for the preservation of her child, and as one entitled to bless.

The statue is a fine conception, a beautiful version of the fable, and the peculiar character of Hermione well suits it. She has all the calm dignity, even in her greatest trials, which is

the grace of ancient marbles. We are not surprised to see her represented, for she is *statuesque* (if there be such a word) throughout. She is sensible of her husband's full peni-

tence, and of his love, of the agony of his affection, yet still she moves not! The impetuous Paulina could not have borne this—yet it is not for Hermione that she fears—

“*Paulina.*

I'll draw the curtain,
My Lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.”

And even yet Hermione moves not. Nay! she waits the bidding, and as it were the animating the statue by an incantation; and when she stirs, she moves solemnly, as one slowly returning to life. Shakspeare here did not forget the mystery of the original fable—

“*Paulina.* Stir; nay, come away,

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs.

[*Hermione comes down.*

Start not, *her action shall be holy*, as
You hear my spell is lawful.”

Here, too, as far as he could, has Shakspeare taken advantage of the silence of Alcestis. They embrace, but not a word does she yet speak. We learn her action from others—

“*Leontes.*

Oh, she is warm!

If this be magic, let it be an act
Lawful as eating.

“*Polyx.* She embraces him.”

Alcestis has no friend, no companion. She needed none. Admetus was to her all in all—and she the self-devoted. It was necessary for the plot that Hermione should have a friend; Leontes was not *all* to her—she regarded the Oracle, and lived in hope of recovering her child. But, that she may stand alone in interest, how unlike is the calm Hermione to the impassioned and vehement Paulina, and how little do they come in contact in the play, that the majestic quiet may not suffer.

As the original Orpheus is among

the riotous Bacchants, so have the two plays their revel and wake. The jovial Hercules, who seems to have taken out a license “to be drunk on the premises,” is at once the contrast and the relief to the universal wo of the house of Admetus. The country wake, with the merry knave Autolycus, set off the graver scenes, and pleasantly prepare the mind for the concluding happiness. Shakspeare must somehow or other have met with the play of Euripides, for he certainly alludes to the story. Florizel speaks of Apollo serving Admetus—

“And the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now.”

And it is not impossible that the very idea of the statue may have been suggested by the following passage from the *Alcestis* of Euripides, wherein Admetus proposes to have a statue made of his wife:—

Σοφῇ δὲ χειρὶ τεκτόνων δέμας τὸ σὸν
Εἰκασθὲν ἐν λέκτροισιν ἐκταθήσεται.

And by the skilful hand of statuary shall your
Imag'd form be laid in my bed.

Can we wonder at the charm of such tales as Orpheus, Alcestis, and Hermione—or in one, of Eurydice—the lost Eurydice!—the just recovered—and the lost again. What is it but the poetical version of bereft affection's nightly dream? Did it not glide in with the stillness of night, and, enacting life, draw Milton's curtain?

“ Methought I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescu'd from death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom, wash'd from spot of childbed taint,
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint ;—
 Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind :
 Her face was veil'd ; yet to my fancied sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
 So clear as in no face with more delight.
 But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd ; she fled ; and day brought back my night.”—*Milton*.

A dream ! it shall be the poet's dream. And here is Elton's “ Dream of Orpheus.” He has most happily treated the subject as a dream, with the boldness, the transition, the action of a Greek. He is Greek in his dream, and has given us an English version not to be despised. The poet, in a vision,—“ my visual sense was soul,”—is amongst strange mountains and forests. He pierces “ a cavern's

mouth,” and visits the subterranean cataracts. So much we consider as the drop-scene indicative of the general character of the piece, for in other respects it is unnecessary. From this he emerges, in his “ bodiless, swift presence,” and is again upon the mountains, which are poetically described as fit scenery for the agency of the poem.

“ The vulture cross'd the azure with his shade,
 And eagles from the cliffs the sun survey'd
 With fix'd irradiate eye, and from those hills
 I saw the lion stooping towards the rills
 That boil'd in clefts of rocks, and tigers slow
 Stole from the brake, or, crouching, gazed below
 On some aerial antelope, anon
 Starting, as 'twere a leaf, scarce seen and gone.”—Page 181.

He is in the territory of the Bacchantes, hears enchanting music, and “ with a thought ” is before a mountain grotto. There are “ nymphs with vine-leaves crown'd.” Orpheus, of the music of whose lyre he had heard, is here introduced with effect.

“ Stags, with their antlers, peep'd ; and the streak'd pard
 Crouch'd harmless ; for before them lean'd a bard
 Against the lichen'd rock ; within his grasp
 A seven-string'd shell ; a coil'd and trampled asp
 Beneath his foot, the fang still dropping gore.”—Page 182.

There is then silence—afterwards comes the song of the Bacchantes, who taunt Orpheus with his absence, and his worship of his unaiding god, when his Eurydice, flying from the shepherd Aristæus, fell under the bite of the asp. They then try their amorous arts to engage him in a new affection. In vain—

“ There was a pause : a silence, fearful, deep,
 As though the wilderness were hush'd in sleep ;
 The youth had grasp'd with agonizing hands
 His robe of snowy fleece, while propp'd he stands
 Against the granite rock ; his frame is shook
 With ague thrills ; a fire is in his look ;
 And his wild locks seem curling from his head,
 And his cheeks flush with hectic stains of red.
 His hand is on his harp : and hark !—the clash,
 Shrill, loud, and sudden as the thunder-flash !

ORPHEUS.

I fix my eyes upon thee, mighty Sun !
 Thou hear'st what these have witness'd, and behold'st
 The mockery of their pity ! Thou art HE !

The god, whom they blaspheme, is their own god,
 Whom they in base and mortal shape would seek
 Among their tangled haunts: when they might stand
 Upon the mountain which thy glory gilds,
 And see thee in thy naked majesty,
 God of the vine they worship. Hear me now!
 Celestial Bacchus! radiant Hercules!
 That runn'st thy race of strength around the stars!
 Thou Jove, thou Juno of the azure air!
 Thou Neptune, brother of thyself, that rulest
 The tempest-toiling element of sea!
 Thou! who art both the sign and source of all,
 The world of earth and waters and deep skies,
 Hear me!—I ask a token."—Pp. 186, 7.

The token is the repossession of Eurydice. Orpheus breaks from the Bacchants, throws himself to the branch of a high tree, whence "rock'd giddily,"

———"when it bending swept
 The verdure-tufted crag, at once he leapt
 Sheer from the branch, and felt beneath his feet
 Heights which no footsteps but the deer's had beat;
 And bounding, where the eagle builds, from sight
 He faded upwards into dizzy light.
 Then javelins shook and clash'd; a long shrill yell
 Was sent through every woodland, cave, and dell;
 The hawk flew screaming from his rock; and o'er
 The forest growl'd remote a mutter'd mingled roar.

"My sprite was with the bard; I follow'd him
 To other mountains, where the sight grew dim
 If backward turn'd below: one arm his lyre
 Clasp'd close; the sun had touch'd a pine with fire;
 He seized a branchy torch; I heard the wave
 Dash loud and long and shrill; a yawning cave
 Receiv'd him, and I enter'd."—P. 190.

The poet is in spirit with him, and the description of the descent is truly graphic. Orpheus arrives in confidence at the very centre of Infernal Glory, which is gorgeously painted.

"At length the rock receded over-head;
 A sky of amethyst o'er-arching spread
 Its concave, studded with strange stars, and bright
 With comets, wheeling in concentric light;
 And straight before, a palace rear'd on high
 Its gold-leav'd doors and walls of porphyry;
 And I beheld him, while the valves flew wide,
 Across the threshold plant his venturous stride,
 And pace, with harp in hand, the jasper floor:
 Till, touching a soft stop, he paused before
 A veiling arras, that with purpling glow
 Checker'd in shifting lights the stone below.
 He rais'd it with his arm, and the strong ray
 Of starry lamps flash'd out a midnight day;
 And supernatural statures caught the eye
 Like shadows flung against a mountain sky:
 Embodied attributes, strange virtues, powers
 Of vengeance such as range the guilty towers
 Where crime has left its stain: and some there were
 Who wreathed the serpent round their female hair.
 The sweet string trembled; all incontinent
 Gazed, gestureless and mute; the prophet bent
 His forehead; since, above that dream-like crowd,
 Steps of pyramidal sweep sustain'd a cloud,

Through whose ensanguined and transparent light
 What seem'd a pillar'd throne half met the sight,
 Where sate a human shape of doubtful guise,
 Tenebrous splendour, and colossal size ;
 Dazzling, yet dimly seen. The charming rhyme
 Melted from Orpheus' lips ; he dared to climb
 The slope pyramidal of steps, that grew
 Beneath his toiling feet, till to my view
 He stood diminished ; the last stair he trode,
 Fainting, and touch'd the footstool of the god."—Pp. 193, 4.

Mr Elton has made the most advantageous use of the Orphic Remains, and has embodied with high poetical conception the *zeus* of the ancient Greek. The following lines are extremely beautiful, and the dream-like visionary transmutation of the distinct yet blended powers of the One are in the true spirit of poetry :—

" He saw a monarch in his pomp of place
 Propt on a staff of gold ; he saw the face
 Of Jove—Apollo in his subterrene
 Presence : of two-sex'd aspect : a dark queen
 Sate, gazing pensive on him, Pluto's spouse ;
 Arch'd on her forehead met her raven brows,
 And languishingly look'd her fawn-like eyes
 Through long-fring'd eyelids dipt in hyacinth dyes ;
 Her tower-tress'd hair was diadem'd. Anon
 The apparition of that shape was gone ;
 And through the fire-red vapour, mantling round
 The chair of burnish'd adamant, there frown'd
 A giant king, whose spiky crown was set
 O'er locks that dropp'd in rings of clustering jet ;
 Thus, in their violet robes enwrapt, the pair
 Sate twain, or one ; with crisp'd, or flowing, hair ;
 Or stern, or melancholy mild : each came
 And went alone ; each different, yet the same ;
 Nor e'er at once were those grand phantoms seen—
 A lonely king, a solitary queen.
 One only lean'd upon that staff of gold,
 And whom you late beheld, you still behold :
 Her sandal'd feet still press the agate stair,
 And his those raven brows, that tower-wreathed hair ;
 The lineaments by involution strange
 Of form and sex, pass'd with alternate change
 And reappear'd ; and still a disc of rays
 Haloed each brow—a faint and flickering blaze ;
 And in that sign the ravish'd prophet knew
 His priesthood pure, his inspirations true.
 He look'd upon the self-dividing one,
 The female Jove of hell, the subterranean Sun ;
 And, as he twitch'd the chords with ivory rod,
 Lifted his plaintive chant, and hailed the goddess-god."—Pp. 194, 6.

The "Song of Orpheus," excepting the first few lines of the poem, we think a failure. It sadly wants dignity. The metre offends, and meets with little apology in the matter. It is of the common sing-song elegiac ; and as good verses may be found in every village album amongst its fair-handed specimens of youthful and virgin talent. Nor do we see any charm in the speech of Proserpine, who tells Orpheus that, under spell, his Eurydice "flits behind him"—

" But beware lest haste
 The spell disserve,
 Or, unembraced,
 She is dead for ever !"—P. 201.

From this point Mr Elton re-assumes his poetical dignity and power. The dreaming Poet had been disengaged from the Bard Orpheus during the upward passage, left therefore undescribed. He awaits him at the entrance of the enormous cavern, the roarings of whose subterranean waves are

"Faintlier heard; when from within the cave
A harp rang out; a youth with hurried tread
Sprang into day, and, gasping, turn'd his head.
The very heart within me seem'd to break
At the shrill sadness of that following shriek."—P. 201.

The shriek, and misty figure, "veiled in snowy white," melting into "blindest, blackest, shade," is certainly an improvement upon the too palpable and speech-making Eurydice of the older versions. The Pontiff youth, under the despairing passion of his grief, tearing away his harp-strings, is finely conceived.

The charm of the Lyre has departed from him.

"The serpent cast
Her venom on him, as he bounding pass'd
Beneath the gnarl'd o'erbranching oaks;
the glare
Of panthers met him from their briery
lair."—P. 202.

The paths lead him by the loathed image of the human Bacchus—he finds himself in the holiest place amongst the slumbering Bacchantes—he awakes them and drags their idol of Bacchus from its base, and tramples in the earth the "mortal-visaged God." The Bacchantes, infuriate, pour forth the Dithyrambic rage, seize and tear him in pieces. Mr Elton does not forget the bodiless head floating down the Hebrus, and the "frigida lingua," still crying "Ah, miseram Eurydice!"—nor is he deterred by the burlesque of Gay in his *Trivia*.

"Headless he sank; but woods, and glades,
and rocks,
Told back the voice of his last agony—
'Eurydice! ah, poor Eurydice!'
The last, the only sounds his tongue had
shaped,
Still quiver'd on the lip when life escap'd.
The stream, that his departed visage roll'd
Along its ruddy tides, that echo told;
And all the wild roar died along the steep,
And those who wreaked the vengeance
paused to weep."—P. 204.

The heathen poets here terminate the story—but the immortality of the soul was a part of the Orphic creed. Mr Elton, therefore, justly and with great beauty extends his vision. The poet is again with Orpheus where, in the cavern, the descent, the brazen door is passed. His footsteps are on the jasper floor; all vanishes in mist;

and the eternal regions of the blessed expand before him, and around him, and all is love.

"And one of roseate cheek and sunny hair,
With starr'd and azured vestments, lean'd
her head
O'er a wan youth, who waked as from the
dead;
Drew life and love like sun-light at his eyes,
And held his breath in speechless ecstasies,
Then dove-like murmured, while delight
grew pain,
'Eurydice! thou then art mine again!'"
P. 205.

Nothing can be happier than this conclusion; a word more would have been an interruption to that perfect bliss of reunion—at once the poet's happiness, his dream, and his belief! Oh, that he should awake from this and feel the chill of the gray morning cold upon his widowed breast!

Much as we admire the Orpheus, we are almost tempted to recommend Mr Elton to give a rifacimento of this fascinating poem. The superiority of those portions that are in blank verse will be striking to every reader. We do not object to rhyme—we would not disenchant the tale of rhyme—but we would ever have rhyme *tell*. When it comes not with its due pause, it is trifling; its beauty is that it gives precision to thought, and encloses it, supplying the place of the more distinct *ictus* of the Greek and Latin prosody. When rhyme terminates a sentiment or an action it gives it the muse's stamp, securing it from addition or interruption as a poetic axiom: it has a final value. We cannot approve of the innovation of ineffective rhyming by which the imitators of the Shelley school make it a passing impertinence, with no apparent object but an unnecessary intrusion. The monotony of periodical termination may be better avoided by transferring the rhymes, making their recurrence irregular, as in *Lycidas* (but Milton's ear was *perfect*; his sense of hearing was probably sharpened by the deprivation of sight), and also by the use of the triplet, in which Dryden is so happy, and so expressively and finally closes the sense of a passage.

But why may we not speak a few words of Orpheus himself—Orpheus the Poet! Who was Orpheus? What did he do? The Poet, the modern Sophist, the Utilitarian, will variously

answer. Some deny his existence, and some read all poetry by the rule of contrary. We envy not such, who would too severely put poetry to the question, and who think they confer a benefit on mankind by stripping her more naked than ever she was born, and subjecting her limbs to the torture to chronicle her miserable confessions as truth. We are content to know that trees followed him, tigers danced and crouched before his lyre. Neither do we envy the success of that exact enquiry by which some have pretended to have discovered, that the music of Orpheus arose not from his lyre but from the pestle and mortar! who resolve the recovery of Eurydice from Hades, or, according to the advertisements, "from under the ribs of death," into the efficacy of medicine administered by the first Apothecary, Orpheus!

The powers ascribed to Orpheus, making every allowance for poetical embellishments, are, indeed, extensive enough; he asserts in the *Argonautics*, with sufficient gravity, that he had "trod the dark way of Tartarus into Hell for the sake of his spouse, trusting to his harp." Certainly, nothing has come down to us indicative of his wonderful charm. The most whimsical power ascribed to a verse of Orpheus, "the wise mage," is in the *Cyclops*, where the coward Satyr proposes the repetition as a charm to bid the monster's eye walk out of his head of its own accord. We are not likely to meet with panthers in our walks; but, if Mr Wombwell's van should break down and pour forth its mon-

sters, we should be loth to trust to the most concentrated extracts of his power from any of the works that bear his name. Repeat some of his best lines with the volume in hand in a pretty thick wood, and never suspect that the trees will follow you, nor fear complaints before magistrates of your oral depredations!

There are some strong and picturesque passages in the *Argonautics*, for instance, the Cave of Chiron; but, excepting some few isolated scenes, there is little poetry in the work. There is a pretty story in the argument (why so called we know not) to his *Lithics*, which, though told with great simplicity, shows a very successful attempt at descriptive precision and even studied sweetness and elegance of versification.

Orpheus, in his way to offer his annual sacrifice to the Sun, meets Theodamas, whom he persuades to accompany him. He gives a very interesting and graphic narrative of the cause which led his father to offer sacrifice on the altar of that deity. This introduces a discussion, and leads the way to the poems that follow, on the merits and powers of various stones, the possession of which will lead to the attainment of the owner's wishes, and guard him from the dangers of poison. The scenery of the place of sacrifice, and the accompaniment of the two dogs, who attend of their own accord, conclude the little narrative with some exquisitely beautiful lines, as expressive as any in the range of pastoral poetry. We offer a translation:

I love the converse of a man of sense,
Better than gold, that masters all who seek it—
For, being bent on sacrifice to the Sun,
I met my prudent friend Theodamas,
Towards the city, from the country wending.
I took him by the hand, and spake him thus :
"Townward to-morrow, my good friend, unless
Most urgent business call you there to-day;
For now, methinks, the very god himself
Sent thee to meet me bent on festival.
Consent, then, come with me, for blessedness
Attends the sacrifice that good men offer ;
And the immortal gods rejoice, when men
The worthiest do these processions lead.
Nor shall I take you far aside ; for, see
The hill, above my grounds, whither I tend.
There, when I was a stripling, once alone
I ventured, following two birds escaped—
My two tame partridges : each, as it heard
Its name (I called to them), stood still awhile,

But soon as I held out my hand to take him,
 Flew off, avoiding me—and in my speed
 And earnestness, I fell upon my face ;
 Then, rising up, pursued them further on.
 But when the summit of the hill I reach'd,
 They, sending forth a sudden and shrill cry,
 Swift as an arrow, to a leafy beech
 Flew upward—for they had a serpent seen,
 A deadly monster, with his open jaws,
 And full of death, rush on them, unobserved
 By me, though near, for on the birds alone
 My eyes were fix'd ; until I saw the beast
 Lifting his horrid neck from the low ground,
 Hiding his body for more perfect snare.
 None would have said I followed partridges,
 That then had seen me fly with swift feet back ;
 Nor thought the feet that bore me were a child's.
 For fear, my master, bade me imitate
 The broad-wing'd eagle and the fleeting wind :
 For death was nigh me, and full oft the tongue
 Of the fell monster touch'd my garment's edge ;
 And, beyond rescue, I had been devour'd,
 Had not swift thought urged me with speed to fly
 To the altar that to Phœbus ancient men
 Had built. The fire had left there unconsumed
 The branch of a wild olive tree : I seized it,
 And turn'd to combat with that serpent dire—
 That, when he saw me, maddening for the fight,
 Roused all his rage, and, in himself involved,
 Curl'd inward, circling his enormous back
 Fold within fold interminable, raised
 Over the altar his high-crested throat,
 With hisses that my utmost clamours drown'd.
 Then with a blow on that infrangible
 Hard mountain monster's head, my weak staff broke :
 But I was not to die by that fell beast ;
 For two, my father's faithful dogs, that tended
 The feeding flocks at distance, knew my cry,
 And to me ran—for I had ever been
 Their kind companion—and on them the serpent
 Rush'd, while I bounded onward to the plain
 Precipitate ; and as a hare, escaped
 The eagle's frightful talons, lieth conceal'd
 Amid thick bushes—so among the flocks,
 As I were one of the close-crowded goats,
 Crouching I hid me from the monster dire.
 Henceforth my father yearly, while he lived,
 Did to this saving altar victims bring,
 And to the Sun pay worthy recompense
 For his preserved child ; and thenceforth I,
 Choosing from out my herds a calf, spring-born,
 Fattening and sleek from his fresh mother's milk,
 Lead my procession forth of pleasant friends
 Unto the sacred altar on the hill.
 And the two serpent-slaying dogs ascend,
 Each following, and of his own accord.
 And far about the altar of the god
 All sweetness is, green sward, and softest spring
 Of fragrant herbage ; and thick shade of elms
 Rests underneath ; and near them, at the base
 Of a smooth rock, perennial waters gush,
 And in their foam up-bubbling, intermixed,
 Pour ever forth sweet music like a song.
 Then let us haste, for we must not delay [deny],
 Nor feast, nor service to the gods," I said ;

And he in his instinctive knowledge wise
 Replied—"And may the world-illuming God
 Free you from every ill, and send you home
 Into a house, whose riches bring no tears.
 Remembering this your goodness—nor will I,
 Without my gift, suffer you to depart.
 And that the god may hear when you ascend
 With your due sacrifice, into your hands
 This shining wondrous crystal I deliver."

The philosophy of Orpheus was brought from Egypt, where can be discovered a clue to the mythology of the Greeks and Romans. The veiled Isis was a symbol of the inner or esoteric doctrine, that the world was Deity. Orpheus makes the Sun a type of the universe, and even its source. He seems to have inculcated a more material pantheism, whereas the Egyptians connected their solar and planetary worship with the supposed transmission of the souls of the virtuous ancestors of mankind to the Stars. Hesiod appears to glance at this belief, though without the reference to a solar translation, in his good demons. This may, however, have been a branch of the exoteric or outward doctrine promulgated to the people for social and political purposes, as the residence of the virtuous souls in the stars meant probably nothing more than a physical energy.

Having spoken thus of the works and philosophy of Orpheus, it would seem very ungrateful, with Vossius and others, to deny his existence, and assert that Orpheus, Musæus, and Linus, were merely names deduced from

the Phœnician language. Origen doubts not the personality of these, but whether their books had been preserved. Plato, however, speaks of Orpheus as a real person, and refers not merely to the Orphic writings, but to those of the individual Orpheus himself. He was supposed to have lived before the Trojan era. Great doubts exist whether the remains extant are genuine. They were produced by Onomacutus, who lived in the time of Xerxes and the Pisistratidæ, but it should be added, he was banished on a charge of having issued forged oracles. It has been objected to the genuineness of the Argonautics, that we have authority for Orpheus having used the Doric dialect; but the objection is not valid, for Onomacutus may have changed it for the Homeric; and it appears more probable that he should have been in possession of certain fragments, which he made the groundwork of the poems, than that he should have been their entire inventor, as the name of Orpheus was too well known, many of his traditional verses being dispersed abroad, to render such a forgery plausible.

CASIMIR PERIER.

"Je veux la paix, et je ne veux que la Charte."

"Comment veut-on que je cede avec la taille que j'ai?"

C. PERIER.

CASIMIR PERIER was the conqueror of the Revolution of 1830! He found it arbitrary—he made it legal. He found it warlike—he made it pacific. He found it Destructive—he made it Conservative. He found it tumultuous and anarchical—he reduced it to order and obedience. He found it supported by the refuse of society—he gained for it friends among the virtuous, enlightened, patriotic, and wise. He found it the humble imitator of the terrorism of 1793—he made it the sincere and zealous opponent of all such imbecile projects, and of all such sanguinary orgies. He found it screaming for the destruction of the treaties of 1815—he compelled it, in time, to acknowledge that it was only by recognising those treaties—by acting with good faith to all foreign powers—by being satisfied with the boundaries assigned to France by those treaties, and by pursuing a Conservative policy, that the Revolution of 1830 could have any chances of life, or that the throne of July could hope to exist. He found the Revolution of 1830 looking every where about for some spot of earth on which it might pounce, and then exclaim—"I have made a conquest—and will now maintain it;" but, before he died, he taught that same Revolution to feel that the greatness of a country does *not* consist in the extent of its territory, or in the vastness of its conquests, but in its nobility and frankness of character—in the high honour with which it fulfils all its engagements—in the intelligence, enterprise, and wisdom of its inhabitants—and in the just and legal conduct of its national government.

"Je veux la paix, et je ne veux que la Charte,"

was the maxim of Casimir Perier; and though he was prematurely cut off from his family, his friends, his country, and the world, yet he has left a name which shall never perish, and an example which we propose to hold up at once for study and for imitation. The science of *government* is one of the

most difficult to attain, as it is one of the most valuable when acquired. To govern is to rule—but it is to rule with wisdom and justice, humanity, perseverance, and truth. To govern is to regulate, to influence, to direct, to manage, to restrain. It is more than this—it is to "*be*" superior, as well as to maintain a superiority. *Temple* said that there seemed to be but two general kinds of government in the world. The one exercised according to the arbitrary commands and will of some single person; and the other according to certain orders or laws introduced by agreement or custom, and not to be changed without the consent of the many. The one is absolute power; the other is legal liberty and regular government. Bonaparte represented the former system, and thus closed the Revolution of 1789. Casimir Perier represented the latter system, and thus conquered the Revolution of 1830.

The science of government, of legal, reasonable, national government, was understood and appreciated by Casimir Perier. He felt that the science of government does *not* consist in haughtiness of character, nor in absolute personal power, nor in a constant irritating state of opposition to national tastes and national predilections. All this may exist in a governor, whether he be a king, an emperor, or a president, and yet he may be wholly ignorant of the science of government. It is much to have a "*will*," but in order that the "*will*" may be respected, as well as submitted to, it is essential that there should be a harmony between the real wants and real desires of a people, and the character of the policy by which the nation is directed. "A government is an established state of legal authority." Yes, of "*legal authority*." Then the science of government is not merely a knowledge of the form of a community with respect to the disposition of the supreme authority, but it is a knowledge of the established state of *legal* authority, and at once a full comprehension of the wants,

situation, and character of a people, as of the means by which those wants may be supplied, that situation may be improved, and that character may be ameliorated, without being destroyed—and benefited, without being wounded.

The science of government includes a knowledge of human character—of national history—of the motives which influence men and nations—of the contemporary movements of society in other countries and under other forms of government—and a facility in comprehending, and duly weighing, and considering, how the most opposite institutions, existing at the same moment among different people, may yet be the most eligible, the most advantageous, and even the most truly liberal for them. This is that portion of the science of government which was never understood by the *first* French Revolution; and the ignorance of which led to universal war, and, in the end, to iron despotism in the very country which had proclaimed itself the emancipator of mankind.

The science of government includes a knowledge of *all classes* of the nation that is governed. It is not enough to know the nobles or the paupers of a land, but the middling and upper classes, and the working and industrious divisions of society must likewise be understood and appreciated. This was *never* the case with the *first* French Revolution; and Bonaparte never addressed himself to more than a fraction of the country over which he ruled. The Revolution of 1830 would have fallen into the very same error, but for Casimir Perier. The Lafitte Ministry lived on the support of the mob! The mob cried for enlarged frontiers—for the destruction of the fortresses erected on the Belgian frontiers against the incursions of France—for the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees as its boundaries—for a war against Russia—for the insurrection of the Rhenish provinces—for Propagandism in Spain, Portugal, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland—and for “*the union of the people against the kings*”—and of Spain, Portugal, Belgium, France, and England against the rest of Europe. Its “science of government” was to unite the governed against their governors, and to involve the world in an interminable war. But Casimir Perier arose, and said no—

“Je veux la paix, et je ne veux que la Charte;”

and when Casimir Perier thus proclaimed *his* will, and *his* system of government, he not only represented the wise and the enlightened portion of the French people, but he *knew* that he so represented it. When he refused to accept office—when he accepted office—when he resigned office—and when he re-accepted office—he did all he did, knowing quite well *what he was doing*, what he was refusing, and what he was re-accepting. He appealed “from Philip drunk, to Philip sober;” and he did not begin to *govern* till he *knew* that France longed to be ruled. But he governed her *legally*—he ruled her according to the *Charte*—he had all the law and all the constitution on his side, and *he knew it*; and thus, whilst he supported public opinion, public opinion in its turn backed him—and his science of government came to his aid, and enabled him to triumph over illegality, disorder, anarchy, and crime.

Great men are raised up by Providence, and *not* by accident; by Heaven, and not by a mere concurrence of circumstances, to meet the exigencies of *great* events, of great commotions, and of great changes. We were much pleased lately with the observation of a French authoress of distinction. She said, “It is always the same man.” Her meaning was this:—It is always a powerful agent—always a master-mind—always a man far above his fellows—always some one who has the science of government—who adapts his measures to the peculiar circumstances in which he is placed—who takes a comprehensive, and yet clear and distinct view of all that surrounds him—and who, in one word, is “*the*” man for the moment, and apparently the *only* man. This is the distinctive and precise character affixed by Heaven on its agents. There is nothing of doubt in their purposes, or of feebleness in their movements. They have a task to perform—a duty to accomplish—an end to attain—and they invariably succeed, because they are special and consecrated agents. Now, although there would be some danger in following this up to the extreme point of its veracity, yet the general statement is a true one. The Pitts, the Norths, the Wellingtons, the Napoleons of modern times have *not* been mere ordi-

nary agents, created by circumstances—but they have been, like Casimir Perier, “*the*” men adapted to the moment, and the agents raised up either to accomplish great and permanent good, or to prevent vast and coming evils. And, if we turn over in our memories the pages of history, whether sacred or profane, and whether of ancient or of modern date, re-reading all our readings, and calling back to our memories the leading events of the world which we inhabit, we shall find that at various epochs in this world’s history, “it is always the same man;” that is, a powerful agent—a master mind—always a man far above his fellows who is “*the*” man for the moment, and apparently the “*only*” man.

And we have been forcibly struck with this fact in considering the subject of this memoir—CASIMIR PERIER. A Legitimist leader, in opposition to the Revolution of 1830, could have had no influence with the Chambers, with the Crown, or with the lower orders. A Bonapartist would have been suspected of intentions in favour of the family of the Corsican usurper, and would have been rejected as entertaining opinions allied to those of the Propagandist party.

A Republican Chief would have armed against him all the middling classes, and his government could have been only that of the mob. It was necessary that the conqueror of the Revolution of 1830 should be a man identified with the Opposition during the Restoration—a man of fortune and good moral character, to inspire the mass with respect, and the middling classes with confidence—a man who had the power of addressing the public, and of causing himself to be respected by it—a man whose private fortune should protect him against the charge of wishing office for the sake of its pecuniary advantages, and yet who should in no wise belong to the old aristocracy of the country. It was necessary that this man should have a commanding appearance, that he might feel that confidence in his person as well as in his mind, which it was necessary he should feel at such a conjuncture, and which enabled him to say,

“Comment veut-on que je cede avec la taille que j’ai?”

It was necessary that he should belong to the people—have been brought up amongst them—have made his fortune in the midst of them—and have been associated with all the errors, as well as with all the mingled justice and truth of their cause. It was necessary that he should have great powers of oratory—great personal courage—a firm confidence in the system he espoused—at the same time that he could point to his antecedents and say, “Was I not one of you when you rose against the ordinances of Charles X.? and when you proclaimed Louis Philip the King of the French?” It was also necessary that his antecedents should have a still more ancient date—that he should be identified with the Neys and Manuels, and Foys and Benjamin Constants of the Restoration—and that he should be able to point to the records of the Opposition during that epoch, and say, “Was I not then also one of the foremost in your ranks?” and above all this, it was necessary that this man of ten thousand should be willing to devote all the powers of his body and all the energies of his mind to the cause he believed to be just, national, and true. Now there was but “one” man in France in whom all these qualities and all this fitness were united, and that man was CASIMIR PERIER! and when we say this, it is not in haste or with inconsideration. We have looked over in our minds—yes, and with contemporary histories in our hands—all the men of 1830, with their powers, their relations, their defects, their qualifications, and their influence over the Crown, the Chambers, and the people; and we declare most positively that CASIMIR PERIER was the “only” man—there was no other. There were too many prejudices against M. Guizot; the Duke de Broglie belonged to the old aristocracy of France; Lafayette was the chief of the Republicans; Lafayette could not so suddenly rise in opposition to the Revolution he had aided in organizing; Gerard was a mere soldier; Lamarque was an avowed Bonapartist; Benjamin Constant was old and withered; Dupin was nothing but a lawyer, rather suspected than otherwise by the popular party; Odilon Barret and Mauquin were scarcely known; Count Montalivet was too young; Barthe was a mere barrister, of the Carbonari school in politics;

Thiers was unknown but to a few friends or cronies in the republic of letters; Marshal Soult had served the Restoration as he had the empire, with equal fidelity; Count d'Argont had been charged by Charles X. to negotiate for him with the Provisional Government at the *Hotel de Ville*; and Talleyrand had no moral influence over even three individuals in all France—we were about to say in all the world. So *Casimir Perier* was the *only* man who could dare—who did dare to attempt to conquer the Revolution of 1830—and who, in the end, even though cut off in the midst of his labours, did, by his successors and disciples, succeed in conquering it.

To the life of this man, then, we invite the attention of our readers; and though his life, like those of most of us, will be found to be a mingled yarn of good and evil, yet, on the whole, much benefit may be derived from the contemplation and study of his individual history.

CASIMIR PERIER was born at *Grenoble* on the 12th of October, 1777. His family, originally from Mens, a small town in the environs of the capital of Isere, had become wealthy from its commercial and enterprising character, and even enjoyed a reputation superior to its fortune. The grandfather of Casimir Perier, about 1720, had transported to Grenoble the principal establishment of the family; he was the founder of the manufactory of the linens of Voiron, the produce of which amounted to several millions of francs per annum at the beginning of the Revolution, and he concentrated at Grenoble, and in his house, the concern of the “*Tissas de l'Inde*,” with which he supplied the centre and the south of France. One of his sons was named director of the “*Compagnie des Indes*.” His eldest son, *Claude*, the father of Casimir, extended his commercial operations to the two branches of industry created by his father, and undertook to introduce at Vizille the then new invention of printed cotton goods. The position of the grandfather of Casimir Perier was such as to justify him in deciding that his son Augustine should become counsellor to the Parliament. He purchased the necessary qualifications—but, in order to exercise those rights, it was necessary to obtain the consent of the company. Another proof of the wealthy and re-

spectable position in society of the family of Periers may be derived from this fact, that, two years before the Revolution of 1789, the province of Dauphiny suffered much from a very serious famine. It was necessary, therefore, to make large purchases of provisions in neighbouring districts of France. Claude Perier, the father of Casimir, put his capital and credit at the disposal of his native province; and in order to reward him for this signal service rendered to Isere, the Parliament of Grenoble rendered spontaneously a decree, by which the charge of counsellor was presented to his eldest son. The family of Perier appears to have been destined to represent, in the most full and comprehensive manner, the political aggrandisement of the middling classes in France. The father of Casimir Perier died a member of the legislative corps; his two brothers-in-law, Messrs Pascal and Duchesne, were, one a member of the same corps, and the other a *Tribun*. Six of his eight sons, Messrs Augustine, Alexandre, Casimir, Camille, Alphonse, Joseph Perier, have been Deputies; the three last are so still; and M. Augustine Perier died Peer of France. His two sons-in-law, Messrs Savage de Rollin and M. Tesserie, were Deputies, the first after having been a *Tribun*. One of his nephews was Camille Jordan, and another, M. Duchesne, is still member of the elective Chamber.

The family of Perier, like the family of *Peel*, belongs, then, to the mercantile and manufacturing classes of society; and as the father of Sir Robert Peel founded a sort of dynasty of wealth, talent, and patriotism, so did the father of Casimir Perier, both having one son, above all others of their children, who distinguished themselves by their senatorial and statesman-like talents. As Sir Robert Peel, on all suitable occasions, not only admits, but even boasts of the fact that he belongs to the industrious and trading, the middling and manufacturing classes of society—so did Casimir Perier—and on one occasion, when reproached by the French Radical party with being a great Signior, and with being unable to sympathize with the middling and industrious classes, he exclaimed, “miserable and ignorant creatures that ye are! Do ye forget, then, that my grandfather was a weaver, and my

father a spinner, and that I am only their son? I know what it is to rise early and to work late, to eat the bread of carefulness and of honest labour; but I know also that the laws are as essential to the workman as they are to the manufacturer, and as necessary for the middling classes as they are for the wealthy. I desire nothing more than the triumph of the laws, and with the laws the liberty which their triumph must assure me."

On another occasion, when called an "aristocrat," and one of the privileged classes, he replied, "my only *aristocracy* is the superiority which industry, frugality, perseverance, and intelligence will always assure to every man in a free state of society. I belong only to those privileged classes to which you may all belong in your turn. They are not privileges created for us, but created by us. Our wealth is our own; we have made it. Our ease and prosperity are our own; we have gained them by the sweat of our brows, or by the labour of our minds. Our position in society is not conferred upon us, but purchased by ourselves—with our own intellect, application, zeal, patience, and industry. If you remain inferior to us, it is because you have not the intellect or the industry, the zeal or the sobriety, the patience or the application, necessary to your advancement. This is not our fault, but your own. You wish to become rich, as some men do to become wise; but there is no royal road to wealth any more than there is to knowledge. You sigh for the ease and the repose of wealth, but you are not willing to do that which is necessary to procure them. The husbandman who will not till his ground shall reap nothing but thistles or briars. You think that the commotions in human society are useless and misdirected if you do not become wealthy and powerful by the changes; but what right have you to expect, you idlers and drones in the hive, that you shall always be fed on the honey and the sweets of life? What right have you, who do nothing for yourselves, your families, your communes, your *arrondissements*, your departments, your country, or your kind, to imagine that you will be selected by them for their favour, their confidence, and their rewards? I am *not* an *Aristocrat* in that sense of the term in which it may

be applied in absolute governments or under imperial rule; but if, by an Aristocrat, you mean a man who has earned his promotion by his labour, his honours by his toils, and his wealth by his industry—oh, then, indeed, I am an Aristocrat—and, please God, I hope always to remain so. The distinctions in human society displease you, because you have not the talent or the industry to amend your own position. You are too idle to labour, and too proud to beg, but I will endeavour to take care that you shall not rob me. I throw back, then, with indignation and resentment the charge which is made. I belong to the middling classes of society. These classes must take their part in the government of society. I have been selected by my fellow-citizens, and by my king, as one of their representatives, and, by the blessing of God, I will represent them."

On the approach of the Revolution in France, the *tiers-état* did not perhaps feel the importance of its high destinies; but it must be admitted that it prepared to merit them. It had reaped the harvest of nearly all that had been sown for two centuries. For it were accomplished the progress of order, of ease, of ideas. For it the influence of the privileged classes was weakened, and the power of royal authority was increased. It had raised itself, little by little, to that point of force and maturity, which enabled it to say, and justified it in saying, that it was the nation. In its bosom, or rather at its head, were to be distinguished families, who allied to the manners of the past the opinions of the then present; and one of these families was that of *Claude Perier*. Having arrived at affluence by labour and economy, it had remained simple, moderate, serious. It participated in those ideas of independence which assimilated it to the spirit of the times, at the same time that it preserved those habits of subordination, and of respect for the past, for the old monarchy, and for olden events and times, which were weakening generally every day. The chief of this Perier family was an able merchant—having an imperious character, habituated to demand much from himself, and much from others, and his authority was felt around him. He was no believer in agrarian laws, in republican spolia-

tions, in false systems of equality ; but, on the contrary, he was an advocate for paternal government at home, and for a firm and regular, and even a severe government of the nation. His wife, the mother of Casimir Perier, *Marie Pascal*, was endowed with a singular mind and with a lively imagination. She was an admirable mother of a family ; but her religious opinions approached almost to mysticism. The natural independence of her ideas, and the sweet mildness of her character, tended to render less austere the otherwise strict aspect of the Perier family. She was one of those, however, who understood and felt in all its force the value of maternal instruction ; and who maintained that the education of a child began in its cradle. She was not ashamed to acknowledge the obligations of woman to Christianity ; and, in her turn, she sought to bring up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Around her was grouped a numerous family, or, as was said repeatedly, " a tribe ;"—ten children, remarkable for a most decided physiognomy ; for a *mélange* of new principles and old manners, of severity and of affection, imagination and prudence ; for a knowledge and aptitude for business ; for vivacity of impressions, clearness of judgment, and the sentiment, not a little pronounced, of personal dignity. The eldest of the eight sons of Claude Perier, *AUGUSTINE*, was destined by his father to inherit the best part of his fortune, and to become a member of the French magistracy ; but the French Revolution arrived, with all its positive wrongs and positive injustice ; with its real evils and imaginary troubles ; with its excesses, its horrors, its good, and its evil. It is known that it was preceded, and even as it were announced by the *émeutes* of the Parliament, and by the resistance of the provinces. From the Peace of America to the Assembly of the States-General the kingdom was agitated by troubles as the *avant-couriers* of an unknown and approaching crisis. Dauphiny was certainly not one of the provinces which were least excited ; and when, in 1788, the states of that province began those conflicts where Mounier dominated, and Bernave commenced his career, the chief of the Perier family offered them an asylum.

Claude Perier had purchased the chateau of Vizille, the residence of Villeroy, built four leagues from Grenoble, in a deep valley on the banks of the *Romanche*, by the Connetable de Lessdiguieres. It was in the vast saloons of that last feudal manor of this palace, appropriated now to the humble and peaceful labours of industry, that met openly, but illegally, that assembly which demanded the double representation of the *tiers-état*, thus precluding the constituent assembly. At *Vizille*, in the property of the Periers, commenced the *first* portion of the French Revolution. In vain did Brienne contend against the demand of the Parliament and Peers of the realm in July 1787—against the clergy in its assembly of Paris, and against the states of Dauphiny in the assembly of Vizille. The States-General had become, perhaps, the only means of government and the last resource of the throne. The provincial states had, partially at least, prepared the public mind for it, and the Notables had been its harbingers. The King, after having promised, on 18th December, 1787, the convocation within five years, fixed, on the 8th August, 1788, that the States-General should open on the 1st May, 1789. Then Necker was recalled, the Parliament re-established, the "*Cour plénière*" abolished, the bailiwicks destroyed, the provinces satisfied, and the new Minister made every arrangement for the election of the Deputies, and the holding of the States.

But though the family of Perier demanded the organization of the States-General, and powerfully contributed to its constitution, yet it must not be supposed, for a moment, that either in that family, or in Dauphiny generally, the spirit of innovation, or the adventurous love of change, were the principles of those movements which brought about a Revolution. That province was united to the crown by a contract, the conditions of which it believed it was only requiring to be faithfully executed when it combated a power which it felt or judged to be arbitrary. Thus, the resistance of Dauphiny was most unlike that of other provinces and other places, and that which others could only justify by abstract maxims was defended in this province by texts of treatises

and ancient *souvenirs*. So that that which was rebellion at Versailles was legal resistance at Grenoble.

Claude Perier took great pains to enforce on the minds of his sons, then growing up into life, what he considered a great fact, and an important truth, that Dauphiny was *not* France, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but that Dauphiny had certain rights and privileges similar in principle, though not in nature, to those for which the Basques are now contending in their provinces. This sentiment still exists to a certain extent, and we have frequently heard the inhabitants of Dauphiny declare, "We are not Frenchmen, we are Dauphinois."

At the juncture of which we have been speaking, a great change took place in the "*Opposition*" to the monarchical government, which had up to that time been unanimous. The Administration under Brienne had encountered the resistance of all the bodies of the state, because, in their opinion, it had wished to oppress them. It incurred under Necker the resistance of these same bodies, who were wishing to secure the power for themselves, and oppression for the people. From being despotic, it had become national, and still they had opposed it. The Parliament had maintained a contest of authority, and *not* of public good; the noblesse had reunited themselves to the *tiers-état*, rather against the Government than in behalf of the people. Each of these bodies had demanded the States-General, the Parliament in the hope of ruling them, as they had done in 1614, and the noblesse of resuming their lost power. Thus the magistracy proposed as the model for the States General of 1789 their form in 1614; and opinion abandoned it; the noblesse refused to consent to the double representation of the Commons, and a division sprang up between these two orders. This led to the convocation of the Notables by Necker. The family of Perier took a deep interest in all these events, but it by no means joined the ultra-opposition. It thought well of Necker, and confided in the King, but yet its great anxiety was for the triumph of the "*tiers-état*." There can, we think, be no doubt of one fact, and that is, that the political events of the early life of Casimir Perier, and the political

education he received, contributed to inspire him with that respect for the law, which regulated all his conduct, as well as member of the Opposition, as when Prime Minister; and which marked his political character with an ineffaceable stamp of independency, firmness, and moderation. It was his love of the law, the triumph of the law, the domination and rights of the law, which led him to ask those who invited him to join them in an "illegal" opposition to the "illegal" ordinances of Charles X., "Who gave you the mission to set yourselves up *illegally* against an *illegal* measure? No! we will petition the King—appeal to the Chambers—resort to the Tribunals—and have recourse to all legal measures—but remember, the King is King, and we are his subjects." If Casimir Perier had at that moment hastened to the King—confided in his Sovereign—and gained access to his person—he might have prevailed on that Monarch to withdraw the fatal ordinances.

Casimir Perier received his education at the college of the Oratoire at Lyons, where his three brothers, Augustine, Alexander, and Scipio, alike studied, with their friends Camille Jordan and Degerando. This college resembled those of the same order at that time; it was animated by at once an austere and free spirit, which distinguished a great religious school, but which exists no longer. The young Periers received there an education quite in harmony with their natural characters, as well as with their family habits. Casimir, the youngest of the four, never completed his studies. His character was too impressionable and agitated, and the events which were transpiring in the political world occupied his mind much more than his classical pursuits. This was much to be regretted, and Casimir Perier frequently deplored it in his after-life. He laboured hard in maturer years to regain his lost time, and would frequently say, "a page at fifteen is worth a volume at thirty." He was, when young, more active than laborious—indolence he could not tolerate, but regular and continuous labour did not suit him. His mind seized quickly that which was presented to it—applied little—and yet was never satisfied with its attainments. He observed more than he learned by

heart. His passionate and ardent character from fifteen to twenty, was only kept in bounds by the habit of order and dignity which he had acquired under paternal discipline. At sixteen years of age, the beauty of his countenance, his fine figure, the remarkable expression of his face, his benevolent and gracious manners, his caressing and playful habits when his pride was not wounded or his suspicions excited, interested all who knew him in his favour, and gained the suffrages of those who had only known him previously by his apparent frivolity, or for his want of application to serious pursuits. He was an amiable young man, not naturally gay, but ardent, quick, impetuous, and yet thoughtful, though but few predicted that he would ever become a man of note and eminence in the world. The gifts of nature appeared lost upon him, for he had no fixedness of purpose, no patience, no method. But yet those who understood best the character of man, and the contending or opposing qualifications and defects of the mind, did not hesitate to pronounce that he had a powerful nature, and an instinctive superiority and authority which were felt, though not admitted, by his elder brothers. Though their acquirements were greater, they regarded him as their equal, and in all political arguments, even when young, they yielded him the palm. In his most juvenile years he was a lover of order, and defended on all occasions the authority of his father. During the bad times of the Revolution, Claude Perier had fixed his residence at Paris, having some of his sons with him, leaving his wife with his other children at Grenoble, to watch over the precious remains of a great fortune engulfed in the general deluge. He kept his family in a state of ultra-discipline, and the severity of the father had *not* always an agreeable or beneficial effect on the mind of Casimir. The assassination of Louis XVI. was a subject of deep regret and confusion of mind and spirit to Claude Perier and his sons. They had taken a deep and personal interest in the first events of the French Revolution, and had identified themselves with the rise of the middling classes. But they loathed the excesses of the *canaille*—abhorred the injustice of the mob—groaned beneath the despotism of democracy—

and not unfrequently even regretted the Parliament of Vizille. All this was at once natural and praiseworthy. They desired freedom, but the freedom of the law—they loved liberty—but they loved justice and humanity more.

In the year seven of the republic, (1798), Casimir Perier was drawn by the CONSCRIPTION; and he had to take up arms for a cause with which he sympathized but little. He had seen with distrust the rising powers of Napoleon Bonaparte, his expedition to Egypt, and the democratic elections of the year six. He had rejoiced at the annulling of those elections by the directorial party, and viewed this blow aimed at the ultra-republicans with delight. And yet he could not sympathize with the Directory, for it was neither a constitutional nor an impartial Government. It displayed great activity, but it was of a narrow and bustling kind, and Merlin and Treilhard, who had succeeded Carnot and Barthelemy, were only two political pettifoggers. But to *Barras*, the young Casimir was especially averse. He saw that Barras continued his dissolute course of life, and his directorial regency; he knew that his palace was the resort of gamblers, women of intrigue, and stock-jobbers of every kind.

Hostilities had at this moment commenced in Italy, and upon the Rhine; two French plenipotentiaries had been wickedly assassinated, at some distance from Rastadt, by Austrian hussars; the Directory, apprized of the march of the Russian troops, and suspecting Austria, obtained from the Councils a law, empowering them to raise recruits; and the military conscription placed 200,000 young men at the disposition of the Republic. Casimir Perier was one of the number. At this moment the troops belonging to the most impatient powers, and who formed the vanguard of the coalition, had commenced the attack. The King of Naples had advanced upon Rome, and the King of Sardinia had levied troops and threatened the Ligurian Republic. Casimir left, much against his will, as "*adjoint du génie*," and in this capacity made the campaign of Italy from 1799 to 1801. He distinguished himself under the walls of Mantua at the combat of Santo-Giulio; but he always looked on this period of his life as the least interesting, as well as

the least useful. In 1801, after the death of his father, he abandoned the military career to become a merchant, and to carry with him into the commercial and middling classes those principles of order, obedience, and energy, which had distinguished him during the first forty-four years of his life.

The dispersion of the Council of Five Hundred by the bayonets of Napoleon had given Casimir Perier a distaste for political life. This was to him a violation of law, a final blow against liberty, and the precursor of the dominion of brute force. The 18th Brumaire killed the *first* Revolution. The Ministry of Casimir Perier destroyed the *second*. Napoleon caused the death of the *first* by *illegal* means. Casimir Perier ensured the overthrow of the *second* by relying solely on the laws and the Charta. But the victory of Marengo was followed by a general peace, by the treaty of Luneville, and Casimir Perier returned to his hearth and his home. He hailed the treaty of *Amiens* with rapture; and when Bonaparte directed all his attention to the *internal* prosperity of the republic, Casimir Perier hoped for better days for his country; and the act of amnesty in favour of the emigrants won for Napoleon the hearts of the Perier family. His father had left to his children not only a handsome fortune, but the yet greater advantage of his name and his credit. He was a man of no ordinary capacity, who formed fine and vast establishments, and took part in nearly all the commercial institutions and measures which were created and adopted in France, after the Revolution, to raise the commerce and industry of the country. He was one of the founders of the Bank of France. His ten children, in dividing equally among them his fortune—for the laws of the Revolution had abolished the last vestiges of the rights of eldest children—drew yet closer the family together, and formed between them that union which has always subsisted, and which has kept the family in a state of independence and elevation in times of difficulty, and under circumstances of commercial embarrassment. Three brothers, who are now no more, were then the chiefs of the family. *M. Augustin Perier* joined to an enlightened and cultivated mind the solid virtues

of a most generous heart. His ambition was modest—his soul was filled with the most tender affections. He remembered that his father always intended him to sustain in Dauphiny the name he had left behind him—and there he therefore fixed—and there divided his time between the commerce of Grenoble and the manufactory of Vizille, where he created one of those positions of influence and of patronage which are so rare in that country. The French are *not* essentially a commercial people. With the exception of Lyons, Grenoble, Alsace, Normandy, St Quentin, Lille, and Paris, there are no manufactories in France. The manufactories of Lyons are undoubtedly very considerable—and the muslins and printed goods of Messrs Kæchlin at Malhausen, have acquired universal fame. But when the manufactories of France are compared with those of England, or even with those of Belgium, their comparatively insignificant character is rendered visible. The first French Revolution, in destroying large fortunes, in overthrowing public credit, and in equalizing the properties of the upper and middling classes, rendered it wholly impossible for France to compete with Great Britain for a long series of years, unless similar disasters should befall the latter country. Large fortunes are indispensable to the establishment of such manufactories as those of Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and Sheffield. They are *national* manufactories, though conducted by *individual* enterprise, individual labour, and individual capital. The French have felt this so much ever since the first Revolution, that various national and public encouragements have been given to different French manufactures with the view of rendering them permanent; and the tapestry manufactories of Beauvais and of the Gobelins, as well as the porcelain manufactory of Sevres are even conducted by the Government itself. The French have endeavoured to combat with the default of capital by uniting together five or six moderate fortunes to make one large trading capital—but in almost all cases the partners have quarrelled amongst themselves, and the large establishments have been cut up into half-a-dozen small ones. Continuing to feel the evil of this state

of things, the French, at the very moment we are writing, are uniting together in the commercial world to establish *joint-stock companies*, or partnerships by shares, for the accomplishment of objects which no individual fortunes they possess would enable them otherwise to effect. But if we examine the prospectuses of a vast number of these associations, what do we see? Why, actually companies formed with capitals of FOUR, SIX, OR EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS!!! The shares are L.4 each in many, many cases—and whereas a banking or commercial house at Bristol, Manchester, Liverpool, or London would sign a cheque for ten times the amount as an ordinary affair, if it were a good one, and promised well, taking upon itself the whole of the operation, without even dreaming of a partner or a share, the French will publish prospectuses, advertisements, and make appeals and calls from Bayonne to Boulogne, and from Perpignan to St Valley, to obtain the paltry sums of four, six, or eight thousand pounds! And yet the shareholders in these chandler shop societies expect to make fortunes—are quite astonished that they do not yield large revenues—and point to England and her vast commercial enterprises—just as if any real comparison could be instituted between the colossal character of the one and the mole-hill littleness of the other. The incomes, as well as the insignificant “*capitals*,” as they are called, of these associations are absorbed by the rent, taxes, salaries, and even “stationery” consumed in the manufactory, and the French have found, and will find, that all these Lilliputian attempts to vie with the fortunes and manufactories of Great Britain will ever fail. The credit, fortunes, enterprises, and confidence of a country are not created in years, but in ages—and when once destroyed, ages must again elapse before they again exist. Look, for instance, at the present state of the question of *iron railways* in France. In France there is *iron*—but the iron mines are *not* worked. And why? Because there is no spare capital to work them on such a scale as to make them profitable. In France there is coal—and in abundance—recent experiments and soundings have proved this to demonstration—but the col-

lieries are *not* worked—and why? For the same reason—there is not capital enough to work them on a large scale; and even when they are worked, as is now more the case than formerly, there are no railroads down to river navigation, and river navigation is stopped up. There are no canals—or the canals are unfinished or blocked up. The price of French pig-iron is dearer than that of British pig-iron in the French market, notwithstanding all the protection afforded to the products of France by a heavy duty on imported iron, and notwithstanding the expenses of freight and tonnage, port duties, and other French shipping charges. And what is the consequence of this state of things? Why, that to make French railroads, British rails must be used, as to make French hardwares, British coals and Belgian coals are consumed. The French have recently been making the experiments of feeding their furnaces and manufactories with French and Belgian coals—but the supply was not sufficient—and the duty on British coals was obliged to be lowered, to meet the demand for that article—or the French manufactories making use of coals must have been altogether stopped.

The reason for all this is clear. The French have no fortunes. They cannot afford to wait, they cannot afford to sink capital upon capital in mines and in forges, and to sink shafts, and to drain mines, and to pump out by steam-engines whole rivers of water. They must have the ready return of the penny. They have not a sufficiency of gold, silver, or credit, to wait for years before an enterprise shall be successful. They will find their L.4 or their L.20 for shares in an “omnibus” or a “cabriolet establishment,” because it is a *ready money concern*—the returns are immediate—dividends of some sort or other are at once paid—and the “*pot au feu*” of the poor renter is kept boiling. Nothing has so much astonished the French—no, not even the successes of their own Napoleon—as the perseverance of the shareholders of the *Thames Tunnel* in their gigantic work, notwithstanding the repeated invasion of the hoary-headed father into the works below. In France such an undertaking might have been conceived, and might have been commenced—but if the Seine had twice

poured its streams into the works, the old stones and bricks would have been sold "*aux enchères*," and the shareholders would have divided amongst them the remnant of the funds and the produce. And let not this be ascribed to the wrong cause. The French do *not* want either patience or perseverance—but they want capital. It is for this reason that their banks and bankers are often embarrassed to discount £4000; that their manufacturers and manufactories are at a stand instead of being in activity; that the Government is obliged to propose to take in hand all great works itself; and that at the very moment we are writing these lines, appeals are being made in the public journals of London, Brussels, and Amsterdam, to the English, the Belgians, and the Dutch, to come forward to take shares in the companies proposed to be formed for the establishment of various railroads in France. When similar projects are started in England, are appeals made to the French, the Dutch, and the Belgians there? No—English capital is sufficient for English enterprises—but this is *not* the case in France—for her merchants have neither the precious metals, nor the paper, nor the credit sufficient to enable them alone to carry the objects they propose into effect. Look at the subscription-list for the shares in the railroad company from Paris to Brussels, and we see that though months have elapsed since it was begun, the sum required cannot be raised, though only *one-fifth* is required as a deposit. And when we thus write, it is not reproachfully, or spitefully, or vauntingly, and with haughtiness; but when we thus write, it is to assert a great fact, that the Revolution of 1789, or rather of 1793 in France, destroyed national credit, private capital, and the means of rendering France a powerful commercial country. We know well that we shall be told that the division of property into small fortunes is the developement of the "greatest happiness principle"—and Doctor Bowring, who has laboured so long and so unsuccessfully in France in endeavouring to obtain equal justice for British commerce, and British merchants, will prate to us about his Jeremy Benthamism, and about the comfort and happiness

of the lower orders in France, with their perch of land and their pig upon it. But we also have visited France, in the length and in the breadth thereof—and we have no hesitation in saying, that the situation both of the manufacturing and the agricultural poor is far, very far superior in England, Scotland, and Wales, to the peasantry or manufacturing workmen of France. They are more healthy, cleanly, comfortable, better fed, clothed, housed, and are more moral, and more religious. We have purposely made this dissertation, because, though the family of Perier did all they could do, with comparatively large capital, for the commerce and industry of their country—yet, after all, their resources were very small indeed, when compared with those of a Manchester manufacturer.

The next son, M. Scipion Perier, was a man of profound scientific knowledge, deep and unaffected piety—was so virtuous as to be even scrupulous to a failing—and was uniformly calm and dignified in the midst of an impassioned and animated family. But Scipion was really a man of lively imagination, and even passionate soul—but he was, during his whole life, making one constant effort to repress his ardour, and maintain an external dignity and serenity.

Casimir Perier, with a character less equable, much more susceptible, and with a mind much less adorned, but possessing that *coup d'ail* which seizes and perceives truth, which correctly estimates the possible, and assures success, associated with Scipion, and founded together at Paris a *Banking House*, known and respected throughout all Europe. Their speculations, however, were of a very different nature from those of a London banker. They engaged in all sorts of mercantile transactions, and the bank alone was only the *means* of enabling them to carry on their industry with greater advantage. M. Casimir Perier displayed much penetration, prudence, and judgment—but he was never assiduous in the minute details of business. Whilst Scipion had a prudent and enlightened mind, the talents of an administrator, the love of the details of business, and the spirit of daily application, he yet often hesitated as to the course to be

adopted, and had no confidence in his own judgment. Casimir Perier, on the contrary, had decision and tact, and thus completed the character and just reputation of the house. There, as hereafter in public life, he showed that he was made to govern and *not* to administer.

The Restoration gave *peace* to France; and great as are always the advantages of peace to every country, they were for France of greater value and importance than to most nations, under even extraordinary circumstances. Peace and liberty—even moderate, rational liberty—were essential to the happiness and prosperity of the country; and, from 1815 to 1825, individual fortunes received an augmentation for which no parallel is to be found in the history of any people. They were ten years of material and physical amelioration, which Casimir Perier admitted to be unrivalled, and always spoke of them as such. The country was wearied of "*the drum's discordant sound*"—was disgusted with glory and with blood—and sought not for laurels, but for repose. M. Casimir Perier devoted the greatest portion of these ten years to useful labours and to the acquisition of personal wealth. The Bourbons might have secured his affection by consulting him, his confidence by confiding in him, and his devotion by esteeming him. How was it that this did not take place? There were *two* reasons, and they must be recorded with equal frankness and fidelity. The *first* was, that M. Casimir Perier was suspicious of the Restoration. And why? He had never known the Bourbons; he was but a young man when they were exiled; he had forgotten, in the horrors of the republic and in the wars of the empire, even the names of his princes. He had been taught to believe that they were an isolated race—that they had no sympathy in common with France—that they had never forgiven the murder of the members of their family—that they were surrounded only by pauper peers or by Papist priests, and that they returned to France, not as fathers and brothers, but as conquerors and tyrants. He was also taught to believe that the Bourbons had no affection for the middling classes—took no interest in the progress of trade, commerce, manufactures, the arts and

the sciences—and only felt happy in the society of a chosen few, who were members of the old nobility, and who had remained faithful amidst all the infidelity and distrust of so many former partisans. The consequence of this conviction was, that Casimir Perier and the men of his party, instead of rallying round the throne, stood aloof; and, instead of devoting their talents, influence, and property, all of which they possessed, to the strengthening of the hands of the Government, and to enlightening the throne as to the wants, prejudices, and wishes of men essentially loyal at heart, but who were mistaken as to the characters of their princes, they by degrees got up a parliamentary opposition, and joined themselves to men whose principles and doctrines they have since been compelled not merely to repudiate, but also to repress. So far, then, M. Casimir Perier and his friends were to blame.

But there was a *second* reason why Casimir Perier and the mercantile and manufacturing party belonged to the Opposition, and that was the fault of the court and of the Popish clergy. The Royal family was made to believe that all who were not violent Romanists were Jacobins or Revolutionists. Thus they viewed with distrust such men even as Casimir Perier. This exclusiveness was the fault of the Ultra-Papist party. Whenever Louis XVIII. and Charles X. shook off the yoke of these counsellors, and acted as their warm hearts dictated, and their own superior minds suggested, they always acted wisely and well. Then the mercantile and manufacturing classes drew near to them. Then unions were formed between the wealth and rank of the country. Then the throne became solid as well as brilliant, and then France was flourishing and happy. Thus Casimir Perier and his friends were to blame for not separating in their minds and hearts their princes from the Popish priests; and the house of Bourbon was in its turn to be censured for adopting too implicitly the opinions of those who represented all as opposed to the throne who were not Ultra-Romanists.

It is not true that the princes of the House of Bourbon ever sighed, or hoped, or desired, or even dreamt of re-establishing the old and absolute monarchy of France. Louis XVIII.

was attached, nay, devoted to the charter; and if his counsellors on the one hand, and the members of the Opposition on the other, had been equally sincere, his reign would have been more happy, and France more united. But in this, as in almost every other page of modern history, we read this fact, that the Roman Catholic Church is at once an enemy to the rightful stability and true legitimate popularity of the throne, and to the lawful, moderate, and rational liberties of the people.

M. Casimir Perier never proclaimed himself, however, the enemy of the Restoration—never spoke with disrespect or disloyalty of his kings or princes—never encouraged the low ribaldry of the ultra-school of politics, and kept his position as a man distinct from the multitude who then hastened to attack unceasingly the throne and the monarchy.

The celebrated loans of 1817 first brought M. Casimir Perier before the public as a politician and a financier. Three hundred millions of francs of extraordinary resources appeared necessary to balance the budget of that year; a treaty was concluded with foreign capitalists, who engaged to advance about two-thirds of that sum in exchange for nearly double the amount in capital, besides other immediate advantages of a most burdensome and too lucrative a nature. Yet the arrangement, though onerous, was necessary; but it weighed heavy on the heart of Casimir Perier. He published a pamphlet, in which he attacked it,—“*Reflexions sur le projet d’Emprunt*,”—and so great was the effect it produced on the public mind, that the Government modified the financial treaty it concluded, and made much better terms. He published, in 1817 and 1818, two other pamphlets on this important question.

On the 25th September, 1817, M. Casimir Perier was, for the first time, elected member of the Chamber of Deputies by the department de la Seine. When he was elected, he was not of the age, (forty,) required by the law, but before the Chambers met he had attained it. If the Government of that day had been disposed to be rigid, it might have opposed his admission; but it contented itself with introducing a law, that in future a Deputy must be

forty years of age when returned by the electors.

The conduct of Casimir Perier from 1817 to 1830, as member of the Chamber of Deputies, is not entitled either to unqualified praise or to indiscriminate censure. When he entered the Chamber it was as a Constitutionalist, as a Charterist, and not as a member of the Opposition. When, in 1817, the Government was popular, he supported it, and at the beginning of his parliamentary career he showed a devotedness to the monarchy, and rather a querulous independence than a downright hostility to the Ministry. Though the spirit of the times, his vivacity of character, and a certain portion of distrust in his composition, naturally conducted him towards the Opposition, still his most profound convictions, the traditions of his family, and the habits of his entire life made him detest disorder, and discourage all attempts at overthrow. Even when most severe in his attacks on the Government, he uniformly acknowledged the respect due to the Government itself; and at this first epoch of his parliamentary life his opposition was moderate, and even sometimes benevolent. This was the time to have gained M. Casimir Perier. He was then forty years of age;—his popularity was considerable;—his fortune was great;—his family was respectable;—he represented the middling classes. Then was the time for the throne to have availed itself of his talents and secured his devotedness.

When, in 1818, the Opposition became more systematic, violent, and personal, M. Casimir Perier did not belong to it. He occupied his attention with subjects of a financial and economical character. He demanded that all financial operations should be conducted as they were then conducted by the Tory Government of England; he demanded that all contracts should be public, and made by tender, and that all reasonable retrenchments should be made in the public expenditure,—some which were thought reasonable, others excessive; but he asked for what he did ask with moderation and loyalty.

From 1820 to 1823, the contest became of another character; the Opposition had demanded too much, and

Casimir Perier always admitted it. The Government refused too much, and a conflict between two systems brought about such a dissidence as to amount almost to a civil war. The monarchy became too distrustful; the Opposition returned towards the Revolution. The Government granted too readily and retracted too hastily. The Opposition affected a love for the charter, though to it they were really opposed, and pretended that they should be satisfied with the honest fulfilment of its conditions, when, in truth, they were always labouring to extend those conditions and alter its spirit. The charter of 1814 was essentially monarchical; its authors, the circumstances under which it was granted, the epoch when it was made, all proved that it was intended to be, as it was, monarchical. The Opposition wished to give it another character; they pretended that France only submitted to the Bourbons on condition of having a charter. This was false. Louis XVIII. might have re-established the old monarchy without any charter at all, though its chances of duration would undoubtedly have diminished. It is *not* true that the French would have made a war against their princes and the Restoration, rather than have submitted, in 1814, to an absolute monarchy. They were much more wearied of the bloodshed and evils of the empire than they were of its despotism.

The Opposition was divided on the question of the *Spanish war*, as well as on many other questions, from 1820 to 1823, into two parties. Casimir Perier and M. Guizot belonged to the moderate and truly constitutional party. The opposition of others was nothing short of conspiracy; unfortunately the counsellors of the Crown too frequently induced the Throne to view the Opposition *en masse*, instead of separately, and "all who were not for the Administration were set down as enemies to the dynasty." This was unjust, but it was the fault of the Papist party.

Casimir Perier in 1823, as in 1831, wished for the Charter, and for nothing more than the Charter. The Bourbons held the same sentiments, but the Ministers of the Crown, on the one side, wished for *less* than the Charter; and the ultra-Opposition, on the other side, desired *more* than the Charter. Thus

the conflict became desperate, and this portion of the Restoration was one continued scene of useless and deplorable conflicts. Casimir Perier had no idea of changing the laws, but by the laws. He had no notion of revolting against an established Charter, dynasty, and laws. He had seen enough of the *first* Revolution to make him a sworn foe to any other, and his intentions were Conservative, and his principles moderate. Yet how passionate, bitter, and sometimes vehement and satirical were his speeches! He did not spare a single fault, he did not allow to escape him a single error. He attacked the Government without ceasing and without pity; and annoyed that his motives were misunderstood, and that he was suspected of a want of loyalty to his princes, because he opposed their counsellors, he became increasingly bitter, and at last was personal and violent. Yet still he was opposed to any thing like revolution, and when his parliamentary friends counselled "*extra legal measures*," he always replied, "our cure is in the Charter."

Casimir Perier was not loved by the Lafayettes, Lamarques, Lafittes, Salvettes, Manuels, &c. &c. of the Restoration. He was too *legal* for them. Foy was the nearest to him, after Guizot. Perier was too honest for the Opposition—too sincere a constitutionalist or a charterist for them.

In 1824 the new elections were made, after the war in Spain. The elections were Royalist—Liberalism was laid low; but Casimir Perier was one of the very few who was returned to the new Chamber. The absence of the ultra-Liberal party delighted him. He had more force, more scope, more influence. He was the opponent of De Villele, and he conducted his opposition with talent, firmness, and loyalty. But M. De Villele was too powerful an adversary to be easily overthrown. He was supported by the most compact and homogeneous majority ever yet seen in any country. He was indifferent to the seductions of the imagination—inaccessible to those of passion—always present, always calm—his personal prudence was universally admitted—his mind was flexible, and fertile in resources—he had a fine talent and a great character—and he exercised an influence over the Chambers and France, which Casimir

erier always acknowledged with respect, and spoke of in terms of sincere admiration.

From 1824 to 1827, the whole burden of the Opposition rested on Casimir Perier. He made many mistakes and adopted many errors, but he was no conspirator, no revolutionist, no enemy to his King, and no rebel. He read the *Charta* differently from the counsellor of the crown, but he believed the throne to be as essential to France as was France to the throne.

The elections of 1827 changed the system of the Government. A new Ministry was formed, and the Crown, of its own accord, appointed an Administration in harmony with the sane and moderate portion of public opinion. The Viscount de Martignac was a man of a million. His eloquence, his good faith, his virtue, his sincerity, his attachment to his princes, and yet his love of rational liberty, pointed him out as "*the*" man of the epoch. But the Opposition dealt unfairly with him. Instead of rallying round him, they deserted him; instead of seconding, they attacked him. Casimir Perier said, that it appeared to him "*impossible de faire vivre la dynastie avec toute la Charte—et sans toute la Charte de défendre la dynastie.*" This was a remarkable truth, as it was afterwards reduced to practice. In rendering justice to the conciliatory intentions, and to the moderate efforts of the Martignac Ministry, he doubted its force and its duration. He would not attack nor oppose it, because he considered its nomination a concession made by the throne to the opinions of the electoral body; but he was one of those who believed that a conflict between the Bourbons and the Opposition of the Ultra party would, some day, sooner or later, be almost a necessity; and it was his opinion that it would end either in the re-establishment of the old monarchy or in the total overthrow of the Papist party.

The appointment of the *Polignac Administration* led to the conflict he anticipated, but not to the result he had expected. He never would hear of a change of dynasty; he never wrote diatribes or treason against the *drapeau blanc*. He thought that the priest party would be overthrown, and that the King and royal family would thenceforth be compelled to address itself to the Conservative portion of

the Whig party. He never went further than Earl Grey, and would have been delighted to see England governed by Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham.

Before we turn to the Revolution of 1830, and the subsequent life of M. Casimir Perier, we must be allowed to say a word on the *ordinance of July*, 1830, and on the labours, parliamentary and otherwise, of the subject of this sketch during the Restoration.

The Polignac Administration was not an isolated event. After three years of concession, the Opposition had become audaciously anti-monarchical and impudently revolutionary. We do not mean to comprise Casimir Perier in this censure. But, as to the Opposition generally, the fact cannot be doubted. The cry for "*the Charta, the whole Charta, and nothing but the Charta,*" was Jesuitical and false. The chiefs of the Opposition have since admitted it. This cry was raised in order that France might not be alarmed. If France had had an idea that a revolution and change of dynasty had been intended, the Opposition would not have had a single representative in the Chamber, even in 1827. The Chamber of 1828 acted most unworthily. The Opposition acted most dishonestly. The commercial and departmental laws of 1828, which the Chamber of Deputies would not pass, as proposed by the Government, were the greatest concessions ever made by any monarchical Government to any people; and the very men who asked more in 1829 would, in 1831, have been delighted to have granted less. The opposition of the Opposition to the Martignac Ministry we call disgraceful. It was senseless, unprincipled, and anarchical. It alarmed the throne, disturbed the country, and agitated the whole of Europe. Well might M. Martignac exclaim, "*We march in the midst of anarchy.*" What was to be done? To make further concessions was impossible. To withdraw those which were made would be imprudent. Yet something must be done. The Government could not remain stationary. The priest party was then called on for its counsels. They were listened to. A return to a counter-revolution was advised, and the Polignac Administration was named. The opposition, even to the creation of that Cabinet, was mad,

monstrous, revolutionary; no professions were attended to—no assurances were regarded—no measures were examined—no proclamations were even read; but one deep tremendous howl was set up by the press, the clubs, the schools, and the Opposition Deputies; and “Down with the Polignac Administration!” was the order of the day.

What was to be done? The Throne said, “I have the right to name my own Ministers.” The Ministers said, “Wait and examine our acts.” The Opposition said, “*N’importe, n’importe, à bas le Ministère!*” and Charles X. dissolved the Chamber and appealed to the Electoral Colleges. The Chamber met. A majority of forty voted an insolent address to the King. It was an infringement on the royal prerogative, a direct and palpable infringement. The Chamber was dissolved again. The same men were returned. Associations had been formed by the Opposition of an illegal character: some to control the elections, and others to refuse the payment of taxes; but Casimir Perier stood aloof from all. He looked with sorrow and sadness to the approaching conflict. But still the question returned, What was to be done? The Charta of 1814 contained a special article, which provided that, in special cases, and to meet special difficulties, the Charta might be *suspended* by the Throne. No article proved more clearly than this that the Charta of 1814 was essentially *monarchical*. The King now felt that a temporary suspension must take place; but we know that we assert a historical truth when we declare that Charles X. had no intention of *permanently* suspending it, but only of meeting pressing evils by a special and pressing remedy. He might, indeed, have allowed the new Chamber to meet, proposed the budget, and have dared it to refuse the ways and means to the Government. Though Casimir Perier was a member of the 221 who voted the address to Charles X., he always declared that he for one would *not* refuse the budget. So the ordinances of July 1830 were made, but how they were enforced we shall see in another portion of this history. They were made in virtue of a direct, special, and positive clause of the Charta of 1814, and they were made with no other intention than that of meeting a pressing and growing

evil, which threatened the total overthrow of the French monarchy. When the evil had been met and remedied, it was always intended by Charles X. to restore the Charta unchanged to the French people.

Let us now return to Casimir Perier.

In the Session of 1817 M. Perier made eight speeches, but the most remarkable were two which he delivered—one against the bill for the repression of the abuses of the press, and the other in favour of an amendment, tending to establish the necessity for the contracting of public loans by public tenders, and, as in England, openly, and in the face of the world, and to the best bidders.

In 1818 he pronounced ten speeches, nearly all of a financial character; but those which attracted most attention were his speeches relative to the floating debts, and as to the caution money to be supplied by journals, as a security for the payment of the fines which might be imposed upon them for breaches of the law.

In the Session of 1819 he made twenty speeches. He attacked the censorship; opposed the coal-tax; opposed the electoral law; opposed the double vote; opposed the gambling-houses; and defended the rights of French shipping in American ports.

In the Session of 1820 he made fifty-six speeches, and addressed the Chamber, in the course of that year, on the subject of the Naples Revolution; the charges made against the *Côté Gauche* by M. de Serre; the right of the Chamber of Deputies to amend laws; the question of *dotations* and *majorats* in favour of persons who had rendered essential service to the State or the King; on the accusation brought against the *Gauche* of making anarchical speeches; on criminal justice; on the commercial difficulties between France and America; on the functions of the director of the police of the kingdom; on a new censorship; on the budget; on the beer laws; and on other questions of a financial character.

In the Session of 1821 he spoke forty-two times. Sometimes on the necessity of adopting a *permanent* financial position; at another time on the position of the colonists of St Domingo; on the legislation of the press; on the censorship; on the Ministerial responsibility resulting from the frauds

committed by Matthéo, the sub-cashier of the Treasury ; on the alleged irregularity of certain financial operations at the Bourse by the Covetto Ministry ; on the expenses attendant on the collection of taxes ; on pensions to the widows and orphans of soldiers in active service ; and, as usual, on other subjects of a financial character.

In the Session of 1822 he only spoke twenty-two times ; and in the Session of 1823 only nine. In that of 1822 the question of the negotiation of new *rentes* was debated by him with talent, and he distinguished himself by his conflicts with M. de Peyronnet. He defended, also, General Bertin against M. Maugin, and opposed some reductions in the budget proposed by the Finance Commission. The Session of 1823 was that in which Manuel was excluded from the Chamber. M. Perier spoke frequently on this question, and but seldom on any other. It was one of the errors of the Restoration, and the recorded protest of Casimir Perier is an unanswerable "morceau" of logical argumentation.

During the Session of 1824 M. Casimir Perier delivered twenty-eight speeches. The principal topic of dispute was the proposed conversion of the 5 *rentes*, which M. de Villèle proposed, and M. Perier opposed, with so much of sense and of truth. Casimir Perier was a decided and energetic enemy to every system which tampered with the public credit ; and he was, undoubtedly, one of those who most powerfully contributed to the subsequent rejection of that measure by the Chamber of Peers.

In the Session of 1825 he spoke very frequently. No less than fifty-six speeches did he deliver that Session ; and the subjects which most occupied his attention were the law of indemnity to the emigrants—the new bill on the public debt and sinking fund—the conversion of the 5 per cents—the expenses of the Spanish war—the debt due by Spain to France—the consolidated debts—and the recognition of the new states of South America.

In the Session of 1826 he addressed the House fifty-two times, and on a variety of interesting topics. Amongst them were the questions of the gambling at the Stock Exchange—the citation of the director of the *Journal du Commerce* to the bar of the House

—the right of petitioning—the indemnity to the St Domingo Colonists—as to the right of the King to modify a law by an ordinance—as to the contracts for the Spanish war—the sinking fund—and the foreign corn bill. During this Session, also, the ecclesiastical budgets, and the conduct of the "congregation" and the "Jesuits," came under debate ; as likewise an interesting debate on the right of the Chamber of Peers to intervene in the discussion of the budget. The financial situation of the country, the post-office, and the immorality of the lottery, also furnished him with materials for very good and useful addresses.

In the Session of 1827 M. Casimir Perier spoke forty-four times. The Session commenced by an attack on the then new tariff of the post-office, and on its operation on the journals of the country, as well as on the transport of gold and silver by means of the post-office. Then came a discussion on the laws as to the press, which occupied much of his time and attention. The whole question of the securities to be given by, and to be offered to the press, was debated with talent and energy, and M. Perier had to contend with two able antagonists in the persons of M. de Corbiere, and M. Dudon. The repression of the slave-trade was also debated, as well as a proposal of a member of the Opposition to appoint a commission to watch over the prerogatives of the Chamber, and to see they were not infringed on. The whole question of the woods and forests of the Crown, and the complaints urged against the civil list for having felled too great a quantity of timber, were examined, and led to angry and personal debates. The financial situation of France was likewise discussed by M. de Villèle as by M. Perier.

In the Session of 1828 M. Casimir Perier abstained nearly entirely from appearing at the Tribune. The Martignac Ministry had been named, and a new era commenced for France and her King. Its glorious but unsuccessful mission was to keep within bounds the exaggerated pretension of faction—but to satisfy all the just exigencies of real public opinion. Two great measures marked this Session—one was destined to prevent electoral frauds, and the other to abolish the censorship. The character and sen-

timents of the majority were now changed. The priest party was defeated. The true royalist party for 1828 was represented by M. de Martignac. No one felt this more strongly than Casimir Perier, and no one acknowledged it more honourably. He belonged, then, no longer to the Opposition, and was placed on the list of candidates for the post of President of the Chamber of Deputies, and named member of the commission of the budget. He spoke but eight times during the Session, and would even have lent to the Government his important aid, but that his health was much affected, and required repose.

The Session of 1829 was the last for constitutional France and the old race of the House of Bourbon. M. Perier spoke but *three* times during that Session; and, on each occasion, on the same subject—the debt due from Spain to France. He had Count Roy for an antagonist, but he sustained the conflict with great talent and spirit. On all other questions he was silent. He perceived with sorrow that the Martignac Ministry was not supported by the majority, and, to avoid the appearance of being factious, he did not oppose the passing of the law conferring on the Crown the right to grant “*dotations*” to poor peers. The closing of the Session of 1829 was pronounced the 31st July, and eight days afterwards the Martignac Ministry existed no longer.

The Session of 1830 opened the 2d March. The Polignac Ministry had been appointed. The general elections had taken place. The Chamber of Deputies voted, on the 15th March, the memorable address of the 221; but, though M. Casimir Perier voted in that number, he did not once address the House. He was no rebel, no exciter of sedition, no lover of

tumult. He voted what he believed to be right; but he even did that, on this occasion, with fear and trembling. He was no infringer of the royal prerogatives, but he had an energetic hatred for the priest party. The reply of Charles X. to the address of the 221 did not surprise M. Perier, but the dissolution of the Chambers on the 16th May was a great fault on the part of the Crown, and was felt to be so by the subject of this memoir. No one knew better than did Casimir Perier that the Chamber was *not* prepared to refuse the budget to the Polignac Administration, but that, on the contrary, having satisfied its convictions or its passions, by the passing of the address, it would have voted the ways and means, and even have passed other laws which the Government was prepared to submit. The dissolution of the Chamber on the 16th May, 1830, was then a capital fault—and the result of the next general elections demonstrated its folly. Of course, the same men were returned; of course, they were exasperated at having been put to the vast trouble and expense of two recent elections; of course, they returned to Paris with hostile intentions; and it now *did* become rather questionable whether the Chamber would vote the budget if presented by the same Ministry.

M. Casimir Perier felt, however, little doubt upon the subject; he thought to the end that, notwithstanding the result of the two elections, if the King resolved to maintain his Ministry, the Chamber could not refuse the means for carrying on the Government, so long as the acts of the Government were *not* illegal. But the King was persuaded to take another course—to act upon the 14th article of the Charta of 1814, and to make the memorable and fatal ordinances of July.

HYMN TO DIANA.—CALLIMACHUS.

By the Translator of Homer's Hymns.

O! LET us hymn Diana!—she loves her shafts to throw
 On the mountain top, and the beasts they drop under her swaying bow.
 'Tis her delight in wood and wild to lead her Virgin throng;
 Wo to the Bard that to her regard pays not the meed of song.
 And hence will we begin.—When a prattler on his knee,
 She thus addressed her Father:—“O! grant me aye to be
 A Virgin Queen, and titles great thy little daughter claims;
 That Phœbus ne'er may taunt mine ear with all his many names;
 And let me bear the quiver, and let me bear the bow;
 Nor gifts I ask, all these I task the Cyclops to bestow.
 For they shall point my barbed shafts, and they my quiver fill;
 With tunic bare below the knee let me go forth to kill,
 And bear the light throughout the night as the deer's red blood I spill.
 And of Ocean, sixty daughters, O! grant to me, their Queen,
 That yet are in their virgin bloom, and but summers nine have seen;
 And let the banks of Amnisus their twenty Virgins send,
 My buskins to prepare and my weary dogs to tend,
 When lynx and deer no longer fear, and I my bow unbend.”
 Let all the mountain range be mine—and but one city give.
 Rarely my feet shall cities greet, on mountains let me live;
 Then cities only will I see when women on me call,
 In child-birth pain, for I retain the lot to succour all;
 The lot the Fates assigned me when first my mother bore,
 And without labour laid me down her gentle arms before.”
 She spake, and stretched her little arms to stroke her father's beard,
 But could not reach; then at her speech the father's heart was cheered;
 He gave his nod approving, and bending down his head,
 He sweetly smiled upon his child, and thus in joyance said:—
 “O! when such darling offspring shall to my loves be born,
 The jealous wrath of Juno I will but laugh to scorn.
 Have all thou wilt, sweet daughter, thy wishes perfect be,
 And more than thou art asking now thy father gives to thee:
 Not one, but thirty cities, my daughter, shall be thine;
 Thrice ten of fame to bear thy name and pay thee rites divine;
 Thrice ten shall worship Dian, nor Deity beside
 Shall share with thee the bended knee, the sanctity, the pride.
 And more, in isle and continent with Phœbus shalt thou share
 In due renown of many a town, of many a city fair;
 To thee, in all, thy worshippers altars and groves shall raise;
 And thou Inspectress shalt be called to guard all ports and ways.”
 The father spake, and bowed his head, and ratified assent,
 Then straight to the Cretean hill, wood-crowned, the Virgin went;
 And thence to Ocean, and her choir she chose, herself the queen,
 Unspotted virgins all that thrice three summers scarce had seen.
 Cæratius, River God, was glad—nor Tethys could restrain
 The flood of joy their daughters fair to see in Dian's train.
 And hence to Lipara she fared, erst Meligunis named,
 And there she found beneath the ground the brawny Cyclops famed,
 All standing round a mighty mass, a mighty work to make,
 From whose broad brink might coursers drink,—this did they undertake
 All to fulfil great Neptune's will, and laboured for his sake.
 But when the timid virgins the fiery monsters saw—
 Each one a mountain Ossa—they stood awhile in awe;
 Each in his swarthy forehead one burning eyeball raised,
 Vast as a shield that heroes wield, and wondrously it blazed.
 And when they heard the dreadful din from all the anvils round,
 As out it broke from every stroke and did again rebound;

And the bellows blasting windy roar under their labouring hands,
 “ And the deep ‘pant-ho’ at every blow” * that shook the neighbouring lands
 Of Italy and Cynrus’ isle ; huge Ætna roared and rang
 As the ponderous hammers high they raised, then down with a mighty bang }
 On bursting brass, or the livid mass, that shook with an iron clang.
 Then Ocean’s gentle daughters they could not bear the sight,
 And at the din, those caves within, they trembled with affright,
 As well may be ; for even queens celestial, when long past
 Their childhood years, with shuddering fears behold the monsters vast ;
 And often in their infant state, and difficult to please,
 Hard to obey a mother’s sway, they hear such words as these :—
 “ Come, Cyclops, Arges, Steropes, come take the wayward child ;”
 Then Hermes he within besoots his face, and looking wild,
 Comes forth a Cyclop grim and gruff ; the affrightened infant flies
 To her mother’s breast, all closely pressed both hands before her eyes.
 But thou, fair Queen Diana, when scarce three summers old—
 When thee Latona in her arms, thy mother, yet did hold,
 And bore thee, Vulcan calling, to Brontes to bestow
 A natal gift, with dauntless thrift, to Brontes thou didst go—
 And when he took thee on his knee, and to his bosom clasp’d,
 The shaggy hair was growing there, thy little hands they grasp’d ;
 And tore away, and from that day, hairs grew not on the skin—
 As ’twere disease alopecia had kill’d the roots within.
 Then spakest thou, still undismay’d—“ A good Cydonian bow,
 All for my sake, ye Cyclops, make, and arrows keen to throw,
 And make for me a quiver large, wherein my shafts be slung,
 For I, no less than Phœbus, am from Latona sprung :
 And if some bristly mountain-boar, or lonely wandering beast
 I chance to slay, be yours the prey—the Cyclops it shall feast.”
 Thou spakest,—and the task was done, thou stoodst in arms complete,
 Then for thy dogs to Arcady thou farest—Pan’s retreat ;
 He then a large Mœnalian Lynx in pieces did divide,
 For whelp and hound that fed around, as he the flesh supplied.
 And willingly the bearded God did then on thee bestow
 Two from his pack, half white, half black ; three with ears hanging low,
 And forward—and one brindled dog, all stanch and hounds of note,
 For they would dare the lion’s glare, and drag him by the throat,
 Yet living, to their home.—Soon more, the Cynosuris breed,
 Of scent most true, and to pursue swift as the wind in speed,
 To track the antler’d forester, or drive him from his lair—
 Or bounding fawn, at early dawn, or scent the sleepless hare—
 To find his secret hiding hole, and drag him from below,
 With his bristly chine, the porcupine, and chase the mountain roe.
 Then forth thou wentest with thy dogs to the Parrhasian mount,
 On whose high crags there stood five stags—they oft had drank the fount
 Of dark Anaurus’ rocky stream, and on its banks had fed,
 All large as bulls, a glorious sight, and their wondrous antlers spread,
 Strange to behold, of beaming gold from each majestic head.
 Awhile thou stoodst in mute surprise, till words of triumph came,
 “ O worthy prize to greet mine eyes, first fruits of Dian’s fame”—
 Five were the stags—but four didst thou o’ertake in fleetest race,
 Nor yet did hound before thee bound, thine only was the chase.
 Four, only four, were thine to take, to draw thy chariot wheels,
 The fifth one fled. Awhile the bed of Celadon conceals
 His panting sides—thence him received the Cerynean Hill
 In its defiles—for such the wiles, such jealous Juno’s will
 Reserved, the last of toils forecast Alcides must fulfil.
 Hail, Artemis, Parthenia, hail ! thy hands the giants slew :
 All golden is thy virgin zone—thine arms of golden hue,

* See the beautiful lines, “ The Forging of the Anchor,” in *Magaz.*, Feb., 1832.

And golden is thy chariot seat, and golden are the reins
 Thy stags to guide, that in their pride, do champ their golden chains.
 And whither did thine antler'd team first bear thee, virgin Queen?
 To Thracian Hæmus—where the blast of Boreas, rustling keen,
 Benumbs th' unhous'd inhabitants. Where didst thou cut the pine,
 Thy torch? the flame—say whence it came, that shone with light divine?
 The pine was on Olympus cut, the flame that round it spread
 It came from the rays of the fiery blaze thy father's lightnings shed.
 How often didst thou try thy bow, what creatures felt the stroke—
 The first shaft shot was in an elm—the second in an oak.
 The third it struck the mountain beast—the fourth for nobler game—
 Nor wounded trees nor savages—the wicked were its aim.
 Thine arrow sped—it reached the ways of miserable men,
 That truth deny, and justice fly, and make their homes a den
 The helpless stranger to despoil—that do all earthly wrong:
 O wretched they in their dismay, that feel thine anger strong—
 Their cattle perish with disease; dire hailstones crush their corn;
 And fathers o'er their sons bewail, that ever they were born.
 Their women die in childbirth pains—or captives, or dispers'd,
 With dreadful throe, bring forth in wo, babes never to be nurs'd.
 But blest are they on whom thou deign'st to look with gentle eye,
 Their home and field abundance yield—their corn is waving high,
 Their flocks are on a thousand hills, all plenteous is their store,
 In peace they dwell, and discord fell is banish'd from their door,
 That curse of homes: kind stepmothers beside their daughters sit—
 Together feast, of fear releas'd, nor dare a crime admit.
 Nor do they die till ripe old age the boon of quiet craves,
 And death comès like a gentle thing to bless them in their graves.
 O Venerable, O Revered, grant such myself to be;
 My friends be sure, with bosoms pure, and share like love from thee.
 O grant me aye the love of song—the strength, the gift, be mine,
 Fit to rehearse in sacred verse Latona's race divine—
 To hymn the Love of mighty Jove and the twin birth recall—
 And O that chant unto me grant, where thou art all in all—
 And there Apollo shall be sung—be all thy deeds my theme,
 Thy dogs, thy quiver and thy bow, and eke thy antler'd team,
 That bear thee to the courts of Jove, bright-shining all the way,
 And at whose gate two Gods await, and homage to thee pay.
 First, Hermes takes thy quiver—and Hermes takes thy bow,
 And erst if aught thy chariot brought, Apollo laid it low.
 'Twas his to take the slaughter'd beasts ere yet Alcides came;
 At Heaven's high gates Tyrrhinus waits that office now to claim,
 Expecting waits, if aught might be, wherewith good feast to make.
 Then all Heaven's Host, and Juno most, with mocks Olympus shake;
 When they behold the lumbering God drag up th' Olympian floor
 The carcass of a monstrous bull, or savage slaughter'd boar
 Dragg'd by his hinder legs, and pant and groan his load before: }
 Then Dian she thus tauntingly Alcides would address:
 "Thine arrows fling on noxious thing henceforth, that men may bless,
 And call thee, too, Preserver, a name to me they give;
 Be thine to spare the kid, the hare—let guiltless creatures live.
 But wild-boars rend the tender plant, and tear it by the root;
 Wild-bulls despoil man's care and toil, and tread it under foot:"
 She said; and dragg'd the monster beast, still toiling as he spoke,
 For when the Godhead he put on, in Phrygia 'neath the oak,
 He put not off his gluttony—but keeps his hunger now,
 As from that day Theodamas he slew beneath his plough.
 For thee thy loosen'd stags the Nymphs Amnisian comb and feed,
 Sweet trefoil heap, the which they reap from Juno's precious mead,
 Such provender the Coursers eat of Jove's celestial breed. }
 The Nymphs their golden buckets fill from Heaven's pure crystal pool,
 That from their brink the Stags may drink, and keep them fresh and cool.

Thou enterest to thy Father's court—the Gods thy presence greet,
 There all, to give thee place, arise before thy gentle feet ;
 But only by Apollo's side hast thou thy golden seat.
 O never on that festive day, when thee thy Nymphs surround,
 All to resort in wonted sport to thy lov'd hallow'd ground :
 Whether upon Inopus' banks, fair river, or the mead
 Of Pitane, devote to thee, thou shalt their footsteps lead :
 In Limnæ, or the refuge-seat thou seekest in thy flight
 From Scythian Taurus, there to shun abominable rite,
 In Alæ Araphenides—O never on that day
 Let Oxen mine their yokes incline for hire, though large the pay,
 And they, of the Stymphalian breed, the best to turn the soil,
 Of nine years' strength, with horns of length, and fitted for the toil.
 For weary would they bow their necks, and weary would they go,
 Back to their stall at even-fall, o'er-labour'd, spent, and slow.
 For never yet great Sol, that sheds abroad celestial ray,
 That beauteous train on hill or plain beheld, but he must stay
 His steeds, and draw his chariot up, all in the heavenly way,
 To see the glorious spectacle, and lengthen out the day.
 Tell me what Isle thou lovest best, what Mountain, City, Port,
 What Nymphs or Maids of heavenly birth that join thy huntress sport ?
 Inspire me, thou Diana, that I to all may tell,
 Best lov'd by thee is Doliche of Islands ; passing well
 Thou lovest Perga, chiefest Town—nor mountain may compare
 With thy Taygetus—haven-stored Euripus is thy care ;
 And of all thy nymphs and maidens, that lovely are to see,
 The Huntress keen, the Cretan Queen, is most belov'd by thee—
 Chief Huntress Britomartis, and sure the prey she slew,
 Her, Minos, struck with burning love, did nine long months pursue ;
 O'er all the many hills of Crete the raging lover sped,
 The savage rock, the rugged oak, the marish was her bed ;
 Nine months he walk'd the mountain-tops, till from a rocky height,
 He nigh had seiz'd the flying maid, that rush'd in wild affright,
 And from that mountain precipice herself in terror threw—
 Into a Fisher's net she fell—her safe to land they drew.
 Th' admiring Cretans hence the name of Britomartis change,
 And from that fall *Dictynna call. And that high mountain-range,
 Scene of her flight and that pursuit, preserving still the fame
 Of the Maiden's leap into the deep, bears like Dictæan name.
 There the Cydonians altars built, and annual rites renew ;
 But pine and mastic boughs alone the festal day must view ;
 No chaplet of the myrtle leaf, nor wreath must any bear ;
 The myrtle caught her in her flight, nor did her mantle tear, }
 Hence myrtle is a hateful tree, and none may myrtle wear. }
 Thee, bright-eyed Upris, heavenly Queen, that givest light to all,
 Dictynna from the lovely nymph the wondering Cretans call—
 Nor didst thou love Cyrene less, th' Hypsæan nymph, to whom
 Two hounds thou gavest ; in good stead they served her at the tomb
 Of old Iölehan Pelias, when she the victory won ; }
 And Procris, spouse of Cephalus, thy loved, thy chosen one, }
 Is at thy side, her joy, her pride, o'er wilds with thee to run. }
 More than thine eyes beloved, thy grace fair Auticleia knew.
 All these for thee first bared the knee, and o'er their shoulders threw
 The quiver fill'd with arrows keen, and bore the bended bow,
 And the bared breast above the vest shone out a heavenly show.
 Iasian Atalanta, swift-footed maid, was thine,
 Taught by thy art to fling the dart, and kill the bristly swine.
 Nor yet will generous hunters blame thy skill, recounting o'er }
 The deed was done in Calydon—the hunting of the boar— }
 For the trophies lie in Arcady, the mighty tusks he wore :

Nor Rhæus, nor Hylæus, in Hades though they rave,
 Could, methinks, deny her archery, or the deadly wounds she gave—
 For the envious Centaur's entrails the truth would surely tell,
 And the bloody rill on Menalius' hill attest whereon they fell.
 Hail, many-shrined Chitōne, with all thy cities, hail !
 Thou guardian of Miletus—when Neleus raised his sail,
 And put from the Cæropian shore, thou, Chesias, wert his guide,
 Imbrasia, thou of the heavenly race first-throned, and undenied.
 To thee, great Agamemnon, from vengeance long detain'd,
 All to assuage thy fatal rage, for thou the winds hadst chained,
 Suspended in thy temple high the helm his vessel bore,
 When for Rhammusian Helen's sake they sought the Trojan shore,
 And the Greeks they lay in Aulis bay, when Troy should be no more.
 Two temples grateful Prætus rear'd, fair Artemis, to thee,
 This Corian, from his daughters named, from their mad wanderings free,
 And lowings o'er the Ægenian hills ; this, Hemeresian, rose
 Near Lyssa, for that thou hadst given their frenzied minds repose.
 For thee the warlike Amazons, great Queen, a statue made,
 In the sea-commanding Ephesus, beneath a beech-tree's shade ;
 There Hippo, thy first priestess, served—and as the rites advanced,
 First closing round, with a martial sound they clang'd their arms and danced ;
 Then to ampler space expanding, the full-form'd chorus beat,
 With Saliar skill, as the pipe blows shrill, the measure with their feet—
 For not as yet a foe to stags, Minerva from their bones
 Had form'd the flute, and the notes acute assumed their richer tones.
 The noise was heard at Sardis—their madd'ning trappings tore
 The Berecynthian fastnesses, that echoed back the roar ;
 At every bound they shook the ground, and mighty was the clang
 Of their loud-rattling quivers, that over their shoulders rang.
 And soon around thy statue a stately temple rose
 With deep and large foundations—nor the Eastern splendour shows
 So sumptuous sight ; nor with it vies the far-famed Pythian shrine.
 O, mad and lost was Lygdamis, threat'ning these walls divine !
 He from the Inachian Bosphorus his hosts Cimmerian led,
 And as the sands on countless lands his rushing myriads spread,
 O thou, lost Lygdamis, nor thou, nor of thine armed ranks,
 Cimmerian brood, whose chariots stood upon Caÿster's banks,
 Shall one to Seythia e'er return—for Ephesus is thine,
 And firm shall stand beneath thy hand, and on thy strength recline.
 Munychia—Port—protectress hail, O fair Pheræa hail !
 O who thy might, thy love, may slight, thy worship, and prevail !
 When Dian's altars Æneus spurn'd, then wretched Æneus knew
 What troubles press'd around his breast—how hard ill deeds to rue !
 Let none with great Diana dare rashly to contend,
 To chase the mountain deer, or the yielding bow to bend ;
 For dreadful was the penalty the avenging Goddess laid
 On Atreus' son, and to the full that penalty he paid.
 And never may presumptuous man e'er court her to his bed—
 Let Otus and Orion tell how well their wooing sped.
 Let none neglect her annual rites—when Hippo's self declined
 The choir to lead, what bitter meed did the loved priestess find !
 Hail, Goddess, hail, all-powerful hail ! thus I thy praise rehearse ;
 Do thou the while vouchsafe to smile propitious on my verse.

MY FIRST CIRCUIT : LAW AND FACTS FROM THE NORTH.

IN A LETTER TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ. FROM AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

MOST EXCELLENT SIR, — I, who crewhile recounted to you, and—through your favour—to the whole civilized world, divers matters which happened in the course of an adventurous day's trip to Calais,* do now sit down, in a humour of the like communicativeness, to tell you, 'at your special instance and request'—as we lawyers have it—what chanced to me on a late excursion of a somewhat different description. Since then, and since you and I met in the flesh, I have become the proprietor of a wig and gown, *cum pertinentiis*: lo, I am even an UTTER BARRISTER† — * * * * So you may now write to me, if you think fit, and direct thus:—

X. Y. Z., Esq.,
 §c. §c. §c. §c.,
 Barrister at Law:

that is, if you wish my clerk—a stickler for etiquette—to take the letter in, or my sublime self to read and answer it!

Having attained this exalted rank of Counsel Learned in the Law,—Heaven save the mark!—and belonging to the Common Law Bar,—which is the Bar Itinerant, *going the circuit* seemed to follow as a thing of course; and when I came to exercise the difficult choice of a circuit, and found that one of them—the NORTHERN CIRCUIT—would bring me twice annually three degrees nearer to yourself, dear and venerable sir!—can you wonder that I at once attached myself to it? From the which circumstance having been thus brought to your knowledge, it would seem to follow as a thing of course, that my patent will soon be made out as—Christopher's Counsel; or, Standing Counsel to Maga!—But, in sooth, why jest thus at starting? Going a first circuit is not a very trifling af-

fair, but, on the contrary, a matter of some interest and anxiety, as you may see in due time. Permit me, then, to take you along with me—even from my own door—telling you the truth, and nothing but the truth, but not *the whole truth*: for, first, I shall omit all mention of the wealth and distinction which I earned; secondly, I shall not presume to take in vain the names of the Most Reverend Judges, or describe the characters and doings of my dear brethren—whatever I may at any time think fit to write on that subject I shall deal with *à la Talleyrand*—keep it secret till thirty years after my decease! Then be ye on the look out, *ghosts* of my brethren! If so—what is left me to describe? Why, to a man with his eyes open, even a common journey to and from, and a few days' sojourn at Liverpool, cannot be destitute of interest! But listen, on this point, to the gay and gifted Sterne:—

“—What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing; and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him, as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on! I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren;—and so it is:—and so is all the world—to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers.” Allons!

—
 Circumstances which it is not necessary to mention prevented me from going the whole circuit; so, by way of making a beginning, I determined to join at Liverpool—the last stage of the circuit—where the commission-day was fixed for the 22d of March. As

* See No. CCLXV., vol. XLII., p. 621.

† i. e. Pleaders 'ouster' the Bar, to distinguish them from Benchers, or those who have been Readers, who are sometimes admitted to plead *within* the Bar, as the Queen's Counsel are.—JACOB.

soon as I had formed this resolution I persuaded a friend, who will flourish under the designation of Q. in this letter, to accompany me, it being also *his* first circuit. Then came the doubts as to stage-coach, mail—or railroad and mail—to Birmingham. After due deliberation, we resolved to go by coach to Birmingham, and thence on to Liverpool by railroad. I sent, therefore, immediately by a trusty friend, and took three outside places—(whether outside or inside had been a matter of dire debate between us)—Q. carrying his servant with him. The coach was the “*Estafette*,” and it started, we were told, at ten o’clock—mind that—on the 20th of March, from the Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane, Cheapside; by which means, wise men as we were, we purposed reaching Liverpool on the 21st; little dreaming, till a chance encounter with an experienced circuiter, of the fixed rule of the circuit that no barrister shall make his appearance in an Assize Town before the commission-day; a salutary rule, aimed at the prevention of divers obliquities—What was to be done? We had paid our fare; so we resolved to let it stand—start as we had proposed on the Tuesday, and spend the Wednesday at Birmingham, a town I had never seen, save once for a few hours some seventeen years before, when being whirled through it on my way home from school. We obtained a letter of introduction to a banker there, who, it was hoped, would enable us to amuse ourselves during our stay, by seeing what Q. called the smutty Lions of Birmingham. Then I had my portmanteau packed up, containing, in addition to my clothes, some eight or ten practical books—Roscoe’s Civil Evidence, Selwyn’s Nisi Prius, Burton’s Real Property, Harrison’s Digest, Byles on Bills of Exchange, and Roscoe’s Criminal Evidence—wherewith I might be enabled to despatch the great business which doubtless awaited my coming; while my gown and bands I saw neatly spread along the surface of the *ingesta*. “Have we forgotten any thing?” said my poor wife, who was plainly not quite calm that morning; “Are you *sure* that every thing is in?” I was quite certain of it; and in a twinkling the servant had closed and

strapped it up. About nine I sat down to breakfast; my good wife giving me sundry earnest cautions concerning damp beds, unaired linen, and the like, and hinting grievous misgivings about “that odious railway, on which we were always hearing of accidents happening;” moreover, enjoining me to go to church regularly on the Sunday, and extracting many solemn promises from me that I would write to her, at least every other day, a very long letter, whatever my other engagements might be—and that she should be quite miserable if I did not: adding something indistinctly about the wretchedness of being a barrister’s wife—as bad as a soldier’s, &c. &c. &c. Breakfast was soon over; and the hackney-coach drew up to the door. The time had arrived when I was to start upon *my first circuit*. “Won’t you see the children, Mr —, before you go?” said my wife; and presently two little things—my son and daughter, the one a year or two, and the other a few months old, were brought down. My heart yearned towards them as I felt their little fingers playing over my face: but time pressed. “Farewell—God bless you all!” said I, kissing them fervently.

“*Think of us!*” said my wife, as we parted; and the next moment I was enclosed in the hackney-coach, opposite the large portmanteau which contained my little *all*. ’Twas a truly miserable vehicle, and the sight of the skinny feeble horses made one’s heart ache. “Where shall I drive to, sir?” enquired a husky voice, out of a heap of old clothes from the coach-box. The Jarvey was a small spare fellow, with a thin face, and sharp watery eyes, and keen red nose—he looked as if he had been drinking gin all night. “Where to, sir?” he repeated. “Oh—Plowden Buildings, in the Temple, to take up a gentleman and his servant: and heark’ee—make haste, for Heaven’s sake!—’tis a quarter past nine already, and we must be at the Swan with Two Necks by ten o’clock exactly. D’ye think we can do it easily?” “Oh yes, sir—but ye see, we han’t a hap’orth o’ time to lose. Go it, ye cripples—go it!” he added, addressing his horses, at the same time tenderly recommending his suggestions to their attention by sundry blows upon their

bony flanks—and off we rumbled from the door. Ah me, how curious I became! for we could not be going at a less rate than half a mile an hour; and it was only to imagine a stoppage in some of those infernal sinuosities leading from Cheapside to the coach-office; or even a break down! with an eye to the avoidance of which latter mishap doubtless it was that Jarvey went the gingerly pace he did—and which kept me in a fever of apprehension. Then there were my friend Q. and his servant, with Heaven knows how much luggage, to be got into and upon the rickety fabric! Q., however, was ready and waiting for us—and in a very short time we drove off, having exactly nineteen minutes in which to go from almost the extremity of the Temple to Lad Lane by ten o'clock. Oh! Christopher, why will mortals push off every thing to the eleventh hour? Why do they take so little care to set out on a journey calmly and comfortably—loving rather to pass the precedent hour in a stew and perspiration—curses rising momentarily to their lips from a soul boiling over with irritability? Ah me! Up Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill we positively *crawled*. When we reached St Paul's it wanted ten minutes to ten o'clock. Good; but we had to go round St Paul's Churchyard—and I did not know in what part of Cheapside Lad Lane was; and our horses seemed, through mere exhaustion, to be slackening even the sorrowful pace at which they had hitherto gone. The line of somebody on the death of somebody—

“The weary wheels of life at length stood still”——

was present to my mind every moment. Q. and I made many good resolutions—as we kept our eyes on our watches, and popped our heads out of the windows every half minute to see whether the road was clear—that we would never run so near the wind again. We got into Cheapside, however, duly;—there we were only once interrupted for about half a minute; and just as our watches showed four minutes to ten, we turned down a very narrow street on the left hand-side, leading down directly to the coach-office. When we had got about three quarters down this street we were stopped by two large and most enor-

mously-laden carts, standing one on each side—and how to get on we knew not. In vain our little Jarvey squeaked out curses against the lubberly carters, who listened with a contemptuously indifferent air, and deigned no reply. In an agony I opened the coach door, jumped out, and ran down to the coach-office to tell the people there where we were. It was much farther down than I had suspected; I rushed breathless into the yard.

“Does not the *Estafette* Birmingham coach start from this place?” I enquired eagerly of a man slashing water over the mud-bespattered wheels of a mail-coach.

“Yes, it does; but it's off this ten minutes and more.”

“Off!”

“Yes, sir.”

“What!—GONE!”

“Yes—starts werry punctual indeed—at a quarter to ten, and doesn't stop no time for nobody, never, sir!” *Obstyni!*

“Do you really mean that the coach is gone?”

“Yes!”—slap went another pail-full over the wheels of the mail-coach.

“Why, the people told me, when the places were taken, that the time was ten o'clock exactly.”

“Did they, indeed, sir? Then they was quite wrong, sir, and no mistake,” he replied, phlegmatically.

“Good God! what shall we do? We've paid our fares.”——

“Never returns no money, b'lieve.”

“Have we a chance of catching the coach, any where?”

“Why—not much,” said he, taking off his cap to scratch his head—“but if you like you may try, sir; if you goes *uncommon* quick you may have a chance of catching the coach at the Angel, at Islington.”

A hopeful beginning this of my *first circuit*. I came back to the coach, which I found had just got past the two carts above spoken of, and communicated the dismaying intelligence to Q. and the coachman. I looked at the horses, and my heart smote me, as I said, “Come, off!—off for the Angel as fast as ever you can go!—our only chance:” In a trice we were on our way, and soon got into a long broad straight street or road that led directly towards the Angel. We really galloped all the way. How

the poor beasts contrived to go such a pace I know not, though I could hear the grievous thwacks incessantly "raining influence" on their lean hides. My heart ached for the wretched beasts; and I thought, thank God! we shall, at all events, have nothing of this sort upon the railroad—the *engine* can't draw on one's sympathy!

But at length, as we dashed round to the Angel, there stood a coach—the *coach*—ready to start, the coachman with his foot on the wheel, and the whip and reins in his hand, and the guard evidently looking out for *some one*. "Come, come, gentlemen, really but this an't the correct thing; I'm a quarter of an hour behind my time with waiting for you! Come, jump up, gentlemen—jump up—the porter will put your luggage on; quick, Jarvey, quick!" The offended Jehu was obeyed; we paid the Jarvey seven shillings, the scamp demanding ten (!)—the servant got up on the front, Q. and I behind—crack went the whip, off were whisked the cloths from the horses, cheerily blew the guard his horn—and away we went at a rattling pace!

Hurried as had been our latter movements, I had contrived to purchase a *Times* newspaper before the coach set off, but, on attempting to read it, found that the wind was too high; so I was obliged to put it into my pocket for a more convenient season. "Ah!" thought I, as we rattled rapidly along, "every step carries us further away from the centre of action and influence—glorious London! Tomorrow morning, and for the next three weeks or so, I shall be a day behind the world; I shall get every thing at secondhand—I shall be gloat-

ing over that which has been forgotten in London!" The sky wore a bleak, mottled appearance, and the weather was very squally. Gusts of a keen north-easterly wind swept searchingly past us, accompanied with occasional hail and rain, and made us very soon regret having taken outside places. I had a large blue cloak—two, in fact, made into one—with an ample cape, which, hood-like, I threw over my head when the weather was sharpest, and so in a considerable measure sheltered myself from the sleet and rain and cutting wind. Q. had an old greatcoat, and an immense "comfortable" round his neck. He and I sat with our backs to the horses. Next to him sat a man having the appearance of an elderly commercial traveller. Opposite to me sat the guard on a pile of coats and Mackintoshes; next to him sat two men of humble appearance, who were going, it seemed, only half way. As the weather became more and more disagreeable, the guard gave us all a couple of thick greatcoats to spread over our laps; but they were insufficient to keep my legs warm, for the wind rushed through below wretchedly. Our umbrellas were next to useless, the wind was so high, but my cape did me good service on the occasion of one or two violent hail-storms. By the time that we had got about twenty miles we were quite benumbed with the cold; and whenever the coach stopped to change horses Q. and I jumped down and ran on as fast as we could to warm ourselves again. The other passengers had, as frequently, recourse to brandy, and brandy and water.* On one of these occasions we were joined by a fellow who coolly

* A recollection of the following sensible observations it was that prevented me from ever resorting to the use of spirits on such occasions:—

"I may here allude to the common practice of 'taking a dram' of some kind of spirits before exposure to cold, a practice both foolish and dangerous; the stimulating effect of the spirit soon goes off, and is followed by a degree of languor proportioned to the amount of stimulation. This is the state in which the body is most easily chilled; the secretion of the skin most easily checked; in which the person is most liable 'to take cold,' and, if he is exposed to the influence of cold after the stimulating effects have subsided, the chances are very strongly in favour of his suffering from it. Spirits ought not to be taken before such exposure, unless the person is to be exposed but for a very short time, or unless the dose is to be repeated as often as the effects of the previous dose begin to subside. Coffee does not seem liable to this objection; its stimulating effects are much more lasting; and its *warming* effects seem to me to be even greater, and the subsequent languor is certainly less. Its cordial effects—the duration of the stimulus it affords—was, I believe, first noticed by Dr Rush, in his

squeezed himself between Q. and his left-hand-side companion, though there was hardly room for him, and whose appearance and demeanour afforded scope for rather amusing observation. He seemed about thirty or thirty-two; was rather good-looking; wore large and well-trimmed whiskers; his hat was stuck on one side with a devil-me-care kind of air; he had a rich green silk comfortable round his neck—and was, in short, very showily dressed, as he sometimes enabled us to see by very unnecessarily opening his crack topcoat. He possessed a most impudent volubility and *sang-froid*. He gave out his “*damme’s!*” and “*God damme’s!*” with infinite frequency, fluency, and zest in his conversation with the guard, and there was that in his manner which satisfied me that he believed himself exciting a most favourable impression among us. Not so, however, with Q. and me, who received all his overtures and sallies in frigid silence, with an air that soon disconcerted him. The guard, a steady matter-of-fact fellow, at length seemed influenced by our demeanour, and talked less and less with the intruder, who eventually had to smoke his cigar in silence. Disgusting fellow! he never once thought of asking any of us whether his doing so might be disagreeable, though he must have seen that the smoke often came in our faces. I was a long while balancing in my mind whether or not I should request him to desist, but at length thought it prudent not to incur the risk of an insolent answer; for what good could come of quarrelling with such a being? He held his cigar in his right hand—a huge coarse red hand—on the thick little finger of which glittered a massive gold ring, while another sparkled on the little finger of his left hand, which, that we might observe, he kindly took, several times, out of the double-glove in which it was enveloped. This gives me occasion for a brief, and pleasant, and very learned

DIGRESSION CONCERNING RINGS, which, for my part, I do not like to see on a *man’s* hand, except in the single case of a plain mourning ring; yet, nowadays, how general is the use of them becoming! I lately stood for some time close beside the Right Hon. Mr Rice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for instance, while he was speaking, and observed that he had a couple (!) of thick rings on the little finger of his left hand, and also, unless I am mistaken, two similar ones upon one of the fingers of his right hand. Now, why might he not as well have a hole drilled in his nose, and a ring hung there? I protest that, not long ago, a common cab-driver opened the door of his vehicle for me, with a hand, on the little finger of which was what seemed a gold ring! Really this *is* too bad, going beyond even his plebeian *pals* in ancient Rome, who, as you know, dear Christopher, wore only *iron* rings [*Stat. Silv.* iii. 2, 144]; to distinguish themselves from whom, the patricians were led to wear golden and gemmed rings,* and at length carried their coxcombry to such a pitch as to have their rings for summer and their rings for winter! as you recollect in Juvenal:

“Crispinus Tyrias humero revocanti lacer-
cernas,

Ventilet æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum,
Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera gem-
mæ.”—(I. 28.)

Again—then ancient dandies originally wore only one ring, and that on the last finger but one (*digitus annularis*) of the left hand; then they wore several rings; and at length, precious prigs! several rings on the same finger; as testify Horace and Martial. The *barristers*, it seems, were particularly partial to them. Quoth the stern satirist already quoted,

Ut redeant veteres, Ciceroni nemo ducentos
Nunc dederit nummos—*nisi fulserit annu-*

lus ingens.”—(VII. 138, 9).

* Enquiry into the effect of ardent spirits.” He says that he once knew a country physician who made a practice of drinking a *pint of strong coffee* previous to long-continued exposure to cold, and found it more cordial to him than spirits in any form.”—ROBERTSON on *Diet and Regimen*, pp. 44, 45.

* Often of immense value. Poor Nonius was proscribed by Antony for the sake of a gem in his ring, said to be worth 40,000 sesterces. A full account of rings is to be found in Facciolati’s *Lexicon, sub voce*.

Nay, very great was the confidence which clients reposed in the rings of their counsel—so that one who *hired* a handsome one got a larger fee than his betters :—

—“*Conducta Paulus agebat Sardonyce, atque ideo pluris quam Cossus agebat Quam Basilus!*”——(VIL 143-5.)

—But all this is a parenthesis. I return to my road-side swell. After sitting with us for a stage or two, we found him to be an occasional coachman on that line of road ; he drove us some fifteen or twenty miles, and in such a wild harum-scarum style as made us all quake several times for fear of being overturned. He did not deign to apply to any of us for the usual gratuity ; and I think he would have failed if he had.

A few miles further on we picked up another passenger—apparently a decent kind of mercantile man, of middle age. He soon got upon talking terms with the guard, and also with us, and disclosed himself, in a confident and zealous manner, to be a *tee-totaller*. Most eager, indeed, he was, both in season and, it would seem, out of season, to propagate his principles. It was quite laughable the abrupt dash he made into his favourite subject, which was thus. “D’y’e know, Mr Guard, I’ve not tasted a drop of spirits, wine, or malt liquor, this seven years!”

“You look like it!” replied the guard, in such a quaint bitter way, that we all burst into laughter. But the *tee-totaller* was not to be dismayed ; and at length Q. and I got embroiled in the discussion. He was evidently a good-natured, but foolish fellow, with only a sort of little slang about “temperance,”—which he said meant “*tee-totalism*”—in defence of his most unpopular doctrines, and which he kept repeating over and over again. He said that he himself was a happy instance of the effects of *tee-totalism* ; for whereas he had once been very subject to headaches, he now never had them—*post hoc*, of course, *propter hoc*. He contended that it was a *sin* to touch either spirits, or wine, or malt liquor.

“What! wine that maketh glad the heart of man?” quoth I. He seemed a little staggered, for he evidently knew that I had quoted Scripture.

“Ah, yes,” said he, after a slight hesitation, “but that means”——

“Come, old gentleman,” interrupted the guard, triumphantly, “don’t like it, eh? Answer it!”

“And so I will ; d’you think I don’t know how to answer it? It means that it’s good where it’s taken—as *physic!*”

“What did God Almighty make barley for?” gruffly enquired a passenger that had not hitherto spoken ; and received no answer to his question.

“Don’t you think,” said Q., “that they are all good and allowable things, but that the sin lies in our abusing them, as in abusing any thing else!”

“No, oh no ; they’re all liquid poison!”

“Ah, ha, old chap—you’re *hard up* for an answer to any thing these gentlemen say!” interposed the guard, with an exulting air. “Now lookee, sir,” he continued, earnestly, “you see I’m often out all night long, in bitter cold nights—like last night, for instance—and wet through often into the bargain for fifty miles together ; now you arn’t such a muff as to say that I mayn’t now and then get down and take a drop of something warm to keep the life in me?”

“Oh dear, no! you may take a dish of tea”——

“Go to ——!” furiously growled the guard, turning away as far as he could his whole body from the holder of such damnable doctrines. In answer to a question of mine, our *tee-totaller* declared it his opinion that it was—wrong to have wine for the sacrament!! That cold tea, or even cold water, ought to be substituted for it!!—I asked the simpleton if he had never read his Bible, and found that our blessed Saviour did “drink of the fruit of the vine, and give it to his disciples?” He replied that that didn’t prove wine to be a good thing, and that he had never had a headache since he had left it off!—Here our discussion ended. It was now about three o’clock in the afternoon, and Q. and I were almost perished with cold. The bitter wind kept blowing at us with cruel constancy, frequently accompanied with hail and sleet. Not a glimpse had there been of genial sunshine all the day ; but far and wide, over the bare verdureless country,

stretched the gloomy wintry sky with which we had set out. I felt the cold most in my legs. Throwing my cape over my head, I strove several times to go to sleep and forget it; but I could not do so for more than a few minutes together. How often did I curse my folly in coming on the outside!—By the time that we had arrived at the inn where we were to dine I felt so benumbed—as evidently did Q. and his servant—that I could hardly get down. In the parlour of the inn was cheerfully crackling and blazing a large wood fire; and hungry as I was, I let five out of our precious twenty minutes pass in warming myself before attempting to eat. I then partook heartily of some excellent hot boiled round of beef and mealy potatoes. You should have seen the face of our tee-totaller, who dined with us, when he saw me raise to my lips a large glass of famous, clear, amber-hued ale, with a snowy crest upon it!

“Hadn’t you better pour some out for that gentleman?” said I, smilingly, to the buxom wench who waited on us.

“Oh no, thank you, sir,” said he, with at once a bitter and a sheepish air—“I—I—prefer *this*!” pointing to a glass of water that made my teeth ache to look at. I am sure that had the poor fellow been alone—or had he not been so far committed to us by the disclosure of his opinion—he would in a twinkling have given the go-by to all his fantastical fiddle-faddle about temperance, and topped off a quart of the generous beverage. As it was, he bolted his three quarters of a pint of cold water with a rueful air!

When the guard entered to summon us off we both paid ten shillings to ride the remainder of the journey inside. There was only one passenger within beside ourselves—a respectable gentleman, a West Indian; with whom we gossipped pleasantly enough. How I felt for those outside! The night was clear and bright, but, oh, how cold! We got on very comfortably, except that the coachman, at one of the places where we changed horses, put inside an elderly woman—apparently a friend of his—who had on her lap a small basket, whence issued an odour like that of a fowl decomposing,—and which was so disagreeable as to require opening the

window, cold as it was. Then she would *talk*! I, who was her *vis-à-vis*, answered her only in reluctant, ungracious monosyllables, being very sleepy—“Dear!—Ah! Yes!—Indeed!” wishing her all the while any where but where she was. At length she kindly ceased, and we all seemed dropping into a nap; I, at least, was fast forgetting the woman opposite and her abominable basket, when—a thought suddenly flashed across my mind—“Good Heavens!—*My wig!*” I exclaimed, with a start.

“Eh!—what—what’s the matter?” enquired Q, startled out of his doze.

“Q., my wig! my wig!”

Our West Indian friend laughed, and said to Q.—“He’s dreaming!”

“What *is* the matter?” enquired Q.

“Alas—I’ve certainly left my wig behind after all!”

“Your wig—of all things!”

“Yes—my wig!”

“You don’t say so!” pointedly exclaimed our West Indian, good-naturedly. He could have had no notion of the nature of my calamity.

“La, sir, excuse me, but you seem to have a good enough wig on *now*; what’s the use of two?” enquired the woman with the stench.

“What shall I do!” I exclaimed with a sigh of vexation.

“How do you know,” said Q., “that it is not in your portmanteau?”

“Oh, I am sure of it; I now recollect where it must be—in a place that would be very unlikely to occur to us in the hurrying of packing up. It is lying on the top of one of the bookshelves in my study! How very—very provoking! I recollect now seeing my gown lying along the top of the things in the portmanteau—I wonder it did not suggest”—

“Oh, now I see what you are, sir; you’re a counsellor, sir, ar’n’t you?” politely enquired the woman with the stench.

“You *are* in a fix,” quoth the West Indian, with a giggle—“that is, if the *wisdom’s in the wig!*” I could not just then exactly relish the joke, or admire the taste of it. What was to be done? Visions came o’er me of the crowds of clients who would besiege my lodgings with armfuls of briefs as soon as my arrival in Liverpool had become known—the court opening on the next morning—and I

wigless! an object of which the judge could not take judicial notice! He could not see or hear me! And if so, what was to become of the interests of my numerous clients? After we had fully discussed the matter, it was agreed that the best thing I could do would be to get out for a few minutes at Coventry, which was then about eight miles off, and if possible send off a line to town, in time for the mail, which would pass through Coventry about twelve o'clock, on its way to London. If I succeeded in doing so my letter would be delivered on the ensuing morning at ten o'clock; the wig could be despatched by the three o'clock coach, directed to me at Liverpool; and thus I might find it awaiting my arrival. But then, again—suppose my wife should be from home! For I recollected that she had talked of going immediately to spend a day or two with a friend at some distance from town; or suppose she should be unable to find my wig;—or suppose, after all, it should be at that moment in my portmanteau—how could I ascertain this latter fact without losing the opportunity of rectifying the error by the first coach, if it should turn out that my wig was *not* there? Titillated by these pleasant possibilities I reached Coventry, and, the moment that the coach stopped, jumped out, ran into the booking-office, and scrawled off the following, which, as pleasing evidence of my thoughtfulness, my wife has preserved:—

"My wig!"—Forgotten!!—In the tin box, on the lowest shelf of books in the study. Tie it up securely—direct it distinctly to '——— on the Northern Circuit, at the Adelphi, Liverpool;' accompany the servant with it, by two o'clock, to the Swan with Two Necks, book it, and pay the full carriage on to Liverpool. Herein fail not, as you love me. Yours, X. Y.

"Coventry, half past nine, P. M., Addressed—"To Mrs X. Y.; or any of the servants."

Having secured its due transmission to the post office, and thanked the civil booking-officer, I re-entered the coach, somewhat relieved from my anxiety. The chattering woman with the stench had gone; so we all began to doze and sleep; for where is there a better incentive to sleep than rolling smoothly along inside a coach, in the

dark, and when you have been travelling the whole day? For a while I fixed my eyes on the lantern nearest me, shedding its dusky circumscribed light over the empty high-road, which alone it rendered visible, and nothing was audible but the monotonous clattering tramp of the horses and dull rumbling of the coach wheels; I became gradually less and less sensible both of the one and the other—and at length—saw, and heard, and thought of nothing at all.

I was roused from sleep some time afterwards by hearing the voices of persons shouting and swearing violently. I found that the coach was standing opposite a public-house, where we changed horses; and Q. informed me of what was going on. We had been waiting there upwards of a quarter of an hour; for, as the two leaders were standing ready to be harnessed to the coach, one of them took it into his head to bolt off towards Birmingham at his top-speed. The other, as soon as he saw the ostler pelting after his companion, turned round—the droll brute!—and scampered off, similarly attended, in an opposite direction: as if it had been a trick concerted between them! You should have seen the fat old owner of the public-house at the time when this happened! He was standing, said Q., against the door-post, leaning on a sort of crutch, having apparently the gout—and shook his cane-stick, and cursed and swore after the horses "errant" in ludicrous and impotent rage. In about five minutes' time the first horse was brought back; and the already-winded ostler, after securing it, had to start off again in search of the other! He was gone so long, without any signs of returning, that a third was ordered to mount the first fugitive and ride after the second! This was the state of things when I awoke. The first words which I heard the old man utter, after stretching his head and straining his ear in the direction taken by the last-mentioned horse, were, "I can't hear 'em! D—d, if I don't think the brute's got up into a tree, and hid hi'self! Lord, I only wish I had 'em here!" said he, shaking his stick with direful significance.

At length, however, the horse was brought back again, having been, it seemed, a most infernal way up the road; and, after waiting for upwards of twenty-five minutes, we again set

off on our journey, Q. and I consoling ourselves with the reflection, that *this* sort of thing, at all events, could not happen on the railway. We reached Birmingham about half-past eleven; and, as the coach put up at the *Swan*, and the hour was so late, and our stay in the town so short, we did the same—though we had purposed going to the *Hen and Chickens*. We were soon seated in an excellent coffee-room beside a roaring fire: and Q. and I, together with our West Indian companion—the only tenants of the room—having partaken, with infinite relish, of coffee, toast, and collared tongue, and chatted together for about half an hour about snakes, slaves, and sugar, retired to our respective rooms. I slept like a top till nine o'clock the next morning, and rose refreshed. On returning to the coffee-room, I found it almost filled with anxious mercantile-looking people, in travelling costume, hurriedly swallowing breakfast, in preparation for resuming their journey to Liverpool or to London, from one or other of which places they had just arrived, most of them having the jaded squalid aspect of night-travellers. As all the tables were filled, I had to wait some time before one was vacant for Q. and me—one comfort of putting up at a commercial inn. We had brought with us, as I before intimated, a letter of introduction to a banker in the town, and despatched it to him while we were at breakfast; the object of which, next to the pleasure of seeing him, was our being put into the way of seeing some of the sights in Birmingham. He very politely called upon us, accompanied by a relative, in about half an hour's time—a compliment we felt, from men in important business; and one or other of them accompanied us, during the greater portion of the day, to various places of interest—especially manufactories; giving us an invitation to dinner in the evening. The first place we saw was the Town-hall, a fine large building, with an imposing exterior, standing out well and gracefully from amidst the somewhat mean shops and houses which surrounded it. The interior is striking, but the windows are far too numerous, and greatly detract from the general effect; the ceiling and walls being, also in equal bad taste, as I conceive, painted white, or very nearly so, and the pipes of the most enormous organ I ever saw being

of a colour conformable. We were very anxious to hear the voice of the monster; but he would not, as he was being got ready for a large musical party on the morrow, when Braham and a few others of his class were—vain mimicry!—to strain their tiny pipes before him. He weighed I forget how many tons, though we were told; and his largest pipe was Z in three flats, or something of that sort. When we got outside it was coming down a drizzling rain, and nothing could be more dreary than the aspect of things. A great manufacturing town, with high chimneys smoking in all directions—the houses and shops, great and small, being of a dirty reddish hue, and seeming only subordinate and auxiliary to the manufactories—but few people to be seen in the streets, which were bad and dirty; add to all this, the thick, hazy, smoke-laden atmosphere, and the small searching rain coming down unintermittingly—and you may suppose that there was nothing particularly calculated to elate our spirits. We were, however, exceedingly interested in the several manufactories which we visited. The first was a glass-house—how dark and hot it was!—especially when contrasted with the cold and wet without. Of course you and many of your readers must have seen a glass-house; I shall not, therefore, trouble you with a description of it. I know, however, and you can guess, what the intense and blasting furnace, which, out of small apertures, shot its lurid rays through the gloom, reminded one of—but will not mention it to “ears polite.” It is curious to see a swart fellow poke a long hollow rod into the furnace, attach to the end of it a small quantity of the pliant mass, all red and glowing—blow it out, roll it about a little—and lo, in a twinkling, a saltcellar, a tumbler, a wine-glass, a decanter! In another part of the works a great number of women were grinding glass for lamps, &c. &c., an operation which seemed to me to require both care and dexterity. A third department was that of the glass-cutters, most of whom were little boys, who sat at their respective machines working as gravely, silently, and methodically as their fathers. This also is an interesting process. The last room was an outer one, on the door of which might have been inscribed,—“Gather up the fragments, that no-

thing be lost," for in it two elderly women were busily engaged sorting and most carefully washing all the broken glass of the establishment, for the purpose of its being used up again. *Practice*, of course, *makes perfect*, but I shuddered to see the haste and recklessness with which they handled the sharp fragments—thrusting their hands into great baskets-full as carelessly as a child into the heaps of pebbles on the sea-shore. One of them informed me that she had not cut her hand, nor hardly scratched it, for a twelve-month.

The next place which we visited I hardly know how to describe. It consisted of extensive premises, principally occupied by a very large steam-engine, at full work when we entered, whose powers were chiefly applied to the rolling of brass, iron, and copper into rods, bars, and plates, even of the greatest tenuity. They rolled a penny-piece—save us from the Attorney-General!—into a thin slip of copper, some third of an inch in width, and I don't know how many yards in length. Q. has it still by him. I shuddered as I stood in the midst of the machinery—immense wheels and cylinders all in full action, the former whirling round sixty times a minute, and keeping in rapid motion a vast number of smaller ones, which again communicated motion to numerous other portions of the machinery, some of them very remote, and belonging to various persons in different trades, who rented the use of the steam-engine of the proprietor of it—all working at the same moment. Whilst I was gazing in silent apprehension at the tremendous fly-wheel making its fearfully rapid revolutions, a shrill whistle was heard, and within a moment or two every thing was at an absolute stand-still. Notice had been given that some small matter required rectifying. So easily is this huge agent controlled! I always feel great nervousness when amidst steam-machinery—a horror of being suddenly entangled and crushed to death, as I heard, on this occasion, of one or two frightful instances; and, gathering the tails of my surtout closely around me, I "walked circumspectly," and with some trepidation, close past the enormous fly-wheel already mentioned, and whose motions it made one dizzy to look at. The process of rolling out the metal was the most striking of those I witnessed. Fancy two

solid cylinders, of polished steel or iron, placed parallel horizontally, rolling round, say one set within three inches of one another, the next an inch, &c. Between them is pushed a solid bar of copper or iron, which, in passing through, of course suffers a certain degree of attenuation, and comes out proportionally flattened and elongated. Thus it would be passed between cylinders closer and closer together, till, if required, it might be reduced to the tenuity of tinfoil! As I stood watching the men who, with such an indifferent and apparently careless air, thrust the metal between these rapidly revolving cylinders, I could not help a frequent shudder at the possibility of their fingers going a little too far, as had several times been the case. In one of the rooms attached to the central one, in which the engine stood, were a number of boys and women, sitting each at their machine, making iron heels for boots and shoes. How easily and rapidly it was done! The little straight bars of iron seemed like wax in the hands of a mere boy or girl, who moulded them into the proper shape, and punched the nail-holes in, and polished the rim, with surprising rapidity.

The next place which we visited was a screw-manufactory. The process was very curious and interesting to witness, but difficult to describe. I had no idea that screws were made in the way I saw. Here again women, chiefly young ones, were the principal performers, and did their work with the utmost ease, rapidity, and effect.

By this time it was nearly three o'clock. The rain still came down steadily, and therefore we thought it best to return to our hotel, especially as we had letters to write. My wig had been bobbing before "my mind's eye" fifty times during the day. Would it arrive in time, and safely? Suppose the man at Coventry, though fee'd for his trouble, had neglected or forgotten to put my letter into the post—or suppose my wife to have gone from home, and the servants to be unable to find the wig, or to take proper means for sending it on, as directed—or suppose—but it was useless to bother one's self about it any further. I wrote off a long letter home, and then we dressed and set off to dine with our friends, as we did right pleasantly. I found that we had omitted to see one or two leading sights—the gun-barrel

manufactory and Mr Muntz's whisks, but the thing could not, then, be helped.

I rose at half past six o'clock in the morning—the train starting from a place two miles off at eight o'clock. It was bitterly cold, and the snow was fluttering down fast and thick. I was in the coffeeroom about seven, and found it crowded as on the previous morning by travellers, most of whom looked cold, and wearied, and hungry. As before, too, I had to wait a considerable time before I could get my breakfast. I had barely finished my second egg and cup of coffee when the omnibus which was to convey us to the railroad was announced. We hurriedly discharged our bill, threw our cloaks around us, and succeeded in getting to the omnibus just as, being full, it set off. We were obliged, therefore, to have a fly, and stood, while it was preparing for us, by our luggage at the door, in the cold and snow, cursing our constant ill luck. We reached the railroad station, however, in good time; and having in our turn—for there was a crowd of applicants—paid a guinea a-piece for ourselves, and fourteen shillings for the servant, for which we received tickets, numbering both our carriage and the particular seat which we were to occupy, we went forthwith to the train—*i. e.* a series of the bodies—as they seemed—of handsome and commodious stage-coaches, hooked together—say fourteen of them—each containing ample room for six passengers, the seats being separate, and which, being also numbered, secured regularity and a good understanding as to their rights among the passengers. This circumstance I learnt thus:—“Sir, I beg your pardon,” said a gentleman entering, and looking at me and the seat I had chosen, “but *I* am eighty.”

“Really, sir, I don't understand,” I replied, with a smile, and great surprise; “what if you are eighty?—you don't *look* as much.”

“Oh, my seat is number 80—that's all,” he rejoined, smiling in his turn, and pointing to the number, which glittered in brass letters immediately over me.

Of course I immediately surrendered my seat, and took one just opposite to Q., each of us sitting near the window. This matter settled, I was getting out to look about me for

a moment, when I heard the sound of a trumpet, and in a moment after saw a ponderous structure roll slowly and hissing past;—it was the engine, just taken out of his shed, and going to be attached to the train. He bore the startling name, “*SIROCCO*,” in large gold letters, on his flank, and looked quite splendid in his polished brass and steel. He carried his food and water after him! Presently our tickets were called for; then a man went along from carriage to carriage, carefully fastening the doors and adjusting the handles safely, while another placed palm-oil on the wheels. There was none of the noise and bustle ordinarily attending the starting of a stage-coach; on the contrary, all was quiet and methodical. Again the trumpet sounded; and just at eight o'clock we felt a gentle motion, noiseless withal—and found that we had commenced our journey, but as slowly as we could well move at first. Gradually we quickened our speed till we had got fairly on our way and were clear of all interruption, when, as Q. expressed it, we certainly “*went the pace!*” I let down the glass and put out my head to see the length and appearance of the train, but quickly withdrew it; for, what with the sleet, and the draught occasioned by the rapidity with which we were passing through the bitterly-cold air, it was unpleasant enough. How dreary the country looked! I shut the window and wrapped myself up in my cloak, leant back in my seat, and, together with Q., enjoyed for a while, in silence, the novelty of our sensation and situation. The motion was pretty uniform—gentle, slightly vibrating, with now and then a jerk: we could have *written* all the way we went. So long as we looked only at distant objects, we did not seem to be going much quicker than in a fast stage-coach; but as soon as we looked at any thing nearer—at the fence of the rail-road, for instance—we became instantly sensible of the prodigious rapidity of our motion. It was really painful to look down for a minute together. While I was thinking about the rapidity and pleasure of our rate and mode of travelling—

“Confound it!” exclaimed Q., “*where's* my umbrella?”

Certes we were a precious pair of travellers! He had left it at the Swan! I pointed significantly to mine, which I had in my hand; but he dashed my

triumph by saying briskly—"Your wig, you'll remember!"

We stopped once in about every twelve or fifteen miles at "*Stations*," in order to give off or take in passengers, as also to let our good Sirocco drink—(a rare draught, merry monster! was his—a hog'shead at least!)—and feed, when he snapped up several sacks of coals, apparently with great relish. What a digestion must be his! Well may his breath be hot and his system feverish! He generally panted a little at starting and stopping, but it soon passed off, and he ran the remainder of his journey without any apparent effort or exhaustion.

The word "*explosion*" flitted oftener through my thoughts, I must confess, than I could have wished, and always occasioned a momentary tremor, especially when my fancy would fly forward and image forth some such pleasant paragraph as—" *Frightful Accident and Loss of Lives on the Liverpool and Birmingham Rail-road, &c.*—Boiler burst, &c. &c.; engine-man blown to atoms, his remains falling at several fields' distance. Amongst the sufferers, we regret to say, two gentlemen of the bar, going for the first time on the Northern Circuit, &c.—now lying in an utterly hopeless state at the Cat and Cockchafer, near Stafford; rejoice to add, no fault to be attributed to any one," &c. &c.

Have you never, my dear sir, experienced similar feelings?—or have you ever "*steamed it?*" I would give a trifle, if you had, for *your* description of it—of your feelings while being whirled along at such an astounding speed, and in such a novel manner. For about twelve miles we went at the rate of at least forty miles an hour! To prove the very great rapidity with which we were flying along:—there was not a breath of air when we started from one of the stations; in a few minutes' time, happening to put my head through the window for a moment, I seemed to encounter a hurricane, and yet I observed that the small branches of the trees near the road-side did not move in the least. Q. sate lazily back in the corner; and since he could not put his head through the window to try the experiment, in order to show him how matters stood, I fastened one end of

my pocket-handkerchief round my finger, and put my hand outside—when the handkerchief instantly flew and fluttered along, crackling like a pennant at a mast-head in a strong wind. Indeed, I was very nearly losing it. It was really painful to the eyes to look out a-head, the draught of air was so strong; and, as I observed before, it was dizzy work to look down immediately upon the road, and see the velocity with which we passed over it. Object after object—rails, posts, trees, &c., glanced like light as we shot past them. On one occasion I had just thrust my head out, when something huge, black, tremendous, rushed hissing close past me, within a few inches of my face, and I fell back in my seat as if I had been shot. It was another train which was coming in the opposite direction. After only a few moments' pause, I looked out after it; but I protest it was almost out of sight. At one place there were several horses in a field near the road, all of whom, affrighted at our monstrous appearance, galloped off, except one, who remained behind, looking at us, I could imagine, with a sad air; possibly repeating to himself the words of our great poet—

—————"O, farewell,
Farewell the neighing steed!
And, oh! *you mortal engines!*—
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"

When we had considerably abated our speed, I observed a droll evidence of the rapidity with which we were still travelling. A good-sized dog suddenly popped out of a shed on the roadside, and literally ran a race with us for about two minutes, evidently as fast as he could lay his feet to the ground: but 'twas in vain; he could not keep abreast of the carriage opposite to which he had started; but carriage after carriage quickly passed him, till the whole train had got a-head of him, when he stopped—a mere speck in the rapidly-increasing distance. This is certainly quick work, but why should we not go far quicker? Why not a hundred miles an hour? What is to prevent it, except the increased danger arising from any possible interruption or obstacle, or the expense of increased wear and tear? I was told that, not more than a month before, an experimental trip was made on the same line of road by some en-

gineer, with only one carriage attached to the engine, and they went *seventy* miles in one hour! We had to go through a tunnel on reaching the confines of Liverpool, and which passes directly under the town. The engine was detached from the train on arriving at the mouth of the tunnel, and a rope, or ropes, attached in its place—but I did not see the process—by which we were to be drawn through the whole length of the tunnel! It was dreary enough work, plunged as we were, *instantly*, out of broad daylight into black Cimmerian gloom—

“Shut up from outward light,
To incorporate with gloomy night.”*

A lamp here and there shed its pallid, circumscribed light over the damp low sides and roof of the tunnel, which is very narrow, and so long, that if you put your head through the window you could not see light at either extremity—at least, only as a kind of speck. And there we were labouring heavily along, not at our former speed; nothing being heard but the dull rumbling noise of the wheels upon the rails, and the vapours striking so raw and cold, that we were forced to close the window; when divers pleasant thoughts crossed my mind. Suppose some accident should happen to us—just then! The tunnel fall in, and bring half Liverpool about our ears—we should not be dug out in less than three years' time, if any one had curiosity enough to set about such a task. Suppose some of the queer invisible mechanism by which we were drawn along should give way—in short, *how I hate tunnels*; especially tunnels a mile and a quarter in length! Hear this, and remember it, all ye constructors of railroads; or dread ye my displeasure, and also yours, revered Christopher North. Right glad was I when, after an eight minutes' incarceration in pitch-darkness—and six hours and a half's journey from Birmingham—a much longer one than usual—we emerged into the dear daylight again, when the train stopped at a handsome and commodious station, where were numerous porters and flys awaiting our arrival. We got into one of the latter, with our luggage, in a trice—having to encoun-

ter no pestering about gratuities, &c. on quitting the train, a circumstance which almost always throws a dash of unpleasantness into the close of a stage-coach journey. Every thing was then as silent and systematic as it had been on our starting at Birmingham. We drove first to the Adelphi, where I jumped out to enquire about my wig; and—joy indeed!—soon had in my hands such a little parcel as I desired—plainly my wig-box, most “*carefully packed*.” The direction was in my good wife's handwriting—“*distinct*” enough, in all conscience—my name being in letters more than half an inch in length, and elaborately *painted* (as we called it at school), to prevent all possibility of obliteration or mistake. We then drove to the office of a merchant, a friend of Q.'s, who had most good-naturedly hunted out excellent lodgings for us in a very pleasant part of the town—Mount Pleasant—and whither we went immediately, passing in our way the Judges' procession—with scarlet-coated javelin-men, mounted and on foot, and a band of music; a show which I am glad to find has just escaped abolition at the hands of some small Radical in the House of Commons, owing to the interference of the Attorney-General.

Well, then, here were Q. and I at Liverpool. But a truce with all general reflections. After surveying our spacious and convenient apartments, we ordered dinner at six o'clock, and then set out to make enquiries as to our future movements of any friend we might chance to meet. One of them soon put us in the way of duly indicating our arrival, *i. e.* setting down our names and address in the Bar list at the Adelphi hotel, where the Bar dined together daily. This, of course, we did at once; and then walked about the town a little to view the scene of our speedy triumphs! Liverpool is a far larger town than I had imagined, even laying aside the most important part of it—the shipping, which we did not see on that day. We were very much struck with the size and style of some of the public buildings, and especially with the truly noble monument to Nelson, in

* Samson Agonistes, 160, 161.

the square at the back of the Town-hall. But why should I mention more about a town which, though quite new to me, *you* and most of your readers must be familiar with? I am no sight-seer, being indolent and incurious about such matters; so that I am neither disposed nor able to say more about the town of Liverpool in general, except that almost all the *chief* people, bless them! are Tories good and true, and gloriously carried both members at the last election. On our way back to our lodgings we passed the church—St George's—where the Assize sermon was being preached by a grey-headed clergyman, in the midst of a pretty crowded audience. The only Judge present (Mr Justice Coleridge having not yet arrived from the last Circuit town) was Mr Justice Pattison, who sat in his robes, under the grave inductination of the reverend teacher, with an air most attentive and devout, as did also a few of my brethren whom I observed there. After dinner, Q. and I were persuaded to go to the Assize ball: he, being a gay bachelor, enjoyed it; but I, being a grave Benedict, could scarcely keep my eyes open—

—“at my sad age, such sights
The eye looks heavily on; the graceful
dance

And jocund song, the foot responsive rouse
not,

Nor the ear delight, as they have done.”

The next morning, about ten o'clock, we made our appearance in court. Whether or not the Judge bowed, and the whole Bar rose to receive us, as we entered, are matters which my modesty will not let me enter into; nor doth it particularly signify to state, just at present, how many briefs were eagerly thrust into our hands by clients whose anxious faces brightened when they saw ours—for *even as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a counsel his client!* I may as well, however, intimate that I discovered that there were several respectable bankers in the town with whom any amount of fees might be safely deposited, and duly transmitted to London.

Mr Justice Pattison, a patient, merciful, and very learned judge, presided in the criminal court, the first in which we made our appearance. We soon dropped into the little circle of “old familiar faces,”—our brethren

“*oft the long robe*,”—nodding and smiling at us, and which could almost have persuaded one that one was in one of the courts at Westminster! A hulking, beetle-browed Lancashire fellow stood at the bar on an indictment for manslaughter, by driving carelessly over some one and killing him; but he was acquitted, after a very dull and somewhat lengthened trial. The next was a case of bigamy. The prisoner was a short young man of about five-and-twenty; of so very mean and insignificant an appearance, that I wondered how he could ever have persuaded *one* woman to marry him—to say nothing of *two*! He had light close-cut hair, just like pig's bristles in colour and coarseness, *sans* eyebrows, beard, or whiskers; with sharp grey eyes, that peered about him anxiously from out of two rather large sockets. He stood very patiently in the dock, with a kind of quaint composure, his hands disposed behind him, under the tails of a decent blue coat, while the clearest case in the world was being proved against him. When called on for his defence he gave a quiet *hem!* and in a calm, business-like way, with much self-possession and infinite quaintness, delivered himself thus:—

“Hem!—Sir, my Lord, and you gentlemen there,” (the jury) “this is the meaning of the whole thing, you see. I tuk a fancy to Sally—that's my first wife—'cause she and me was workers i' the same factory, and she *did* seem then a good girl, and likely to make me a good woife. So I says to her one day—says I, Sally, will't ha' me for thy husband if I'll tak thee for my woife? Yea, says she, I will—so we kip coompany for some toime, an' I giv her money and things, ye see, to mak her loike me moore and moore—and I thowt she *did*; so we got married to each other. Well” (with this word, uttered with a kind of sigh, he commenced almost every sentence), “well, you see, sir, I got married, as I said, and we got on well enough for about a month, when one day, what d'ye think, gentlemen? I coomed hoam fro' my work, and behold Sally was gone. I wonder what's this, says I; and, putting together a few things as Sal had said to me now an' then, you may depend on't, says I to myself, Sal is gone whoam to her awld faither an' mither (they lived ten miles

off, sir) ; for she was very p'tic'lar fond o' them ; fonder nor she were o' *me* a dom'd deal ; an' she'd often said to me, Tummas, faither an' mither must coom an' live wi' us. But I said na ; if I've married *thee*, Sal, I han't married all thy family ; which was the truth, gentlemen, an' every one of you would ha' said the same. Well, a p'tic'lar friend o' mine and me talked the thing over together ; and he says to me, ' Tummas,' says he, ' I'd go arter Sal, and bring her whoam again ; for if thee's married a woife, thee's a reet to ha' her live wi' thee, and I thowt the same.' "

" To be sure you had—you were quite right," interposed the Judge, who seemed listening to his statement with some interest ; " go on."

" Well, I set off directly, an' walked the whool way there and back, wi' only tenpence i' my pocket, and toired and hoongry I wer, I reckon, when I coamed whoam again. Well, I saw Sally, sure enough ; and I says to her, in a very proper way, ' Sally, is this good o' thee ? Arn't thee my laful woife ? And an't I a reet to ha' thee ?'— ' Na, na,' says she, ' I won't coom back, without faither and mither coom wi' me,—an' she stuck to this, an' we'd a good deal o' talk about the matter, an' she abused me, and so did t' ould ones, and they said I might go back, for Sal shouldn't go wi' me unless all went together, an' lived loving-loike togither. I warn't going to do *this* neither, any how ; so I went whoam without her, an' did my work as usual. Well, howsoever, in a week's toime Sally coom'd back, and I thowt she'd thowt better on't, an' was going to live comfortable and proper-loike wi' me. Well, she were a reet loving wi' me for some toime, when one day, to be sure, I found she'd pawned and sold a' my things, an' gone off wi't money to t' ould ones agin'—"

" Theer't leeing, Tummas !—theer't leeing, an' thee knows it," suddenly squalled out a female voice from the further end of the court. " I'm thy laful woife, an' I've got the 'tificate of our marriage with me here, thou leer !"

She was soon silenced, and the prisoner calmly proceeded :—

" But Sally coom'd back again when the money wer all gone, and what a loife she did lead me, to be sure ! She

took to drink, and sold all my things to get it, even a noice silver watch, that had been giv me by my faither—all went for drink. She went on i' this'ns for about a year, gentlemen, and I got toired o' my loife. Sometimes she'd come an' live wi' me, and sometimes not ; I do'ant say Sally kep coompany wi' other men, but she wor no coompany to me. Well, at last I says to her—' Sally, wil't a live wi' me loike a wife should, or wil't a not ?' ' Na,' says she, snapping her finger. ' Well then,' says I, ' coome before a magistrate, and let's get parted in a lawful way.' "

" *Get parted in a lawful way !*—What do you mean by that ?" interposed the Judge, with a kind of stern curiosity.

" *Get divorced*, sir, accordin' to la."

Mr Justice Pattison leaned back, with an air of mingled surprise and pity.

" Well," added the prisoner, after a short pause, " Sally wouldn't do one thing nor t'other—she'd neither live wi' me nor stop away—leastwise, whenever she did, it were only for mischief, to pawn and sell my goods, d'ye see. So at length I says to her—' Sally, since thee won't part lawfully from me, I've done wi' thee, an' I'll part wi' thee ; and since thee doesn't know what a good husband is, I know them that does, an' I'll give thee leave, once for all, to go to thy awld faither and mither—an' marry 'em, if thee loik'st—but I've done wi' thee. Well, I went and tould all this to my present woife.' "

" Your present wife ! She *isn't* your wife," interrupted the Judge.

" And I said to her," continued the prisoner, " will thee object to marry me, an' live wi' me, and be a good woife ? And she didn't say me nay ; so we got married, an' we've lived very different-wise to Sally and me. So I thowt I'd a reet to do it ; and this second woman's my woife ; and Sally isn't my woife any longer, an' that's the truth o' the whole matter, and I've got nothing more to say, gentlemen." "

All this had been said in a firm, earnest, respectful tone and manner, which satisfied *me* that the prisoner had been telling the truth ; and if so, he was, indeed, to be pitied. If it were all false, then he must be a clever

scamp to have been able to keep up such a plausible consistency—such a *craisenblante* air—throughout. Some letter was handed up to the Judge in favour of the character of the first wife, whom it represented to be a sober and industrious woman. It was also admitted that the prisoner had fairly told the woman whom he had last married all that he had represented himself as having told her. The Judge, having made some just remarks upon the deplorable ignorance on the subject of marriage and divorce which seemed to be evinced by the prisoner, and which he sincerely hoped were not prevalent notions in those parts, instructed the jury that their verdict must of course be *guilty*, as the prisoner had confessed all that he stood charged with. He was immediately, therefore, found guilty. The Judge pointed out to him fully and distinctly the heinous nature of the offence of bigamy, and the utter absurdity of his notions respecting the relation of marriage, and the mode of dissolving it. He might be transported for what he had done; but as he seemed to have acted ignorantly, and had, especially, frankly told the woman whom he called his second wife of the fact that his first wife was living, and as he had already suffered several months' imprisonment since his committal to gaol, his Lordship thought the ends of justice would be answered by the infliction of a lenient sentence—that of six weeks' further imprisonment. He was then removed from the dock.

Nothing further, of interest, I understood, would transpire in the court that day; so I went into the civil court, where Mr Justice Coleridge presided. Here you might listen to very different matters—a painfully interesting dispute, for instance, between a landlord and his tenant as to which of them was entitled to an old rusty padlock; or whether a brass farthing, which had been discovered between the boards of the floor, belonged to the heir of the reversioner,

as having been annexed to the freehold, or to the administrator of the deceased tenant, or to a creditor of his, who held a bill of sale of all his goods, chattels, and effects—or to the vendee of the sheriff who had seized it under a *fi fa*!—Whether little sweeps were distrainable for the rent due from the master chimney-sweeper;* and if so, who was to feed them while they were *in custodia legis*;† and whether it was a *conversion* of them, for the distrainer to set any of them about sweeping a chimney of his own;‡ or whether, in such a case, their master, the tenant, being entitled to their earnings, ought to sue for them, in *case*, or *assumpsit*; or, if the little sweeps should be sold towards satisfaction of the rent, and if one of them should not go away with the vendee, whether the latter could justify an assault in compelling him; who was entitled to the clothes of one of the little sweeps, if he should die while under distress—and who would be bound to bury him!—Who was entitled to a small slip of land which it was impossible that any one could use,—and other the like grave and important matters. But as I heard enough of them in town, I did not see any particular reason for waiting to see them dealt with on that particular occasion, especially as I happened to have no retainers in any of the above interesting causes. So, about three o'clock, I went to see the Docks, and also to bathe in the Baths, erected by the late corporation, on the quay. The former were a wonderful object! Dock after dock, of very large size, of most complete construction, was crammed with ships of all sorts, sizes, and countries, so closely packed, that the only wonder was—

“how the d—l they got there!”
—or were to get out again. It was certainly a proud and splendid spectacle for the eye of an Englishman. What an idea it gave one of our commercial greatness! What order and system were evident every where!—An hour had passed away before we

* See all the authorities, as to the power to distrain cats, parrots, monkeys, rabbits, and canaries, collected in *Woodfall's Landlord and Tenant*, p. 316 (2d ed.)

† See now stat. 5 and 6 Will. IV. c. 59, § 4, requiring parties impounding cattle to provide sufficient food for them.

‡ A man shall not abuse a distress.—*Com. Dig. Distress* (D. 6.) So a man cannot work cattle distrained, 1 *Leon*. 220; and see the late case of *Scott v. Newington*, 1 *Mor. and Robinson*, 252.

seemed to have seen above a fourth of the shipping; so I hurried back to the quay, to bathe in the cold salt-water bath before going to dinner. There were five or six steam-boats hissing and sputtering alongside in the Mersey, as if furious at the violent wind, which curiously intermingled the smoke and steam; there was also a most horrid squeaking of pigs, great and small, in the act,—gentle sufferers!—of being landed, on their arrival from Ireland. There was also a bronzed Italian woman, accompanying herself on the guitar, on board of one of the steamers preparing to cross the water; and it was droll to see the indignant air with which she occasionally turned towards the quarter whence proceeded the concord of sweet sounds that drowned her own, and rendered her singing a matter of mere dumb show. On enquiring at the baths, I was vexed to find the large swimming bath under repair. The only one at my service was one little more than six feet square, and which it required some courage and caution to plunge into, for fear of breaking my head against any of the sides. Nevertheless, I bathed in it almost every day that I was in the town. On returning to my lodgings, I saw a little crowd collected round a low doorway in the church-wall, near the river, which I found, on enquiry, to be a dead-house, where were placed the bodies of those who had been found drowned, or had otherwise met an unexplained death. There had been just placed in it the body of a man who had been, only a quarter of an hour before, taken out of the water. Whether his death had been wilful, or accidental, was unknown; but there, poor soul! he lay, in a large common black shell, his silk handkerchief spread over his face, and his hat, apparently a new one, with his gloves in it, placed upon his breast. He was dressed very respectably—in a blue body-coat, light waistcoat, black trowsers, and Wellington boots; and, as far as we could conjecture, he seemed of middle age. What a miserable object he looked! thus, in the garb of the living, enclosed in the narrow dwelling of the dead! Who was he? What friends and relatives were suddenly bereaved—what wife and children were at that moment unconscious widow and orphan? expecting him home, per-

haps, as usual—wondering, it might be, that he kept the family meal so long waiting—or perhaps the dismal, dismaying tidings were being at that moment communicated—I hurried away!

The whole of the Bar dined together that evening at the Adelphi—and a grand muster we made; it would have rejoiced the cockles of your old heart to see us. But do you think, my dear sir, that, with all my communicativeness, I am going to describe that dinner? What! divulge the sacred mysteries of the GRAND COURT? The secrecy of a freemason must be a joke to that which is implicitly imposed upon me and every member of the Northern Circuit with reference to that same Grand Court; and if the unhallowed curiosity and cupidity of her Majesty's present misleaders [I like to call people and things by their true names] should really, as is rumoured, be prompting them to send a commission of enquiry into the mysteries, customs, and revenues of the Northern Circuit, and its Grand Court—let those who may be selected for such an office—poor devils!—look to it; they will never be commissioners again—at least on *this* side the grave!—A glorious body of Tories, by the way, is the Northern Circuit! On making minute enquiries, there are certainly to be discovered a few who fancy themselves of opposite opinions—it may be that they do it to prevent the wearisomeness of a circuit unanimous in politics; or they *may* have really persuaded themselves that Whig and Radical opinions are the best to live by; if so, they are nevertheless very quiet and inoffensive people, and we do not interfere with them!!

Can an observer of human nature have a richer field laid before him than a Court of Criminal Justice? Amongst mankind there is nothing so solemn and affecting as—startling adumbration of *hereafter*!—man sitting in judgment upon his fellow man, searching, as far as his means will allow him, into the hidden springs of action, protecting innocence from the imputation and consequences of guilt, detecting and inflicting proportionate punishment upon guilt, even to the taking away of life itself! There, at the bar—all eyes anxiously settled upon

him—stands, in terrified or sullen silence, an individual whose conduct in a particular transaction is the subject of enquiry; who knows, and probably *alone*, among men, knows that he is guilty of the crime with which he stands charged; one word from whose damp and rigid lips would instantly clear up the whole mystery, supply the essential link of evidence, throw light on the darkest train of circumstances, and reconcile the most discrepant and inconsistent facts. He stands cold and benumbed within the panoply of legal protection against self-crimination—knowing that not a sign or a syllable can be extorted from him. His heart, nevertheless, suddenly shrinks—the blood deserts, for a moment, his flushed cheek—as his guilty soul feels that his pursuers are pressing, though in the dark, closer and closer upon the truth of the transaction! He is, perhaps, inwardly cursing himself for his folly in having said or done, or omitted to do, something while about the perpetration of his crime, which his accusers have got hold of, and are pressing home upon him, and upon his jury, with dreadful strength of inference and conclusion. And there is his judge, well versed in such enquiries—the occasional glance of whose practised eye, which he *feels* upon him, shoots a thrill of terror into his soul, for he knows that he has *found him out*, and that a few words of his will presently clear away the previous doubt and uncertainty that may be felt by the jury, who, charged with the issues of life and death, will soon utter the fearful word—

“That summons him to heaven or to hell!”

Such is an imperfect expression of the thoughts which were passing through my mind when, one morning, a little after nine o'clock, I entered the Crown Court, which was crowded to suffocation; but the only sound that met my ear was the voice of counsel stating to the jury the facts of a frightful case of murder, while he pointed, as he went on, in illustration of his statement, to an elaborate model of the premises where the alleged crime had been perpetrated. At the bar stood he whose life depended on the issue of that day's enquiry. He was a young man of apparently four-and-twenty years of age, of average height and

build, with light hair, rather protuberant cheek-bones and upper-lip. His countenance wore an air of mingled sullenness and anxiety, but its general expression and character would not have led me to imagine him capable of committing such crimes as he was charged with. I knew a member of Parliament whose countenance is the exact counterpart of the culprit's. He was dressed respectably, in a blue body-coat, with brass buttons, a black stock, Valentin waistcoat, which was very open, displaying a full plaited shirt-front. He stood at about a foot's distance from the front of the dock, holding a coloured silk pocket-handkerchief between his closed hands, from which he sometimes slowly wiped the perspiration—a posture which he never varied during the whole time of his trial. He seemed a young man of slow and dull feelings, which consequently he had little difficulty in controlling. He never raised his eyes towards the jury, judge, or witnesses, and only once or twice evinced any emotion; drawing a long heavy breath, and his cheek flushing, as one or two of the most striking points of the evidence made their appearance—to him probably unexpectedly. His name was Hill; and he stood charged with having committed the threefold crime of murder, rape, and robbery, upon the person of an elderly female, one Betty Minshull, at Warrington, under circumstances, many of them unfit for detail—all of them of horrid atrocity. One's flesh crept as one looked at the man standing so near us, and supposed him capable of committing some of the acts with which he was charged. The evidence against him was entirely circumstantial. One of the witnesses proved an admission to him, by the prisoner, of his having committed two of the three offences of which he was accused; and it was when this was being deposed to that his cheeks suddenly flushed all over. He had, probably, till that moment, forgotten having made such a damning acknowledgment.

Betty Minshull was, if I recollect rightly, the landlady of a small public house, in one of the outhouses of which her body had been found early one morning—death having been effected by strangulation. It was proved that, late on the preceding night, the prisoner had been at the public-

house; that he was the last of the few visitors who had then been there; and that she had, good-naturedly, *given* him a glass of ale which stood on the table just as he was going. Shortly afterwards a woman living in one of the adjoining houses heard violent screams issuing from that quarter of the premises in question where the body had been discovered. They were at first loud and violent, but became gradually fainter till they ceased. Though these sounds had surprised the witness, they had not sufficiently alarmed her to induce her to suspect any thing so serious as turned out to have taken place; so she did not rise from bed to enquire about them. On the morning of that day the prisoner had met a man whom he knew, and whom, with a strange and fatal communicativeness, he told a part of what he had been doing; that he "had been having a *lark* with Betty Minshull"—and had left her asleep, having first taken out of her pocket some money, a knife, and a snuff-box; that he had thrown the last article into a mill-pond in the neighbourhood of the spot where they were then standing. It was subsequently searched, on suspicion being excited against Hill—and discovered lying at the bottom. The knife he had given away. Both of them were produced in Court, and clearly identified by one or two of the relatives of the unfortunate deceased as having been her property. The prisoner evinced no emotion when they were handed about, with serious scrutiny, between the Judge, the jury, the witnesses, and the Bar. His demeanour throughout appeared to me that of a man consciously guilty, and deserted by hope. One of the witnesses was the head-constable, or keeper of the house of correction—I forget which—at Warrington; and he spoke to a most important examination by himself of the prisoner, when first brought into his custody. The prisoner's counsel having elicited the fact that the witness—a huge, brawny, overbearing-looking fellow—had conceived himself entitled to examine the prisoner, with a show of authority for doing so, and closely and sternly—and now came to state the results, most important and even decisive, of the answers so wrung from the prisoner,—

"Do you mean to say, sir," sternly interposed Mr Justice Pattison—turning towards him, "that you presumed to examine the prisoner at the bar as soon as he came into your custody?"

"Yes, my Lord, I did," he replied, with a confident air, "and can state exactly"—

"Then let me tell you, sir," interrupted Mr Justice Pattison, with an indignant air, "that you have acted with the highest impropriety, contrary to the law of the land—and have taken a shameful advantage of your situation. How dared you to do so, sir? Pray is this a *practice* of yours?"

"Yes, my Lord, it is," replied the witness, doggedly, but with a sadly crest-fallen air.

"Then I tell you, sir, that I have a very great mind to cause you to be dismissed immediately from a situation which you don't know the duties of. You have been guilty of misconduct in your office, sir. You ought to know that the law gives you no authority whatever to ask a single question of any prisoner committed to your custody, with a view to finding out whether he is guilty of what he is charged with. God forbid, indeed, that persons of your description should ever have such a power. Your duty is to keep them safely, and not to abuse your power by *worrying* them into confession, and extorting from their fears matter which you may afterwards come here, as you do this day, to swear to against them. If a prisoner *volunteers* a confession, a statement, you may hear it, and afterwards state it here; but at your peril ever again presume to continue your present cruel and oppressive practice! Do you hear me, sir?" he sternly added, observing the sullen conceited air with which the fellow listened to the merited and dignified rebuke inflicted upon him.

"Oh, yes, my Lord." The tone and air in which this was said did not escape the Judge.

"I am by no means sure," added his Lordship, "that I shall not even yet feel it my duty to recommend your dismissal from your present situation."

"Then I hope, my Lord, you will not allow this examination to be given in evidence?" enquired the prisoner's counsel. The prisoner's heavy, gloomy

eye was lifted for an instant anxiously upon the Judge, on this question being asked ; but his Lordship, after repeating his opinion of the improper manner in which the evidence had been obtained, observed, with a manifest reluctance to such use of evidence so unfairly obtained—"Why, yes,—they are, nevertheless, *admissions* of the prisoner, and I do not think myself warranted in altogether excluding them ; but I shall take care to remark upon them to the jury."

The prisoner's eye was instantly cast down, and his chest heaved with a long, deep-drawn sigh. After a strong chain of circumstantial evidence had been laid before the jury, the prisoner's counsel addressed them on his behalf. What could he say ? He had no witnesses to call ! The only point he attempted to make was, that though the prisoner might have been guilty of two of the three grievous crimes charged upon him, yet he had not intentionally, or even knowingly, occasioned the death of Betty Minshull ; pressing upon them, with much energy, the statement of the prisoner which had been given in evidence, that "he had left the deceased *asleep* ;" and also urging, for the honour of our common human nature, the incredibility that the prisoner, or any one living, could have been guilty of one of the atrocious acts with which he was charged. The Judge then summed up ; stating it to be "perfectly settled and unquestionable law, that all homicide is *presumed* to be *malicious*, and amounts to murder until the contrary appears in evidence—which must be made out by the prisoner to the satisfaction of the Court and jury. It was for them to say whether they thought that the deceased had come by her death in consequence of any felonious act of the prisoner ; and if so, he was clearly guilty of murder, although he might never have intended it, or thought it possible to have been the result, or have been aware of it. Of this there was not the slightest doubt." His Lordship then, with great patience and perspicuity, recapitulated and commented upon the evidence ; and, though he had done so with the most rigorous fairness, it was clear to every one what the issue must be. The jury withdrew to consider their verdict, and the prisoner was removed from the dock till their re-

turn. They were absent for more than an hour ; and as one of them was a Quaker, we began to suspect that the well-known repugnance of that sect to the shedding of blood afforded a chance to the prisoner of their verdict mitigating his crime into manslaughter. Immediately on the former one retiring, another jury was sworn, and another prisoner placed at the bar.

The prolonged absence of the jury greatly strengthened our above-mentioned suspicions. What a dreadful interval must that have been to the prisoner ! At length it was announced that the jury were returning into court to deliver their verdict. "Remove this prisoner, and place John Hill at the bar !" said the Judge, as I fancied, slightly changing colour. I am sure that *I* did, especially when I saw the prisoner led forward by two of the officers and placed in front of the dock to hear his doom. He stood exactly in his former attitude, with his handkerchief in his hands ; but his face was turned, and his eye directed with dreadful anxiety to the spot where his jury were collecting ; in whose downcast faces, as they one by one made their way through the breathless crowd, he too plainly read his fate. His chest heaved several times slowly, while he endured the agonizing suspense occasioned by the jury being twice called over, and answering to their names. As soon as the twelfth had responded—"Gentlemen, are you agreed upon your verdict ?" enquired the officer of the court ; "do you find the prisoner at the bar *guilty*, or *not guilty* ?"

Amidst profound silence, the foreman pronounced the fatal word—"GUILTY." My eye was fixed at the moment on the features of the miserable wretch whom that word had doomed to a speedy and ignominious death. It blanched his countenance ; his eyes drooped, and he leaned heavily against the two officers who had led him in, and then stood close behind him. Immediately on the foreman's pronouncing the verdict, the Judge placed upon his head the ominous black velvet cap, and with much solemnity, amidst the breathless silence of the Court, thus addressed the prisoner :

"John Hill—after full and anxious consideration, the jury of your coun-

try, upon which you put yourself for your trial, has found you guilty of the crime with which you stood charged. I am, and every one present, yourself, even, must be satisfied that the verdict is a just one. You stand convicted of the threefold crime of murder, rape, and robbery; and you must die. There is not a ray of hope for you on this side of the grave; your enormous crime has rendered you unfit to continue any longer among your fellow-creatures. I charge you to cherish not for an instant the slightest expectation of mercy; it cannot, it will not be extended to you. The interval between the present moment and your death, an interval which the law has lately mercifully extended, I implore of you to spend in constant prayer to Almighty God for His forgiveness, through repentance and faith in your Saviour Jesus Christ. His mercy you may obtain.

"I do not intend to harrow up your feelings by dwelling upon the details of your crime; they have horrified all who heard them, and you must know it. It is enough for me to discharge the awful duty which the law has imposed upon me—reminding you, unhappy man, once more, that your moments on earth are numbered, *and very, very precious to you.*

"The sentence of the Court upon you is, that you be taken from the place where you now are, to the prison whence you came; and thence, on some day to be hereafter appointed, to a place of execution, where you shall be hanged by the neck until you be dead; and that your body be buried within the precincts of the prison."

As these last words were uttered, the prisoner, whose face had become ghastly pale, and whose eyes had closed, leaned heavily against the officers who stood behind him, and who led him down, apparently stupified, as soon as the Judge had ceased speaking, out of the dock into the prison. He was executed about three weeks afterwards, and died with firmness and penitence, denying, however, that he had intended to cause, or was at the time aware of the death of his victim.

I had never before seen sentence of death passed. It is a most solemn and painful scene. Mr Justice Pattison discharged his trying duty excellently well. His words were few and weighty; and his manner was

characterised by simplicity, firmness, and feeling.

There was, I am sorry to say, a countryman of yours tried some days afterwards for forgery on a grand scale—I mean the notorious Kinnear, whose name has made many a merchant's heart ache.

He came originally, I believe, from Glasgow, where, as well as at different periods of his career in London and Liverpool, he carried on an extensive business, and failed at the last-mentioned place, some seven or eight years ago, to an immense amount, leaving nothing whatever for his duped creditors. He had lived in great luxury and splendour, being a man of very expensive habits and ambitious tastes. Finding it impossible again to establish himself in business,—to obtain credit in an ordinary and open course of dealing, his fertile invention and determined spirit pointed out to him more secret and tortuous courses. He organized a skilful scheme—a compact confederacy (or *alliance*)! for the purpose of issuing fictitious bills, which soon made their appearance in all directions, especially in Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester, and took in even the most knowing. His own name, of course, never appeared; but suspicion was at length roused, and pointed at him; diligent enquiries were set on foot after the alleged parties to these bills—individuals and companies; and the result was that, one fine day in October last, he was seized, together with a portmanteau containing damning evidence of his doings, and committed to prison. One Jones, also, a hoary-headed scamp, his chief confederate, was arrested about the same time.

The Court was crowded with mercantile men. When Kinnear was put to the bar I was much struck with his appearance. One cannot help a transient feeling of sympathy towards a man in the garb, and with the bearing of a gentleman, dragged to the felons' bar, however one may believe him to be a scoundrel. He appeared upwards of fifty years of age; and his countenance bore a very strong resemblance to that of Mr Joseph Hume, the Member for Kilkenny, only that its features were more refined, and betokened intellect. His face and demeanour would have *taken in any*

one. "Should you have suspected," whispered a friend to me, as we were both scrutinizing the prisoner's countenance, "that man to have been a villain?" "Not I, indeed, nor would any one," I replied, and those lines of Medea's occurred to my mind, in which she laments that we have not equal facilities for detecting base *coin* and base *men*.

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί δὴ χρυσοῦ μὲν, ὃς κίβδηλος ἔστι, τεκμήρι' ἀνθρώποισιν ὥπασας σαφῆ ἀνδρῶν δ', ὅτι χρηρὸν τὸν κακὸν ΔΙΕΙΔΕΝΑΙ οὐδείς χαρακτήρ' ἐμπέφυκε σάματι.*

His face was a little flushed as he was brought to the front of the dock, to stand where he knew that the murderer Hill had stood a short time before; and though he was evidently making a great effort to appear composed and attentive to what was going forward, and so grievously concerned him, yet the restless anxiety of his eyes, and momentary changes of his colour, showed that he was not insensible to the ignominy of his situation. He, who had lately been among the most active and eminent merchants of Liverpool, now stood charged with felony at the bar of the court, which was crowded, as he saw, by them with whom he had once been on terms of intimacy and equality, nay, superiority; of them who felt, as they looked at him, a keen and just resentment towards him for the gross frauds and injuries he had committed upon them, whose only fault had been their too easy confidence in his integrity. While the jury were being sworn, he looked at each of them with a scrutinizing and anxious eye, but—to my surprise—challenged none of them. He had a number of papers with him, which he arranged carefully before him while the usual formalities were going on; and it soon appeared that he had retained no counsel, but intended to defend himself. Never was there a more signal instance of the folly of such a procedure, of the truth of the saying, that he who is his own counsel has a fool for his client. A *layman* to conduct his own defence on a prosecution for forgery—one which is usually environed with technical difficulties, such as no one could reasonably be expected to comprehend

or deal with but a lawyer, and an experienced one! *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat!* At length he was called upon, in the usual manner, to plead to the indictment. "*Not guilty*," said he, firmly and readily, thereby unconsciously waving the preliminary objection to the indictment on which he had been mainly relying! Just before counsel rose to state the case to the jury, Kinnear, in a strong Scottish accent, and with an air of mingled anxiety and confidence, thus addressed the Judge.

"My Lord, I presume the time has now arrived at which I may take an exception to the form of the indictment?"

"The exception to the form of the indictment, do you say?" enquired the Judge.

"Exactly so, my lord."

"No, you are too late! If you considered the indictment defective, why did you plead to it?" enquired the Judge, mildly. "By so doing you have admitted that you have no ground for objecting to the sufficiency of the form of it. Why did you *plead* to it? You should have demurred."

Kinnear seemed thunderstruck. "You might have been better advised," continued the Judge, kindly, "if you had chosen; you should have consulted some one who would have apprised you of the consequences of the step you have taken—of the proper time and mode of bringing forward and shaping your defence. Judging from your appearance, you must have had the *means* of doing so. Surely you have no one to blame but yourself." Kinnear, with earnest pertinacity, pressed the Judge to entertain, at least to listen to, his "legal objection," and succeeded. "Well—let us hear it; if it be really a *substantial* one, you may hereafter avail yourself of it in arrest of judgment. I have looked at the indictment, and cannot give you much hope. But go on."

"I am charged, my lord," he commenced, with deliberate emphasis, "with forging a bill of exchange; and if I can prove the instrument, as described in the indictment, not to be a bill of exchange, I must be acquitted. Is not that so, my lord?" The Judge assented. "Now, my Lord, I have

always understood, in my experience as a mercantile man, and it is laid down in all the law-books, that to a bill of exchange three parties are necessary—a drawer, a payee, and an acceptor; from which it follows that an acceptance is an essential part of a bill of exchange.”

“If that is your point, there is nothing in it at all; and you must know it yourself, if you *are* acquainted, as you say, with commercial matters,” said the Judge; “hundreds and hundreds of bills are noted and protested daily for *non-acceptance*; how could that be if they were not bills?”*

Kinnear, however, could not part with his “point” so easily—but urged it again and again with a most provoking pertinacity, till the Judge at once put an end to it by saying, sternly, —even *his* patience being exhausted—

“Silence, prisoner! what do you mean by standing chattering there in this way? I have heard you again, and again, and again, repeating the same thing, and have tried till I am tired to satisfy you of its futility. I cannot permit the time of the public to be any longer wasted. Let the case go on; you will have every proper opportunity of defending yourself.”

Kinnear, with an air at once dogged and chagrined, gave up the contest; and the counsel for the prosecutor proceeded to state as clear and strong a case against the prisoner as could well be made out. He had gone by several names, under all of which, however, he was most distinctly identified. He was arrested on one of the Manchester trains, the officer, at the same time, seizing, as already intimated, his portmanteau, which bore on it in conspicuous brass letters, “J. K. D.” (*i. e.* John Kinnear Donaldson, the name by which he most frequently went, as was shown beyond all possibility of doubt.) This portmanteau—

alas, for him!—contained numerous memoranda in his own handwriting; the stamps with which the printed parts of the bills in question had been effected; correspondence with his various confederates, disclosing a complete organization for swindling and forging; prospectuses of sham banks in his own handwriting. To what do you suppose his most vigorous fire of cross-examination was directed? To the demolition of all that abundant and impregnable evidence by which his portmanteau and its contents were connected with him, as they were, step by step, beyond all doubt, in defiance of all evasion or denial on his part. Never was any thing more hopelessly absurd; he had clearly no notion of the true mode, especially the true *object* of cross-examination, either to break down his prosecutor’s case, without, at the same time, prematurely disclosing his own; or to make out even by anticipation that which he intended to set up in opposition to it. His questions were all loose and miscellaneous; and yet, in form, they were neat and terse. It was plain that he had no clear notion of his position, no settled purpose in view. He produced no beneficial effect whatever, nor did he, in his speech to the jury, once allude to the matters which he had seemed desirous of extracting. In fact, his own questions had served only to strengthen the evidence against him where it was weak, and supply what was deficient in it. I found that the prisoner confidently calculated on the prosecutor’s being unable to show the handwriting of the alleged drawer’s name (John Watkins) to be his, the prisoner’s; guess his consternation when there came into the box a Frenchman who gave the most direct and decisive evidence against him! a man whom Kinnear believed at that moment to be far away

* “A bill of exchange is a written order for the payment of a certain sum of money, unconditionally.” Blackstone’s definition is fuller, but to the same effect, pointing more to the origin of a bill of exchange, “an open letter of request, from one man to another, desiring him to pay a sum named therein to a third person, on his account;” either definition excluding the necessity of an acceptance, and consequently disposing of the prisoner’s objection. The instrument in question was in this form:—

“Three months after date, pay to my order (*without acceptance*), L.70.

“JOHN WATKINS.”

“To the Flintshire Banking Company.”

In this form (as far as the words in *italics* are concerned) are all bills drawn by the Bank of Ireland on the Bank of England. So, at least, it was stated in Court, though the prisoner denied it.

in Prussia, and his name even unknown to the prosecutors!

Q. "Do you know the handwriting of Mr Kinnear?"

A. "O yea, ver well indid; I ave mosh reason to know it."

Q. "How do you know it?"

A. "How? Ave I not see him write ver many often times?"

Q. "Have you received letters from him?"

A. "Ver gret nomber indeed; too many."

Q. "Look at that bill of exchange, and say in whose handwriting is the name, '*John Watkins*.'"

A. "O, yea, it is Mister Kinnear's, there can be no doubt."

Q. "Is it his natural and usual hand, or a feigned one?"

A. "No, no, it is a disguise; Mr Kinnear write two or tree hand when he choose."

Q. "Have you ever seen him write this kind of hand?"

A. "Ver frequent. There can be not any de least doubt that it is Mr Kinnear's handwriting—no, none at all."

Kinnear gave him a withering look, but did not dare to put a question to him.

At length the case for the prosecution closed, and the prisoner was called upon for his defence. Again he started his point about the misdescription of the instrument, as if he expected that it would tell with the jury, where it had failed with the Judge. He then proceeded to the body of his defence, such as it was. His chief point now was to make out that the Flintshire Banking Company (shown clearly by the prosecutors to have been a pure piece of fraud and imposture) was being established *bonâ fide*, and had actually commenced doing business; that the *bona fides* of a newly established joint-stock bank was not to be judged of by the smallness of its capital at starting, and cited several instances to show the truth of his assertion, that "small beginnings often made large endings." Above all, he should be able to show, beyond all doubt, that the man who had sworn that the name "*John Watkins*" was in his, Kinnear's, handwriting, had sworn falsely—that it was written by John Watkins himself, whom he should put into the box to prove it; and then he should, he apprehended, be immediately entitled to an acquittal."

"Indeed, but you are very much mistaken, prisoner," interposed the Judge, to whom Kinnear had looked, as if expecting what he had said to be corroborated from the bench. "You are not to suppose that if you address a bill of exchange to a person or a company that has no real existence—to a sham bank, for instance, which has been set up only for the purpose of giving currency to their fraudulent instruments, and then pass it off into the world—that it will avail you, even if a person calling himself John Watkins should come and swear that these words were in his handwriting. I mention this, only because you seemed to appeal to me, and I do not wish to mislead you by my silence. Go on, and call your witnesses."

"Well," replied the baffled swindler, quite chop-fallen, "I will proceed to prove my case. Call John Jones."

Who do you suppose this "*John Jones*"—his sole witness—was? The confederate already spoken of, who had been put up at the bar with Kinnear that very morning, and who was to be tried immediately after him on a similar charge! Here was a credible witness for you! I could hardly help bursting into laughter when I saw him led out of the prison into the witness-box in custody of the officer! by his sole testimony to neutralize all that had been already given, and secure his friend's acquittal! Kinnear proceeded to examine him in a novel manner—by putting the speech which he had addressed to the jury into palpable leading questions, which were all, of course, readily answered by the witness just in the manner which Kinnear wished, neither the Judge deigning, nor the counsel for the prosecution thinking it necessary to interpose at all! He got the man to swear that his name was "*John Watkins Jones*," but that he more frequently dropped the last name, and passed as "*John Watkins*;" *why*, he left to conjecture. At length he came to his grand point.

"Now, Mr Jones, take that bill"—the one in question—"into your hands, and look at the name of the drawer."

"I have, sir," he replied, holding it in his hand, and looking at the prisoner, waiting for the next question.

"Now, tell us," continued Kinnear, confidently, "in whose handwriting are the words, '*John Watkins*?'"

"IN YOURS, sir," replied the witness as confidently, not knowing the case which Kinnear had been presenting to the jury, but speaking, probably, in accordance with some former story concerted between them; Kinnear also forgetting, obviously—if such were the true state of things—his altered plot! He turned perfectly pale when this most unexpected and confounding answer was given; but, with a presence of mind and readiness worthy of a better cause, calmly continued,—

"Now, Mr Jones, when I wrote that, did I, or did I not write it *in your presence, and by your direction?*"

"You did, sir," replied the ready liar.

"By procuration?"

"Yes—by procuration."

"Can you write, Mr Jones?" enquired the Judge, half smiling at the farce that was being carried on by this pair of worthies, and was answered readily in the affirmative.

"Why did you sign by procuration if you could write, and were present?"

"I don't know, sir."

He made a most absurd figure under cross-examination; disclosing such a scheme of villany between himself and the prisoner as even, in the absence of all other evidence, must have secured a conviction. The Judge summed up very shortly, and the jury almost immediately found him guilty. He heard the verdict with perfect composure. The Judge proceeded to pass sentence upon him; telling him that, but for the alteration in the law lately effected by the lenient legislature, his life would have been that day forfeited; that such was his—the Judge's—opinion of the prisoner's guilt, that, had death been then the punishment of forgery, he should certainly have left the prisoner for execution. As it was, he would find the punishment inflicted upon him to be dreadfully severe; which was, that he should be transported beyond the seas for the term of his natural life. Kinnear listened to the sentence with an air of deep anxiety, but with calmness. He deliberately gathered up his papers, which seemed to have been, however ostentatiously arranged, of no manner of use to him; the officer tapped him on the shoulder, motioning him away, and he followed. Many curious stories are told of this most

successful swindler. He once drew *and got discounted*, when he was in business at Liverpool, a bill for £80,000. It is now framed and glazed as a curiosity. I was told by a banker who knew it as a fact, that Kinnear, on the occasion of one of his bankruptcies, audaciously came to a meeting of his creditors in a carriage-and-four; and, on their mildly intimating to him that, under circumstances, a chaise and pair might have sufficed, he replied, with smiling *sang-froid*, "Gentlemen, my time, which is your time, is so very valuable, that I could not think of depriving you of a moment of it!"

He is now on his way to New South Wales, and I hope he may have health to enjoy his pleasant and novel situation and the many gratifying thoughts and recollections it will occasion. When I looked at him he brought to my recollection—not, however, from any *personal* resemblance—the figure of the ill-fated Fauntleroy, as I saw him standing, some dozen years ago,—with a high-bred air, a most strikingly gentlemanly figure and handsome features, which were blanched with agony and terror,—at the bar of the Old Bailey in London, for a similar offence; and for which, as you may recollect, he was shortly afterwards hanged, a most miserable spectacle. I think he must have been already dead when he was brought out upon the scaffold; he was certainly insensible, and obliged to be supported to the very last moment of the brief and frightful preparations.

The last trial of interest that I witnessed in the Crown Court was one which took place on the next day, or the day after. It was that of a man for the murder of his wife. He seemed about thirty-five years old, and was dressed in respectable mourning. He stood at the bar with an air at once of firmness and depression. He was a little under the average height, and his countenance rather prepossessing than otherwise. From the evidence in chief of the first two witnesses it would have appeared clear that he had been guilty of a most barbarous murder. On their depositions before the coroner a verdict of manslaughter only had been returned; but, in reading them, Mr Justice Pattison had felt it his duty to instruct the Grand Jury to bring in a bill for murder; a step which seemed most amply justified by

the evidence which they now gave. It appeared from their testimony that the deceased had been very far advanced in pregnancy; that the prisoner had had some dispute with her—being a most violent man, they said—and knocked her down, her head falling against the sharp corner of a chest of drawers, which cut it open, and the wound bled profusely; and that, while she was thus prostrate and insensible, the prisoner furiously kicked and struck her repeatedly—death, on the same evening, or the evening after, I forget which, being the consequence. As far as this evidence went, nothing, of course, could have been more brutal than the conduct of the prisoner; but, on cross-examination of the first witness, a little ill-looking old woman, the mother of the deceased, and who gave her evidence manifestly under the influence of the most bitter resentment towards the prisoner, the case began to assume a very different aspect. It was wrung from her, after great prevarication, and also was established by other witnesses, that she had herself, on the evening in question, been drinking gin with the deceased, at the residence of the latter, a respectable cellar; that she had herself fetched five quarterns of gin for the deceased on that occasion; that the deceased, and the witness, at her request, had frequently pawned all her husband's clothes, and those of her children—whom she had once or twice sent to bed early in the afternoon, to enable her so to dispose of their clothes! That the prisoner was a pilot, a remarkably steady and hard-working man, and earned amply sufficient to enable himself and family to live in very comfortable circumstances; but this accursed propensity of his wife's had beggared them, and driven them from their former comfortable dwelling to the wretched cellar in which had occurred the catastrophe then the subject of enquiry. That on the evening in question he had come home from the sea wet and wearied, but found that every article of his clothing had been pawned by his wife, and that his children were lying in bed almost naked, their little clothes having shared the same fate; and that his wife was drunk, as was also the first witness. Furious words very naturally ensued; and it was under these truly exasperating circumstances that he had struggled with his wife, so as to occasion—but, it was

clear, unintentionally—her fall; and it certainly did appear that, either while she was falling, or immediately afterwards, he had more than once struck her with some violence, but not in a way to have alone caused her death, which the medical evidence showed to have been occasioned by the injuries which she had received upon her head, in falling upon the drawers, added to the effects of violent excitement and excessive liquor upon a person in her situation. The third witness brought forward against the prisoner was—alas!—his own daughter, a little girl about five or six years of age, decently dressed in black. When her name was called, the prisoner, with an agonized countenance, looked away from the spot where she was to stand; his lip quivered, his chest heaved; and, in spite of his efforts, the tears forced themselves from his eyes. Mr Justice Pattison observed his agitation, and seemed himself not a little affected when he beheld the little thing that, in obedience to the summons of the loud-voiced officer, was brought into court, and placed close beside him, to give evidence which might seal the fate of her father. She was so very short, that he handed over to the officer the footstool he had been using, in order that she might stand upon it; and even then the head of the little witness did but just come above the top of the witness-box. She was rather a pretty-looking girl, and her face was very sad and pale. She did not, however, cry, though her eyes seemed glued to the figure of her miserable father, who never once ventured to look towards her, and whose tears, silent evidence of the anguish he was enduring, fell frequently. In all other respects he preserved a stern composure throughout the proceedings.

"My child," said the Judge, as I thought with a little emotion, as he bent down his ear to her,—“do you know that you have come here to speak the truth?”

"Yes, sir."

"And will you, my dear, speak the truth—and tell us all the truth, and nothing else?"

"Yes, sir."

"What will become of you, do you think, if you tell a lie?"

She paused; the Judge repeated the question; and she answered distinctly, "I shall be burned in everlasting fire."

"Where did you learn that?"

"The Bible, sir."

"Have you ever been at school?"

"Yes, sir, at the Sunday school."

"She may be sworn," said the Judge; and the oath was immediately administered to her.

Was not this, dear Christopher, a grievous sight to see? The little daughter called to give evidence against her father, on his trial for his life, for the murder of her mother! Though in a melancholy tone, and with a sad manner, she gave her evidence with great propriety, clearly and firmly. Her tiny voice could be heard distinctly in all parts of the crowded but silent court. She evinced, as was to be expected, a strong leaning towards her father; but she admitted that he had twice struck her mother when she was lying bleeding on the floor. She also stated that her mother had several times actually taken her—the little girl's—shoes and stockings off her feet, that she might pawn them for gin; and that she and the other children had been often obliged to lie in bed, because their mother and grandmother had taken away their clothes for the vile purpose above mentioned! Who could listen to all this without feeling the deepest commiseration towards the unhappy prisoner? Till he had been hurried into the act with which he then stood charged, he had always borne an unblemished character as a quiet respectable man, who laboured hard to support his family, and who could have kept them in comfort but for his wife's ruinous propensities to drink. His counsel addressed the jury on his behalf with much earnestness, contending that, on the whole of the evidence, the prisoner was entitled to an acquittal, or, at least, to a verdict of manslaughter. The Judge, however, directed the jury that there was no evidence to support the charge of murder, but that the prisoner had been clearly guilty of manslaughter. He then recapitulated the evidence; and, after a quarter of an hour's consideration, the jury pronounced a verdict of manslaughter. He was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, with hard labour; which, I must confess, seemed to me, under the circumstances, a somewhat severe sentence.

The only case in the Civil Court which possessed any thing worth noticing here was a very interesting pro-

secution for a NUISANCE, instituted by the Corporation of Liverpool against a Mr Muspratt, the proprietor of some extensive works for the manufacture of *alkali* within the town of Liverpool. The alleged nuisance was thus described by the counsel for the prosecution (Cresswell):—"The works carried on by Mr Muspratt are for the manufacture of *alkali*, in the course of which two processes are necessary: they first of all manufacture sulphuric acid; and, using it together with common salt, they manufacture salt-cake, for the purpose of converting it into what is called black ash, or *alkali*, that being employed in the making of soap, as a cheap substitute for kelp, or Spanish barilla, which were formerly imported from foreign countries, and used in the manufacture of soap. I understand that the process by which this article is manufactured is so conducted as to discharge into the air, from the lower part of the works, more or less of sulphuric acid gas, and from the high chimney, in which the other part of the process is carried on, is discharged a large quantity of muriatic acid gas. No person can pass within sight of these works without observing, not only a quantity of black smoke escaping from the chimney, but also a white vapour, looking like a cloud of steam, which is carried along a considerable distance from it in clear weather, still remaining a compact body, not mixed with the air on either side. I understand that this vapour comes originally from the chimney in the form of muriatic acid gas, but, speedily combining with the moisture of the atmosphere, it assumes the vaporous state, leaves the gaseous state, and is driven along in the state of vapour, as a stream, whichever way the wind may blow, and, being heavier than the atmospheric air, soon descends, producing the consequences which I will describe to you. In the first place, with respect to vegetation, I am told that it withers and destroys vegetation wherever it falls; that the leaves become shrivelled up and embrowned by it, and ultimately fall; and, if it continues in that direction for a sufficient length of time, they will crumble into powder. Upon metals it has a very peculiar action. Brass is speedily tarnished by it, and a rust, or rather a bright red rust, is produced by it, upon all metallic articles—fenders, fire-irons, and all

polished metallic articles, are speedily rusted by it; so much so, that in half an hour after any metallic article is submitted to its action, you will find that it is entirely rusted. To the senses it is particularly disagreeable. There is a pungent, acid taste; it is extremely irritating to the lungs; it produces a coughing as soon as it is inhaled, and a smarting about the eyes. In short, it irritates wherever it comes in contact with the mucous membrane. You may easily imagine that all this is a source of great annoyance and of loss."

It was impossible to mix in Liverpool society without hearing complaints on all hands—whether well or ill founded—of the injurious effects here alluded to; and the greatest interest was excited by the trial; during the whole of which, lasting nearly three days, the Court was excessively crowded. Society, in short, took up arms against Mr Muspratt, and you may guess the result. He fought stoutly, however, desperately contesting every inch of ground. The prosecutors brought forward a host of witnesses to support the statement of Mr Cresswell; to prove that their health had suffered sensibly, grievously, in consequence of these hated "*works*;" and their property, of almost every description, had been also injured thereby to a very great extent. Pawnbrokers said this abominable gas played the mischief with their various deposits; nurserymen and gardeners, that it utterly blighted their fruit, flowers, shrubs, vegetables, and trees; dyers, that it discharged all their colours, and frustrated and confounded all their doings; cow-keepers, that their cattle languished and died—both their grass and their water being contaminated by this execrable gas. There was, in short, a "*whole army*" of sufferers, if not of *martyrs*. What a singular conflict of testimony there was, to be sure! One class of wit-

nesses swore that their fire-irons, &c. were constantly corroded; another, that *theirs*, though subject to the same influence, were "*always bright and fair*." One, that their furniture, the papering of their rooms, and clothes hung out to dry, &c. were immediately discoloured, and presently rotted; another, that though next-door neighbours, no such effects had been experienced—or, if any had, they were easily referable to other causes. One, that whereas, before they and their families had resided within the sphere of this pestiferous influence, they had been healthy, plump, and ruddy, they soon after became, and still were, diseased, lean, and sallow; another exactly reversed it, and swore that, if any thing, their health had improved, and they had become fatter and ruddier since they had come within the magic circle of Mr Muspratt's influence.* One scientific chemist demonstrated, by analysis and experiment, the deleterious properties of the gas; another, the well known Dr Thomson from Glasgow, contradicted him. The one referred all the injurious effects which had been detailed by the witnesses clearly and unequivocally to the muriatic acid gas; the other denied it, and accounted for them by reference to the agency of simple atmospheric air and carbonic acid gas.

Forty witnesses were called for the prosecution, and forty-five for the defendant. It took two whole days to collect this enormous heap of contradictory evidence; and on the morning of the third, Mr Justice Coleridge summed up the whole to the jury with great judgment and perspicacity. I do not think that either party could have gathered from his address to which side his opinion inclined, so nearly did he hold the scale. The jury—a special one—retired, and after an absence of two hours and a half, returned into Court with a verdict of GUILTY; the con-

* Nay, a Dr Pip—or some such name—from London, came down specially for the purpose of proving to such of the gude folk of Liverpool as chose to pay a shilling for it ('tis an ill wind that blows *nobody* good) that muriatic acid gas, so far from being a noxious agent, was an infinitely salutary one, corrective of disease, promotive of health! Nay, positively—I saw it in his handbills—that it was, besides, or might be made (I forget which) a powerful agent in the *abolition of negro slavery*!!! Whether or not this philosopher came down *ex moris motu*, or at the instance of Mr Muspratt, I know not. I saw him in Court, ostentatiously taking notes of the evidence; but he was not called upon for his own.

sequence of which has been, and will be most serious to the defendant, who must now give up his expensive works, and either pull them down, or convert them, if possible, to other purposes. This seems, however, but fair and reasonable; for why should one citizen benefit and enrich himself at the expense of his fellow-citizens, their comforts, property, and health? My own judgment, or that of an impartial listener, was satisfied that the case was made out against the defendant. The case was exceedingly interesting, and repaid the attention with which I had listened to it. It commenced on Thursday, and terminated on Saturday, April 7, and as soon as I had heard the verdict I quitted the Court, to make arrangements for returning to town on the ensuing Monday.

Monday was the day appointed for opening the railroad between London and Birmingham, all of which had been completed except the middle thirty miles, which was to be passed in omnibusses; and the question with us was, whether we should avail ourselves of that opportunity, or content ourselves with the railroad to Birmingham, and then go on to London by coach. The latter was the course we determined upon adopting, for there were divers objections to the other, both speculative and practical; and we therefore took our places for Monday morning at half-past six, paying down on account L.3. Most of our brethren had either preceded us, or dispersed to various sessions, which I had made up my mind not to attend. I had promised to dine with some relatives at Chester on the Sunday, purposing to set off by the eight o'clock steam-boat, and return, of course, in the evening. Would you believe it?—my usual luck attended me, most excellent and experienced traveller that I was! for when I got down to the quay, I had the satisfaction of seeing the steam-boat hissing away nearly a mile off, having started precisely at eight, and I reaching the water-side about five minutes after eight. There was no other boat starting till half-past eleven, so I gave it up, and was obliged to write a letter

of excuses and explanations. Having heard a good deal of the beautiful and affecting service at the Church for the Blind, I determined to attend the morning service there. I shall not soon forget it. As I entered—having first deposited a trifle in the plate at the door for the asylum—sweet voices, blended with the organ, were chanting the Psalms; and through pictured and stained windows fell a “dim religious light.” The window over the altar had a large painting of Christ rising from the dead; near it was another—most appropriate!—of Christ healing the blind. My feelings were completely subdued by the scene. I have reasons for feeling peculiar sympathy towards the blind; and it went to my heart to hear their melodious voices, clear and soft, engaged with cheerful energy in devotional service. I was particularly struck with the simplicity of their style—the distinctness and precision of their enunciation. There were evidently some superior voices, male and female, among them; and I turned round to look—the sight almost overcame me. The gallery over the entrance was devoted to the blind people and to the organ; and, standing in a row, along the front of it, were about fifteen or eighteen women of various ages, neatly and uniformly dressed—behind being the men, several of whom were grey-headed—the shape and appearance of their eyes too plainly indicating the grievous bereavement they had suffered. They were all singing—poor souls!—with the utmost energy, as if their *hearts* joined in the act. I could not restrain my feelings, which were painfully excited. As I, from time to time, glanced at the touching spectacle they afforded, and listened to their thrilling voices, I could not help thinking of old Homer's simple and beautiful description of the blind Demodocus:—

Τὸν πέρι Μοῦσ' ἐφίλησε, δίδου δ' ἀγαθὸν
τε κακὸν τε,
'Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἀμερσε—δίδου δ' ἠδ' ἰαν
αἰσῆν.*

But, dear Christopher, you are familiar with the whole of the beautiful

* For want of a better (Pope's not being at hand), the ladies will accept the following *literal* version:—

Him the Muse loved, and gave both good and ill;
Of sight, indeed, deprived—but gave sweet song.

passage*—recollecting the tears shed by the simple-hearted warrior, as he listened to the song of the blind bard, and endeavoured, hiding his head in his mantle, to conceal his emotions from the beholders. So, indeed, after a sort, was it with me. My feelings were differently excited, however, when, between the prayers and the sermon, the anthem was sung by two of the blind, a gray-haired man and the chief of the female singers. Imagine the feelings with which I listened to these fearful and sublime words from the Revelations, sung with admirable effect, both chastely and powerfully, sometimes both singing together, at others alternately:—

“I was in the Spirit on the Lord’s day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet,

—“Saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last.

“And I turned to see the voice that spake with me; and being turned, I saw one like unto the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the feet, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.

“His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire;

“And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters; and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength.

“And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not, I am the first and the last;

“I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore.”†

It may be questionable whether this sublime passage be calculated for music, at least for any one’s music but that of the glorious Handel; my intense interest in the anthem was derived, not from the character of the music, but from the feelings excited by the occasion—the scene, the place, the singers—above all, the awe-inspiring nature of the words themselves. I shall not soon forget that Sunday morning.

Q. and I took a very long walk immediately afterwards, along the seashore—say seven or eight miles, the

wind blowing fiercely in our faces all the way we went, and the sun shining—which had been rather a rarity during our stay at Liverpool, the weather having been wretched beyond description—an almost constant succession of rain, sleet, snow, hail, fog, wind—cutting north-easterly winds, such as gave almost all of our brethren and ourselves rather severe colds. We dined at six. Q. lay down on the sofa, tired with his walk; I went out to do what I am in the habit of doing whenever I spend a Sunday at a strange place—namely, go to the various places of worship, and see—I trust with a curiosity not entirely unjustifiable or irreverent—the mode in which different sects of Christians carry on public worship. You know, dear Christopher, that I am too sincere a Christian in my heart—detesting, however, fanaticism—to think of presumptuously attempting to turn any thing into ridicule, or present it under a droll or exaggerated aspect, that is manifestly the result of sincerity, however erroneous or delusive I may consider it to be. Yet I fancy it to be perfectly warrantable, and not entirely unconstructive, to describe accurately such scenes as follow, and to give a faithful description even of the painful and monstrous scene which will follow last. The result in my mind of much enquiry, and experience, and observation through life, has been to fill me with thankfulness for the existence of such an establishment as the Church of England, of which I am, and may I die, a member.

A little way down Mount Pleasant, on the right-hand side, was a good-sized building, which I found to be a Wesleyan Methodist chapel. It was crowded even to the door; for it seemed that one of their favourite preachers—a Mr Newton—was preaching “a missionary sermon,” i. e. a sermon in aid of a society for sending out missionaries to the heathen in foreign countries. With some difficulty I got into the gallery, which was perfectly stuffed with people—scarce an inch even of standing-room to be had. I had a pretty good view of the preacher, who, in his plain clothes, stood in the pulpit, using abundant gesticulation and emphasis, turning fully

* ὁδοσσ. c, 63-96.

† Rev. i, 10-18.

round, from time to time, to all parts of his crowded and attentive audience, exhibiting a tall and well-proportioned person, and a tolerably expressive, though not very refined, countenance. He seemed about fifty-eight or sixty years old. His voice was loud and sonorous: his manner had all the confidence and self-possession derived from evidently a long familiarity with such scenes. I listened to him attentively for about ten minutes, and I feel compelled to say that I could detect nothing but very common-place declamation. Two words really would aptly describe all I heard—boisterous volubility. He gave a marvellous account of their doings at Leeds, I think it was, where they were constantly opening very large chapels, or enlarging their old ones, both of which were immediately filled with regular hearers; that there were “blessed scenes” going on there—on an average thirty or forty souls “converted” weekly; that at their last “quarter-day” they had upwards of a thousand people “on trial,” *i. e.* who had become probationary members of their society; that he had been lately there, and had had a “blessed season” of it. There was a love-feast,* at which there was a “very abundant outpouring of the Spirit,”—souls, in all directions, crying out, “What shall I do to be saved?” “Oh, my friends,” exclaimed the preacher, with an excited air, “it did my heart good, I assure you; it was Pentecost, indeed!” These statements were evidently received by his hearers with the deepest interest, testified by prevalent but half-suppressed exclamations of “Amen! thank the Lord!” which, though they had a somewhat singular effect, yet were not carried to an indecorous extent. Then he spoke, in a vehement manner, of the “perishing heathen,” millions and millions of whom were at that moment bowing down to idols, and dying, and going to ——. “And would they not come forward that night, and aid?” &c. &c. “How much remained to be done, notwithstanding the glorious

things that had been done!” &c. &c. He ended by announcing that a collection would be made immediately; and, having passionately implored them to “give liberally,” sat down, “only entreating his friends to make way in all directions for the collectors.”

Instantly there was a jingling sound as of silver and copper dropping into plates all over the chapel. A decently dressed servant-girl stood next to me; she had, apparently, devoured every word that had fallen from the preacher, and seemed now exhausted with excitement and the fatigue of standing so long. With one end of her pocket-handkerchief she wiped the perspiration from her face, and out of the other, which was twisted up, she took a shilling and gave it, poor soul, to the collector when he came past, with a look of such earnest satisfaction! Though the bulk of the congregation—especially those surrounding her—seemed to consist of the humbler classes, there was a considerable proportion of silver in the plate. As soon as this was over, some notices were read of meetings, sermons, &c. for the week—a hymn was given out, which they began to sing with prodigious heartiness, and I left the chapel.

The next place I entered was a building not far off—the Scotch church, new, spacious, and handsome, but not very well filled. The minister was young, but modest and intelligent. He was expounding some obscure portions of Job, and with considerable force, ingenuity, and judgment, not failing to give whatever he uttered a stringent practical application. He was evidently a well-educated man. His language was select and accurate, and his reasoning sound; he afforded to my mind a very pleasing contrast to the preacher whom I had just been hearing. Loose, noisy, and inflammatory appeals to overstrained feelings (I have heard several of the Wesleyan preachers who are not liable to such observations), too often degenerating into downright clap-trap, appear to me far less calculated to advance the interests of real religion than sober and rational expositions of Scripture,

* This is a favourite ordinance with the Wesleyans. Love-feasts are very large meetings, consisting of the whole society, who are admitted by tickets. There are *buns* and *water* sent round to all present, and every one is at liberty, both man and woman, to rise and state their religious feelings.

of the principles of Christianity, and temperate though earnest exhortations to the practice of its virtues. What this young man said, for instance, at once interested and instructed *me*, only a chance-hearer, and obviated a difficulty that had several times occurred to me when I had heard the chapter read which he was then expounding. His concluding observations were practical and weighty. In short, what he had uttered bore the stamp of sincerity and *reflection*; and his congregation listened to him with an air of devout and calm attention—one which most strikingly contrasted in my mind with the exuberant excitement of the one which I had just quitted. I staid till the conclusion of the service, which was, as usual, simple and solemn. I then returned to my lodgings, it being about half-past eight o'clock. I told my landlady—a respectable, intelligent person—where I had been, and that I felt a kind of pleasure.

"Then, sir, if you're curious about such things, you had better go a little higher up the hill, and hear the people at Mr Aitkin's chapel; they're still going on; and you'll say, sir, you never heard or saw such things in your life!"

"Indeed! what do they call themselves?"

"They arn't the regular Methodists—they're a *bad sort* of Methodists—*Jumpers*, or *Ranters*, or something of that sort. They're a most horrid nuisance, sir, in the neighbourhood, and I wish the law would put them down, as it's just put down Mr Muspratt's chimney. They're screaming and roaring, and singing and praying, at almost all hours of the day and night—Sundays as well as week-days! I've often heard them from our garden. We have not heard them this evening—but that may be because the wind's the other way!"

I went off immediately. A strange and melancholy sight presented itself—a scene that almost beggars description. The service in the chapel had been over some time, and most of the lights were extinguished; but there were a number of people clustering round a side door, which led, I found, into a large room beneath the chapel. I was entering with as quiet and decorous an air as it was possible to assume, when I was very rudely repulsed by a coarse, sour-visaged janitor,

with the words, "You've no call here, sir; this isn't a play-house, sir—nothing of the sort."

"Who said it was? Isn't this a public place of worship, sir? I've a right."

"You've only come to make game."

"How dare you say so, sir? Do I look as if I were?" said I, sternly; and while he was occupied with one or two other applicants for admission, who suddenly demanded it in a much more questionable manner than I had, I slipped past him down-stairs, and immediately encountered a scene which I will attempt with faithful exactitude to describe. It was a large low room, lit with gas; and there were several groups of people in it, men and women—some singing, some praying—others groaning and writhing on the floor—some standing, others kneeling, others sitting. Some were really *shrieking* in the wildest and maddest way imaginable! The group nearest me consisted of some twenty or thirty, surrounding about half-a-dozen people who were on their knees, with whom most of them were praying, uttering horrid groans and ejaculations—sometimes wringing, at other times clapping their hands. They were "*assisting souls in the agonies of the new birth*," as they termed it; that is, persons who were seeking to be converted. I went nearer, and beheld a decently-dressed middle-aged woman kneeling beside one of the would-be neophytes—a young man—tossing herself about in all directions, lifting up and down her arms in a frantic manner, and violently striking the form before which she knelt; at one time praying, at another shouting into his ear—"Believe! Believe, man! believe!—Oh, come to Jesus! come to Him—don't wait! Don't delay a moment! Doesn't thee see Him? Here He is—He's i' th' midst of us—He's waiting for thee! Take him by the hand, blessed Lord! O Lord Jesus, oh, dear Lord, thou *must* save this lad!—Come along, lad! He's awaiting for thee! Oh, Jesus, why do thy chariot-wheels delay? Pluck him like a brand from the burning."

"Oh—o—o—oh, Lord Jesus!" heavily groaned the subject of her prayers.

"Why don't you believe? Why don't you believe?" she exclaimed, vehemently, literally slapping him on

the back: who, his face hid in his arms, his body sprawling and writhing about on the floor and against the form, seemed making direful efforts to second those of her beside him—sighing and groaning in a most dismal manner.

“Oh, glory! glory! glory!”—was suddenly shouted from the central group—who, at the bidding of a man in black, who took evidently the lead in what was going on, burst out a singing most vehemently, and in an extravagantly high key, “Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.” Some lifted their hands rapidly up and down with an air of irrepressible ecstacy—others actually shook hands with one another, as if in joyful congratulation and gratitude. Some screamed forth the words at the tip-top of their voices, their eyes closed violently, their heads directed upwards, and their hands elevated and clasped together. I really expected to see them fall down in a fit. They sung the last two lines over and over, and over again, with the most ungovernable impetuosity and excitement. In the meanwhile one of the people, whose happy case had been the occasion of all this ecstacy, rose from her knees; her eyes were sunken, her face was red, and covered with tears and perspiration, and she was sobbing violently. I expected her every moment to go into hysterics. While I was listening to and looking at this strange scene with feelings of mingled pity, disgust, and indignation, a man, dressed in a very long black coat which reached to his knees, and in a white silk handkerchief, made his way from the centre of the throng, singing as he went to the form where were the couple first described. He immediately kneeled down beside them with a kind of familiar *business-like air*!

“Come, friend! The Lord says he’s ready for *thee*, too! He’s waiting to put a wedding garment on thee! Here He is! Look, man, for thyself! He’s going all about this room, looking whom He shall save—look at Him!”

“Oh, Lord! oh, Jesus!—oh—o—o!” cried the youth.

“Ay, pray thus, and He *must* come; He can’t help himself; He loves it! Come! thou *must* believe now! The devil will have thee this night if thou doesn’t!—there—that’s it! that’s it!” as the wretched fellow redoubled his

groans and contortions between his two tormentors. “Wrestle, wrestle! Jesus loves a good *wrestler*; He loves to be beat; He’ll love thee all the better for this good fight? Don’t ye see Him? Pray, man; *now’s* the time! Now’s the accepted time, now’s the day of salvation—now, now, or never! Don’t thee *feel* it, thinkest thou?”

The man, I suppose, answered in the affirmative; for the woman on the other side, in a still wilder manner, shouted suddenly, “Oh, thank thee, Jesus! Thank thee! Thank thee! I knew thou wouldn’t be long—glory! glory!” The man in black now rose up, and left them, to assist some one else in distress with his ghostly counsel! My eye then fell upon a young man and woman, kneeling a little on my left hand,—the former a sailor, apparently about twenty years old, the latter a little older, and very good-looking, who had but the moment before separated themselves from the central group above spoken of, and continued praying together. I confess I looked at them somewhat suspiciously; for I had noticed the fellow a little before standing staring at the young woman with a most equivocal expression of features. He whispered something in her ear, as the poor creature—misguided enthusiast!—was joining passionately in the singing, and she instantly ceased, took hold of him by the arm, and led him to the form near me, where I saw them both kneel down. He seemed to take it coolly; the young woman began, as it were, to *belabour* him with her prayers, and groans, and exhortations, leaning close over him, placing her hands on his back from time to time. She had really a pretty face, but it was quite *distorted* with excitement. After a few minutes spent in this manner she rose, exhorting him to “go on praying”—and hurried back to the group she had quitted. He, too, immediately afterwards rose, and walked past me, still eyeing the young woman who had left him. Seeing that I was, evidently, merely a curious stranger—and, I suppose, giving credit to my appearance as that of a mere man of the world come to *see the sport*—he actually thrust his tongue into his cheek, and winked his eye at me as he passed! Of course, I took no notice of him further than returning

his impudent look pretty sternly. He made his way into the group to which the young woman had returned—probably with most improper motives. I subsequently learned that things of this sort had several times taken place—low scoundrels, like the one I had observed, coming in, pretending to be in earnest, and then taking advantage of the foolish and excited females who may attend upon them to insult them: at least I was subsequently told as much. There were several persons, who seemed to be leading ones, who from time to time came up to people standing about, and whom they soon persuaded to kneel down with them, when similar scenes to those I have been describing ensued. I observed two or three of their people eyeing me, as I stood aloof leaning against the wall, and watching their proceedings with intense and melancholy interest—looking as if they longed to do by me as they were doing by others: but, to protect myself from any of their absurd and offensive importunities, I looked as stern and repulsive as I possibly could—and for a time succeeded in gaining my object. At length, however, two men, dressed in long black coats, with white neck-handkerchiefs—of very coarse vulgar features and appearance—came up to me boldly, and the dreaded struggle began.

“Well,” said one of them, placing a huge red hand upon my shoulder in a confident, familiar style—I instantly dislodged his hand—“art thou, friend, come to see Jesus, and get thy soul saved? Down on thy knees; no time to be lost!—Come”——

“Yes, sir, you need salvation!” said the other, in a tone and manner of forced confidence, with a manifest sheepishness in his countenance, and evidently abashed by my manner.

“Who is the minister of this place?” I enquired, as drily and frigidly as possible, thinking thus to parry their attack.

“Mr Aitkin, sir,” replied the last-mentioned man.

“What is the name of the body of Christians who worship here?” I continued, with a very polite, but distant air.

“This is the church of Christ—the mystical body of Christ, who have no other head; we are his people, and He

is here. He’s waiting to save you?” said the first man. “Come, come,” and he took hold of my hand, as if he would lead me to a form, where I was to kneel down, and he beside me—Heaven save the mark!

“Really, sir,” said I, civilly but resolutely, “I shall feel particularly obliged if you will not trouble yourself on my account. I assure you I am not accustomed to such familiarities—I cannot allow it, sir,” forcibly removing my hand from his. He seemed for a moment abashed, but he returned to the charge.

“Ah, friend, this haughty air won’t do in the Day of Judgment. You’ll find that a gentleman may be damned, for all his airs!”

“Forgive me,” said I, calmly and even respectfully, “I trust I have not ventured to show any ‘airs,’ as you call them”——

“There, down on your knees,” he interrupted, resuming his confidence.

I shook my head, and smiled, somewhat bitterly, perhaps.

“What is the name of this church?” I enquired, turning round to the friend on my right; but I forget his answer. The other asked me to what church “I fancied” I belonged. I told him to the Church of England.

“That’s not the church of Christ,” said the confident friend on my left.

“His is a mystical church; and we are of it. This is His church”——

“Then he has got a *noisy* church of it,” said I.

“Friend, you come to mock; you should remain to pray.”

“You are wrong, sir; I came to look on seriously, to see if such things really”——

“Come, come, down on your knees, and you shall soon *feel* and know that this is indeed the day of salvation. You can’t do without it.” Again he put his rude hand on my shoulder.

“Really, sir, you will compel me to leave the room.”

“But you mustn’t—you must get your carnal heart changed,” he continued, impudently.

“You drive me away.”

“No, no—I want you to fall on your knees.”

I quitted the room, to get rid of his pestilent importunities, with feelings which I cannot describe—feelings of mingled pity, indignation, astonish-

ment, contempt. I protest that I have "set down naught in malice," in writing the above, but have given as sober and faithful an account of what took place as I know how to give of any thing; and if you, dear Christopher, or any one to whom you may show this long letter, should think that I must have coloured and overcharged this description, all I say is, get any friend at Liverpool, on whom you can rely, to go to Mr Aitkin's church in Mount Pleasant, and then tell you whether he can corroborate or contradict my statements—whether he could not *add* to them.

From what I could discover I suspect Mr Aitkin's flock must be a kind of off-shot from the Wesleyan Methodists, who, however, never go so far as I have been describing, though I have once or twice, some fifteen or twenty years ago, witnessed scenes in their chapels not very far inferior to the one in question. I believe, however, that the leading members of that extensive and very respectable persuasion now discountenance such wild, irrational, indecorous, and even impious proceedings; and when they shall have got rid of a few other peculiarities of feeling, and of discipline, and prejudices, may it not be hoped that this excellent section of Christians will return into our Established Church?

I returned to my lodgings about half-past nine, and, after giving Q. an account of what I had just been witnessing, retired to my bedroom, where I found every thing packed up in readiness for our early start in the morning. I slept soundly, and rose at five, called by Q.'s vigilant servant. Despite, however, all our precautions, we escaped only with the skin of our teeth, being once more TOO LATE. Our fly rattled down Mount Pleasant as fast as it could well go, but it struck six—sad sound to our too negligent ears!—as we drove into the railway station-yard, and we knew that they started punctually; while we had yet to get our luggage out and put in, to pay the residue of our fare, and to get our tickets. We were in an agony of nervousness. Our luggage *would* get wrongly placed; then we had to get change for a ten-pound note; then we had to shout out to the people to say that we were ready, while those within the office were saying that it

was our own fault, &c. Lo! just as we were counting over the change we had received we heard a sound—we cast our eye on the huge train—alas! the monster was moving—and while the thing was moving we hastily got into our appointed place—smack went the door, and in a moment we were under the tunnel, in whose gloom and silence we had leisure to recover from our flurry, curse our folly, and make good resolutions!

The morning was much finer than that on which we had come to Liverpool; and it was pleasant enough to be rattling rapidly along amid the cheering sunshine, instead of having our former melancholy accompaniments of wind, hail, snow, rain, fog, and sleet. We reached Birmingham by a quarter past eleven, having started from the tunnel at Liverpool at about twenty minutes to seven—a far quicker journey than our former one. Certainly, railroad travelling is delightful, both from the advantages afforded by its surprising rapidity, and the convenience—not to say the luxury—of its accommodations. You have as much room as you can wish for: no ill-bred or ill-natured, or disproportionately-sized fellow-passenger can annoy you by encroaching on the limits set apart for you: the vehicle in which you travel is airy and commodious—you are at an amply sufficient distance from your opposite neighbours; and, really, what a thing it will be ere long to be able to calculate confidently upon a journey to and from London and Liverpool, in right pleasant style, and in six or eight hours! This will be, indeed, an *approximation*, at least, towards "the annihilation" of "time and space." About half-past eleven o'clock—after taking a biscuit and a glass of wine—we got into the coach. Alas, how

"Cabin'd, cribbed, confined, bound in"

we instantly felt ourselves! scarce room to shift the position of even a limb without almost apologizing to one's neighbours for incommoding them! As this was the day of opening the railroad, I soon found that a great struggle was to be made by our coachman to see whether he could not get into town "*before the steamers*." He was a capital whip, and at the same time a cautious and safe one, and we

went the whole way at the rate of twelve miles an hour. We caught a very striking view of the newly opened railroad soon after quitting Coventry passing along over immensely high arches, constructed with an eye equally to taste and strength. The sides of it were lined with people awaiting the arrival of the trains. We caught, as we went on, occasional glimpses of the railroad as well in its incomplete as its finished state. About ten miles beyond the latter portion of it we passed about thirty or forty horses waiting ready to be harnessed to the omnibusses which were to convey the passengers from the end of the finished part to the Denbigh-Hall end; and, as might have been expected, a little bitter slang passed between our guard and coachman and the "steam people." I rode outside for a considerable portion of the way, and very pleasant it was. I had a good deal of conversation with the guard about railroads—to which he was very strongly opposed.

"You take my word for it, sir," said he, in a sad and knowing way—"them railroads will be the ruin of Old England! See how they're cutting up the country in all directions! If I was a gentleman and had land, I'm blessed if I'd let 'em cut it to pieces as they do! What's to become of the horses? We can't do without *them*, any more than we can without *ships*—and it's a cursed shame to destroy the brood of horses. I only wish I was a Member o' Parliamint! Don't I! Wouldn't I speak my mind out!"

"Why, I should have thought the horses would have rather liked to be rid of so much hard and heavy work."

"Oh, not at all, not at all, quite different, sir; you can't know much of horses, sir; if you did, you'd know they love hard work when they're well fed and cleaned down—see how comfortable these tits of ours will look when they're rested a bit, and getting their bellies full, Lord love 'em! And then, again, look at all the people along the road that it will ruin, and quite chase out of the world—what's to become of them all? These things isn't thought of as they ought to be!"

"And will it affect *you*?"

"Oh, send all *us* to the d—l, in

course! But they say we chaps—that's us guards—is to be taken in, and go on as before with the trains"——

"Yes—and have you heard of the extraordinary way in which you're to be dressed up?" I enquired, affecting to look very wise.

"Dressed up, sir!" he replied, with a curious air.

"Dressed? why yes; there's an act of Parliament just passed by Mr Hume, saying that the guards of the mail are to wear helmets."

"Wear helmets!!" he echoed—half incredulous, half apprehensive.

"Yes—wear helmets, to be sure, of bright brass, too"——

"Lord a' mercy! It can't be, no-how! D—d if I'll stand it; I'd rather go to sea, and I will too! Why, I never heard o' such a thing! What *can* be the use of it! What, is it helmets like them great guardsmen wears, with horse-hair?"

"Oh, no; nothing half so fine, I can assure you; they're all bright brass, and very large ones, too; by the way, I'm afraid they'll make your head ache."

"Ay, but that an't the worst; every one will laugh and point at me as I go along the road. But what's the use o' telling me all this? You're only a joking."

"Well, you'll soon see that; wait for a day or two, and you will hear more about it!"

"Well," he exclaimed, with a puzzled and alarmed air, "them chaps in Parliament *has* done some rum things lately, any how; but I'm blessed if *this* don't beat 'em all hollow! Lord-a-mercy, put us guards in helmets! Why won't hats do?"

At that moment we came in sight of a very gay and animated scene—the extremity of the London end of the newly-opened railroad. There were several thousands of persons collected, having come from all parts and great distances—all in holiday costume—flags flying, tents and awnings erected—in short, a perfect fair going on. The guard gazed at it all with a very sour look; as did the coachman, who turned round and said, "Thomas, what fools *some* people is to go out and kick up all this here rumpus, because o' this here railroad—ha, ha!" he concluded, with a faint and bitter laugh.

"Why, you see," replied the guard,

"it ain't to be wondered at neither; a steam-carriage is a rare thing on the road just now"——

"About as rare as a mail-coach or stage-coach will be in a few months!" I interposed.

"Yes—yes, I suppose it's too true!" exclaimed the guard, with a sigh of vexation, and did not seem disposed to carry on the conversation. At the next place, where we changed horses, I saw him talking very earnestly, at the bar of the public-house, with the landlord; and from the looks they both gave me, from time to time, I am satisfied that the guard was talking over the affair of the helmet!! What put such an absurd joke into my head I know not; and when at length, before getting inside again, I undeceived him, he seemed really relieved, —but told me he know'd of a brother guard whom "he'd frighten prettily about it the next time he saw him; for it was a capital joke!"

After eating a hearty dinner at Stony-Stratford we turned inside, and rumbled off once more. We all of us fell asleep, being sufficiently tired with our long day's journey; and when I woke it was at half-past eleven at the Angel at Islington, where were the usual crowd and hubbub to be seen when a coach comes or goes. In a twinkling, however, I got into a cab with my portmanteau, and in less than a quarter of an hour was at home, where I found all well—my wife, however, too pleased with my arrival to do justice to the snug supper that presently made its appearance. I had a peep at my children, at her sugges-

tion, before going to bed. There they were, dear little souls;—but why should I begin to twaddle at the end of my letter?

Thus, dearest Christopher, have you some of the results of my first professional expedition; and if it shall have pleased you, and your readers, I shall be indeed repaid for the trouble I have taken in thus recording the incidents and impressions of a "*First Circuit*." It is the last sketch of the kind that I shall give you; but why do not you prevail upon some of my brethren, both in my own circuit and the five others, to do as I have done? I know there are many, very very many, who could easily far exceed in interest and power the sketches here given; who have treasured up many a striking scene—why do they not thus worthily use their leisure? Let me call upon them, dear, good old Christopher, even in your name, to come forward with the choice fruits of observation and experience:—Up, arouse ye, my merry men of the Northern, Midland, Oxford, Norfolk, Western and Home Circuits, Christopher will receive you—Maga will rejoice in your contributions; and that will be the best service she has ever been rendered by, dear and venerable sir, your humble and zealous friend, and old contributor,

X. Y. Z.

Given from my Chambers, on the 8th floor of No. 37, Fig Tree Court, in Lincoln's Inn, Westminster, on the 10th day of this present June, 1838.

THE STROLLERS.

ROME was not built in a day ; neither was the town of Monxom always so large and populous as at present. Forty or fifty years ago, indeed, it was little more than a village. A post twice a-week kept it in some sort of connexion with the world, but when by any accident, such as a break down of the mail-cart—for Macadam was at that time in the future tense, or the hopeless drunkenness of Tim Swigs, the postman—for the Temperance Society was then unknown ; when by any accident of this kind the regular communication was interrupted, it was always remarked that more news were stirring in Monxom than when all the newspapers—and there were three taken in by various inhabitants—and all the private letters had arrived. All men, especially in country towns, seem born penny-a-liners. Prodigious accidents are produced on the spur of the moment by the most prosaic-looking of mortals ; fires are described with a glow of enthusiasm, and their destructive ravages among hay-ricks, barns, and princely residences, attended with great loss of life, are painted in the most appalling colours, by people who have no credit among their friends for any sort of talent, but whose imagination is in fact as majestic as that of Milton. But imagination is the most capricious of all the faculties. Sometimes it is all compact, and ready for action at the slightest hint ; at other times dead and inert as an exploded cracker. But this we think will be universally remarked, that it seems to grow and expand itself in exact proportion to the listener's power of belief. A fire, in any account of it, given to a person of a sceptical turn of mind, is as quiet and well-behaved as possible, and contents itself with destroying the roof of a pig-stye ; but told to some blockhead with a mouth the size of a church-door, and a capacity for swallowing wonders, how it swells and dilates itself ! how it spreads its horrific terrors over half a county ! immolates the hapless inhabitants of whole streets, and at last dies away only for lack of something more to destroy ! It was, perhaps, from the vast ability displayed by the population of Monxom, in firmly believing whatever was

told them, that so many marvels took their rise in it : there were ghosts in it without number ; one or two elopements whispered every week, and more deaths every morning reported than if the College of Physicians had sat in the Town-Hall.

The principal repertory of news—the man from whom Rumour received her heaviest burdens—was a gentleman of the name of Huggings. We lay particular emphasis on the last syllable, as he himself, when announcing name and titles to a stranger, used to give his card, and add, in a very distinct voice, “ Huggings, sir ; you observe the ‘g’ ? ”

Some few years before the incidents we are about to relate, he had settled in the best house of the principal street of Monxom. Bright red bricks, picked out with lines of white, gave evidence of his taste, and a little red-faced boy, smelling strongly of the stable as he opened the green street door, left no doubt of his respectability, for in fact he kept a gig. Some mystery hung over his previous life ; it was not even known from what neighbourhood he had come, but nobody could doubt that whatever it might be that induced him to keep silence over the past, it was nothing that affected his honour—for Huggings was almost chivalrous in his notions. His politeness to the fair sex was unbounded ; and there were not a few of the gentle spinsters of Monxom, of an age when the illusions of youth are past, who wondered that a person with such an unbounded power of paying compliments stopped short at such unsatisfactory manifestations of his admiration. But Huggings was manifestly a bachelor of the most adamant heart ; and people, at last, became persuaded that a bosom that had been indurated by fifty-seven winters was impervious to the most piercing of Cupid's glances. With all the inhabitants of Monxom Huggings was on the friendliest terms. If there was any exception to this sweeping assertion of his universal friendship, it was, perhaps, to be found in the person of a certain Mr Pike, who considered himself deeply injured by the tittle-tattle propensities of Mr Huggings, and, in fact, was persuaded

that the reports set afloat concerning him owed their origin to the invention of that very loquacious gentleman, and were the cause of his failure in obtaining the coronership of the county. This incident had occurred a year or two previous to this time; and a secret grudge had existed ever since between the two personages, which only required a little provocation to break into open war. In any war of words, Huggings would have had infinitely the advantage. He had a fine sonorous voice—great power of wind—a tall, though somewhat feeble figure—and a power of eloquence peculiar to himself—an attachment to polysyllables, without much regard to their usual signification, seemed the chief characteristic of his style;—but, perhaps, the large brick house we have mentioned, the little boy, and the horse and gig, had something to do with the uniform triumph of his declamatory efforts; for there is no denying that wealth is as powerful an ingredient in conversational success as “action—action—action,” in the eloquence of the ancient orator.

It was impossible to go down Swallow Street, which in those days was the Bond Street of Monxom, any day of the summer or winter, between the hours of one and three, without seeing a tall old gentleman, but still retaining the jauntiness of youth, swinging his cane with an air of great authority, and stopping every person he met to have a minute or two's chat. With one he would be grave and serious, relating some dreadful accident or whispering some terrible suspicion; with another gay and familiar, punching him on the breast with his long forefinger, or clapping him on the shoulder with his open hand, telling, you may be sure, some amusing anecdote, or giving the launch to a laughable piece of scandal; and then resuming his walk to go through the same formalities with the next person he encountered. A wild light-grey restless eye, very flexible eyebrows, a long thin nose, and very prominent chin, formed the principal features of a countenance not unpleasing in its general expression; while a very flashy style of dress, and a magnificent way of walking, were sure to attract the notice of the most superficial observer. This was Mr Huggings.

“Ha, Doctor!” he exclaimed one

day to a serious busy-looking little man, who did not seem inclined to long tarrying, “have you heard of Joe Brown's accident?”

“No,” said the Doctor, “but”—

“That's strange! poor Joe fell over the Cliff into the dry ditch, two-and-twenty feet particular descent, and if he had not had the volubility of a bird he must have been dashed to pieces—wonderful escape, wasn't it?”

“Not true,” said the little Doctor, who did not indulge in long speeches; “I saw him this morning. But excuse me at this moment, I am pushed for time.”

“Ha! to see Widow Gowland—that's a wise sensible sort of fellow. Now, I've known practitioners of the sanguinary art step into the shoes of the departed husband when the interesting widow was lamenting her loss over the tombstone of the deceased—one of the patients on a monument, as Shakspeare says, smiling at grief—eh, Doctor?” A nudge accompanied this last observation, which, however, seemed to have no effect on the Esculapius.

“Shakspeare—ah! that reminds me”—he said, and was hurrying off, when the persevering Huggings, apparently struck with his manner, detained him.

“Doctor, I see there's something in the wind. Out with it, for I am dissolved to find it out. What about Shakspeare?”

“Oh, nothing, nothing,” said the Doctor, “only some patients I have”—

“Of that name? Who are they? Where do they live?”

“An accident—a wound—an incident,” stammered the Doctor; “they are at the White Lion. I must see my other patients—but no—by-the-by, it is necessary for you to know the whole story. You may be able to help me to develop the whole mystery.”

“With all my heart. How odd it is that I haven't heard of it before! Well?”

Dr Wilkins put his arm into that of Huggings, and slowly pursued his way.

“This morning I was called to the White Lion,” he began, “at about one o'clock. A ball and masquerade, you recollect, took place last night in the Gardens. Every thing went on brilliantly, and nothing occurred to in-

interrupt the festivities till a scream was heard from one of the alleys, just before the fireworks began. Hobbs, the landlord, on hurrying to the spot, found a young lady, dressed as an Indian sultana, fainting on the grass with a wound recently inflicted. He had her conveyed into the house, where, indeed, she had arrived that very day, attended by a maid-servant, and sent off immediately for me. On examination I found a considerable contusion on the lower part of the thorax, but the skin not perforated. The alarm and agitation kept the patient silent, and she would give no account of the particulars."

"So the impetrator of this infamous attempt is not discovered?" enquired Huggings.

"No."

"Nor even suspected?" continued the querist.

"No—but, by-the-by, do you know any person of the same name with yourself?"

"Here? No; why do you ask? There may, indeed, be people of the name of Huggings; but with a 'g' not one. Of that I am sure."

"Well," said the Doctor, "I only enquired; for it struck me at the time as a curious coincidence that the exclamation of the young lady, on being brought a little to herself, was Huggings."

"Not with the 'g'?" exclaimed the astonished auditor.

"So it was pronounced to me by the maid. I observed it particularly, for it isn't the common mode of spelling."

"Nobody heard it but the maid?"

"No one."

"Then, for Heaven's sake, as you value my honour and respectability, let it go no further. Keep it from

every living soul. It might ruin my character for ever."

Dr Wilkins looked at the agitated countenance of his companion with some surprise. "Certainly, if you wish it kept secret, I will say nothing about it; but at the same time don't you think it a somewhat strange thing that your name should"—

"Not *my* name," interrupted Huggings, "some one else's name; but who is she?"

"A beautiful young creature—splendid black eyes, and a voice fit for a tragedy queen."

"Confound her voice, I wish she had made a better use of it! And she and a maid-servant arrived yesterday at the White Lion—went to the masquerade in the evening, and there she was stabbed?"

"Not stabbed; there was no perforation of the external cutis; a slight abrasion only, and a contusion of some magnitude."

"And who did it?"

"A figure was observed gliding out of the alley where the assault was made, but no one recognised him."

"And his dress?"

"I don't know—a simple domino, I believe; but excuse me now, I must go my rounds, and you have already detained me too long."

"Not a word of the girl's exclamation," again said Huggings, solemnly, as he parted from his friend and watched him down the street. "If such a rumour came to the ears of that fellow Pike he would prove me to be the murderer, to a certainty. Confound all masquerades, and dominoes, and tragedy queens! That infernal Shakspeare is the root of all evil. What *could* be the meaning of her mentioning my name?"

CHAPTER II.

An attempted murder was an affair of too much consequence to be prevented from being the general topic of conversation in the town of Monxom. All the reserve of the mysterious Dr Wilkins was of no avail. In the course of a few hours every thing was known, except, indeed, the exclamation of Huggings's name, which he kept a profound secret; determining, at the same time, to get to the bottom of the

business, by enquiring more particularly into the previous life of the news-loving Mr Huggings, and discover, if possible, what connexion there could be between his very unromantic appellation and the beautiful heroine of the adventure. Among those who interested themselves particularly in the business the most active was Mr Pike, the defeated candidate for the coronership of the county, in whose peculiar

province the matter seemed to be ; for, though not invested with any official authority to report on the causes of deaths—or results of accidents—he had a zeal in the cause which made him a very efficient member in any enquiry into affairs of that nature. His original destination also, to a lawyer's desk—a plan interfered with by his having succeeded to an independent property—sharpened his eye in the detection of malefactors ; and, in fact, Mr Pike acted for the whole neighbourhood as an amateur procurator-fiscal, and let no evil deed escape his vigilant observation. The incident at the masquerade, accordingly, no sooner reached him than his functions began.

"Sad business this, Hobbs," he said, bustling into the White Lion, and addressing the landlord ; "might be the ruin of your establishment. If such a chattering fellow as Mr Huggings get a hold of it, you would lose your license to a certainty."

"I hope not, sir. I had nothing to do with it."

"Suspicious characters, harbouring people that no one knows any thing about. The White Lion will lose its respectability."

"She seems a very decent young 'ooman, sir, as any one can see—and expects a gentleman to call here every minute."

"Indeed ?" enquired Pike, pricking up his ears—"did she tell you his name ?"

"Here it is written on a piece of paper—'If Mr Horatio Altamont enquires for Miss Cecilia D'Orville, she is in No. 16, above the tap.'"

"Altamont ! D'Orville ! Suspicious names," murmured Mr Pike ; "I'll lay a guinea they've an alias."

"They've room enough for any thing," replied the landlord ; "for they've three trunks, two bandboxes, and a large portmanteau. That's lots, one would think, for two women."

"Let me see them. Where are they ?" said Pike.

"In the strong room."

"That's right," replied Mr Pike, "one can't keep them too securely."

"I've double-corded them besides," continued the landlord.

"Good God, Hobbs ! what have you done ? They'll prosecute you for false imprisonment. You had no right to cord them."

"Why not, sir ? I charge nothing

for the rope ; and, as I am answerable for their custody, I thought it right to err on the safe side."

"And have they not complained ?"

"Oh, yes, they complained when I was going to hang the lightest of them to a hook in the main beam of the bedroom."

"Good Heavens, Hobbs ! are you mad ?" enquired Mr Pike ; "do you mean to say you intended to hang one of those young women to the beam ?"

"No, no, sir ! the bandbox."

"And you have put cords on both the lady and the servant ?"

"Lord ! no, sir ; the trunks—here they are, sir ; you may see them, since you wish it."

"I have no wish to see their luggage, Hobbs ; it was themselves I wished to see ; but since we are here, open the door and let us examine. A man of observation can make use of very unlikely materials to detect the truth by. Now, if that confounded prater Mr Huggings were here, he would make out such a story ! You heard the atrocious reports he set afloat about me when I stood for the coronership. I traced them up to him beyond all doubt ; and if I don't work him for it, some time or other, my name is not —. By-the-by, let me see the name on the address—'Miss C. D'Orville, Monxom.' So, she is going no further than this. Hobbs, you have better eyes than mine—what is this on the inner side of the card ?"

Hobbs took the card, while Mr Pike adjusted his spectacles. "It seems poetry, sir, by the big letters at the beginning of the lines," said Hobbs, "and I never could read poetry in my days."

"Let me try," said the inquisitorial Pike.

"Then shall I gaze on all your glowing charms,
And cast myself enraptured in your arms,
Your adoring Hug——."

"A pretty sort of a hug indeed," continued Pike, musing. "The end of the name seems torn off—what can the rest of it have been ? H-u-g—it only wants another syllable to make it into Huggings, and nothing is more likely than that this is some trumper the old fool has sent for ; for I have suspected for a long time he is a rascal of the most depraved habits. But, enough ; Hobbs, could you take me up-stairs and introduce me to the lady ? If I

heard all the particulars from her own lips, I could better decide on what further steps are to be taken."

In a few minutes Mr Pike presented himself at the door of No. 16, and his knock was answered by a very sweet voice, that invited him to come in.

"I come, young woman," said Mr Pike, "to make enquiries about this business;" but before the gentleman had time to say more, something in the appearance of the person he addressed struck him, and he mumbled some sort of apology for the rudeness of his salutation.

"What want you here, old man?" enquired, in slow and solemn accents, the lady, who had been reclining on the sofa, and now supported herself on one elbow, while the other hand was held forth towards the awe-struck visitor—"Your language is uncourtly, and your appearance an intrusion. Begone!"

"Why, really, ma'am, no offence, I hope; but hearing, ma'am, that you had met with an ugly accident, and feeling myself qualified to be of assistance, perhaps—I was once within twenty-five votes of coroner, ma'am—in finding out the culprit, I took the liberty to come here, ma'am, and"—

"To intrude on me in mine inn. It is well. What do you require?"

"Of course, ma'am," said Mr Pike, "you are anxious to discover who the villain was who made the attempt on your life?"

The lady shook her head, and sighed.

"Have you any suspicion of who he is, ma'am?"

"No *suspicion*, sir—but *certainly*; mark me, sir, *certainly*," replied the lady, with amazing emphasis.

Mr Pike almost shuddered at the thrilling whisper these words were uttered in.

"God bless me!—Indeed, I wasn't aware—and his name, ma'am?"

"Shall continue a secret."

"But justice, ma'am—the duty of prosecut"—

"Pray, sir, did you ever see King Lear?"

"I can't say I ever had the pleasure, ma'am."

"You would make an excellent Kent. You are quite the proper age."

"Indeed, ma'am," replied Mr Pike, who was now very much puzzled what to say; "and you won't tell me the name of the assassin?"

"Oh, don't call him that; he is only

a second-rate sort of villain—he never rose to murder."

"Oh!—but other crimes?" enquired Mr Pike.

"All of them," replied the lady; "swindling, lying, fawning, cheating, bullying, cringing, and deceiving; every thing of that kind he manages very well."

"He must be a most infernal scamp!" interposed Mr Pike.

"In the higher walks of villany he is no performer, though he has tried them often."

"Tried them often! Well," enquired Mr Pike, taking out his pencil and pocket-book, "what have you known of his attempting?"

"It is not above a month since he attempted Hamlet's Father."

"The great jeweller—poor old man! Well?"

"He mangled him dreadfully, and, after about an hour's hacking and hewing at him, he murdered him outright—I never saw such a murder."

"You saw it?" cried Mr Pike, dropping his note-book and pencil, and gazing on the unconscious narrator; "and what, in Heaven's name, did you do?"

"Laughed at his awkwardness, of course. But it was still worse when he attempted, for it was only an attempt, to murder 'the gentle lady married to the Moor.'"

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mr Pike, still shuddering with horror, but recovering his writing apparatus,—"a gentleman, you said, married to—to—to Moore—Gracious Heavens, you are not serious? He didn't attempt to murder Mrs Moore?"

The lady smiled. "His efforts to choke her with the pillow were the most preposterous you can imagine."

"Why, how the devil has he escaped hanging so long? You must indeed tell me the ruffian's name. There must be many rewards out for taking him up. Come, my dear Miss D'Orville, tell me the murderer's name?"

"No, 'tis useless—I forgive him—but, oh! that Fortune should have frowned so cruelly on the hapless Cecilia; that the attack should have been made upon me *here*,—*here*, where I was so desirous of being unknown—not only for my own sake, but for that of one dearer to me than life!"

Now, then, thought Mr Pike, she seems more communicative. "Why, yes, miss, it was rather unfortunate, as

you observe; 'it may be very unpleasant to other parties.'

"It may indeed, sir; but why do I say so? The peril I've escaped will only render me dearer to the sensitive heart of my own, my loved Huggings. Ah! mercy! I've revealed my secret. I am lost for ever!"

"Thought so," muttered Mr Pike, his eyes brightening with malicious satisfaction. "So 'tis for that gentleman's sake you've come here?"

"Yes!—oh! for his sake whither would not I go?"

"The deuce!—and does he know of your being here, ma'am?"

"The day was appointed between us; but alas! alas! he flew not on the wings of love to receive me; can he be unfaithful? but no—too well I know his noble, his generous heart—though sometimes mad with jealousy, causeless as Othello's."

"He's sometimes jealous, is he?—the old beast!"

"Oh, furious! in fits of that kind he would scarcely scruple to slaughter me."

"Would he approve, do you think, of your going to the masquerade?"

"That is my fear. I almost expected him to join me there. That was my motive for going; but, in-

stead of his glowing speeches and glances of love and rapture, to be attacked with that sword!—to be insulted with these words!—to be left for dead upon the ground! Oh, Huggings, Huggings!—Was it right to treat me so?"

While the young lady wept bitterly at the conclusion of her declamations, a new light seemed to break in upon Mr Pike. "By Heavens, old Huggings is the murderer, after all! Jealousy—slaughter—sword—may I be hanged if he didn't come to the masquerade and stick this poor crazy young woman in a fit of the jealous! I'll make him swing for it: I'll teach the rascal to spread reports when gentlemen are canvassing for the crownship. And the other murders—old Hamlet the jeweller, and that unhappy woman Mrs Moore—by dad! there hasn't been such a scoundrel since Blue-beard!"

The further precognition of Mr Pike was interrupted by the entrance of Dr Wilkins. The amateur coroner gathered up his notes as fast as he could, and issued forth from the White Lion to take what steps might be necessary to bring our unfortunate friend Huggings to the gallows that his crimes had so richly deserved.

CHAPTER III.

Dr Wilkins had hurried over his daily visits more rapidly than usual, that he might return to his interesting patient at the White Lion. The extraordinary nature of the incident, joined to the uncommon beauty and very peculiar manners of the fair sufferer, occupied the simple-minded Doctor so entirely that his advice on that day, we suspect, was not of much value. On his return to Monxom, as he rode up one of the narrow lanes near the river, an old woman, coming out of a miserable hostelry called the Spotted Dog, beckoned him to stop.

"Some confounded case of rheumatism," muttered the Doctor, as he pulled up his horse.—"Well, good woman, what do you want?"

"There's a gentleman as wishes to see you up in the garret. He seems fearful bad—but says he remembers you very well."

"Is he in bed?" enquired the Doctor, dismounting and giving his sa-

gacious horse a stroke with his whip, that set it trotting gaily off to its own stable.

"La! no, sir; he be sitting up—but so queer, sir, that we think he be mad."

"Mad—tipsy, perhaps; but let me see." So saying, the Doctor went into the dingy parlour of the Spotted Dog, and was led up a winding and creaking staircase into a room lighted from a small window in the roof. Seated on a truckle-bed, enveloped in a large black robe, was a figure which the darkness of the apartment did not allow the Doctor at first to distinguish very clearly. A hollow voice addressed him while groping his way to the object of his visit,—“Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?—Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, and cleanse the bosom of the perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart?”

"Indigestion—a kind of weight at the stomach, eh?" said the Doctor, lay-

ing hold of the patient's pulse; "a little physic will soon set you to rights. You are a little feverish."

"Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none on't," waved the stranger, shaking off the Doctor's hold, and starting up to his full height. "Away, fond dreams! Richard's himself again!"

"But, my good sir," insinuated the Doctor, "my dear Mr Richard, sit down quietly. You are evidently suffering under strong excitement. Some rest is absolutely required. I think you ought to lose a little blood."

The man made three or four strides through the room, and then, coming up to where the Doctor was standing, gazing in no little surprise, and some degree of alarm, at the movements of his patient, he groaned, in a sepulchral tone, "I've done the deed. Did'st thou not hear a noise?"

"No!" replied the Doctor, beginning to tremble,—“what deed do you mean?”

"Oh, I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word would harrow up your soul!"

"For God's sake," began Doctor Wilkins, now terribly afraid he was about to be made the depository of some dreadful secret,—“if you wish to make any confession, let me send for another witness. There's Mr Pike just round the corner—he can be here in a minute."

"No! 'tis with you my business is. How is she?"

"Who?"

"Cecilia—the angel—Miss D'Orville."

"Oh!" said the Doctor, breathing more freely,—“you know her then?"

"Too well! Doubt that the stars are fire! Doubt that the sun doth move!"

"No doubt of it, as you observe," said the Doctor, soothingly; "but about Miss D'Orville?"

"I'll cut her into pieces! She has fooled me to the top of my bent; and if she wrong me, shall I not revenge?"

"Oh, then, it was you she met at the masquerade?"

"To be sure, sir," replied the patient, in a more subdued tone; "and I wished to know how she was after the fright I gave her."

"She is doing very well," said Wilkins; "you need be in no alarm about any serious consequences, espe-

cially as she refuses to tell who the person was that attacked her."

"She never told his name!" exclaimed the patient, again relapsing into the heroics; "but, psia! somewhat too much of this. Henceforth, though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings, I'd tear her from my heart, and whistle her down the wind to prey at fortune."

"I think so too," chimed in Dr Wilkins, who could make neither head nor tail of the speech of his companion; "and how long may you have known the lady, sir?"

"'Tis now a year, sir," replied the patient, "since she came to Daintry. Oh, how my eyes ached at her beauty!—O, what an Ophelia!"

"Ophthalmia is the right name of it—is it a common disease there, sir?" enquired the medical listener, whose heart was in his profession.

"At that time, sir," continued the enthusiast, without noticing the interruption, "I had no soul—a mere lump of half-animated matter, which stood behind a counter and distributed tea and sugar. I was a grocer, sir, in a topping way of trade. But Cecilia came, and my doom was fixed. For fifty years, sir, I had mistaken my vocation. I joined them."

"Joined who, sir?" enquired the Doctor.

"Cecilia and her mother, and that murderer of my joys, young Altamont. They received me—for I paid all expenses—and Cecilia smiled. Oh, heavens, how she did smile!"

"And what did you do, sir?"

"Why, they wouldnt let me do much. They condemned me to all the villanous work—poisonings, swindling, and things of that sort. Fool, fool, that I was, to go on in such a style so long!"

Surprise and horror kept Doctor Wilkins in silence.

"Unhappy man!" he commenced—

"And all this time, sir, Altamont and she were the lovers, while the old woman was nurse and chambermaid."

"They had children, then?" enquired the Doctor.

"Who, sir?"

"The lovers, as you call them—Altamont and this young woman. You said the lady was nurse."

"Perish the thought of horror!—no, she is purer than the icicle that hangs on Dian's temple. At last, sir,

I grew tired, and asked her point-blank if she would accept my hand. She laughed at me; and the old lady frowned and pouted, and called me a gallant gay Lothario, for I had been very particular to *her*. Gods! could human patience stand it! I grew rusty, and refused any more supplies of the needful. And this soon brought things to a crisis. I found out that she and Altamont had resolved to leave their companions. By the address on her trunks I found that this was their destination. Alas! my heart relented. I followed them; at the masquerade I encountered her. I saw her darting pale lustre like the rainy moon through her deep veil of silvery sorrow. She told me that Altamont had not arrived, but that on the morrow he was to be reconciled to his father, who lived in the town, to make her his bride, and settle down in peace and happiness for ever, while I—oh, the times are out of joint!"

"Altamont's father lives in this town, did you say?" enquired the Doctor. "I know no person of that name."

"Oh, but we all change our names, you know. In Dainty my name is Humphreys—but here I am Fitz-Harding—Miss D'Orville is Cecilia Wiggings—and Altamont is—Confound the villain, I have forgotten his name—but his father, they say, is a gentleman, and rich. Oh, Cecilia, you have broken my heart; the goodwill of my business is sold to my successor—and tea's every moment upon the rise!"

"And how do you mean to proceed to escape pursuit?"

"Pursuit! For what?"

"All those murders and swindlings you talk of."

"Pshaw! this is no time for joking. I retired to this obscure inn to hide myself till I should see the issue of this adventure."

"But you tried to stab her at the masquerade?"

"Nonsense. In the agitation of the moment I forgot I had Macbeth's dagger in my hand, and unfortunately touched her on the shoulder"——

"The lower portion of the thorax," interposed Williams.

"But as to stabbing her! Good gracious! I would as soon think of flying."

"You can't think of flying too soon," replied the literal Doctor Wilkins, "for my neighbour Pike is very active in the business, and will get you into trouble, if he possibly can."

"Go to Cecilia," said the now somewhat rational Mr Humphreys, "and tell her I forgive her—that she shall hear of me no more—and that I am off by this night's coach to try to buy back the goodwill of my own shop. There's some excellent gin here, Doctor—will you take a noggin?"

Doctor Wilkins declined the proffered hospitality, and walked on to the White Lion, still very much puzzled what to make of the wonderful tale he had heard. The last offer of Mr Humphreys, and the sight of an empty tumbler, partly explained the extraordinary manner of his patient; but what to conclude about the other things that had amazed him—the murders and other horrible confessions—he did not know. He determined, after once more seeing the fair sufferer in the White Lion, to go and consult his friend Mr Huggings.

CHAPTER IV.

But that worthy gentleman was in no condition to give advice to any one. His mind was so worried and agitated with fears of the prying propensities of his neighbour, Mr Pike, that he could get no rest. He took to studying a book, which contained the lives of persons hanged by mistake, and was immersed in his little back parlour in the study of the Newgate Calendar when Mr Pike was announced.

"Mr Pike to call on me! I am doomed to decimation to a certainty."

"Good-day, Mr Huggings," said

Pike, as he walked into the room; "you guess, I suppose, why I call?"

"No—that is, yes—can't imagine indeed," stammered Huggings, in vain attempting to appear unconcerned, while Pike's eye was fixed on him with an expression of gratified malignity.

"I think it my duty to warn you to be careful in what you say," continued the disappointed coroner, "as whatever you utter will be reported."

"What's the matter?—what do you mean?" cried Huggings, with a vain attempt at a bluster; "your demeanour is deteriorating to my respectability."

"I hope you will clear yourself," replied Pike; "but appearances, I must say, are unfavourable. I've seen the girl."

"Oh, have you?"

"And she confesses that it was on your account she came here."

"Then she is the greatest incendiary that ever prevaricated from the truth."

"And she hints very intelligibly about your transactions in former times."

"The wretch!" exclaimed Huggings; "how did she find them out?"

"Now, Mr Huggings, think well before you answer my next question—Did you ever hear of Hamlet the jeweller?"

"Yes."

"He had a father?"

"It is natural to suppose so, or it is scarcely in the course of probability that he should have been born."

"Did you know him? The father, I mean."

"No; never heard of him."

"Nor of a gentle lady married to a person called Moore? Now, reflect."

"Your interrogatories are most hyperborean and imposterous," replied Mr Huggings. "If this young woman has told every thing about me, there isn't any thing further to be done."

"Then you confess to all she has told me? You cut the old man to pieces, and choked the poor woman with a pillow?"

A dreadful presentiment of a false accusation, supported by strong circumstantial evidence, and leading directly to the scaffold, rushed upon the usually magniloquent Mr Huggings, "and chilled his heart and chained his tongue." All he could say was, in a very resigned tone of voice—"Is the evidence very strong?"

Mr Pike was taken a little aback at the question, and thought it better to proceed with his examination, for he was unwilling to confess that as yet the accusation was unsupported by any proofs.

"And you would, of course, be desirous to put the person who brings forward the charge out of the way?" said Pike, in an insinuating voice.

"Of course; any thing—half my fortune!"

"And if they couldn't be tempted

by that? If a young woman, for instance, whom you have deluded and ruined, comes here on your account; if you refuse to receive her; and she, in revenge perhaps, for your conduct, impeaches you of high crimes and misdemeanours—if she is ready to swear to certain murders by you committed—if, I say, there is no other way of checking her disclosures but by assassinating—you understand me?"

"Not in the least."

"Perhaps you are right. I don't wish to entrap you; but as the fairest way of bringing things to an issue, I have arranged with Hobbs of the White Lion that the masquerade is to be repeated to-night. The young woman, in the same dress as before, shall attend it, and I must insist on your doing the same. When you are confronted, we shall see whether, without any previous information, she will detect the person who tried to murder her in the dark alley. If she fails to recognise you, your declarations of ignorance will have more effect. In the mean-time good-day. The masquerade begins in an hour."

"The brute!" grumbled Huggings, as his visitor took his departure; "his conduct is altogether murderous and metaphorical; and yet he will certainly succeed in having me hanged. They may well call him Pike, for a pike is the most avaricious of all the quadrupeds that swim on the face on the earth!"

We must now return to the White Lion, and leave the unhappy gentleman to his preparations for the masquerade; for, after much cogitation, he resolved to put a bold face on the matter, and show that he was not afraid to meet his accusers. He determined to behave with the easy assurance of an innocent man, and for that purpose practised a few speeches to be addressed to the young woman, one of which was to be accompanied by the offer of a glass of lemonade. Several times he essayed, with a tumbler in his hand, to say, "Will you imbibe some liquidated refreshment?" and, though his hand and voice shook a little at first, by dint of perseverance he acquired the power of presenting the beverage, and asking the question, with his usual firmness and ease.

Doctor Wilkins had not been many minutes with his patient in No. 16,

when the door opened, and a handsome, well-dressed young man rushed into the room, and with an exclamation, "Cecilia!" clasped the young lady in his arms.

She, laying her hands upon his shoulders, and gazing on him, exclaimed, "My love, my lord, my life, my all, my"——

"Husband, in a few days, Cecily," said the young man, continuing the quotation; "but 'tis time, my dear girl, that we left these absurd heroics and spoke like sensible people. Who is this old gentleman?"

The introduction was performed, and in a few minutes the masquerade incident detailed in all its bearings. Cecilia D'Orville, or, as she was now called, Cecily, spoke like a rational woman, the young man like a steady sensible individual who had some earnest business on hand.

"Doctor Wilkins," he said, "you have shown so much kindness to this young lady, that I am induced to ask your advice on a very delicate point—I will not as yet tell you my name, but simply state my case. My father was a haberdasher in a country town, and realised a considerable fortune. But he was ambitious, and determined to be a gentleman. He gave up the shop, and was just on the eve of purchasing an estate and commencing as the founder of an illustrious family, when the demon of the drama caught hold of me. I found it in vain to resist the temptation, and, after a short struggle with filial duty and hopes of succession to Muddywell Grange, I betook me to the boards. For two or three years I lived on applause, till, having encountered this young lady, who had adopted the same profession, but from better motives than mine, I occasionally thought of the comforts of a settled home, and a few broad acres on which to exercise my skill. I made enquiries, and found that my father, considering his dignity compromised by the step I had taken, had left the neighbourhood altogether, even after having purchased the estate, and had settled in another part of the country. We are now on our way to him, and I am uncertain how to proceed, whether to write to apprise him of the visit, or to throw myself at once before him, and trust to his fatherly feelings for forgiveness."

Before Doctor Wilkins had time to give his decision the landlord came

into the room, and, with a face of mysterious importance, communicated the intelligence that Mr Pike had given positive orders for the repetition of the masquerade, and insisted on Miss D'Orville attending it in the same dress as before.

"My Roxalana, Horatio," whispered the lady, in a parenthesis,—"you recollect my benefit?"

"Tush!" replied the lover, "forget all things of the kind."

"But why is all this, Hobbs?" enquired the Doctor.

"Why, to find out, if possible, the murderer; for do you know, sir," he added, lowering his voice, "there is great reason to suspect Mr Hugings."

"Ha!" exclaimed Horatio, with a start. "But stay, let us be careful, Cecily, and this may turn out to our advantage. Do as they tell you, and leave the rest to me."

It was now speedily resolved to comply with Mr Pike's request; and, accordingly, preparations were made as rapidly as possible, and by the appointed hour, the whole party, Doctor Wilkins included, found themselves in the gardens of the White Lion, where a numerous company were assembled in expectation of something strange.

Mr Pike, in a black domino, attended by four or five stout fellows in different disguises, stationed himself near the Indian Queen, having determined, in the execution of his duty, to arrest any person she pointed out to him as the assassin of the previous night. With a jaunty air, and bearing a tumbler of lemonade on a salver, a tall figure was observed approaching the throne where Cecilia had taken her seat. A flowing robe, buckled in at the waist, a crooked scimitar, a long beard and magnificent turban, formed the dress of the Turkish bashaw, who, with a profound salaam, was beginning his address, when the glaring eye of Mr Pike, fixed on him with the scowl of a demon, suddenly overcame his resolution, and he stammered scarcely intelligibly, while his hand shook the tumbler off the salver. "Will you—imbibe—some—some—liquidated—" The light-gray eye flickered through the peep-hole of the false-face, the voice, lost in the hollow pasteboard, and deepened in the intensity of his agitation into a low hum, startled Cecilia, and recalled the enthusiastic

Humphreys so vividly, that she had no doubt that dangerous lunatic stood before her, and she screamed, "Save me—save me! that wretch has come again!"

In an instant Mr Pike and his assistants had seized on the alarmed Turk; and, on stripping off his vizard, what was the astonishment of the quiet people of Monxom, who had been kept in darkness as to the suspicions entertained by Mr Pike, to see, in the convicted assassin, their respectable townsman, the inhabitant of the best house, the proprietor of the only gig, the worthy and wealthy Mr Huggings! That individual's behaviour was certainly not calculated to dispel their surprise. Instead of manfully resisting the attempt to arrest him, he gave himself up at once; and, indeed, by his actions, seemed almost to acquiesce in the justice of the accusation. Mr Pike conducted his prisoner into a private room, and invited the presence of Cecilia and her party.

"There can be no further doubt of who the perpetrator of *this* murder is, at all events," said Mr Pike; "the recognition was instantaneous. But we must proceed regularly." He, accordingly, took a chair and went on. "I find from the confession of your maid-servant, miss, that, last night, when you were attacked, you exclaimed, 'Huggings.' Is that true?"

"Yes, sir," replied Cecilia, who leaned on the arm of a masked figure.

"Bloodthirsty and allegorical!" muttered the prisoner.

"It was at Huggings's request you came here?" pursued Pike.

"It was."

"He loved you?"

"Yes—he said so."

Huggings's turned up his eyes to the ceiling.

"Perjury and defalcation of the grossest kind! She has no voracity."

"He asked you to marry him, and you consented?" continued Mr Pike.

"Yes."

"But when you came here there were difficulties thrown in the way. He delayed the marriage?"

"He did."

But the patience even of the meek Huggings could stand this no longer.

"What do you mean, you false-tongued hyperbole? How the devil did I delay your marriage?"

"My dear father," said the masked figure, kneeling and throwing away his vizard,—“by our waiting for your consent to mine.”

"Horace!" exclaimed Mr Huggings,—“you here!”

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, "and only anxious for your forgiveness for having left you so long. I can clear up all this," he added, turning to Mr Pike.

"Can you?" cried the father; "get me out of this predicament, and I will forgive every thing."

This, as the reader may imagine, was no very difficult task. In a few days fires were blazing comfortably in Mud-dywell Grange, and Mr Huggings, after a short visit to the young people, resumed his old manner of life in Monxom—though it was remarked that thenceforward he was a good deal more charitable in his surmises; for, as he very often remarked, "It is only the deleterious themselves that are severe in the instruction they put on other people's conduct. For instance, there's that fellow Pike would believe any obliquity in another; and, of all the rascals the universe ever saw, Pike is certainly the worst."

CORY'S ANCIENT FRAGMENTS, &c.

IF the Phonetic system of hieroglyphic interpretation, founded on the sagacious conceptions of De Sacy, Akerblad, Young, and Champollion, be admitted as authentic, the result constitutes, perhaps, the most singular literary phenomenon that has distinguished any age. It is no less than the recovery from Egyptian darkness of a continued series of contemporary historical and mythological documents, extending through a period of two thousand years, from the age of the earliest inspired writings to that of the present Coptic versions.

Unlike the usual progress of discovery, in which the steps that ultimately lead to truth are often separated by centuries, the revival of Egyptian literature burst upon the learned world like a meteor. A few quickly-ascertained and well-established facts superseded and replaced the speculations and hypothetical principles of ages, leaving us to seek the principles from the results, and in this respect placing Egyptian discovery on an inductive foundation, similar to that on which the natural sciences have been reared. The suddenness of the discovery has occasioned the claims of contemporaries (as distinct from each other as those of Kepler and Newton) to be confounded, and given birth to feelings of petty jealousy among the scholars and philosophers of rival nations, from which the possessors of learning and original resources ought to be exempt, at least on questions of public and literary interest.

There are few of our English readers who have not seen the pillar of Rosetta—(complete copies of which, with unequalled facilities for the study of its contents, will be found in the atlas of Count Robiano's work, and in Mr Sharpe's "Egyptian Inscriptions,"

London, 1836)—or who are unacquainted with its history as a trophy of national glory, and with the multiplied details of the steps by which this extraordinary record became progressively elucidated.* We shall, therefore, limit our remarks on this part of the question to the placing of these several steps in a point of view that will render apparent the distinct claims and mutual obligations of the decipherers.

The Greek version of this record at once put the learned in possession of its nature and import—that of a triple version of the same decree, in the *Hieroglyphic*, the *Enchorial* (the national or popular), and the *Greek* texts; engraved copies of which were deposited in the temples of the several orders of Egyptian gods, in the ninth year of the reign of Ptolemy Epiphanes, B.C. 196.† An enquiry which had resisted the hypotheses of ages, was thus in a moment placed on a solid and practical footing. Learned men had the absolute contents, or rather substance of the two Egyptian texts before them in the Greek version; and their task was to identify the relative portions of each of the former—the three inscriptions, though more or less mutilated, being fortunately complete enough for this purpose, in the hands of the indefatigable scholars who undertook it. This was first partially effected in the *Enchorial* by the venerable Silvestre de Sacy, who, although we never heard of him as a claimant in the struggle for precedence in the discovery, became in reality its founder, in consequence of having detected the *Enchorial* groups answering to the Greek names, *Alexander* and *Alexandria*. The characters composing these names were analysed by M. Akerblad, the Swedish resident at Rome, who

Ancient Fragments of the Phœnician, Chaldæan, Egyptian, Tyrian, Carthaginian, Indian, Persian, and other Writers; with an Introductory Dissertation: and an Enquiry into the Philosophy and Trinity of the Ancients. By Isaac Preston Cory, Esq., Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge. Second Edition. London, Pickering: 1832. 8vo.

* See the Marquis Spineto's Lectures. London, 1819.

† This multiplication of copies induces the hope that others, and perhaps more perfect ones, may still be buried among the ruins of the temples.

likewise identified and resolved the enchorial groups corresponding with the names of Ptolemy, Berenice, and others in the Greek version; and an Enchorial alphabet of about fifteen well-ascertained characters was thus obtained before Young or Champollion appeared in the arena. As, however, the inscription contained a much greater variety of characters, and the apparent suppression of vowels in the Egyptian words was then unknown, the rest of the inscription resisted the alphabet of Akerblad; and the decipherment was relinquished till taken up by Dr Thomas Young, who improved on the former alphabet, and was the first to ascertain the general correspondencies of the Greek and Enchorial texts, from the recurrence of the groups obviously answering to the words most frequently repeated in the Greek, as, *and, king, Ptolemy, Egypt*, and others. The use of the alphabet, however, extended little beyond the resolution of the Enchorial proper names, until Champollion stepped into the field.

How much these results depended on the previous efforts of Akerblad is sufficiently obvious; yet we are not aware that this gentleman has had his due share of credit, as one of the principal originators of a discovery the more splendid results of which were reserved for other hands.

Dr Young's next important step was to analyse the *Hieroglyphics*. His first attempt was directed to the characters contained in the ellipses, which had been long suspected to involve the royal name of Ptolemy. In this he was materially aided by the cursive imitations of the same characters in the Enchorial name; and his success with this name amounted to proof, as well as with the name of Queen *Berenice*, which appeared in the drawings from the ceiling of the temple of Karnak, published by the French Commission. A *Hieroglyphic* alphabet, or syllabary of thirteen sounds, deduced principally from these names, was the result. In the composition of this alphabet, some of the characters, were, however, passed over; while syllabic or alphabetic values were assigned to the rest, as the composition of the names appeared to require: and, although subsequent experience confirmed the latter (*i. e.* the six assumed alphabetic values), the want of unifor-

mity in this first attempt at a hieroglyphic alphabet, rendered it inapplicable to the purposes of general decipherment: so that out of twenty-seven royal hieroglyphic names and titles, of which the supposed interpretation is given in Dr Young's exposition, published in the Supplement to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, in 1819, those of Ptolemy and Berenice alone stood the test of the phonetic system when fully established by Champollion; unless we except the name of Thothmes, which Dr Young inferred from the symbol of the god Thoth, contained in it, and having the usual syllabic value of the names of the gods when found compounded in those of the kings. To this extent Dr Young was the founder of hieroglyphic discovery. The reader will here observe, that the cases of Akerblad's enchorial, and Young's hieroglyphic alphabets, when applied to the purposes of further decipherment, were nearly parallel, while in both instances valid foundations were laid for the established Egyptian alphabets.

Nor was Dr Young less successful with the hieroglyphic ideograms (or symbolic characters direct and indirect), many of which he determined with a sagacity which anticipated proofs that were then unattainable and un contemplated, and could only result from a matured phonetic system. It is true, that his interpretation sometimes reversed or transposed the meaning of the symbols; yet his expositions of the general sense of the groups are, in many instances, almost incredibly correct. His success was, perhaps, the most unexceptionable with regard to the hieroglyphic notation; the principles of which he accurately determined, besides fixing the meaning of several of the grammatical signs: so that, although from happy inferences rather than from investigation on principle, his claims as the immediate parent of hieroglyphic discovery are indisputable, and can afford to admit the obligations due to De Sacy and Akerblad, his pioneers in the undertaking, not less than to relinquish any property in the matured system of phonetic interpretation; which, though clearly growing out of his (Dr Young's) results, is founded on principles to which his method of analysis could never have conducted.

The next remarkable circumstance to be noticed is, that M. Champollion, in his publication of 1821, (which was suppressed, and for our knowledge of the existence of which we are beholden to M. Klaproth,*) two years after that of Dr Young's exposition, denied the existence of the phonetic principles, of which he soon became the great maturer; insisting that the sacred Egyptian characters were "signs of things, not signs of sounds." In another year, however, appeared his letter to M. Dacier,† a composition displaying genius and acquirements of the highest order, in which the public were presented with an extended hieroglyphic as well as an enchorial alphabet, grounded on uniform principles, and capable of universal application, at least so far as the decipherment of proper names.

The immediate cause of Champollion's change of opinion, and of his rapid success, must not here be passed over, although he appears himself to have lost sight of it. It is precisely analogous to that which pointed out to Akerblad the groups from whence he derived the first enchorial alphabet. The name of Cleopatra was clearly identified by Mr Banks on the obelisk brought by Belzoni from Philæ, by means of a laborious comparison of monuments, founded on Dr Young's previous detection of the names of *Ptolemy* and *Berenice*, and confirmed by a Greek inscription on the base of the obelisk. A lithographic copy of the inscription, having the identified name indicated in pencil, was transmitted by Mr Banks to the Institute, through M. Letronne: and this new name, being subjected to analysis by Champollion, was found to correspond letter for letter with the Greek of *Cleopatra*; and in agreement with the force of the same characters, so far as they appeared in the names of *Ptolemy* and *Berenice*.‡ It also supplied the alphabetic value of most of the hieroglyphics which Dr Young either mistook or passed over. The number of letter-values thus obtained was found enough for the resolution of other Greek and Roman

names. Each name, as it gave way before the system, added something to the alphabet, until a complete and consistent phonetic series was formed, capable of unlimited application. It is to be regretted that Champollion should have suppressed his obligation to Mr Banks, and rested his alleged discovery of the name on the Greek inscription, which, of itself, could not have indicated the particular shield of Cleopatra among several contained in the hieroglyphics; not less than that he should affect to have been only anticipated in publication, not in discovery, by Dr Young—with such conclusive proof to the contrary in existence as that adduced by Klaproth. His rapid and masterly conception of the system, and resolution of its principles, when once he saw occasion to admit their existence, makes it all his own, without interfering with the merits of those who had previously demonstrated the existence of those principles, but were not so fortunate as to resolve them, or to form just conclusions regarding their extent. It appears that eight months only intervened between Champollion's first acquaintance with the obelisk of Philæ, and the promulgation of his letter to M. Dacier, that is from January to September, 1822: and, when this brief interval is compared with the matured results of that memoir, the latter must be viewed as amongst the most surprising examples of genius and industry on record. Had not the question been thus taken up by such a man as Champollion, it is sufficiently clear that it could never have advanced beyond Dr Young's inferential exposition of 1819. It seems, on the other hand, quite improbable that, were it not for that exposition, followed up by the detection of the group representing the name of Cleopatra, Champollion's views would ever have received a right direction.

The grand step was now taken; and thenceforward the elucidation of hieroglyphic remains proceeded with rapidity. The monuments of the Pharaohs, and of their Grecian and Roman successors, were classed ac-

* Examen, p. 3.

† See "Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique," &c. Paris, 1828. 2d edition.

‡ See the Right Hon. C. P. Yorke's account of this transaction, in the note to the work of Mr Salt.

cording to their respective antiquity, and the progress of Egyptian art determined. From this decisive epoch, Dr Young, aided by the systematic labours of Champollion, directed his studies successfully and almost exclusively to the enchorial manuscripts; acquiring new and unanswerable proofs that his efforts were rightly directed, and crowning these efforts, and the labour of his valuable life, with his "Rudiments of an Egyptian Dictionary," in the enchorial character, which appeared as a supplement to the Rev. H. Tattam's "Grammar of the Egyptian Language," in 1836. He, nevertheless, continued to collect and publish much original hieroglyphic materials;* leaving the interpretation of them to his more successful rival. But we feel called upon to state, by way of a slight counterpoise to the peccadilloes of Champollion, that Dr Young never fully admitted the authenticity of a system which supplied the defects of his own original and fundamental conceptions; we mean with regard to the phonetic *hieroglyphics*. For, our learned countryman speedily agreed to his rival's comprehensive views in regard to the general alphabetic force of the *enchorial* characters, as his ulterior researches and publications demonstrate; and in this respect, like Champollion, he found it necessary to relinquish his original opinion, that both the hieroglyphic and enchorial characters were ideographic, or signs of things rather than of sounds, with the exception of limited alphabets, or syllabaries, used for the expression of proper names and words in foreign languages.

The original discoverers assumed the Coptic to be the language of the hieroglyphics; and if the existing Coptic be the legitimate representative of the tongue of the Pharaohs—a fact admitted by all, except those scholars whose delight is to amuse themselves with startling theories,—the chain of Egyptian literature, during a period of 3600 years, or from about the eighteenth century before the Christian

era until the present time, would appear unbroken; and it furnishes a parallel coequal in antiquity and duration with the sacred and profane literature of the rest of the world.

The Coptic versions of the Scriptures present us with the Coptic or Egyptian dialects, as they were known in the age of the latest hieroglyphic inscriptions and enchorial writing, (when the enchorial or ancient national character, became finally superseded by the present Coptic alphabet), and, consequently, with the data for rendering the hieroglyphic and enchorial alphabets, if well established, available for the interpretation of the latter inscriptions and papyri; and, more remotely, in reference to those of the ages before the language had suffered the changes and corruptions necessarily incidental on the sojournment of the Jewish nation, and the successive Persian, Macedonian, and Roman dominations. For, it is not to be supposed that the tongue of the Pagan inhabitants, the authors of the inscriptions and of the enchorial manuscripts, remained in its original purity at a time when that of the Christians (whose descendants of the present day proclaim themselves, by their physical conformation, to be the true representatives of their mummied and sculptured ancestors) was a mongrel language; retaining, however, unquestionable proofs of its descent. We here differ from the opinion of Champollion and his disciples, that the inscriptions present no variation of language from the age of Sesostris till that of Antoninus; and we fully agree with MM. Klaproth† and Janelli,‡ that under the Pharaohs, the Persians, the Ptolemies, and the Cæsars, it was, to a certain extent, different; although we cannot, with the first-mentioned writer, consent to follow the course of corruption to the Arabian domination, (*Examen*, p. 16), having before us the Biblical versions four centuries older.

We must likewise dissent, until evidence be adduced to the contrary, from the view advanced by Janelli, Count

* See "Hieroglyphics" of the Egyptian Society, and the Royal Society of Literature, 1823, 1828. Plates 1 to 80.

† *Examen Critique*, &c. Paris, 1832.

‡ *Alcune Questioni*, &c. Neapoli, 1830. See Report on this System, Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, Vol. III. Part I.

Robiano,* and the learned author of the treatise on "The Enchorial Language of Egypt,"† that the sacerdotal and vulgar tongues—the hieroglyphic and enchorial—were radically different languages. Ancient writers uniformly speak of the several kinds of *writing* or *letters* (γραμματα) used in Egypt, not of several *languages*, as Herodotus, Manetho, Eratosthenes, the Rosetta Inscription, Diodorus, Clemens, and Porphyry. Manetho, as quoted by Josephus and Syncellus,‡ indeed, mentions the sacred and vulgar dialects; but this we believe to refer to a difference between the hieroglyphic and enchorial, not much, if at all, exceeding that between the existing dialects of the Coptic; a difference probably arising from the superior antiquity of the hieroglyphic. Eratosthenes calls the language of the sacred Theban sculptures, simply "the Egyptian;"§ and Tacitus acquaints us that the exploits of the great Rhampses, were sculptured in the language of the country—patrium sermonem,¶—the word patrium being here equivalent to that of "Enchorial" on the pillar of Rosetta, in reference to the national characters. So, Porphyry (de Vitâ Pythagor.) tells us, there were three modes of writing "the language of the Egyptians."

Egypt, like all other primitive nations, had its peculiar race and language, and, like most of them, its several families and dialects. The first of these propositions is demonstrable from the ethno-geographical detail of the tenth chapter of Genesis, in which we find those names of the offspring of Mizraim, Pathrusim, Naphtuhim, Caphtorim, &c., which were perpetuated in the chorographical nomencla-

ture of Egypt: the second, from the proved existence of three distinct dialects, in the age of the versions alluded to above—the Bashmuric, or lower Egyptian; the Sahidic, or Thebic; and the Coptic, properly so called, or the Memphitic. This last-mentioned fact is conclusive for the antiquity of the parent tongue, however varied or corrupted in its descent; while it is confirmed by another fact not less remarkable, because in complete keeping with the results of hieroglyphic discovery. The alphabet used in the expression of the several dialects, although considerably exceeding the Greek alphabet, from which it is mainly derived, in length, when reduced to its interchangeable letters, is found to represent the primitive hieroglyphic alphabet, which does not go beyond twelve or thirteen original sounds. In fine, the *Bashmuric*, so far as the scanty remains of that rude dialect permit us to judge, is the nearest existing representative of the hieroglyphic of the monuments, and the *Sahidic* of the Demotic or Enchorial inscriptions; while the *Coptic* or Memphitic seems to supply a further link in descent by its closer affinity with the language of the Ptolemies. This philological department of the enquiry has been materially promoted by the valuable Coptic lexicons of Tattam** and Peyron, and by the hieroglyphic researches of Salvolini, Rosellini, Wilkinson, and Sharpe.

We have thus traced the materials from the quarry to the edifice; noticing the several stages of the discovery, from its birth until it became an available and profitable appendage to historical literature—so far as appeared necessary to enable our readers to se-

* Etudes sur l'Ecriture, &c. de l'Egypte. Paris, 1834.

† This excellent paper appeared in the Dublin University Magazine, No. 3.

‡ See 'Ancient Fragments,' p. 168. Joseph. contr. Apion, lib. i. Syncellus ed Par., p. 40.

§ Syncell. P. 147.

¶ Annal. lib. 2.

** It is with feelings of high satisfaction that we perceive that the labours of Mr Tattam are about to be extended in a way which is likely to prove equally serviceable to the cause of Biblical and to that of Egyptian literature, by a voyage to Egypt, under the sanction and at the expense of Government, and with a view to completing the Coptic Scriptures and Lexicon, from the unpublished and unknown manuscripts which abound in the Egyptian monasteries. We have seen testimonials in favour of the plan, and of Mr Tattam's unquestionable competency, signed by all our leading philologists and Egyptian scholars, which we conceive to be irresistible. The certainty of another complete version of the Scriptures, of the early ages of Christianity, being one of the results, causes it to be an object of national importance, which it is incumbent on any Government to promote, independently of its literary and antiquarian interest.

parate, and to form a just view of, the claims of the original promoters. Without waiting further to follow the various steps whereby our acquaintance with the Egyptian language has been advanced, and the method of hieroglyphic analysis improved upon, we shall at once direct the attention of our readers to the historical framework by which, as already intimated, the phonetic system has been mainly rendered available to the purposes of history, through the chronological reference of the monuments and of the sculptured representations of different ages.

It is now just twenty years since the first discovery by Mr Banks of the most remarkable and important of all the known hieroglyphic records—the chronological succession of the Pharaohs, recorded on portions of a wall in a ruined palace at Abydos. The original fragments, in common with the fundamental record of Rosetta, are now the property of our National Museum—an acquisition which, for antiquity and *historical* interest and importance, may be almost ranked with an original autograph of the Pen-tateuch, or the Book of Judges.

It was immediately obvious that the former (the Tablet of Abydos) consisted of series of royal names or titles enclosed in elliptical scrolls, like the Ptolemaic names and titles on the pillar of Rosetta, and other monuments; and Dr Young fell into the mistake of connecting the termination of those lists with the time of Psammetichus and his successors, who preceded the Persian conquest in the sixth century before the Christian era, because the prenominal shield of the Soane sarcophagus, and of the tomb whence it was derived (that opened by Belzoni), which Dr Young had erroneously referred to Psammis, the successor of Pharaoh Necho, occupied the third place from the conclusion of the middle line of the Tablet.

The improved principles of Champollion, however, soon corrected this mistake; and that scholar ascertained, that, instead of a series of phonetic names, as Dr Young had conjectured, the Tablet of Abydos represented a succession of royal titles or prefixes, the same which appeared connected with the respective phonetic names of their possessors, on separate monuments; and which are by this most

remarkable record referred to the same order of succession in which they are found in history.

The termination of the Tablet was, by this discovery, at once raised from the close of the monarchy to that of the great eighteenth dynasty of Theban kings; and, as the shields which appear on most of the principal monuments were found registered on this record, the probable antiquity and the relative ages of those monuments, and consequently the progress of Egyptian art, soon became settled questions.

The general principles of the hieroglyphic chronological records were ascertained, and the second grand step, not less important than that which proved a hieroglyphic alphabetic system, was taken. And although in Champollion's reference of the catalogued monumental series to history, he committed some mistakes and oversights not less glaring than those of Dr Young, the fact was indisputable, that we had before us a contemporary hieroglyphic index to the chronology of the monuments, which belonged to that remote age to which the voice of history refers the glory of ancient Egypt.

The discovery of other contemporary hieroglyphic lists, by Mr Wilkinson and Mr Burton, (in the temple of Karnak, the palaces of the Memnonium and Medinet Abon, and the tombs at Benihasan), although not so methodically disposed as that of Abydos, soon abundantly authenticated the latter; and, moreover, extended the existing portion of it both in ascent and descent; and the partial errors of Champollion were rectified by our countrymen. The original scope of the Tablet of Abydos, and the number of royal shields that it contained, were manifest, notwithstanding the obliteration of the commencement; and the deficient portion was supplied from the other lists, in the copy published in the second part of the second volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, by Mr Cullimore. It was found, that in this Tablet, and the supplemental record of Medinet Abon, we possess an original chronological series, ascending thirteen reigns above the accession of Amos and the eighteenth dynasty, and, descending nineteen reigns below that of Amos—being seven reigns below the point at which the

Tablet of Abydos terminates. In other words, we have before us the sculptured original of the succession, descending to the close of the nineteenth dynasty of Diospolites*, which Josephus has transcribed from Manetho the Egyptian historian, in his first book against Apion; and which Josephus, in common with all original authorities, refers to the thousand years which separated the ages of Abraham and Solomon,† including the founders of all the great sculptured monuments. Such were the sources whence Manetho declares that his history of the dynasties, founded on the records of the Egyptian Temples, was originally derived: so that a more complete corroboration of ancient history than that which has been so wonderfully restored to us, cannot well be imagined.

Had not the statements of Manetho, Josephus, and similar passages of primitive history descended to us, these extraordinary monumental records, which, as already noticed, have no parallel for antiquity and importance, except in the contemporary sacred annals of the Jews, would necessarily have remained for ever an insoluble, or, perhaps, unnoticed mystery, and phonetic discovery been useless for probing the history of remote ages.

Such statements prepare us for the previous question, without which no discovery was ever matured—what it is that we expect—to what definite end are our enquiries directed? The expectation of a phonetic system of hieroglyphics was natural. Its existence was even asserted by ancient writers, although hardly suspected by the moderns, till the Egyptian and Greek texts of the pillar of Rosetta were seen in juxtaposition. The expectation that the same hieroglyphics contained records important to history, was also natural; and that such was the fact was equally asserted by the ancients—Egyptian, Greek, and Roman. But in the absence of the historical counterparts, this expectation would have been vague and useless.

With the Greek version of the pillar of Rosetta before them, the ingenuity of decipherers replaced the wanting phonetic powers of the characters; but no ingenuity could have replaced

the Greek versions of these royal names, which, by connecting themselves with a series of titular Indices, in the order in which these appear in the tablets, give us *historical* combinations of words whereby to test the *alphabetical*; and hence supply us in a limited, but, for the purposes of history, most effectual manner, with the language to which the phonetic principles are applicable; and thus elicit new proofs of the authenticity of these principles, and of the integrity of ancient historians, as well as materials for rectifying their oversights.

In effect, the hieroglyphic and Greek versions of the succession, provide us with means for testing and proving the phonetic system, not obtainable from any other source. We have, on the one hand, an original series of words, and, on the other, the same series written out in Greek characters, with probably few variations beyond those arising from the pronunciation of the scribes. Every word, or at least its place, is identified. This could alone result from corresponding tables of *proper names*. No accumulation of versions of common language—of words and phrases which change their order in the hands of every translator, could be in the least degree so effectual; and we are accordingly far more certain of the corresponding words of the hieroglyphic and Greek lists of succession, than we are, or perhaps ever can be, of the corresponding words of any two of the three versions of the fundamental record of Rosetta, however certain of the general identity in substance.

We are now arrived at the work which has given occasion for the present article. Mr Cory's "Ancient Fragments," already often referred to, consist of a collection of those statements from primitive writers, on which the expectations of the historical discoverer are based—equally those of the decipherer of the brick tablets of Babylon and Nineveh, and the sculptured records of Persepolis, as those of the hieroglyphic decipherer, and which shed reciprocal light on each other. This collection, moreover, contains the several versions and varied readings of such statements, which, although not unattended by omissions

* Ancient Fragments, p. 130 and 172, &c.

† Jos. Antiq. l. viii. c. 6. Contra Apion, lib. 1. Anc. Frag. p. 159, 169, *et seq.*

and imperfections, from which no compilation of so much difficulty and research can be exempt, are brought together in a far more accessible, digested, and useful form, than any in which they have before appeared.

The Egyptian department is, under present circumstances, the most attractive. The dynasties of Manetho, of which we now possess many in the texts of the original contemporary sculptures, appear in all the forms in which they are found scattered in ancient writers, disposed in parallel columns; so that the opening of an octavo page stands in the place of the folios of Josephus, Eusebius, Syncellus, and Scaliger, which are inaccessible to all but the slaves of literature at home, and altogether so to travellers abroad. To these are added the collateral statements of Sanchoniatho, Herodotus, Diodorus, Eratosthenes, and the old Egyptian chronicle, Chæremon, Artapanus, and Apion of Alexandria; together with the historical and scientific fragments relating to Egypt, which are to be found in other Greek and Roman authorities.

By a fortunate coincidence of circumstances, the labours of Mr Cory were directed to this collection soon after those of the hieroglyphic decipherers originated, and were brought to partial maturity nearly in time to meet the historical wants of the latter; for, previously to the appearance of the first edition in 1828, although the general principles of the hieroglyphic records of succession had been ascertained by Champollion, the method of applying these principles was still in its infancy, nor had the collateral and connecting records of Karnak, Beni-hassan, and Medinet Abon, brought to light through the zeal of our antiquarians resident in Egypt, been at that period discovered.

An authentic copy of the dynasties according to Africanus, was by this useful volume placed in the hands of enquirers and travellers; and this was accompanied by the fragments of Manetho from Josephus, the remains of the Theban chronicle of Eratosthenes, of the old Egyptian chronicle, and of the correlative Phœnician record of Sanchoniatho. The mutilated and corrupted transcripts of chronologers were thus far replaced by genuine data, and the labours of enquirers into

hieroglyphic history, both at home and abroad, promoted by easy access to the originals, unembarrassed by speculation.

In 1832 appeared the enlarged second edition of the collection; and, although a lustrum has now passed over our heads since this work has been in the hands of the learned world, and been silently and effectively promoting the labours of the historical student, we are not aware that it has hitherto been made known to the general reader as such a work deserves; but it is never too late to do justice to a treatise of the first literary necessity.

The present edition came out after the sun of the two original hieroglyphic discoverers had set for ever, but at the height of the Egyptian race; and it has contributed more than any other work of the times to render that a useful race for the purposes of history, by presenting the written versions of the recovered hieroglyphic records in all the forms in which history has transmitted them. The first edition has been augmented fourfold, and the versions and authorities which we have already mentioned, together with many others relating to Egyptian and contemporary history, have been added to its contents. Nor ought we to omit noticing the scientific fragments from Ptolemy, Censorinus, Theon, Berossus, and other writers, all bearing on the same historical system.

But a few observations on Egyptian history in general, its claims, nature, and principles, and the results to which these will conduct us, may best illustrate our subject and serve the cause of enquiry, besides practically demonstrating the value and utility of the work before us, and eliciting data for a probable restoration of the original text of Manetho's history, from the various mutilated and conflicting versions extant in Mr Cory's compilation: an object which the hieroglyphic verifications of Manetho have rendered of extreme importance to history.

Egyptian history, as set forth in the remains of Manetho, the only writer who has left a complete outline of the subject, is distributed into thirty-one dynasties, concluding with the Macedonian conquest. It clearly distinguishes itself into two portions, each of which possess equal, although very

differently grounded claims to credibility, derived from wholly distinct criteria and evidences.

The first of these portions, of which we have already in some measure treated, is the most obscure and unmanageable. From its remoteness in time, from its want of connexion with known synchronous history, and inasmuch as it can be tested only by the contemporary monumental tablets, it is the most obnoxious to hypothesis and theory. It is not, however, the less authentic, and is the most important part of the annals of Egypt, being the great age of the arts and empire of the Pharaohs, and that which, consequently, has received the most illustration and proof from hieroglyphic discovery. Hieroglyphic discovery has thus replaced the contemporary witnesses which the records of other nations supply to authenticate the second portion of the history, to which, in a more particular manner, we shall presently advert.

The portion of which we are now speaking subdivides itself into two parts—the first consisting of the first thirteen dynasties, which are excluded from Manetho's chronological canon, by the consent of ancient writers, as well as from the primary succession of the monuments; but which occupy a collateral place in both. The second part comprises the dynasties of Manetho's canon from the fourteenth to the twentieth, including the great Diospolite family. It is, as already stated, connected with that period of sacred history which separates the ages of Abraham and Solomon, and in the annals of which, the Kings of Egypt are mentioned only under the general title of Pharaoh, as in the days of Abraham, of Jacob and Joseph, of Moses, David, and Solomon.

It comprehends, as above, the early dynasties from the fourteenth down to the close of the nineteenth of Diospolites; and these are, accordingly, the limits which the Jewish annalist* assigns to the time of the Pharaohs properly so called. To this period, and no lower, we have the unbroken tabulated succession of the monu-

ments; and here, accordingly, the connected succession of Manetho, who concludes the second book of his annals with the nineteenth dynasty, breaks off. He, however, acquaints us that the next, or twentieth dynasty, consisted of Diospolites, as well as the eighteenth and nineteenth, and was the last family of that line: and we, accordingly, find the tombs of a number of uncatalogued Ramses, successors of those of the Tablets, in the Necropolis of Thebes, where the last ten of the catalogued kings, the line of Ramses I., are found entombed. The former have no place in the subsequent dynasties of Manetho, of which we possess nearly all the names, and therefore belong to the nameless twentieth dynasty.

Again, as the Diospolites end with this dynasty, the records of the Necropolis of Thebes also finish with the above-mentioned kings, none of those of the dynasties after the twentieth being buried there.

Thus far we have a wonderfully authenticated portion of history, not only as to the succession, but the years of the reigns, which, so far as dates appear in isolated tablets, critically agree with Manetho. Thus, we find a tablet of the *twenty-second* of Amos, who reigned *twenty-five* years, according to that historian; one of the *twenty-eighth* of Thothmos III., answering to the Thmosis of Manetho, who reigned *thirty-nine* years; one of the *thirty-sixth* of Amenoph III. or Rathek, and Rathotis reigned *thirty-nine* years: one of the *sixty-second* of Ramses II., or Amon me Ramses, the constructor of the tablet of Abydos, and the Rameses Meiamoun of Manetho, whose reign was *sixty-six* years.† Still, from the want of synchronous history, and from the absence of the proper names of the early Scriptural Pharaohs, the place of this great line in time is far from agreed to: and, whether the Exodus of the Jews be referable to the beginning, middle, or end of the eighteenth dynasty, are questions on which the ingenuity of writers has not yet tired itself, notwithstanding the evidence

* Collate Joseph. Antiq. viii. 6, with Lib. contra Apion. i.

† This important tablet enriches our National Museum. It is from the last collection of Mr Salt.

of Josephus and all the oldest ecclesiastical authorities in favour of the first of these opinions.

We shall for the present pass over the thirteen early contemporary dynasties, and devote the remainder of this article to the second portion of the annals, as of more immediate importance to general history. To it belong the dynasties named from the cities of Lower Egypt, from the twenty-first downwards — Tanites, Bubastites, Saïtes, Sebennytes, and Mendesians; besides the foreign Ethiopian and Persian dynasties.

Of these, the historical names of nearly all the princes (those of the first of them, the twenty-first dynasty, excepted), have also been identified on their monumental remains, with sufficient difference in style to mark their relative ages compared with the remains of the great Diospolite age; whereas, the monumental records of the general succession of this period are wanting, and we are in a great degree dependent on written history for the order of the reigns, confirmed, however, in a variety of instances by the hieroglyphic genealogical Tablets.

The synchronous records of the Hebrew and Greek writers are, however, so complete during the greatest part of this interval, that we are in no want of monuments to verify Egyptian history, although evidence from that source is in many cases most complete.

The sacred writers begin to give the names of the kings of Egypt with Shishak, who was reigning in the last years of Solomon, and took Jerusalem in the fifth year of Rehoboam; and he, accordingly, appears as Sesonehis, the first king of Manetho's twenty-second dynasty of Bubastites, while his monumental counterpart, Sheshonk, is found on the sculptures of the temple of Karnak, with the King of Judah (having the title of Jouda Melek) among his captives. The So and Tirhakah of Scripture appear in the Sevechus and Taracus of the twenty-fifth dynasty, and the Necho and Hophra of the former, in the Neco and Vaphres or Apries of the twenty-sixth dynasty, and of the Greek historians; while all these, and the rest of their respective lines, have left monumental remains.

Of the twenty-first dynasty of Tanites we have no synchronous, or

rather connected history; but we have hieroglyphic tablets of Mandouphth, which can only be referred to Mendes, Amendes, or Smendes, its founder; and the chronological place of this family is sufficiently determined by those of the twenty-second and succeeding dynasties, all of Lower Egypt, as well as the twenty-first.

The synchronous history of this period affords us every facility for collating the various Egyptian statements, and more particularly the copies of Manetho's history, and of hence determining which of the latter affords the original and uncorrupted account, to the exclusion of those which exhibit not merely the errors of transcribers, but the systematic corruptions of theorists, who admitted original evidence only so far as it harmonized with their particular views on ecclesiastical history. And this being ascertained, it may direct us to the true versions and principles of the annals with reference to those portions which are not obnoxious to the test of contemporary history. By this process we shall also arrive at hitherto unnoticed proofs of the high place in which Manetho should be ranked as a historian, independently of the recent monumental verifications, and which ought at all times to have protected him from the doubts and freedoms of past and present criticism.

This portion of history ascends four centuries above the Ethiopian conquest and dynasty, B.C. 732, to the age of Samuel, Judge of Israel, and descends an equal period below the same epoch, to the overthrow of the Persian empire and invasion of Egypt by Alexander. It involves, as above, the scriptural landmarks of the reigns of Shishak, So, Tirhakah, Necho, and Hophra, and the reigns of the Persian monarchs from Cambyzes to Alexander, which the researches of the Greek astronomers have fixed with mathematical certainty; so that we have every opportunity of investigating it.

The dynasties of this period may be stated as follows, according to the data which contemporary Jewish and Grecian history supplies for determining the correct Egyptian version from among the copies of Manetho given by Africanus, Eusebius, and Syncellus, and brought together in the work before us;—

B.C.	Dyn.		Reigns.	Yrs.	m.	Versions.
1115.	XXI.	Tanites, -	7	130	0	Afric. Eus.
985.	XXII.	Bubastites, -	9	120	0	Afric.
865.	XXIII.	Tanites, -	4	89	0	Afric.
776.	XXIV.	Saite, -	1	44	0	Eus. Syn.
732.	XXV.	Ethiops, -	3	44	0	Eus. Syn.
688.	—	Ammerres,*	1	12	0	Eus.
676.	XXVI.	Saite, -	9	150	6	Afric.
525.	XXVII.	Persians, -	8	120	4	Eus.
405.	XXVIII.	Saite, -	1	6	0	Afric. Eus. Syn.
399.	XXIX.	Mendesians, -	4	20	4	Afric.
379.	XXX.	Sebennytes, -	3	38	0	Afric. Eus. Chron.
341.	XXXI.	Persians, -	3	9	0	Afric.
332.	Macedonian Conquest.					

It will be seen from the foregoing table that the oldest copy of this portion of Manetho's history, that of Africanus, furnishes the greatest number of true historical periods, so that it may be viewed as the basis for restoring the original series—replacing the mistakes of Africanus from the other copies, as contemporary Hebrew and Grecian history supply the criteria.

These criteria are, first, the flight of Jeroboam to Shishak or Sesonchis, the founder of the twenty-second dynasty, towards the end of the reign of Solomon, (1 Kings, xi. 40., xii. 2.—2 Chron. x. 2), who died B.C. 975. Secondly, the invasion of Judea by Shishak in the fifth year of Rehoboam, King of Judah, (1 Kings, xiv. 25, 26.—2 Chron. xii. 2, 3, 4), B.C. 971. Thirdly, the alliance of Hosea, King of Israel, with So or Sevechus, the second king of the twenty-fifth or Ethiopian dynasty, three or four years before the captivity of the ten tribes, (2 Kings, xvii. 4, 5, 6., xviii. 9, 10), about B.C. 722. The invasion of Judea by Zerah the Ethiopian, in the fifteenth of Asa, King of Judah, (2 Chron. xiv. 9., xv. 10), B.C. 941, preceded this; but the name Zerah being evidently the general title Se-ra, "son of the sun," which is as common

to the Ethiopian and Egyptian kings as that of Phra or Pharaoh, "the sun," we have no data for identifying that prince among the immediate successors of Shishak or Sesonchis, as has been attempted by several learned men. Fourthly, the war of Tirhakah or Taracus, third king of the Ethiopian dynasty, and the Sethon of Herodotus (II. 141), against Sennacherib, King of Assyria, in the fourteenth or fifteenth year of Hezekiah, King of Judah, (2 Kings, xviii. 13., xix. 9.—Isaiah, xxxvi. 1., xxxvii. 9), about B.C. 710. Fifthly, The invasion of the Babylonian empire by Pharaoh Necho, fifth king of the twenty-sixth dynasty of Saite, and the death of Josiah, King of Judah, (2 Kings, xxiii. 29, *seq.*—2 Chron. xxxv. 20, *et seq.*—Jerem. xlvi. 2), B.C. 607—604. Sixthly, The alliance of Zedekiah, the last king of Judah, with Pharaoh Hophra, (Jerem. xxxvii. 5, &c.), Vaphres or Apries, seventh king of the same dynasty, against the Babylonians, about B.C. 591. Seventhly, The conquest of Hophra by the Babylonians, and the captivity of Egypt in or soon after the twenty-seventh year of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, (Ezek. xxix. 27, to xxxii. 32.—Jerem. xliv. 30, &c.), B.C. 578.† Eighthly, the conquest of Egypt by the Persians,

* Whether this king was an Ethiop or a Saite, is uncertain. He is called an Ethiop by Eusebius, who, nevertheless, refers him to the XXVI. or Saite dynasty.

† The twenty-seventh year mentioned by Ezekiel, xxix. 17, has been usually referred by chronologers to the captivity of King Jeconiah, from which the prophet in general takes his dates. This brings the conquest of Egypt by Nebuchadnezzar, which is there announced as about to commence, to B.C. 570, the first year of Amasis, or later; and Newton, accordingly, from thence computes the forty years' captivity of Egypt (Ezek. xxix. 13), and supposes them to end with the death of Cyrus, B.C. 529. The respite of Egypt, until the final conquest by Cambyses, B.C. 525, would, according to this view, be four years only, which is very improbable.

Cyrus, although a conqueror, was, equally with Alexander, considered as a deliverer by the Jews and Egyptians—the first from the Babylonian tyranny, and the latter from that of the Persians.

We have, therefore, no question but that the forty years' captivity of Egypt, like

and setting up of the twenty-seventh or Persian dynasty, in the last year of Amasis, ninth king of the twenty-sixth dynasty, when his son Psammetichus, or Psammenitus, reigned six months, in the fifth of Cambyses, king of Persia, (Manetho, *et al.*), B.C. 525.

All these dates are so well determined as to admit of no difference of opinion sufficient to affect the chronology of the series of dynasties, while the subsequent dates in the times of the Persian empire, are known to be

mathematically determined by eclipse and the evidence of contemporary writers, so as not to admit of a second statement.

We shall now repeat our table, inserting the reigns of the leading dynasties which are connected with synchronous history, viz. of the twenty-second, twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, and thirty-first; and adding the Saite and Persian reigns from Herodotus and the Greek astronomers.

MANETHO.

B.C.	Dynasty.		Yrs.	m.
1115	XXI. Tanites	7 reigns . . .	130	0
985	XXII. Bubast.	1 Sesonchis . . .	23	0 result of the Tablets.
962	—	2 Osorthon . . .	15	0
947	—	3, 4, 5, omitted . . .	25	0
922	—	6 Tachlothis . . .	15	0 result of the Tablets.
907	—	7, 8, 9, omitted . . .	42	0
865	XXIII. Tanites	4 reigns . . .	89	0
776	XXIV. Saïtes	1 Bochchoris . . .	44	0
732	XXV. Ethiops	1 Sabacon . . .	8	0
724	—	2 Sebichus . . .	14	0
710	—	3 Tarcus . . .	22	0 result of Tablets and chronology.
688	Ethiop or Saïte	(Ammeses) . . .	12	0
676	XXVI. Saïtes	1 Stephinates . . .	7	0
669	—	2 Nechepsos . . .	6	0
663	—	3 Nechao I. . .	8	0
655	—	4 Psammetichus . . .	45	0
610	—	5 Nechao II.* . .	9	0
601	—	6 Psammuthis . . .	6	0
595	—	7 Vaphris . . .	19	0
576	—	(Partamis) . . .	6	0
570	—	8 Amosis . . .	44	0
526	—	9 Psammecherites . . .	0	6
HERODOTUS.				
			B.C.	Yrs. m.
			671	1 Psammetichus . . . 54 0
			617	2 Necos . . . 16 0
			601	3 Psammis . . . 6 0
			595	4 Apries . . . 25 0
			570	5 Amasis . . . 44 0
			526	6 Psammenitus . . . 0 6
HIPPARCH. and PTOLEMY.				
525	XXVII. Persians	1 Cambyses . . .	3	0
522	—	Magi . . .	0	7
521	—	2 Darius Hystasp. . .	36	0
486	—	3 Xerxes I. . .	21	0
465	—	4 Artabanus . . .	0	7
464	—	5 Artax. Longim. . .	40	0
424	—	6 Xerxes II. . .	0	2
424	—	7 Sogdianus . . .	0	7
424	—	8 Darius Nothus . . .	19	0
405	XXVIII. Saïtes	1 Amyrteus . . .	6	0
399	XXIX. Mendes	4 Reigns . . .	20	4
379	XXX. Sebben	3 Reigns . . .	38	0
360	(accession of Ochus resulting from Manetho.)			
341	XXXI. Persians	1 Artax. Ochus . . .	2	0
339	—	2 Arsēs . . .	3	0
336	—	3 Darius Codom. . .	4	0
332	Macedonians	Alexander . . .		
525	1 Cambyses . . .			4 0
521	2 Darius I. . .			36 0
486	3 Xerxes . . .			21 0
465	4 Artax. I. . .			41 0
424	5 Darius II. . .			19 0
405	6 Artax. II. . .			46 0
359	7 Ochus . . .			21 0
338	8 Arostes . . .			2 0
336	9 Darius III. . .			4 0
332	Alexander . . .			

the seventy years' captivity of Judah, terminated about the accession of Cyrus to the throne of Babylon, and we would refer both to the same date, B.C. 536, when the decree of Cyrus was issued; and the rather, because the forty years had particular

* The reign of Nechao II. according to Syncellus; which is confirmed by a hieroglyphic stete, produced by Rosellini from the Florentine Museum, by which it appears that the period from the III^d. of Nechao to the XXXVth. of Amasis was 71 years.

With reference to the preceding table, let it be noted that we find a hieroglyphic tablet of the twenty-second year of Sheshonk, or Sesonchis I., to whom history assigns twenty-one years only, and one of the fifteenth of Takeloth, or Tacellothes, to whom history gives thirteen only. But the period of the twenty-second dynasty, 120 years, as stated by Africanus, exceeds the sum of the reigns by four years, a difference explained by the reigns of the two princes now mentioned, to each of which we have therefore added two years, raising that of Tacellothes to the monumental number fifteen, and that of Sesonchis one year higher than the monumental date. Of Osorkon or Osorthon, we have a tablet dated in the eleventh year, his historical reign being fifteen.

Of Tirhakah, Tharak, or Taracus, we have a tablet of his twentieth year; one of the forty-fourth year of Amhathis, or Amasis, one of the sixth of Cambyses, and another of the thirty-sixth of Darius Hystaspes, of which those of Amasis and Darius accurately determine the reigns of these princes.

It should be remarked, with reference to the time of the Persian empire, that there is little or no difference in the Egyptian statements, except what results from the odd months, down to the reign of Darius Nothus; which thus far sufficiently agree with

the mathematical canon of Hipparchus and Ptolemy, which includes the reigns of less than a year in those of the preceding kings; and, that from Ochus to Alexander, the same correspondence holds between Manetho, as preserved by his oldest copyist, Africanus, and the mathematical statements; his period of the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth native dynasties (sixty-four years and four months, which are placed between the death of Darius Nothus and the twentieth year of Artaxerxes Ochus), answering to the forty-six years of Artaxerxes Mnemon, and the first nineteen of Ochus, within eight months; while his residue of two years for the reign of Ochus in Egypt, makes up the twenty-one years of that prince. To Arsēs, he gives three years instead of the two of the mathematical canon, and this compensates the eight months deficient in the preceding period, while both accounts agree in assigning four years to Darius Codomannus.

It is to be remarked, on the other hand, that the Eusebian and Syncelline versions distort this part of the synchronous Egyptian and Persian chronology. The version of Eusebius allows forty-seven years and four months only for the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth dynasties, from the death of Nothus to the twen-

reference to the fugitive Jews in Egypt, (Jerem. xlii. 16.—xliii. 10.—xliv. 27, 30) whose return would hence synchronise with that of their brethren in Babylon.

But, ascending forty years from B.C. 536, we arrive at B.C. 576, for the invasion of Egypt by the Chaldeans, or two years after the 27th of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, B.C. 578, which would, therefore, appear to be the date intended by the prophet, (Exek. xxix. 27.) which relates exclusively to the conquest of Egypt by Nebuchadnezzar to repay him for his services against Tyre.

It comes in between the prophet's dates, in the tenth and eleventh of Jeconiah's captivity, and the last date in the prophecy is the twenty-fifth year of that captivity, B.C. 572, which is expressly stated to be the 14th from the destruction of Jerusalem (Exek. xl. 1).

By raising the Egyptian captivity to B.C. 576 from B.C. 570, we raise the end of the reign of Apries, Vaphres, or Hophra, to the same date, (Jerem. xlv. 30), or six years anterior to the accession of Amasis. This is the difference between the reigns of Vaphres as stated by Africanus, nineteen years, and by Herodotus and Eusebius, twenty-five, and will hence leave his accession, B.C. 595, where the latter have placed it.

If, with Syncellus, we assign fifty years to Amasis, instead of forty-four, with Herodotus and Manetho, the accession of that prince will ascend to the Egyptian captivity. But we must not depart from the older authorities. And Hellanicus, who visited Egypt before Herodotus, explains the difficulty in a passage preserved by Athenæus, (Deip. xv). He lets us know that a prince named Partamis (doubtless the Patarbemis mentioned by Herodotus, II. 162), ruled Egypt immediately before Amasis.

Father Peyron has, accordingly, placed Partamis between Vaphres and Amasis, and assigned him a five years' reign; and that an intermediate king reigned is evident from the 3d Psammetic of the monuments, whom Rosellini makes the same with Psammenitus, the son of Amasis, but whose daughter was the queen of Amasis, according to the more accurate Wilkinson.

tieth of Ochus, which is eighteen years short of the truth, and reduces the reign of Artaxerxes Mnemon from forty-six to twenty-eight years. The same copyist assigns an Egyptian residue of six years to Ochus, thereby lengthening his reign from twenty-one to twenty-six years. In the chronicle of Eusebius these errors are partially corrected, as will be seen from the periods assigned in it to the latter dynasties. The reign of Ochus, however, remains twenty-six years, and the excess is taken off that of Mnemon, his predecessor, to whom forty years are assigned instead of forty-six.

Synecellus has the same number, forty years, for Mnemon, while, following what he terms the ecclesiastical canon, he cuts down that of Ochus to five years: and it should further be observed that both these chronicles, followed by the moderns, raise the commencement of the twenty-ninth dynasty to the reign of Darius Notus, whereas it is clear from Diodorus (xiv. 19, 35, 79) that this dynasty did not begin until after the revolt of Cyrus the younger from his brother Artaxerxes Mnemon, in agree-

ment with Manetho, according to the copy of Africanus.

It is also important to notice that Manetho's Egyptian reign of Cambyses is six years in the copy of Africanus. This exceeds the truth by two years, yet becomes an additional proof of his integrity as a historian, because it agrees with the reign of Cambyses, as it appears on the hieroglyphic tablets, the original source of Manetho's history, as he himself declares. It is not the full reign of Cambyses, which was eight years, inclusively of the seven months of the Magian conspirators; and hence it is that the accuracy of Manetho in copying the monument has led him into this error.

As the question regarding the Persian reigns from the accession of Artaxerxes Mnemon is of great importance to history, and was misunderstood even by Scaliger, in whose age the mathematical canon of Hipparchus and Ptolemy had not been recovered, we shall here state them according to the several authorities above mentioned, adding to them the numbers of the patriarch Nicephorus and Scaliger.

	Maneth. Afric.		Eus.	Syn.	Niceph.	Scal.	Hip. Ptol.
	Yrs.	m.	Yrs.	Yrs.	Yrs.	Yrs.	Yrs.
Artax. Mnemon . . .	45	4	40	40	40	43	46
Artax. Ochus . . .	21		26	5	22	23	21
Arses	3		4	4	4	4	2
Darius Codom. . . .	4		6	6	6	6	4
	73	4	76	55	72	76	73

It is hence evident that Manetho's chronology of the times of the Persian empire, preserved by writers whose errors it exposes, is fully as accurate as that of the celebrated astronomer Hipparchus, who lived in the next century—a tolerably good criterion, independently of the monumental verifications, of the judgment and integrity of the Egyptian annalist, and of the high value of every name and number of his history, if we possessed them in an uncorrupted state, as well as of the utility of every well-founded attempt to restore his original data and system.

The celebrated chronological table of the Chaldean, Persian, and Græco-Egyptian Kings, and Roman Emperors, originated by Hipparchus in the second century B.C., was continued by Claudius Ptolemy,* in the second

century of the Christian era. The recovery of this record has enabled modern chronologers to correct the mistakes of the ecclesiastical historians, and accurately to connect the histories of the Old and New Testaments. It may be proved to be founded on the same principles, as it was derived from the same Egyptian school with the chronological record of Manetho: and a few observations regarding it will conduct us to farther elucidations of that historian.

The record in question, which will be found at page 83 of 'Ancient Fragments,' accompanied by two spurious ecclesiastical versions from Synecellus, which were used by the early Christian chronographers, is adjusted from the eclipses observed by the Chaldean and Greek astronomers, registered in the

* Ancient Frag., pp. 83, 4.

calendar of the Egyptian, or unintercalated year of 365 days, which receded through the seasons, in the space of a canicular cycle of 1461 erratic, or 1460 fixed years of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, as explained in the passage from Censorinus, cited in 'Ancient Fragments,' p. 323.

It appears from Censorinus (Anc. Frag. p. 327.) that this period was renewed in the Julian quadriennium, A. D. 136—140: and to this date (when the Thoth, or first day of the Egyptian year, corresponded with the twentieth of the Julian July), which coincided with the accession of Antoninus Pius, the astronomical canon of Hipparchus was continued by Claudius Ptolemy.

This was the fundamental and most commonly received canicular epoch, and the cycle at that time renewed, which necessarily originated B.C. 1325—1321, was known as the period of King Menophres, as appears from a passage of an unpublished manuscript of the Astronomer Theon of Alexandria, given in 'Ancient Fragments,' p. 329; and the age of this Menophres coincides with that of Mœris, one of the great improvers of Egyptian science, whose death was dated 900 years before Herodotus visited Egypt (II. 13) in the fifth century, B. C., so that Menophres and Mœris are no doubt the same monarch.

To the conclusion of this period, the earliest recorded chronological system of the priests pointed, and its commencement was the established parapegma of calculation in the days of Theon, A.D. 384, as appears from the above-cited passage.

But, although the recession of the erratic through the fixed year was always regular, and the places of the Egyptian months consequently determinable for any epoch; and, although the cycle of Menophres or Mœris was the fundamental one, the epoch of the canicular period was far from invariable. From each correction of the Egyptian calendar a new cycle was dated, which took its root from the day of the fixed year with which the Thoth at that time happened to coincide.

Such was the epoch from which Hipparchus and Ptolemy deduce their chronological calendar, which, being at its commencement adapted to the Chaldean succession, is named the era of Nabonassar, and dates from the

year B.C. 747, when the Thoth fell on February 26th. This, in reference to Egyptian history, may be named the cycle of Bocchoris, in whose reign it originated, or of the contemporary Diospolite Ramses IX. of whom we have astronomical remains. Its Egyptian epoch was more critically B.C. 761, when the month Thoth and the sign Pisces astronomically coincided, the day of the Thoth answering to February 29th; for to this epoch the Zodiacs of Denderah and other astronomical remains are referable.

Our space, however, will not permit us now to enter into a full elucidation of this part of the question; which is, in fact, more properly connected with the earlier portion of Egyptian history, to which we shall have occasion to recur. Our further investigation will enable us in a great degree to restore the texts of Manetho's early dynasties, and thereby to give a corrected view of Egyptian chronology from the most ancient times, and to test the different systems of ancient and modern speculators upon the subject.

In concluding the present Egyptian article, of which we have made Mr Cory's 'Ancient Fragments' the text, we should hardly do justice to that work, if we suffered our readers to remain under an impression that its utility is confined to Egyptian literature. This, as already intimated, forms a prominent department of the 'Fragments,' which also contain a similar collection of all the original documents of the Phœnicians, Chaldeans, and other primitive nations, which have reached us through the Greek and Latin languages; including the remains of Sanchoniatho, Berosus, Abydenus, and Zoroaster.

This work, in effect, comprises the elements of a heathen Bible, containing nearly all the known historical and mythological fragments of the ages which preceded Grecian literature, unobscured by hypothesis or any attempt at system.

Such a book can hardly be more acceptable to the historical enquirer than to the biblical critic. The original documents of which it consists, appear in parallel columns with English translations, thus affording to the antiquary the means of accuracy, and to the general reader the means of gratifying his curiosity without the labour of consulting the numerous folios from which the materials have been derived.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DRAWER OF OUR WHAT-NOT.

THE LAW OF CONTENT.

It is often found that men engage in the pursuits to which their life is to be devoted, with little interest:—but it is seldom found that those who have been long engaged to such pursuits do not create an interest in them. The results which they obtain by their exertions, and which are grateful in themselves, reflect a pleasure upon the means by which they have been acquired. The very effort by which difficulties have been overcome, leaves an agreeable remembrance; the ardour of desire, which is excited in contention with obstacles, throws an interest upon the pursuit itself in which those obstacles have arisen. The vivid excitation of the consciousness of those powers of thought and will which are aroused in the processes of every occupation, and the little triumphs of successful enterprise and exertion which continually attend them, make pleasure to the mind, whatever be its employment. To every man who bends his strength to labour, whether it be the strength of his limbs, or of his exerted mind, there is one great object which he has steadfastly in view: He trusts to owe to powers of his own his independence of the world; and the acquisition of this independence, as he secures it, step by step, is one of the most grateful rewards of even ungrateful labour which success can bring to self-love. But most men have motives to the prosecution of their exertions, which do not terminate in themselves. They have those who depend on them, and who are dear to them. When the honourable welfare of these is earned by his own exertions, there is a requital found to the most painful efforts of the human being, in which the noblest and best feelings of his nature are the most keenly interested. These keen warm feelings of pleasure, which reach so deeply into the mind, become associated with the external objects and circumstances with which they are connected, and on which they are dependent. The man who sustains himself and others by his manly strength, sees, in the employment in which that strength is put forth, not its painful

and ungrateful labour, though such he may have felt it; he sees in it the means of these results; he sees in it his own power—he himself, with his joy and pride, his affections and strong desires, is identified with that avocation by which all these seek and have found their gratification. If we could go into the homes of mechanic labour, and enquire what are the thoughts and feelings that are at work to unite mind and heart to the work on which all life is bestowed, we should find that even the implements of art are invested with associations of feeling which reconcile and bind to them the hand which they are daily to fill, even as the walls of the rudest cottage are hung with those thoughts of many years which make it, and it only, a home to its familiar inmates. On which account Wordsworth has, with great tenderness of feeling and fidelity to nature, in speaking of one of these homes made desolate by distressful times, mentioned, among the objects which were painful to the hearts of its dwellers to look upon,

“The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel.”

To that by which the hopes, the desires, the strengths, the loves of the human heart are supported and nourished,—to that, whatever it be, will the heart turn with its own fondness. No object that has ever touched our life is seen by us naked and as it is—it is seen clothed with our associations of thought, and powerful through them to take hold upon our feelings. Our fancy easily carries this belief to the life of those whose occupation is to till the earth. The scenes in which their labour is laid, the great changes of nature under which they dwell, and the bounty of nature, with which they hold continual intercourse, awaken our imagination, and make it easy to us to conceive that the employments of such a life may be rich in associations which will take strong hold upon the heart. But if we could enter into that condition, and see how hard it sometimes

lays its lot upon those who strive under it, we should perceive that the process which binds to the soil him who waters its furrows with the drops of his brow, is something of a far deeper and more serious kind than offers itself to our ready conception. Men love the earth indeed on which they have dwelt, and which they have sown and reaped,—they love that spot which, from sire to son, the hands of one race have tilled. But what thoughts are they which can bring forth a love so deep, that toil hard and unremitting, wearing out the strength—that scanty returns barely yielding the sustenance of life—that privations, sorrow, and fear cannot shake it?—that they will still live on, the occupiers of their small domain, with the spring-water for their drink and the oatmeal for their food, and be content, rather than part from it? The thoughts are nothing less than the recollections of a life, and recollections left from lives beyond their own. Here they have lived—here they have toiled. They are bound

to the earth not by the joy it has yielded them, but by the labours they have sown in its bosom. They have wedded themselves to it by their own acts of persevering and enduring exertion; and it has attached them to itself even by that bare and poor requital which it has rendered from its unfruitful bosom to their patient industry. Of such a kind and of such power are the associated remembrances and thoughts which the mind is able to spread around it upon the subjects of its continual employment. And in such associations, exceedingly various according to the nature and circumstances of the occupation, yet all strong in the same strength, is to be found the explanation of that attachment to their own calling which is found among men—which is the great “Law of Content” to human life—the strength and support of their exertions—and, to no inconsiderable extent, the provision made in nature for their happiness and their virtue.

GENERAL EXPEDIENCY.

The truth is, that the opinion now so readily and generally admitted, that what is right is also, on the whole, most conducive to the general good, so far from having been a connexion primarily and necessarily discerned by the human intelligence, is a conviction arising from much philosophical speculation. It is a conclusion *now* familiar to our minds. But whence is it deduced? Not from ascertaining the fact which we can never ascertain from induction sufficiently comprehensive; but from confidence in the goodness of the Ruler of the world. Something, indeed, we discern towards it; we have discovered an importance in general rules, and can argue that acts which appear expedient in the single case would become inexpedient if they were generally practised. But this is rather a maxim of philosophising than the result of absolute induction. *We know* that such an act is wrong. We see that a case can be imagined in which it would appear to be expedient, but we dare not admit its expediency. And in order to extricate ourselves from the dilemma we resort to the principle, that it is better evil should

be endured in one instance than that a law of right should be made subject to human judgment. But in that very reasoning *we presume* that the law of right is made known to us by some different means; and that, simply because it is right, its maintenance must be of more importance than any particular advantage that might be derived from its violation.

We ask what absolute and universal Reason is there that shall demonstrate to all human-kind this importance of General Rules? If the people of some small country in the centre of Asia fall under severe tyranny, and a patriot is tempted to put the tyrant to death, what light of Nature shall explain to him that if he kills that despot, the same rule of judgment will authorise any man in Europe to put to death any other whose life he esteems a public nuisance; and that therefore he is bound to let his fellow-citizens groan under their yoke, on account of the disorder which his principle of action would introduce among nations of which he has never heard, and who will never hear of him or his action? It may be

suspected that such an argument would appear to him exceedingly difficult to comprehend. But let him be told that to kill without authority is murder; and the observation will at least appear to him intelligible.

But, to put that case more boldly—suppose that we knew no reason against taking away life but the amount of an injury; suppose that all instinctive horror and natural condemnation on the subject were removed, and we were left to gather our own impressions on that point from our own observation and deduction, what confidence have we that it could ever be made matter of evident demonstration to us, that it was better to permit the utmost degree of private injustice and injury, than that the judgment of life and death should, even in the extremest case, be trusted to private hands? No doubt we, ourselves, have that conviction most powerfully impressed on our minds. But whence have we it? How much of it is derived from our acquiescence in that great Law of Nature which makes life sacred? How much from our mere habitual love of civil tranquillity, making us averse to ferocious justice? But take away these feelings which persuade our judgment, and what assurance have we that demonstration could be made to our understanding that society would be injured and not benefited, if there were sheathed swords within it ready to leap forth against the bosom of the profligate oppressor? What assurance have we that such demonstration could be made conclusive to every mind throughout the nation; being accompanied at the same time by the admission of the principle, that every man was for himself the judge of expediency, and that the question of the propriety of assassination rested solely on the determination of the expediency? For that the point for decision was not whether a law of crime should, in some cases be suspended; but that it was, *ab origine*, a question whether such an act was, in such a case, a crime or a duty, there being nothing in the act itself decisive of the question, and the whole lying entirely open to be ascertained by the probable expediency. It surely would be much to assert that with all their natural belief on the subject completely shaken, and coming to the investigation as to a matter of mere speculative debate, the result would be

that all men would reason themselves, without any division of opinion, into that unanimous view of the subject in which we now acquiesce.

Now this question, which we have put, by extreme supposition, as possible to be proposed, is one which, according to these theorists, is at all times actually before us for deliberation, in the very terms in which we have suggested it; for, according to them, all passionate natural repugnance and abhorrence on this and every other subject are delusive weaknesses, and our own unconsidered submission hitherto to the common persuasion is either mere inertness or ignorance; for the decision of the expediency alone decides the act to be a duty or a crime, and every man for himself, and no other for him, is the judge of this expediency. He is bound, then, to investigate and to judge, since, otherwise, he knows not but that he is leaving duties unperformed. What we have alleged of the supporters of this theory, that they wipe out from such deliberation the authority of all natural sentiment, and leave the mind solely to the speculative consideration of expediency, may seem to demand some sanction. Hear, then, Paley. “Must we admit,” he says, after proposing some difficult cases—“must we admit these actions to be right, which would be to justify assassination, plunder, and perjury?” “No,” he answers, “these actions, after all, are *not useful*, and for that reason, and that alone, are not right.” It follows then, clearly, that in judging of assassination, plunder, and perjury, the only ground of judgment is their utility or inutility; but our feelings of aversion to them can be no means of assisting us to compare, in any supposed case, their utility and inutility. These feelings tend very strongly to bias our minds one way; and on that account are an impediment to the impartial judgment of the consequences of the action.

If the Rule, therefore, of Expediency is our only rule, we must suppose ourselves free from all natural and instinctive abhorrence of crimes, and that in such a state of mind they come before us to be judged by Reason alone on the ground of their probable advantageous or injurious consequences. If we can satisfy ourselves that in all the most perplexing cases

in which crimes might be suggested, the understandings of men, unaided by their feelings, would discern the necessary injury resulting, by general consequences, from their adoption, and condemn them accordingly, then we must believe that the System of Expediency is not attended with the danger which we have represented. But if, on the other hand, it should appear probable that when individual cases arose in which the be-

nefit from the Act, singly considered, would be great, and the injury consisted merely in the violation of the general Rule, the understandings of mankind in general could not be relied on for preferring the sanctity of the general Rule to the apparent advantage of the particular Act, then must we admit that to suffer the condemnation of crime to rest solely on the estimate of Expediency, would shake the foundations of society.

DEPENDENCE OF MORALITY ON THE DIVINE WILL.

The doctrine of the dependence of morality on the Divine Will does involve obscure considerations. In one way, all these questions may become clear; namely, if they are considered not analytically and each by itself, but as the subject is given us in the world. If we view the world as the work of God, our own souls as such, the Divine Will as the actual law of all things, and as that law which does in fact diffuse their moral being through all things (so that even the physical world appears to be conformed to morality), there is no difficulty to the religious and pious mind in conceiving every thing that is good in itself as effluent from and inseparably united with God. What should I be without God? All existing morality, the moral will of intelligent natures, the moral manifestations, appearances, semblances, in nature sentient but not rational, (as the love of animals for their young) the subordination to morality in the constitution of the insensible inorganic world, are all the birth of a Will, eternally, infinitely, invariably, wholly good. This is simple and not easily denied. Again, the soul that renders unto God the good that is in it, sees this relation of its good to its author. Not only he gave me breath and a spirit having light within itself, all good that I have, am, think, or do, even if I had not known him—all capacities of, and determinations to, good, which I know in myself—but in discovering to me, in the mode in which he has discovered himself, he has given me a motive and a rule—the impulse and knowledge—of good, which else I could not have had.

If he has given me his Word, he has laid down, in the most explicit and not to be mistaken terms, the law of good;

that is, in the first place, *not* has commanded, but has expounded, good; so that if I desire to know what is good here it is shown me; here is unfolded its absolute essential reality without error. If he has not given me his Word (which for the present it may not be necessary for me to determine, inasmuch as Theism brings morality to him who has not yet made up his mind whether the history contained in the Christian gospel, and the Jewish scriptures, is, or is not, as Christians and Jews understand it, and as it offers itself, truth; and this argument is one which must comprehend all Theists)—if he has not given me his Word, yet he has given me faculties to learn something of his Being, and of his contemplation, and, if it may be so said, judgment of moral good; he has given such faculties to my species, and has enabled them by reflection, age after age, upon the highest subjects of speculation to which the aspiration of their spirits carries them, to amass a great body, of what I cannot but receive as religious knowledge—purifying gradually their reasonings, advancing deeper into principles, so that I cannot doubt, even if I doubt what these writings deliver as historical realities, that I live in the midst of, and have received, and see by, much religious light. By this light I am morally instructed. By believing him to be a Being all truth, all holiness, all wisdom, all love, even though my conception of these attributes should have been the work of mere unaided human faculties, I am able to judge of human right and wrong, otherwise and better than I could have done without believing. The accumulated moral speculation of those who have gone before me, en-

lightens me, helps my moral judgment, even though I should admit that the principle of moral judgment is in me essentially the same as in them—that they have judged and produced this truth by exerting faculties which I, equally with them, possess. In a yet greater degree am I enlightened, beyond the knowledge which I should without this belief deduce from my own soul, by this belief. I see, if I may so speak, with the eyes of the Deity whom I have found. My mind receives the direction of its own judgment from the mind I have ascribed to him; for I have ascribed to him that mind in the utmost sanctity of my own thoughts; hallowing my spirit as much as possible by offices of religion such as I know them by virtuous exercises if I know any, by bodily temperances which naturally exalt and guard the powers of the spirit, by justice and truth, by acts of love towards human beings—lifting up as much as possible to attain divine heights, dilating as much as possible to comprehend divine greatnesses, my human powers, I have in that best and most capable state of my soul formed the idea of Deity. In that idea are united at their height all the notions of moral good which those who have preceded me and which I, instructed by them, have been able to collect,—in it are embodied, as in a living presence, consecrated as an object of adoration. Thus, therefore, if it can be supposed that we know nothing of God but our own self-educated conception of him, so that when we refer, in judging morally, from ourselves to God we do in fact refer only from ourselves to ourselves, still it appears that, even under this supposition, we gain moral

judgment by this belief; because in every particular case, we refer from ourselves under all the perplexities to judgment, the temptations to false opinion, the moral illusions of our nature, to a law or measure of judgment formed and established in the utmost removal of all causes adverse to, and in the utmost presence of all causes favouring, right judgment. This is an evident advantage to morality of the religious belief even of natural Theism; even considered, as much as possible intellectually merely; making the idea of Deity as much as possible an intellectual abstraction divided from reality. But add the effects that take place in our mind the moment we pass out of this thought, and believe that this conception of ours is merely an infinitely imperfect apprehension of a Being infinitely transcending all finite apprehension; add the effects upon our will of the vital, undoubting, warm, devout belief of Him who is that which we have thought, exalted, enlarged, purified without end, above our thoughts, and then know what our moral judgment will be in the case in which we are called upon to give it, principally in the case of our own actions, when we are called upon to judge our act in the moment before we are to do, or to forbear it—or when we have done or forborne—what difference there will be in it, under the control and in the elevation of that belief pervading our heart and all its affections, predominating in our volition,—or without it, left to ourselves, knowing no higher judge, knowing nothing above or out of our own mind; and then we *most* feel that there is profoundest wisdom in the words "*Imprimis venerare Deos.*"

ORIGIN OF THE FINE ARTS.

It may be observed generally of all these Arts that their scope is, either by added embellishment, or by casting it altogether in another form, to give beauty to something which has a natural place and use in human life. Thus the dwellings of men and temples for their worship must have had a place among their works, although Architecture had never learnt any thing from imagination. The purposes of natural life were to be served, but the structures which these purposes re-

quired, admitted proportions of greatness and beauty, and were susceptible of other embellishments. The mind, which cannot rest in utility, but seeks in all its works to gratify its inherent desires and aspirations, availed itself of the capacities it found in structures of mere natural service, and gave a dominion to imagination in the works of use. Only it is a just restraint that the work of imagination shall not in any wise unfit the structure for its natural service. If it can in any way

heighten its fitness there is gain on both sides: So Sculpture, as distinct from its subservience to Architecture, has a natural use in human life, as it serves to perpetuate to a people the likeness of those men to whom, from any motives of national homage, they desire to yield this testimony of perpetual remembrance. It has served, moreover, the purposes of their erring worship, by shaping for them the objects of their idolatry. These two purposes gave to primitive Sculpture its place of ordinary service to human life, without any intermixture of those higher principles which have since found their way into the art. But imagination saw how in the rude forms of primitive art she could invest her own conceptions of august and beautiful form, and taking the chissel from the hand of mechanic labour, she began, for the world's delight, the work of her beautiful creation. Painting seems to have had a similar origin with Sculpture. It was at first an art of memory, not of imagination. It was used to preserve the likenesses of men, and from its ready variety the records of events. In the hands of imagination it became a beautiful art for delight; sometimes still serving its original use, and sometimes seeking no other end than pure delight. This art, too, was applied in a natural use, as it may be called, to the service oferring religion. There is a farther use which may be mentioned as found in these three arts in their early practice, that is, as preparing the mansions of the dead. All these works, whether of utility or homage, are works of natural service, independent altogether of that imagination which is proper to the Fine Arts, though they may all be said alike to invite that imagination. In like manner, Poetry had its primitive natural service; metrical language being found a fit vehicle for the memory of nations; and being used, therefore, for the oral record of laws, moral doctrines, mythology, and national events—at first independently of imagination. It is said that the science of the Druids was taught in many thousand verses. The fitness of metrical language for recitation with song, made it also suitable for religious and other ceremonies, which was also a natural primitive use. A few words may be added of Melody, as connected both

with metrical language and with dance. The constant use that is found among early and rude nations in every part of the world, of some species of melody framed with words into song, or accompanying their rude dances—in services of their worship—in their festivities—in other stated and regular occasions of life—as we find, for example—among the early Greeks, among the Highlanders of Scotland, among the Arabs—customary songs accompanying particular avocations of labour—this various uniform use of melody for service without imagination, justifies our considering it, like the other arts, as having a foundation in natural life, on which the work of imagination is afterwards raised. And if Music might seem to imply an artificial melody, as if it must have had from the beginning gratuitous invention, the singular fact may be recollected that the primary notes of the music of all nations is the same—a sufficient proof that the ground of melody is laid in our organic constitution, and a reason the more to support the view which has been taken of this art, as having a natural origin in the natural occasions of life, independently of imagination—since even melodies of joy and sorrow may thus be allowed as the natural utterance of a being, whose ear and voice are framed with the instinct of melody.

Without pursuing similar illustration through less important branches of art, and without pretending to have given more than a very slight statement with respect to those that have been enumerated, the argument which these observations were intended to support, will, perhaps, be admitted, namely, that those Arts, which we term the Fine Arts, have all their proper origin in the uses of human life, independently of that infused spirit of imagination which constitutes their interest to us, and which, in our estimation, is indispensable to their character.

Nor is this consideration of so little importance, as we might be apt to imagine, in determining the ultimate character of these arts. For although many of the uses which have been indicated have no longer much weight for our minds, yet among those early nations to whom they served these purposes, they were felt as of great moment. It is difficult for us to quit

in imagination our own condition of society, and to enter into the conceptions of those whose state of life and feelings is very different. If we could justly estimate the place which these arts have in the manners of nations in the primitive conditions of life, we should understand that they have a great, even a national importance.

For these arts which afterwards adorn life are at that time inwoven with its serious necessities, and are intermingled, too, in concerns, which, if not of necessity, are held by them of most solemn importance. They make part of what may be called the structure of their life.

FORM.

Sir Joshua lays down that Sculpture aims at two things—Form and Character—and that to accomplish either of these, is to achieve a mighty work. But how there should be intellectual delight or sublimity in Form he does not unfold; yet he who knows not this, is imperfectly skilled in the Grecian soul. Let us, therefore, discover why Intellect enjoys a statue which has no expression as far as the subject is concerned, but animal action and animal perfection. Some elements of pleasure are obvious, but go only a small way. First, there is the original pleasure of looking at animal beauty, which is not inconsiderable to those who have been bred up in that perpetual flow of animal enjoyment with which Grecians were blest; for the beauty of an animal is its adaptation to animal enjoyment. Then, we suppose, where this beauty is carried through every part, so that nothing of the defects appear, which, in the infinite chances of matter, settle upon all things of mortal birth, it is impossible to resist a feeling as if there were an exemption for that creature from the ordinary laws to which all others are enthralled—as if it were a favoured being, a darling of heaven that no power of annoyance can come near, and which the fighting elements of nature have united to spare. A Flower of faultless and glorious beauty, just unfolded, seems as if it could not live on this earth and under these skies, if there were not some feeling above for its loveliness to save it from harm. And this Ariosto must have known, when, in describing the rose which the virgin resembles, he says that sun, and air, and the dewy morning, and sky, and earth, incline towards it in favour. This is a feeling of protection. The feeling of the care in Nature for her production, goes much further—besides applying to forms of faultless

strength, where the idea of especial protection cannot apply—though, indeed, a superior idea takes its place—that of a creature *above* protection—born to triumph over the ills under which ordinary mortality dies. It must be these feelings that make faultless forms of beauty or strength, independently of all expression, poetical, and worthy of imagination's love. Of course it is not necessary that at every good statue the mind should run out into these speculations; but if it has ever been in the habit of indulging and believing in them, the least, almost unperceived, inclination to them, will be sufficient to exalt Form; indeed that must be true throughout all poetry and feeling. What is superstition with regard to flowers, is literal matter of fact for gods and god-begotten heroes.

Among the obvious causes of pleasure in mere Form of a perfect statue, are the knowledge and skill of the sculptor; but we know not how far this may go for nobler pleasure. The mere mechanical skill of doing a difficult thing by long practice does not appear very exalted; and how much share it may be allowed in the pleasure of a cultivated mind we cannot tell. In a rude mind it seems often to make up the whole—and that very strong—as in the admiration of rope-dancing—but even here we can hardly believe that the naked perception of a difficulty overcome by long practice, is the sole source of delight. We believe that in the pleasure of the “men of the multitude” there is something more poetical; a confusion of astonishment at the exertion of powers of which they had no conception; and a feeling as if those powers came from a higher quarter, and the rope-dancer were a gifted being:—a portion of the reverence which the most enlightened minds feel for a juggler. Skill in the

arts may be very delightful to an enlightened mind, not for itself, but what it is combined with. When very difficult dancing, for example, is very graceful and expressive, there must be great joy in perceiving, that the long and painful labour by which the difficulty has been overcome has not killed the soul of dancing in the dancer, but that her delight in grace and natural feeling have carried her triumphantly through her severe discipline, and so entirely subjected her art to her nature, that there is no trace in her motions of the effort by which they were acquired—but they might seem to be inspirations. Something of the same sort is the pleasure which perfect skill gives, when unostentatiously used, as indicating greatness of mind. Skill merely can only be delightful by that illusion, of its seeming in its perfection to be really an endowment of power from nature. But the fact is, it is no illusion—but a truth.

Where skill is of a masterly kind, it proceeds from great powers given by nature, and only consummated by art—and therefore let it no more be said, when Michael Angelo paints in the size of a hat a corse that seems six feet long, that it is merely a trick of painting. It may be a sport of painting, but full surely there is power there. On the whole, may it be received, that skill, though offensive, when other things are sacrificed to it, is in itself admirable—and when in subjection to passion, extremely admirable?—The knowledge of perfect Form is a fit subject of much admiration—because it implies a long course of noble studies—which studies derive their nobility from the nobleness of Form itself—which brings us to the great question, what is the real value of beauty: to what degree is it lawful that beautiful flesh should have power over the eyes of spirit and intellect?

CORRECTION OF HUME'S DOCTRINE OF ASSOCIATION.

Mr Hume, enumerating the chief heads of Relation, considers the relation of cause and effect as that which connects together the successive events and actions of a man's life, or of a nation's history. We can see but one principle of Unity to the events, acts, changes, incidents of a man's life, and that is himself; but one principle of Unity, to the same things in a nation's history, and that is our conception of the nation as a collective whole. It is true that the relation of causation mixes much in the series that is thus united. The man's character causes his actions, his actions affect his character, and thus influence again indirectly his further actions. Besides, the events of his life have in themselves a succession of their own. One brings on another, in an endless chain of causation from the beginning to the end of his life. This is indisputable. It shows, what may be often remarked elsewhere, that the same series of objects may be united together to the mind under different views of connexion. If we could look on individual man merely as a subject of philosophical speculation, we might see in him only the subject round which a series of causes and effects were wound, and forget himself in investigating

the course of the operation of moral powers, and the connected sequence of phenomena, of which he had served as the instrumental cause. But there is no man whose mind is so severed from all its natural tendencies that he can look upon any individual of his species in this manner. Let any one ask himself by what tie it is that the events, incidents, and acts of the life of another are connected in his own mind. He will quickly be aware that there is a very different principle of their union. There is not a stronger principle governing our thoughts than this which makes individual man himself the conspicuous object of our regard, and makes that which belongs to him or befalls him important in our eyes, because it does belong to or has befallen him. Take away the man, and leave merely the connected series of events, and we throw they would not long remain together in our knowledge; but replace the man, whom we have loved or whom we merely familiarly know, and what throngs of incidents, what innumerable recollections, which have no other interest, no other tie in our mind, at once gather about him, and invest him to our imagination with his own history! The chain of causation subsists indeed to a

wonderful extent, but we are not the observers that are able to trace it. The greater part of mankind knit their thoughts of their fellows together by no such connexions. A principle so abstract can extend through no long series of their thoughts. But give them the man himself to remember his life by, and you enchain indissolubly the train of its events from the cradle to the present hour. Even to those of highest and most cultivated mind, there is not much difference in this respect. The strong bond of human nature is upon them all; and if philosophy had never undertaken to explain on what ground we associate together the recollections that concern a brother or a friend, we could never have been much at a loss to discover it for ourselves.

We just now observed, that this series of causes and effects which is in fact so deeply involved in the history of every human being, is in part discernible by us, and mixes in that union of our thoughts which is collected upon the individual. Need we intimate how much our strong affections concur to establish these associations? The incidents that would soon be forgotten of another are long remembered of those in whom every little occurrence has part in the interest of our hearts. What we have now said of individuals we should have to repeat of nations. There is a mighty series of events strongly bound together that flows down the history of every people, a great series of causes and effects. The knowledge of these is the Understanding of the Philosophy of History; but we are warranted in asserting that this philosophical understanding, and this philosophical interest, are *not the ground* on which the events that compose the history of a people are collected in our *Imagination*. We love and admire the high characters of those who are illustrious in their country's annals; and we gather round them the events in which they participated. We love the nation itself; and we remember its calamities and triumphs, its virtues, and the stain of its virtues, by the exultation and pain which we felt when first our imagination was kindled with their lofty story, or their decline and fall.

If we ask, then, what is the great bond of connexion to our mind among all the events of the life of any indi-

vidual, it is evidently this, that they all *regard one object*; it is in the man himself that they are all united, and *he is the bond of their connexion to our imagination*. Thus when we think of the great series of great actions which constitutes the history of Julius Cæsar—their order in time is not the chief bond of their association. But they are all associated round the image of that matchless warrior and statesman; and we think at once, in one wide complex emotion, of all his being, from the hour he first appears before us, a restless candidate for the lower office of the state, till, in the fulness of his power, the brightness of his glory, and the darkness of his guilt, he breathes out his mighty spirit at the base of Pompey's statue. This personal reference is as evidently the tie that likewise binds together all the events of *the man's own life* in whose memory they are connected. And thus for himself, and for the life of every human being in whose fate or fortune he is in any way interested, this personal reference which alone gave unity to the events as they befell, gives them their proper unity to memory. It gives them their proper historical bond of unity.

How much of all the history of mankind is already exhausted under this class of associations will be apparent to every one who remembers how small that portion of history is which is independent of the names of distinguished individual actors. But the same principle extended will at once comprehend all history. Recollect the history of any nation, and consider what is the real bond of association to your own mind among the events which regard it. There can be no doubt as to the answer. It is this simply, that *they do regard it*. Athens and Sparta give unity to the events of their own history, as every man is himself the point of union to those of his life. Each nation is to our conception *an individual*, undergoing through the period of its lengthened life the succession of events, or achieving the succession of actions, which make up the history of a life perhaps of centuries. And each people, while their race and name remain, whatever fortunes and revolutions they may pass through, serves still in the view of our mind to collect together all the events and achieve-

ments that have been involved with their race and name. The city, the race, the nation, the community of nations, whatever the collective whole may be, of which the acts and fortunes are the subjects for our thought, that

whole gives its own unity to its own history, and serves as much as the individual for the bond of connexion which unites those events to the understandings and the memories of men.

THE APATHY OF THE STOICS.

The two sections opposed to each other in antiquity, were those of the Epicureans and the Stoics. They were opposed, indeed, not merely by the language of their tenets, one sect maintaining that Pleasure is the greatest good, the other that Pain is no Evil; but by the spirit of their philosophy. The Epicureans sought tranquillity of enjoyment. The Stoics desired an arduous Virtue. The Epicureans narrowed and degraded to the utmost the good they proposed, when they made man himself the End of his Virtue. The Stoics exalted that good to the utmost, when they endeavoured to make man himself *nothing* in his own regard, and required of him a conformity to that absolute law of Virtue, of which his happiness would be a necessary result indeed, but was not to be the object of his desire.

If we ask what was the defect of the Stoical System, it was manifestly this, that it was inapplicable to human nature. In saying which, we do not mean merely to allege that that highest perfection at which they aimed was by man unattainable, which would be no objection, since the continual approaches to the highest state proposed are all that are requisite under any imaginable system. But we mean that the spirit of their philosophy does not accord with the general spirit of human nature. Those who could be its followers are but a few out of the whole number of mankind—those only of high intellectual capacity, and of great native energy of character. They profess, indeed, to lay Virtue open to all mankind, and call on all to apply themselves to its pursuit. But to the greater number of those to whom it is offered, their method of Virtue is impracticable. That exclusion of Passion which they require, and which they express by Apathy, meaning, however, not insensibility, but freedom from the perturbation of passion—that exclusion is in fact the exclusion of Human Nature. Passion is one of

its essential elements; and the morality which is to be suited for man to embrace, must temper, restrain, and govern passion, but must not reject it from the system of his Being.

It appears, then, that the principle which they adopted as their great maxim of wisdom—to follow, or conform to nature, was in one important respect departed from by them, through imperfect understanding of that nature to which they purposed to conform. They had begun, no doubt, in framing their system, by adopting as its primary and leading principle, the Supremacy of Intellectual Reason, and the necessity of the entire conquest of the inferior mind by that power. This conception of sovereignty in the calm intellectual mind, and absolute subjection of the inferior soul, led necessarily to a false view of the actual constitution of human nature;—it led to regarding the Passions not as important and vital elements of the whole being, but as disorders of the mind, from which it must by all means be freed. This consequence necessarily followed, because the rising up of every passion is attended, while it lasts, with a disturbance of the soul in which reason is confused and suspended, whence they gave them no higher name than Perturbations. They did not perceive how imperfect, and insufficient to the distinction of our being is reason alone; that these troubling and impetuous movements of the soul,—joy, sorrow, desire, anger, fear,—are the very declarations of our nature as to its own good and evil; that they are the teachers of reason, which, without them, is uninstructed as to human good. The vehement and impetuous fear in the soul of a parent in the sudden danger of a child—the flame of indignant hate which passes over the heart at the hearing or witnessing some atrocious crime—the sleepless passion which seizes the spirit of a young patriot warrior when the foot of a foe is

on the soil—these, and a thousand such movements, full of the most disturbing and oppressive passion, are so far from weaknesses or disorders of our nature, that they are the only way in which our nature can possibly make itself known to our own understanding—the only way by which the strength, the character, the reality of our most necessary affections can be understood by us. It is the only way in which they can be known as subsisting in our minds, and, consequently, the only way in which we can receive the instruction of nature as to good and evil. Reason is disturbed and shaken while the sudden movement of passion lasts; but, afterwards, does not the less reassume her sway when she may at leisure consider and understand the passion of which she could not restrain the rise. That self-command which virtue and reason require, is, therefore, something different from that complete suppression of all emotion which was proposed by the Stoics. It implies the subjugation, slowly effected as it must be, of

even emotion itself, as far as its degree or direction is condemned by virtue; it implies the immediate subjection of our actions to the law of virtue, whatever the violence of the feelings may be that struggle against it. But it leaves, at the same time, a wide field of nature open, within which every principle of emotion which is implanted in our bosoms may act; within which even their strong and stormy agitation is no violation of the moral character of our mind, nor of that due authority of reason, to which the whole tenor of our lives must, though every moment cannot, be subjected.

The great defect, then, of the Stoical speculative doctrines, appears to be an ignorance of the nature and office of Passion in the human mind—conceiving it to be a disorder and not a necessary power—and not perceiving that our highest and noblest affections partake of this quality as essentially as all the others.

SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

In considering mental pursuits under the most general and comprehensive view, we observe that they may be classed as of two kinds: those studies which are derived from Imagination, and those which are derived from Intellect. Now, it is certain that nothing lifts up higher our conception of the power of the human mind than the highest productions of those arts which are the offspring of imagination. Wherever they have flourished they adorn the people in our eyes. Because in these the soul, delivering itself up to the full transport of its powers, seeks nothing but to express in durable forms the very visions of beauty and greatness which visit it in its height of conception. Such have been the works of mighty sculptors and painters; such the works of those who have reared up on the earth edifices that have stood proudly on the soil adorning it with a magnificence that was not misplaced amidst the magnificence of nature. Such have been those poets whose great works have remained to their people, dilating the bosoms of thousands with what one mind, only in one age, could have conceived.

We cannot, in remembering what human nature has done for itself to establish its strength by its own works, forget our love and admiration of those surpassing productions which have so much lifted up the spirits that gave them birth, and have maintained at such a lofty pitch of genius the mind of a country through following generations. It rests upon such works; it will not willingly fall from them into abasement.

Yet it is to be observed, that the pursuits of those arts which are derived from imagination, however capable they may be of the utmost greatness of the human mind, does not supply that kind of continued strength which the mind requires. In the luxury of a people their arts take the tone of the times. Imagination is too much in sympathy with pleasure, it yields itself too easily to the enchantment from which the mind itself seeks deliverance. Accordingly, all the arts to which imagination gives birth have greatly changed their character with the changing genius of a people. Strong, masculine, and rude in elder times, and bearing the stamp of the bold spirit which

created them, they have at a later period become unnerved and effeminate—tainted with the weakness of a luxurious age—and breathing back on the soul of the people the same indolent softness they had already received from it.

If therefore the mind is, by its own pursuits, to supply itself with strength, it is not on such as these that it must rely—not on a faculty which is itself susceptible of so much influence from extraneous causes. It must rely on those faculties which are self-dependent—on those which derive the law of their action from within.

Such are pre-eminently those faculties of which the pursuit is Truth. Truth, in all the various forms in which it can be made the subject of human contemplation. Truth in the observation of nature—in the severest sciences—and in that science which begins and ends in the Mind itself. Such, above all, is that moral wisdom which draws from the whole internal being the strength by which it seeks to subject, not merely the appearance of human life to its intelligence, but the actions of human life, by its will.

In those works which the mind frames for its own delight merely, it obeys an uncertain law. But when it applies itself to know that which has been and is, it no longer floats on uncertainty. It then seeks to know; and there is but one measure which can satisfy its desire—namely, the severest knowledge of reality.

In these sciences, too, there is such a conformity to the intellectual nature of man, that to pursue them is to bring forth his innermost powers into action. The field, too, that lies before him is boundless; he can never know all. What he learns, is a step only to what is beyond. He is going forward in a continual march; and from his own mind must he derive the constant supply of power by which he is to effect his progressive conquest.

Fearful, then, as from the history of the world, we may judge the danger to be which menaces a people from the enervating influences of civilisation—it appears that the proper strength which nature has provided to man for direct resistance is in the character and power of his intellectual mind. A view, which might give us great reason to apprehend the

inadequacy of such means of protection, if we conceived this strength to be placed only in those highest minds, which distinguish themselves above all others by their intellectual achievements, but which will appear to us not void of consolation and encouragement, when we look upon our own country, and consider to how great an extent the generous activity of intellect may be diffused throughout a people; when we conceive that the strength thus given does not reside in a few elected spirits, but that all the thousands of minds that draw each from itself the impulses to intellectual exertion, are carrying on each within itself the work of this defence, uniting, though they know it not, their individual strengths to maintain a great common cause of the whole united society. How noble and calm is that human spirit which in all its hours of more undisturbed and self-collected thought, reflects in itself, as in a mirror, the harmonies of the worlds!

But there are peculiar characteristic circumstances of the mind and state of this nation at the present time, which, besides those common causes of injury to the spirit of a people which have been already spoken of, include dangers of a different kind, and which lead us to consider in this application also, the influence that may be derived from the tenor of our intellectual pursuits.

The present age exhibits a remarkable character of energy and ardour in all the ordinary pursuits of human life. Each mind is seen rushing eagerly to its allotted task, and scarce feeling there is any other call upon its powers than to strive vigorously and successfully in the animated conflict. The highest orders among ourselves are less solicited to ease than they are called to struggles and duties in the public business of the state. Such is the effect of that particular constitution of our polity, that the life of no order is that of repose. The thirst for reputation, the pride of rising to higher eminence in the ranks of society, the ardour for wealth, the very rivalry that is engendered in the midst of conflicting interests, have seized on the spirit of the land, and in the midst of what the history of mankind would have prepared an observer to expect as a life of ease, have produced a restless and eager activity of powers, which

resembles in its effect, though not in its character, those earlier struggles of a people maintaining warfare with men or with nature for the protection of their existence. The result is that spirit of manly strength which must always be produced in the contests of men with men.

But besides the peculiar character of this internal activity in the heart of society throughout the country, there are other circumstances generally affecting the spirit of our minds, which appear calculated to produce a like effect, and which require some separate notice. The agitations of the late eventful years have occupied the minds of all men with interests, which, though of the utmost importance and magnitude, were, nevertheless, in one respect temporary. For every new event which arose, or was in preparation, seemed as if the fate of a nation, or we would almost say, of mankind, were involved in its issue: and, therefore, no excess of passionate expectation which could be fixed on it, could appear misplaced. But hence it has happened that through this whole period the mind of the nation has been continually held in suspense on events which, whatever might be their magnitude, were yet to pass away: and we have been accustomed to live in a succession of vivid emotions which were all but the birth of the times, and could only have the duration of the events with which they had arisen.

Now, even the strong and pervading sympathy with the fortunes of nature and humanity, however ennobling to the minds which it filled, and although accompanied with lessons of the highest instruction, has nevertheless, in this respect, been injurious to our highest faculties of thought, that they have withdrawn our imagination from those great objects which, to the self-collected mind wrapped in meditation, have at all times appeared of paramount importance. That great sympathy, and those momentous expectations on which all men have been intent, have made it appear, as if the more thoughtful mind turning itself to those remoter objects and their shadowy speculation, were deserting the great hazards of mankind, to busy itself in the dreams of a fantastic and indolent philosophy. We have found, in the occurrences and scenes of a shifting world, their full scope for all our capacity of hope and desire; and

hence it may be difficult to our minds, when they would turn themselves again towards higher and more lasting contemplations, to recover that zeal, and those devout convictions of their value which have belonged to them of old, and have been easy and habitual to men who lived in calmer times of the world. Even minds of superior power have thus absolutely surrendered themselves to their interest in passing events, and have forgotten altogether those thoughts of which the interest arises in the silent mind—to which their strong reflecting character would otherwise have called them, and which their genius, full of wisdom, might in other times have illustrated.

Nor can it be doubted that these events have, in another way, tended to disqualify our minds for the highest speculations, inasmuch as they have given great intensity to those feelings which are at all times spread through the bosom of society, variously dividing the members of a state. They have given to all momentary questions and feelings of this sort an intensity and magnitude derived from those great interests which were at hazard in the contentions of the world, and have thus kept men's minds in a state of keen and agitated debate, a temper the most hostile of any to contemplative philosophy.

There are, however, other consequences of such passions and pursuits which unavoidably force themselves upon our observation. The objects which are thus sought after, though to a certain extent good, honourable, and even necessary, are all of a temporary and personal nature. As temporary, they cannot be the fit objects of the most earnest and persevering endeavours of minds framed like ours; as personal, it must be expected that long continued and passionate desire directed upon them, will, as it is always found to do, impair the more disinterested affections. We have no difficulty in admitting these views in single examples. We may feel some hesitation in applying them to the case of a nation. Yet the injury to a nation may be more complete and certain. For, to an individual, the effect of his own pursuits upon his character may be mitigated by his intercourse with other men. But in the case of a nation, all men concurring to justify one another's passions, and to confirm those false deceptions of the under-

standing which passion always suggests, it is to be apprehended that any effect naturally injurious will take place with stronger and more decisive effect.

It seems impossible, then, with these views, to look without apprehension to the future effect upon the character of the country from so much of our whole exertion and desire being devoted to these objects. And if it is difficult for us, situated as we are, to recall ourselves in any great degree from their pursuit, it appears desirable at least, that the intervals of leisure in which our minds are called back to themselves, should be employed on objects of an opposite character. Literature is one source of such employment. The higher works which we include under that name, bring objects of a different nature before the mind, and awaken feelings and thoughts which had slept in the midst of our more eager occupations. The objects with which we are thus led to converse, are even of the greatest magnitude and the highest kind; and we have no faculties of such dignity, and no affections so exalted, but they may here find room to act. But all these pursuits are in danger to become at last little else than a relaxation to the mind overstrained with more serious employment. They call up a momentary play of sensibility and fancy, they amuse the tired faculty of thought with new speculation. They renovate for fresh labour. But they scarcely do more. They leave the man, as he was, a being whose anxious and earnest thoughts are fixed on interests which each successive day brings before him, and which even his own speculation carries on but a little way into futurity. They leave him to think that all his capacities of affection and desire have found their sufficient objects, and that there are no disregarded faculties in his soul, pleading in vain to be admitted, as they are of higher birth, to their right of a higher destination.

Now we cannot but believe that a more serious cast given to the intellectual pursuits of a people, might add greatly to the importance of that portion of their lives, in which the mind, from its accustomed labours, is recovered to itself. If their literature be not a literature of pleasure merely, but by a high spirit of Philosophy infused, can address itself in another

language, and with other claims to their minds,—turning their thoughts in upon themselves, and proposing the faculties which it calls into activity as objects of a distinct regard, entitled on their own account to be considered excellent, and not merely instrumental to the relaxation of amusement of unoccupied hours; then it would appear that a new and important effect would follow. For the mind cannot in any degree be turned to the distinct consideration of its own powers, without an immediate perception of their dignity, and without being led on in some degree to speculate on the ends for which they are designed in the constitution of our nature. But no sooner does it begin to reason or conjecture upon the ends which they are framed to insure, than it is necessarily drawn on to consider them in their full connexion with that life to which we are born, and which is the first great scene of their activity. Now this is the very subject on which it seems most important, that the human mind should exercise its speculation. For the moment it begins to compare the extensive reach and high character of its inherent powers with the facilities which human life offers for their exertion, it is met by the conviction that the ordinary employments to which it is required, are inadequate alike to their capacity and dignity; and it is driven on to enquire what nobler occupation it may find, on which its largest faculties shall not be lost, or its proudest misapplied. Now the whole of a literature which the spirit of a high Philosophy pervades, will lead the minds of men in innumerable ways into these views and trains of speculation. But most of all those high works of Philosophy—which speak of the mind alone, and by the most open and direct appeal—call upon it to turn its thoughts upon itself—to understand and to acknowledge its own high descent and indefeasible prerogative.

The direct application of such philosophy to remove the doubts with which the over active mind possesses itself, may be made more apparent by some consideration of the manner in which it falls into such mistrust. It will appear probably that some of the most important labours of the mind in science, and some of its purest laws of operation, tend to the production of the doubts of which we have spoken.

Of the laws of intellect one most essential to its nature is, "*to know the evidence of its own belief.*" Hence there is naturally a favourable inclination of intellect towards all truth, of which the evidence is obvious to demonstration, and a natural disinclination to that truth of which the evidence is elusive and obscure. Now the human mind is called upon to pursue enquiry in two very distinct spheres of speculation:—in a world *external* to itself where the evidence of belief lies in *sense*:—and in a world *within itself* where the evidence of belief consists in *variable and indefinite feelings and affections*, many of which are to most minds, and some perhaps to all, unfamiliar and obscure. It is apparent, then, to which of these two spheres of investigation, a mind determined chiefly by its *intellectual* faculties, will incline. The observations now made may perhaps serve to explain the tendency of enquiry which philosophy in these later times has discovered. To those sciences of which the evidence lies in *sense*, the human intellect has turned itself in all its strength, and has built up an edifice of knowledge of which the former ages of the world entertained no imagination. But it must almost appear that it has given itself up to them with relinquishing, to a certain extent, its other and more important sphere. The knowledge which lies within, it seems too much to have regarded with disfavour. Turning from the broad day in which the facts of external science lie exposed, to this dark and shadowy world, it has feared to set its steps on unsubstantial ground; and has often kept itself aloof from it altogether. So that while in the sciences of material nature, it has been advancing in acquisition with giant strides, and lifting up its power beyond all precedent, in the other it has sometimes been losing knowledge that was possessed perhaps by the earliest ages of mankind.

But the evidence of belief from this interior world is not necessarily uncertain and obscure. It is our *Mind* that makes it more or less so. The manifold affections incident to our mind become clear and defined to those who feel them strongly, and are accustomed attentively to consider them. To those only are they obscure and inevident who imperfectly feel and negligently consider them.

Hence, against that unwillingness^s of cultivated intellect to admit belief drawn from such internal evidence, there seems no defence so ready to have recourse to as that philosophy which founds its whole science on the basis of such evidence, and which, while it is jealous to admit all reasoning derived from imperfect knowledge of its own great and authentic principles, is as strenuous in urging human nature to indulge the cultivation of that whole inward world of affections and feelings, be they more distinct and palpable, or more undefined and obscure.

Thus, then, it may appear that even in those profound wonderful sciences which investigate the laws of nature through her mighty material universe, there may lurk danger to the human spirit, not as it pursues them for its individual delight, but when the mind of a whole generation is given over to them with too exclusive desire. They are the high and just, the useful and the ennobling study of man, the observer, and, in his own domain, the master of nature. But they are not his only knowledge—and they must not usurp the full measure of his capacities. There is another knowledge that must divide with them the empire of his mind, and must hold at least its equal sway.

Before we conclude, we wish to add a few words upon a subject, which, though distinct from those of which we have now spoken, is not unconnected with them. We speak of a sort of practical scepticism which is spread among many as to all opinions which rest for their evidence upon the highest feelings of our minds, and of explicit scepticism among others. We conceive that mind to be in a state of practical disbelief in these respects, which, by attachment to speculative or active pursuits of a different character, is kept in a habitual forgetfulness of the thoughts, and a habitual disuse of the feelings, if we may so express ourselves, which belong to such subjects. It is a state of mind not adverse to the belief, perhaps, from which it is thus habitually estranged, but certainly divided from it. But there is among many a scepticism explicit and deliberate, which we cannot help conceiving is to be ascribed to the influence, unforeseen to themselves, of a course of life, and perhaps of speculation unfavourable to the just use of some of

their highest powers, rather than to a conviction following from investigations carried through with the full use of those powers. To all scepticism there can be but one answer,—Truth. But that knowledge which is placed within the reach of our faculties, is not a boon granted to the mere desire of possessing it. It is a prize offered to steadfast and unwearied exertion of our best faculties. If we ask what those faculties are to which the attainment of the highest knowledge is given, it is evident that none can be passed over—that the full effort of our mind in all its powers is required of us for that acquisition. Our reasoning intellect is but a part of that constitution of our minds by which we are enabled to make dis-

covery of moral truth—the powers of our moral nature are pre-eminently those by which all such discovery is made possible to us. That course of life, then, and those trains and methods of speculation which raise up our moral faculties into strength, and do indeed open up within ourselves that part of created nature which in these cases must be the subject of enquiry, can alone afford us reasonable expectation of attaining the knowledge in question, and exploring our way to just conclusions on those momentous topics, which, whatever conclusions it may rest in, will, more or less, visit every human mind with sorrow or with hope, with thoughts of fear or of consolation.

REMARKS ON A PASSAGE IN COLERIDGE'S "AIDS TO REFLECTION."

"If Prudence, though practically inseparable from Morality, is not to be confounded with the Moral Principle; still less may Sensibility, *i. e.* a constitutional quickness of Sympathy with Pain and Pleasure, and a keen sense of the gratifications that accompany social intercourse, mutual endearments, and reciprocal preferences, be mistaken, or deemed a Substitute for either. They are not even sure pledges of a GOOD HEART, though among the most common meanings of that many-meaning and too commonly misapplied expression.

"So far from being either Morality, or one with the Moral Principle, they ought not even to be placed in the same rank with Prudence. For Prudence is at least an offspring of the Understanding; but Sensibility (the Sensibility, I mean, here spoken of) is for the greater part a quality of the nerves, and a result of individual bodily temperament.

"Prudence is an *active* Principle, and implies a sacrifice of Self, though only to the same Self *projected*, as it were, to a distance. But the very term Sensibility, marks its *passive* nature: and in its mere self, apart from Choice and Reflection, it proves little more than the coincidence or contagion of pleasurable or painful Sensations in different persons.

"Alas! how many are there in this over-stimulated age, in which the occurrence of excessive and unhealthy sensitiveness is so frequent, as even to have reversed the current meaning of the word, *nervous*,—how many are there whose sensibility prompt them to remove those evils alone, which by hideous spectacle or clamorous outcry are present to their senses

and disturb their selfish enjoyments! Provided the dunghill is not before their parlour window, they are well contented to know that it exists, and perhaps as the hot-bed on which their own luxuries are reared. Sensibility is not necessarily Benevolence. Nay, by rendering us tremblingly alive to trifling misfortunes, it frequently prevents it, and induces an effeminate Selfishness instead,

—— 'pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use.
Sweet are the Tears, that from a Howard's eye
Drop on the cheek of one, he lifts from earth,
And He, who works me good with unmoved face
Does it but half. He chills me while he aids,
My Benefactor, not my Brother Man.
But even this, this *cold* benevolence,
Seems Worth, seems Manhood, when there rise
before me
The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving Tribe,
Who sigh for Wretchedness yet shun the wretched,
Nursing in some delicious Solitude
Their slothful Loves and dainty Sympathies.'
Sibylline Leaves, p. 187.

"Lastly, where Virtue is, Sensibility is the ornament and becoming Attire of Virtue. On certain occasions it may almost be said to *become* Virtue. But Sensibility and all the amiable Qualities may likewise become, and too often *have* become, the pandars of Vice and the instruments of Seduction.

"So must it needs be with all qualities that have their rise only in *parts* and *fragments* of our nature. A man of warm opinions may sacrifice half his estate to rescue a friend from Prison: for he is generally sympathetic, and the more sober *part* of his nature happened to be uppermost. The same man shall afterwards exhibit the same disregard of money in an attempt to seduce that friend's Wife or Daughter.

All the evil achieved by Hobbes and his whole School of Materialists will appear inconsiderable if it be compared with the mischief effected and occasioned by the sentimental Philosophy of STERNE, and his numerous Imitators. The vilest appetites and the most remorseless inconstancy towards their objects, acquired the titles of *the Heart, the irresistible Feelings, the too tender Sensibility*: and if the Frosts of Prudence, the icy chains of Human Law thawed and vanished at the genial warmth of Human Nature, who could help it? It was an amiable weakness!

"About this time, too, the profanation of the word, Love, rose to its height. The French Naturalists, Buffon and others, borrowed it from the sentimental Novelists; the Swedish and English Philosophers took the contagion; and the Muse of Science condescended to seek admission into the Saloons of Fashion and Frivolity, *rouged* like an Harlot, and with the Harlot's wanton leer. I know not how the Annals of Guilt could be better forced into the service of Virtue, than by such a comment on the present paragraph, as would be afforded by a selection from the sentimental Correspondence produced in Courts of Justice within the last thirty years, fairly translated into the true meaning of the words, and the actual Object and Purpose of the infamous Writers. Do you in good earnest aim at Dignity of Character? By all the treasures of a peaceful mind, by all the charms of an open countenance, I conjure you, O youth! turn away from those who live in the Twilight between Vice and Virtue. Are not Reason, Discrimination, Law, and deliberate Choice, the distinguishing Characters of Humanity? Can aught then worthy of a human Being proceed from a Habit of Soul, which would exclude all these and (to borrow a metaphor from Paganism) prefer the den of Trophonius to the Temple and Oracles of the God of Light? Can any thing *manly*, I say, proceed from those, who for Law and Light would substitute shapeless feelings, sentiments, impulses, which as far as they differ from the vital workings in the brute animals owe the difference to their former connexion with the proper Virtues of Humanity; as Dendrites derive the outlines, that constitute their value above other clay-stones, from the casual neighbourhood and pressure of the Plants, the names of which they assume? Remember, that Love itself in its highest earthly Bearing, as the ground of the marriage union, becomes Love by an inward FIAT of the Will, by a completing and sealing Act of Moral Election, and lays claim to permanence only under the form of DUTY."

This, on the whole, is a good passage, spirited and eloquent, although not free from the vices incident to Mr Coleridge's style, especially the vice of exaggeration. For, in the first place, he has taken care so to degrade the character of Sensibility, that it is scarcely possible to imagine any writer, above the very lowest rank, considering it a substitute either for Prudence or the Moral Principle. In the second place, even this kind of sensibility, though not a sure pledge of a good heart, is generally so; and, supposing it to be not altogether instinctive and unreasoning, which scarcely any permanent impulse is, but under some rational control and safeguard, if it were no other than the experience of life frequently thwarting and rendering its undue indulgence disastrous or ridiculous—then such sensibility is amiable, and symptomatic (we do not fear to say so) of a good heart. It may be right to speak, even with some austerity, of "a constitutional quickness of sympathy, and a keen sense of the gratifications that accompany social intercourse, mutual endearments, and reciprocal preferences," when these are represented as all in all in the moral character; but it is not right to speak of them with any disparagement in themselves, since without them, except indeed in the loftiest and most sublime spirits of men, there is no such thing as virtue. In the third place, though it be true that Prudence is an "offspring of the understanding," it is also no less true, that Prudence is often just as constitutional as sensibility, a quality too of the nerves, and a result of individual bodily temperament. The cautious are often cold-blooded; and the prudent not unfrequently persons whose nerves are like nails, and who, undisturbed by the agitations of those feelings which they ought to possess, make the head do the work of the heart. Were a fair estimate to be made of the comparative worth of the best kind of prudence and the best kind of sensibility, or of the comparative worthlessness or danger of the worst—and no other estimate is of any avail in moral disquisition—the result would not be that at which Mr Coleridge has arrived in his imperfect philosophy. Fourthly,—we very much doubt the likelihood of the man of warm passions, who sacrificed half his estate to rescue a friend from prison, afterwards exhibiting the

same disregard of money in an attempt to seduce that friend's wife or daughter. No man ever sacrificed the half of his estate for friendship, on a sudden, instinctive, constitutional impulse of temperament. Such an act could only have been performed by a generous man. And, although a generous man may commit a wicked action, he is less inclined to do so, we think, than an ungenerous man, more especially an action of consummate baseness and deliberate cruelty. The illustration is striking, but it is not satisfying, and shows the advocate, not the judge. Finally, to assert that all the evil produced by Hobbes and the whole school of materialists will appear inconsiderable, if it be compared with the mischief effected and occasioned by the sentimental philosophy of Sterne, and his numerous imitators, is altogether monstrous, and in the direct teeth of a hundred of Mr Coleridge's moral speculations in the 'Friend,' and his 'Lay Sermons,' in which he has, with considerable force, struck at the root of the selfish system of the Philosopher of Malmesbury. A few fantastic and mawkish novels — what were they to the host — not yet extinct — of hard-featured wretches, who, in the name of morality, have laboured to destroy all moral responsibility, and to found duty on power?

But we cannot help thinking that, had Mr Coleridge taken a more philosophical view of the constitution of our nature, he would have seen that the term Sensibility does, in its best and truest signification, denote one great constituent of our being, by which we are capable of being affected in various and sometimes extraordinary degrees of pleasure and pain, and with various and sometimes extraordinary degrees of will and desire, by different objects made known to us by our powers of understanding. It denotes a capacity, by which we are susceptible of suffering and misery, by which the whole variety and strength of our moral nature is unfolded, and from which our intellectual reason draws its amplest and most precious stores. It is open to the impression of all the objects which the world may offer it. These present themselves, and the emotion arises, making to the mind disclosure of itself, bringing out to its sight, with visible force and strong undoubted reality, powers which lie there often unknown, and always unmeasured till

the very act shows them forth in their native shape and proper dimensions. From this first strong movement, which, however, is not single, but may spread itself in great diversity of forms through the mind — from this first passive sway of emotion, the mind returns, and rises up in its strength to act on the object, either with power of will and desire to escape from it, or with power of will and desire to possess and enjoy it. This power of feeling, of will, or of desire, is thus far no otherwise dependent on the intellectual mind than as the intellectual faculties mix in all its acts — conceiving and understanding the object, conceiving and understanding the means to pursue or to fly from it. They act perfectly, and with great subtlety and force, but in mere subservience to passion — as a part of it, but separable from it.

In all passion, we find two states perfectly distinct from each other — the emotion arising from contemplation of the object, which is an affection of pleasure and pain, and in which the mind may be passive merely; and, arising out of this, the movement of the mind to or from the object. There is also a third state, intimately connected with this last, and yet differing from it — the state of the will.

The first point, then, is the susceptibility of impression and emotion. In some minds, this exists to a great extent, without producing strong exertion of the will. It is then properly called Sensibility, which regards simply the capacity of being strongly and deeply affected. However, Sensibility itself may be of very different characters; as it may be quick and vivid, but transient; or its affections may be more calm, but deep and fixed. The susceptibility of great exhilaration of heart, for example, or of sudden and passionate sorrow, is found under the first character. Under the second, deep and steadfast joy, which sustains in the mind no more, perhaps, than a calm bright serenity, and yet implies, not a tranquil indisposition to be affected, but an extreme and fine sensibility to pleasure. On the other hand, the same temper of mind may produce a settled and enduring melancholy. This is the first affection in which the mind is nearly passive.

Now, though we may regard those impressions on the Sensibility as given merely in order to prepare and lead

on those movements of the will through which the mind is carried into action, which may be conceived as the ultimate purpose and proper end of those affections of pleasure and pain—yet, if the emotion should not reach to will, we by no means necessarily esteem this falling short of its seemingly desired end, as a defect in the working of the mind. On the contrary, the affections of the Sensibility are often very touching to us to contemplate, or beautiful, majestic, and sublime, when they reach not to the production of any purpose in the will;—as the sorrow which is felt for those who mourn, when our sympathy can offer them nothing but its sorrow;—as the grief of those who mourn the loss of that which they have loved, when their piety restrains all impatient murmuring at their own privation, and all vain longing towards that which is gone. Their grief, in its simplicity, is most affecting and beautiful. So the happiness of children, on whom joy falls like the sunshine, and passes away. Such, too, is the admiration we feel for characters of greatness, who, in the humility of our reverence, seem to us lifted up far above our imitation. In those instances, and numberless others that might be supposed, all that we see is, the first simple emotion strongly declared in the soul, but not passing on to the effects that naturally and properly arise out of the primary feeling.

We have not room now to say more on this subject; but the little we have said may, perhaps, serve to show, that in his vituperation of Sensibility, Mr Coleridge has either confined his consideration to the popular, and, we might say, vulgar meaning of the term; or that, if he had in his mind any reference to its proper and philosophical meaning, his invective betrays a very imperfect knowledge of the essence and agency of this part of the constitution of our nature.

It would likewise appear, from the sneer at Sympathy in the long passage now quoted, as well as from other more direct allusions elsewhere, that Mr Coleridge held very cheap the moral system of Adam Smith. But we suspect that, notwithstanding his too frequent expressions of slight towards what he and others of his school are pleased to call the Scotch Philosophy, neither he nor they are

masters of the most important tenets of any of our metaphysical moralists.

Sympathy is supposed by Dr Smith to act towards the production of Moral Sentiment in three ways:—First, by enabling us to judge others, viz.—by enabling us to put ourselves in the place of others, and thus to compare their conduct with what ours would be; upon which comparison we approve or condemn. Secondly, by enabling us to conceive the judgment which others make of us. Thirdly, by participation in the gratitude and resentment of those who are benefited or injured either by ourselves or others. On the first of these views, an observation of a simple kind suggests itself, and has been made. If sympathy did no more towards the production of moral sentiment than to enable us to judge others by taking their place, it might be said that the doctrine would contain nothing at variance with any other theory of morality; since sympathy would then do no more than place us in the necessary situation for forming the judgment. The cause of our judgment would still have to be shown. When we imagine ourselves in the place of another, and conceive how we should act, and approve or condemn him accordingly, there must be some principle in our mind, not only determining our conception of how we should act, but determining also our satisfaction in that conception, and this must be already a moral principle. This is the argument of Mr Stewart and Dr Brown, and would probably occur to many other enquirers, as it is not unobvious. It does not appear, however, on further consideration, entirely satisfactory.

The object of Dr Smith is to set aside the idea of an independent, original, moral principle, by showing that it is made up in many different ways; but he has not himself explained, as distinctly as he might have done, the part which Sympathy takes, under his first head, in superseding an original principle. To understand him consistently, we must explain the first point of his doctrine for ourselves. Thus:—

When I place myself in the situation of another, and, conceiving my own conduct, find it to be in some essential point at variance with his, I feel a pain in the contemplation of his act. Now, this is not necessarily a pain of moral condemnation, but a

pain of repugnance and aversion. My own imaginary mode of action is grateful and satisfying to me; not originally (according to Dr Smith's theory) by my understanding of moral right in it, but by the strong natural affection, which, in my conceived situation, would, I must suppose, carry me to act in the manner I now conceive, with earnest desire and lively pleasure. It is the opposition of this man's act, and, it is to be presumed, along with his act, his temper, to this my affection, that is the cause of my pain in the first instance, and, in the next, of my aversion towards himself. This pain and dislike are not properly, in their origin, moral sentiment, but natural feeling. They are of the same kind, although, with respect to subjects of a higher order, as that pain and dislike with which we consider men, savages for instance, whose manner of living is loathsome to us. There is, in this last case, no place for moral condemnation; nothing but a strong, and indeed an invincible natural aversion. Now, according to Smith's theory, it is this natural pain and dislike with which we look upon acts and states of mind, contradicting strong inherent feelings of our own, that is meant to be represented to us as one of those elements, not originally, nor in themselves properly speaking moral, but which enter into and make up that variously-compounded feeling, or rather system of feelings, to which, when completed, we give the name of moral sense, or conscience.

Two things are very certain, with respect to the point of theory we have now been endeavouring to explain:—The first, that the natural feeling of which we have spoken does take place; the other, that, on the whole, this natural feeling agrees with, strengthens and supports our moral judgment. The question is, whether we have, in the cases in which such a feeling must be acknowledged, besides this feeling, a distinct and peculiar principle of moral judgment. Grounds for the opinion that we have, are;—first, that there is one element of all moral judgment, which it appears not easy to deduce from such a feeling, namely, condemnation. We may find in it the grounds of dislike, disgust, abhorrence, separation, rejection, exclusion, anger, scorn, hatred; but the distinct and peculiar idea of right violated and consequent condemnation

—ideas evidently inseparable from an adverse judgment—and which, in fact, after all these adjunctive ideas of passion have been separated from it, remain as its essence—are not included in such a feeling, nor appear to be in any way deducible from it. Secondly, that it appears possible for us to entertain moral judgments in direct opposition to the force of all such our natural feelings; as, when we are occasionally called on to judge of acts which we feel it to have been impossible that we ourselves should have performed, which we do not contemplate without repugnance and fear, and which we are nevertheless compelled, even with dislike, to acknowledge to have been right, as we might possibly conceive a case of a father delivering up his son to justice. In like manner, on the other hand, our conscience will occasionally constrain us to condemn acts which we cannot say that we ourselves, in the same situation, should not have done; acts indicating no feelings which we do not recognise in ourselves, and with which by nature we are not strongly inclined to sympathize. Both these reasons appear to establish a decided distinction between our natural affections and our feelings, however strong, and our moral principle.

This part of Dr Smith's argument, therefore, may be considered and answered in either of two ways.—Either, with Mr Stewart and Dr Brown, we may conceive him to have meant, that, having by sympathy placed ourselves in the situation of another, and found that our conduct would coincide with, or differ from his, we therefore morally approve or condemn him—in which case, there is the logical defect in the argument which these writers suppose, namely, that it presupposes the principle which it undertakes to deduce, and represents that as causing the judgment which merely places us in the situation for exercising it: Or it may be understood in the way in which we have now attempted to explain it, and it then seems to be liable to the two objections which we have made. We are inclined to think that Dr Smith has not treated this point so explicitly as to enable us to say with certainty which of the two views really represents his opinion. It is possible that he might not have examined it so closely as to make up his opinion with perfect distinctness

upon it. He may have even fluctuated between the two views. The theory of a writer is not always to be tried merely by the words in which he has given it. His book cannot contain all his thoughts. Nor is it, finally, to be considered altogether and merely as personal to him:—It is a suggestion in philosophy; and it is allowable to philosophy to complete, in a specious

theory, what has been imperfectly presented to its author, previously to trying it. Admitting what has been said, the question arises (which we cannot now discuss), whether this dislike is to be acknowledged as an element of a composite moral sense, or only as one of the supports, of which there are many, of native conscience.

CORONATION ODE FOR QUEEN VICTORIA I.

JUNE 28, 1838.

THE Sceptre in a maiden-hand,
The reign of Beauty and of Youth,
Awake to gladness all the land,
And Love is Loyalty and Truth.
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free;
Hearts and hands we offer Thee.

Not by the tyrant-law of might,
But by the Grace of God, we own,
And by the People's Voice, thy right
To sit upon thy Fathers' throne.—
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free;
Heaven defend and prosper Thee!

Thee isles and continents obey,
Kindreds and nations, nigh and far,
Between the bound-marks of thy
sway
The Morning and the Evening Star.—
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free,
Millions rest their hopes on Thee.

Sheffield.

No Slave within thine empire breathe,
Before thy steps oppression fly;
The Lamb and Lion play beneath
The meek dominion of thine eye.—
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free,
Chains and fetters yield to Thee.

With Mercy's beams yet more benign,
Light to thy realms in darkness send,
Till none shall name a God but thine,
None at an Idol-altar bend.—
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free,
Till they all shall pray for Thee.

At home, abroad, by sea, on shore,
Blessings on Thee and thine increase;
The sword and cannon rage no more,
The whole world hail Thee Queen of
Peace!—
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free,
And the Almighty rule o'er Thee!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXIV.

AUGUST, 1838.

VOL. XLIV.

Contents.

	PAGE
ARNOLD'S HISTORY OF ROME,	141
SONNETS BY THE SKETCHER,	157
CASIMIR PERIER. PART II.	162
ON THE FOOD OF THE HERRING AND SALMON. BY JOHN STARK, F.R.S.E.,	175
THOUGHTS AND IMAGES. BY ARCHÆUS,	197
THE AVENGER,	208
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONSCIOUSNESS,	234
THE LACE-MERCHANT OF NAMUR,	245
CHRISTOPHER IN HIS CAVE,	268

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH :
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.



BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXIV.

AUGUST, 1838.

Vol. XLIV.

ARNOLD'S HISTORY OF ROME.

THE history of Rome will remain, to the latest age of the world, the most attractive, the most useful, and the most elevating subject of human contemplation. It must ever form the basis of a liberal and enlightened education; it must ever present the most important object to the contemplation of the statesman; it must ever exhibit the most heart-stirring record to the heart of the soldier. Modern civilisation, the arts and the arms, the freedom and the institutions of Europe around us are the bequest of the Roman legions. The roads which we travel are, in many places, those which these indomitable pioneers of civilisation first cleared through the wilderness of nature; the language which we speak is more than half derived from Roman words; the laws by which we are protected have found their purest fountains in the treasures of Roman jurisprudence; the ideas in which we glory are to be found traced out in the fire of young conception in the Roman writers. In vain does the superficial acquirement, or shallow variety, of modern liberalism seek to throw off the weight of obligation to the grandeur or virtue of antiquity; in vain are we told that useful knowledge is alone worthy of cultivation, that ancient fables have gone past,

and that the study of physical science should supersede that of the Greek or Roman authors. Experience, the great detector of error, is perpetually recalling to our minds the inestimable importance of Roman history. The more that our institutions become liberalised, the more rapid the strides which democracy makes amongst us, the more closely do we cling to the annals of a state which underwent exactly the same changes, and suffered the consequences of the same convulsions; and the more that we experience the insecurity, the selfishness, and the rapacity of democratic ambition, the more highly do we come to appreciate the condensed wisdom with which the great historians of antiquity, by a word or an epithet, stamped its character, or revealed its tendency.

There is something solemn, and evidently providential, in the unbroken advance and ultimate boundless dominion of Rome. The history of other nations corresponds nearly to the vicissitudes of prosperity and disaster, of good and evil fortune, which we observe in the nations of the world at this time. The brilliant meteor of Athenian greatness disappeared from the world almost as soon as the bloody phantasmagoria of the French Revolution. In half-a-century after they

History of Rome. By Thomas Arnold, D.D., Head Master of Rugby School; late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford; and Member of the Archæological Society of Rome. London: B. Fellowes. 1838.

VOL. XLIV. NO. CCLXXIV.

K

arose nought remained of either but the works of genius they had produced, and the deeds of glory they had done. The wonders of Napoleon's reign faded as rapidly as the triumphs of the Macedonian Conqueror; and the distant lustre of Babylon and Nineveh is faintly recalled by the ephemeral dynasties which have arisen, under the pressure of Arabian or Mogul conquest, in the regions of the East in modern times. But, in the Roman annals, a different and mightier system develops itself. From the infancy of the republic, from the days even of the kings, and the fabulous reigns of Romulus and Numa, an unbroken progress is exhibited, which never experienced a permanent reverse till the eagles of the Republic had crossed the Euphrates, and all the civilised world, from the wall of Antoninus to the foot of Mount Atlas, was subjected to their arms. Their reverses, equally with their triumphs—their defeats, equally with their victories—their infant struggles with the cities of Latium, not less than their later contests with Carthage and Mithridates—contributed to develop their strength, and may be regarded as the direct causes of their dominion. It was in the long wars with the Etruscan and Samnite communities that the discipline and tactics were slowly and painfully acquired, which enabled them to face the banded strength of the Carthaginian confederacy,—and in the desperate struggle with Hannibal that the resolution and skill were drawn forth which so soon, on its termination, gave them the empire of the world. The durability of the fabric was in proportion to the tardiness of its growth, and the solidity of its materials. The twelve vultures which Romulus beheld on the Palatine Hill were emblematic of the twelve centuries which beheld the existence of the empire of the West; and it required a thousand years more of corruption and decline to extinguish in the East this brilliant empire, which, regenerated by the genius of Constantine, found, in the riches and matchless situation of Byzantium, a counterpoise to all the effeminacy of Oriental manners, and all the ferocity of the Scythian tribes.

It is remarkable that time has not yet produced a history of this wonderful people commensurate either to

their dignity, their importance, or their intimate connexion with modern institutions. The pictured pages and matchless descriptions of Livy, indeed, will, to the end of the world, fascinate the imagination and subdue the hearts of men; but it is a fragment only of his great work which has descended to our times; and even when complete, it came down only to the time of Augustus, and broke off exactly at the period when nations, arrived at the stage of existence to which we have grown, are most interested in its continuance. The condensed wisdom, energetic expressions, and practical experience of Sallust and Tacitus, apply only to detached periods of the later annals; and, though not a page of their immortal works can be read without suggesting reflections on the extraordinary political sagacity which they had acquired from experience, or received from nature, yet we shall look in vain, in the fragments of this work which have survived the wreck of time, for a connected detail even of the later periods of Roman story. The moderns appear to have been deterred, by the exquisite beauty of these fragments of ancient history, from adventuring at all on the same field. Ferguson's is considered by the English, and admitted by the Germans, to be the best connected history of the Republic which exists; but not only does it embrace merely, with adequate fullness, the period from the rise of the Gracchi to the ascent of the throne by Augustus, but it does not contain the views, nor is it dictated by the practical acquaintance with human affairs, which is necessary for a real history of Roman policy. The Scotch professor has, with much ability, illustrated the contests of Sylla and Marius, of Cæsar and Pompey; but he lived in a pacific age, amidst the unbroken seclusion of an academical life, and, consequently, could not possibly attain those clear and decisive views of the tendency and springs of action, in civil contests, which are brought home to the minds of the most illiterate by the storms and crimes of a revolution.

Niebuhr is universally allowed to have opened a new era in the early history of the Republic. Before his time historians were content with adopting, without examination, the legends which, in the Roman annals, passed for the narrative of real events,

and, despairing of adding any thing to their beauty, simply presented their readers with a translation of Livy and Dionysius. Dissatisfied with such a mode of recording the progress of so celebrated a people, Ferguson rejected the early legends altogether, and passing, in the most cursory manner, over the first five hundred years of Roman story, professed himself unable to discover firm historic ground till he came down to the second Punic War. But neither of these methods of treating the subject suited the searching eye and inquisitive mind of the German historian. Possessed of extraordinary learning, and a matchless faculty of drawing, with intuitive sagacity, important historical and political conclusions from detached and, to ordinary observers, unmeaning details of subordinate historians, he has contrived to rear up from comparatively authentic data, a veracious picture of the early Roman annals. Instead of rejecting in despair the whole history prior to the invasion of the Gauls as a mass of fables, erected by the vanity of Patrician families, and adopted by the credulity of an uninformed people, he has succeeded in supporting a large portion of those annals by unquestionable evidence; and stripping it only, in some parts, of those colours which the eloquence of Livy has rendered immortal, for the improvement and delight of mankind. It is a common reproach against this great antiquary, that he has overthrown the whole early history of Rome; but no reproach was ever more unfounded. In truth, as Dr Arnold has justly observed, it must be evident to every one acquainted with the subject, that he has built up much more than he has destroyed, and fixed on firmer historic grounds a vast deal which the inquisitive eye of modern scepticism was inclined to lay aside as entirely fictitious. No stronger proof of this can be desired than is to be found in the fact, that, while Ferguson began his history as authentic only with the exploits of Hannibal, Niebuhr has deemed it certain that historical truth is to be found not only under the kings, but so early as *Æneas Martius*.

It is inconceivable, indeed, how it ever could have been seriously believed that the annals of the kings were entirely fictitious, when the *Cloaca Maxima* still exists, a durable monument both of the grandeur of conception and

power of execution which at that early period had distinguished the Roman people. Two thousand five hundred years have elapsed since this stupendous work was executed, to drain the waters of the Forum and adjacent hollows to the Tiber; and there it stands at this day, without a stone displaced, still performing its destined service! Do any of the edifices of Paris or London promise an equal duration? From the moment that we beheld that magnificent structure, formed of the *actual stone* of the eternal city, all doubts as to the authenticity of Roman annals, so far, at least, as they portray a powerful flourishing kingdom anterior to the Republic, vanished from our minds. If nothing else remained to attest the greatness of the kings at this period but the *Cloaca Maxima* and the treaty with Carthage in the first year of the Republic, it would be sufficient to demonstrate that the basis of the early history of the kings was to be found in real events. And this Niebuhr, after the most minute and critical examination, has declared to be his conviction.

Doubtless, the same historic evidence does not exist for the romantic and captivating part of early Roman history. We cannot assert that we have good evidence that Romulus fought, or that Numa prayed; that Ancus conquered, or that Tarquin oppressed; that the brethren of the Horatii saved their country, or Curtius leaped headlong into the gulf in the Forum. The exquisite story of Lucretia; the heart-stirring legend of Corioli; the invasion of Porsenna, the virtue of Cincinnatus, the siege of Veii, the deliverance of Camillus, are probably all founded in some degree on real events, but have come down to our times glowing with the genius of the ancient historians, and gilded by the colours which matchless eloquence has communicated to the additions with which the fondness of national or family vanity had clothed the artless narrative of early times. Simplicity is the invariable characteristic of the infancy of the world. Homer and Job are often in the highest degree both pathetic and sublime; but they are so just because they are utterly unconscious of any such merits, and aimed only at the recital of real events. The glowing pages and beautiful episodes of Livy are as evidently subsequent additions as the

pomp and majesty of Ossian are to the meagre ballads of Caledonia.

But it is of no moment either to the great objects of historical enquiry or the future improvement and elevation of the species, whether the Roman legends can or cannot be supported by historical evidence. It is sufficient that they *exist*, to render them to the end of the world the most delightful subject of study for youth, not the least useful matter for contemplation in maturer years. They may not be strictly historical, but rely upon it they are founded in the main upon a correct picture of the manners and ideas of the time. Amadis of Gaul is not a true story, but it conveys, nevertheless, a faithful though exaggerated picture of the ideas and manners of the chivalrous ages. There is, probably, the same truth in the Roman legends that there is in Achilles and Agamemnon—in Front de Bœuf, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Ivanhoe. We will not find in Roman story a real Lucretia or Virginia, any more than in British history a genuine Rebecca or Jeanie Deans; but the characters are not the less founded in the actual manners and spirit of the times. It is of little moment to us whether Romulus watched the twelve emblematic vultures on the Palatine Hill, or Numa consulted Egeria in the shades of the Campagna, or Veïæ was stormed through the mine sprung in the Temple of Juno, or the Roman ambassador thrust his hand into the fire before Porsenna, or Lucretia, though guiltless in intent, plunged the dagger in her bosom rather than survive the honour of her house. It is sufficient that a people have existed, to whom the patriotic devotion, the individual heroism, the high resolves, the undaunted resolution portrayed in these immortal episodes, were so familiar, that they had blended with real events, and formed part of their traditional annals. No other people ever possessed early legends of the same noble heart-stirring kind as the Romans, because none other were stamped with the character destined to win, and worthy to hold, the empire of the world. To the latest times the history of infant Rome, with all its attendant legends, must, therefore, form the most elevating and useful subject for the instruction of youth, as affording a faithful picture, if not of the actual events of that interesting period, at least of the ideas and

feelings then prevalent amongst a nation called to such exalted destinies; and without being imbued with a similar spirit, we may safely assert no other people will ever either emulate their fame, or approach to their achievements.

Notwithstanding the high place which we have assigned to Niebuhr in the elucidation and confirmation of early Roman history, nothing can be more apparent than that his work never will take its place as a popular history of the Republic, and never rival in general estimation the fascinating pages of Livy. No one can read it for half an hour without being satisfied of that fact. Invaluable to the scholar, the antiquary, the philologist, it has no charms for the great mass of readers, and conveys no sort of idea to the unlearned student of the consecutive event, among the very people whose history it professes to portray. In this respect it labours under the same fault which is, in a less degree, conspicuous in the philosophic pages of Sir James Mackintosh's English history; that it pre-supposes an intimate acquaintance with the subject in the reader, and is to all, not nearly as well versed in it as himself, either in great part unintelligible, or intolerably dull. Heeren, whose labours have thrown such a flood of light on the Persian, Egyptian, and Carthaginian states, has justly remarked that Niebuhr, with all his acuteness, is to be regarded rather as an essayist on history, than an actual historian. He has elucidated with extraordinary learning and skill several of the most obscure subjects in Roman annals; and on many, especially the vital subjects of the Agrarian law, struck out new lights, which, if known at all to the later writers of the empire, had been entirely lost during the change of manners and ideas consequent on the Gothic conquests. But his work is in many places so obscure, and so much overloaded with names, and subjects, and disquisitions, in great part unknown to readers, even of fair classical attainments and extensive general knowledge, that it never can take its place among the standard histories of the world. He is totally destitute of two qualities indispensable to a great historian, and particularly conspicuous in the famed annalists of antiquity—powers

of description, and the discriminating eye, which, touching on every subject, brings those prominently forward only which, from their intrinsic importance, should attract the attention of the reader. He works out every thing with equal care and minuteness, and, in consequence, the impression produced on the mind of an ordinary reader is so confused, as to amount almost to nothing. Like Pevele or Waterloo, in the imitation of nature (and landscape-painting, and historical description in this particular are governed by the same principles), he works out the details of each individual object with admirable skill; but there is no *breadth* or general effect on his canvass, and he wants the general shade and subdued tones, which in Claude, amidst an infinity of details, not less faithfully portrayed, rivet the eye of the spectator on a few brilliant spots, and produce on the mind even of the most unskilled the charm of a single emotion.

Niebuhr's history, however, with all its merits and defects, comes only down to the commencement of the most important era in the annals of the Republic. It is in the empire that the great want of continued annals is felt. Literally speaking, there is nothing, either in ancient or modern literature, which deserves the name of a history of the whole period of the Emperors. Tillemont has, with unwearied industry and admirable accuracy, collected all that the inimitable fragments of Tacitus, and detached lights of Seutonius, Florus, and the panegyrists have left on this vast subject; and Gibbon has, with incomparable talent, thrown, in his first chapters, over the general conditions of the empire, the light of his genius and the colouring of his eloquence. But Tillemont, though a laborious and valuable compiler, is no historian; if any one doubts this, let him take up one of his elaborate quartos and try to read it. Gibbon, in his immortal work, the greatest monument of historical industry and ability that exists in the world, has given a most luminous view of the events which led to the decline and fall of the empire, and erected, with consummate talent, a bridge across the gulf which separates ancient from modern story. But he begins only to narrate events with any minuteness at the period

when the empire had already attained to its highest elevation; he dismisses in a few pages the conquests of Trajan, the wisdom of Nerva, the beneficence of Marcus Aurelius, and enters into detail for the first time when the blind partiality of Marcus Antoninus, and the guilt of his empress, had prepared, in the accession and vices of Commodus, the commencement of that long series of depraved emperors who brought about the ruin of the empire. What do we know of the conquests of Trajan, the wars of Severus, the victories of Aurelian? Would that the pencil of the author of the *Decline and Fall* had thrown over them the brilliant light which it has shed over the disasters of Julian, the storming of Constantinople, the conquests of Mahomet, or the obstinate wars of the Byzantine emperors with the Parthian princes. But his history embraces so vast a range of objects, that it could not satisfy our curiosity on the annals even of the people who formed the centre of the far-extended group, and it is rather a picture of the progress of the nations who overthrew Rome, than of Rome itself.

There is ample room, therefore, for a great historical work, as voluminous and as eloquent as Gibbon, on the *Rise and Progress* of Roman greatness; and it embraces topics of far more importance, in the present age of the world, than the succession of disasters and fierce barbarian inroads which long shook, and at last overturned the enduring fabric of the empire. Except as a matter of curiosity, we have little connexion with the progress of the Gothic and Scythian nations. Christianity has turned the rivers of barbarism by their source; civilisation has overspread the wilds of Scythia; gunpowder and fortified towns have given knowledge a durable superiority over ignorance; Russia stands as an impenetrable barrier between Europe and the Tartar horse. But the evils which the Roman institutions contained in their own bosom, as well as the deeds of glory and extent of dominion to which they led, interest us in the most vital particulars. Our institutions more closely resemble theirs than those of any other people recorded in history, and the causes which have led to the vast extent of our dominion and durability of our power, are the same which gave them

for centuries the empire of the world. The same causes of weakness, also, are now assailing us which once destroyed them; we, too, have wealth imported from all parts of the world to corrupt our manners, and an overgrown metropolis to spread the seeds of vice and effeminacy, as from a common centre, over the length and breadth of the land; we, too, have patricians striving to retain power handed down to them by their ancestors, and plebeians burning with the desire of distinction, and the passion for political elevation which springs from the spread of wealth among the middle classes; we, too, have Gracchi ready to hoist the standard of disunion by raising the question of the Agrarian law, and Syllas and Mariuses to rear their hostile banners at the head of the aristocratic and democratic factions; in the womb of time, is provided for us as for them, the final overthrow of our liberties, under the successful leader of the popular party, and long ages of decline under the despotic rule imposed upon us by the blind ambition and Eastern equality of the people. A fair and philosophic history of Rome, therefore, is a subject of incalculable importance to the citizens of this, and of every other constitutional monarchy; in their errors we may discern the mirror of our own—in their misfortunes the prototypes of those we are likely to undergo—in their fate, that which, in all human probability, awaits ourselves.

Such a history never, in modern times, could have been written but at this period. All subsequent ages, from the days of Cicero, have been practically ignorant of the very elements of political knowledge requisite for a right understanding or fair discussion of the subject. In vain were the lessons of political wisdom to be found profusely scattered through the Roman historians—in vain did Sallust and Tacitus point, by a word or an epithet, to the important conclusions deducible from their civil convulsions;—the practical experience, the daily intercourse with Republican institutions were wanting, which were necessary to give the due weight to their reflections. The lessons of political wisdom were so constantly brought home to the citizens of antiquity by the storms and dissensions of the Fo-

rum, that they deemed it unnecessary to do more than allude to them, as a subject on which all were agreed, and with which every one was familiar. Like first principles in our House of Commons, they were universally taken for granted, and, therefore, never made the theme of serious illustration. It is now only that we begin to perceive the weighty sense and condensed wisdom of many expressions which dropped seemingly unconsciously from their historical writers, that dear-bought experience has taught us that pride, insolency, and corrupt principle are the main sources of popular ambition in our times, as in the days of Catiline; and that the saying of Johnson ceases to pass for a witty paradox, that "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

Dr Arnold has now fairly set himself to work with this noble task, and he is, in many respects, peculiarly fitted for the undertaking. Long known to the classical world as an accomplished scholar, and the learned editor of the best edition of Thucydides extant, he is still more familiar to many of our readers as the energetic headmaster of Rugby school; and is to this hour looked up to with mingled sentiments of awe and affection by many of the most celebrated characters of the age. The first volume of the great work in which he is engaged alone is published, which brings down the history of the Republic to the burning of Rome by the Goths, but it affords a fair specimen of the spirit and ability with which the remainder is likely to be carried on. In many respects he has shown himself admirably calculated for the great but difficult task which he has undertaken. His classical attainments, both in Greek and Roman literature, are of the very highest order; his industry is indefatigable, and he possesses much of that instinctive glance or natural sagacity which enabled Niebuhr, amidst the fictions and chaos of ancient annals, to fix at once on the outlines of truth and the course of real events. His powers of description are of no ordinary kind, as our readers will at once perceive from the extracts we are about to lay before them; and many of his reflections prove that he is endowed with that faculty of drawing general conclusions from particular events, which, when not pushed too

far, is the surest sign of the real genius for philosophical history.

Dr Arnold, it is well known, is a Whig—perhaps, we may add, an ultra-Liberal. So far from objecting to his book on this account, we hail it with the more satisfaction that it does come from an author of such principles, and therefore that it can safely be referred to as a work in which the truth of ancient events is not likely to be disguised or perverted to answer the views at least of the Conservative party in Great Britain. We are satisfied from many instances in the volume before us, that he is of an inquisitive, searching turn of mind, and that he would deem himself dishonoured if he concealed or altered any well-ascertained facts in Roman history. More than this we do not desire. We not only do not dislike, we positively enjoy, his occasional introduction of liberal views in what we may call *Roman politics*. We see in them the best guarantee that the decisive instances against democratic principles, with which all ancient history, and, most of all, Roman history, abounds, will not be perverted in his hands, and may be relied on as authentic facts against his principles. Provided a writer is candid, ingenuous, and liberal, we hold it perfectly immaterial to the ultimate triumph of truth what is the shade of his political opinions. The cause is not worth defending which cannot be supported by the testimony of an honest opponent. Every experienced lawyer knows the value of a conscientious but unwilling witness. Enough is to be found in their apologist, Thiers, to doom the French Revolution to the eternal execration of mankind. There is no writer on America who has brought forward such a host of facts decisive against republican institutions as Miss Martineau, whom the Liberals extol as the only author who has given a veracious account of the Transatlantic democracies; and we desire no other witness but Dr Arnold to the facts which demonstrate that it was the extravagant pretensions and ambition of the commons, which, in the end, proved fatal to the liberties of Rome.

The Campagna of Rome, the fields of Latium, the Alban Mount, the Palatine Hill, were familiar to the childhood of us all; and not the least delightful hours of the youth of many

of us have been spent in exploring the realities of that enchanting region. We transcribe with pleasure Dr Arnold's animated and correct description of it, drawn from actual observation with the hand of a master.

“The territory of the original Rome during its first period, the true *Ager Romanus*, could be gone round in a single day. It did not extend beyond the Tiber at all, nor probably beyond the Anio; and on the east and south, where it had most room to spread, its limit was between five and six miles from the city. This *Ager Romanus* was the exclusive property of the Roman people, that is of the houses; it did not include the lands conquered from the Latins, and given back to them again when the Latins became the plebs or commons of Rome. According to the Augurs, the *Ager Romanus* was a peculiar district in a religious sense; auspices could be taken within its bounds which could be taken nowhere without them.

“And now what was Rome, and what was the country around it, which have both acquired an interest such as can cease only when earth itself shall perish? The hills of Rome are such as we rarely see in England, low in height, but with steep and rocky sides. In early times the natural wood still remained in patches amidst the buildings, as at this day it grows here and there on the green sides of the Monte Testaccio. Across the Tiber the ground rises to a greater height than that of the Roman hills, but its summit is a level unbroken line; while the heights, which opposite to Rome itself rise immediately from the river, under the names of Janiculus and Vaticanus, then swept away to some distance from it, and return in their highest and boldest form at the Mons Marius, just above the Milvian bridge and the Flaminian road. Thus to the west the view is immediately bounded; but to the north and north-east the eye ranges over the low ground of the Campagna to the nearest line of the Apennines, which closes up, as with a gigantic wall, all the Sabine, Latin, and Volscian lowlands, while over it are still distinctly to be seen the high summits of the central Apennines, covered with snow, even at this day, for more than six months in the year. South and south-west lies the wide plain of the Campagna; its level line succeeded by the equally level line of the sea, which can only be distinguished from it by the brighter light reflected from its waters. Eastward, after ten miles of plain, the view is bounded by the Alban hills, a cluster of high bold points rising out of the Campagna, like Arran from the sea, on the highest of

which, at nearly the same height with the summit of Helvellyn, stood the Temple of Jupiter Latiaris, the scene of the common worship of all the people of the Latin name. Immediately under this highest point lies the crater-like basin of the Alban lake; and on its nearer rim might be seen the trees of the grove of Ferentia, where the Latins held the great civil assemblies of their nation. Further to the north, on the edge of the Alban hills, looking towards Rome, was the town and citadel of Tusculum; and beyond this, a lower summit, crowned with the walls and towers of Labicum, seems to connect the Alban hills with the line of the Apennines just at the spot where the citadel of Preneste, high up on the mountain side, marks the opening into the country of the Hernicians, and into the valleys of the streams that feed the Liris.

"Returning nearer to Rome, the lowland country of the Campagna is broken by long green swelling ridges, the ground rising and falling, as in the heath country of Surrey and Berkshire. The streams are dull and sluggish, but the hill sides above them constantly break away into little rocky cliffs, where on every ledge the wild fig now strikes out its branches, and tufts of broom are clustering, but which in old times formed the natural strength of the citadels of the numerous cities of Latium. Except in these narrow dells, the present aspect of the country is all bare and desolate, with no trees nor any human habitation. But anciently, in the time of the early kings of Rome, it was full of independent cities, and, in its population and the careful cultivation of its little garden-like farms, must have resembled the most flourishing parts of Lombardy or the Netherlands."

We have already adverted to the difficulty of determining where fiction ends and real history begins in the early Roman annals, and the scanty foundation there is in authentic records, for any of the early legends of their history. Fully alive, however, to the exquisite beauty of these remains, and the influence they had on the Roman history, as well as their importance as evincing the lofty character of their infant people, Dr Arnold has adopted the plan of not rejecting them altogether, but giving them in a simple narrative, something like the Bible, and commencing with his ordinary style when he arrives at events which really rest on historic ground. This is certainly much better than entirely rejecting them; but, at the same time, it introduces a quaint style of writing, in

recounting these early events, to which we can hardly reconcile ourselves, after the rich colouring and graphic hand of Livy. As an example of the way in which he treats this interesting but difficult part of his subject, we give his account of the story of Lucretia, the exquisite episode with which Livy terminates his first book and narrative of the kings of Rome.

"Now when they came back to Rome, King Tarquinius was at war with the people of Ardea; and as the city was strong, his army lay a long while before it, till it should be forced to yield through famine. So the Romans had leisure for feasting and for diverting themselves: and once Titus and Aruns were supping with their brother Sextus, and their cousin Tarquinius of Collatia was supping with them. And they disputed about their wives, whose wife of them all was the worthiest lady. Then said Tarquinius of Collatia, 'Let us go, and see with our own eyes what our wives are doing, so shall we know which is the worthiest.' Upon this they all mounted their horses, and rode first to Rome; and there they found the wives of Titus, and of Aruns, and of Sextus, feasting and making merry. Then they rode on to Collatia, and it was late in the night; but they found Lucretia, the wife of Tarquinius of Collatia, neither feasting, nor yet sleeping, but she was sitting with all her handmaids around her, and all were working at the loom. So when they saw this, they all said, 'Lucretia is the worthiest lady.' And she entertained her husband and his kinsmen, and after that they rode back to the camp before Ardea.

"But a spirit of wicked passion seized upon Sextus, and a few days afterwards he went alone to Collatia, and Lucretia received him hospitably, for he was her husband's kinsman. At midnight he arose and went to her chamber, and he said that if she yielded not to him he would slay her and one of her slaves with her, and would say to her husband that he had slain her in her adultery. So when Sextus had accomplished his wicked purpose he went back again to the camp.

"Then Lucretia sent in haste to Rome, to pray that her father Spurius Lucretius would come to her; and she sent to Ardea to summon her husband. Her father brought along with him Publius Valerius, and her husband brought with him Lucius Junius, whom men called Brutus. When they arrived, they asked earnestly, 'Is all well?' Then she told them of the wicked deed of Sextus, and she said, 'If ye be men, avenge it.' And they all swore to

her, that they would avenge it. Then she said again, 'I am not guilty; yet must I too share in the punishment of this deed, lest any should think that they may be false to their husbands and live.' And she drew a knife from her bosom, and stabbed herself to the heart.

"At that sight her husband and her father cried aloud; but Lucius drew the knife from the wound, and held it up, and said, 'By this blood I swear that I will visit this deed upon King Tarquinius, and all his accursed race; neither shall any man hereafter be king in Rome, lest he do the like wickedness.' And he gave the knife to her husband, and to her father, and to Publius Valerius. They marvelled to hear such words from him whom men called dull; but they swore also, and they took up the body of Lucretia, and carried it down into the forum; and they said, 'Behold the deeds of the wicked family of Tarquinius.' All the people of Collatia were moved, and the men took up arms, and they set a guard at the gates, that none might go out to carry the tidings to Tarquinius, and they followed Lucius to Rome. There, too, all the people came together, and the crier summoned them to assemble before the tribune of the Celeres, for Lucius held that office. And Lucius spoke to them of all the tyranny of Tarquinius and his sons, and of the wicked deed of Sextus. And the people in their curiæ took back from Tarquinius the sovereign power, which they had given him, and they banished him and all his family. Then the younger men followed Lucius to Ardea, to win over the army there to join them; and the city was left in the charge of Spurius Lucretius. But the wicked Tullia fled in haste from her house, and all, both men and women, cursed her as she passed, and prayed that the furies of her father's blood might visit her with vengeance.

"Mean-while King Tarquinius set out with speed to Rome to put down the tumult. But Lucius turned aside from the road that he might not meet him, and came to the camp; and the soldiers joyfully received him, and they drove out the sons of Tarquinius. King Tarquinius came to Rome, but the gates were shut, and they declared to him from the walls the sentence of banishment which had been passed against him and his family. So he yielded to his fortune, and went to live at Cære with his sons Titus and Aruns. His other son, Sextus, went to Gabii, and the people there, remembering how he had betrayed them to his father, slew him. Then the army left the camp before Ardea and went back to Rome. And all men said, 'Let us follow the good laws of the

good King Servius; and let us meet in our centuries, according as he directed, and let us choose two men year by year to govern us, instead of a king.' Then the people met in their centuries in the field of Mars, and they chose two men to rule over them, Lucius Junius, whom men called Brutus, and Lucius Tarquinius of Collatia."

Every classical reader must perceive the object which our author had in view. He has in great part translated Livy, and he wishes to preserve the legend which he has rendered immortal; but he is desirous, at the same time, of doing it, as he himself tells us, in such a manner that it shall be impossible for any reader, even the most illiterate, to imagine that he is recording a real event. It may be prejudice, and the force of early association, but we can hardly reconcile ourselves to this Mosaic mode of writing the history of the most remote events. Every author's style, to be agreeable, should be natural. The reader experiences a disagreeable feeling in coming upon such quaint and perhaps affected passages, after being habituated to the flowing and vigorous style of the author. It would be better, we conceive, to write the whole in one uniform manner, and mark the difference between the legendary and authentic parts by a difference in the type, or some other equally obvious distinction. But this is a trivial matter, affecting only the commencement of the work; and ample subject of meditation is suggested by many facts and passages in its later pages.

We have previously noticed the decisive evidence which the Cloaca Maxima and the treaty with Carthage in the time of Tarquin afford of the early greatness of the Roman monarchy. But we were not aware, till reading Arnold—even Niebuhr has not so distinctly brought out the fact—that at the time of the expulsion of the Tarquins and the commencement of the Republic, Rome was already a powerful monarchy, whose sway extended from the northern extremity of the Campagna to the rocks of Terracina; and that it was then more powerful than it ever was for the first hundred and fifty years of the Commonwealth! The Roman kingdom is compared by Arnold, under the last of the kings, to Judea under Solomon; and the fact of a treaty, recorded in Polybius, being in that year

concluded with Carthage, proves that the state had already acquired consideration with distant states.

"Setting aside," says our author, "the tyranny ascribed to Tarquinius, and remembering that it was his policy to deprive the commons of their lately acquired citizenship, and to treat them like subjects rather than members of the state, the picture given of the wealth and greatness of Judea under Solomon may convey some idea of the state of Rome under its latter kings. Powerful amongst surrounding nations, exposed to no hostile invasions, with a flourishing agriculture and an active commerce, the country was great and prosperous; and the king was enabled to execute public works of the highest magnificence, and to invest himself with a splendour unknown in the earlier times of the monarchy."

But mark the effect upon the external power and internal liberties of the nation, consequent on the violent change in the Government and establishment of the Commonwealth, as portrayed in the authentic pages of this liberal historian.

"In the first year of the commonwealth, the Romans still possessed the dominion enjoyed by their kings; all the cities of the coast of Latium, as we have already seen, were subject to them as far as Terracina. *Within twelve years, we cannot certainly say how much sooner, these were all become independent.* This is easily intelligible, if we only take into account the loss to Rome of an able and absolute king, the natural weakness of an unsettled government, and the distractions produced by the king's attempts to recover his throne. The Latins may have held, as we are told of the Sabines in this very time, that their dependent alliance with Rome had been concluded with King Tarquinius, and that as he was king no longer, and as his sons had been driven out with him, all covenants between Latium and Rome were become null and void. But it is possible also, if the chronology of the common story of these times can be at all depended on, that the Latin cities owed their independence to the Etruscan conquest of Rome. For that war, which has been given in its poetical version as the war with Porsenna, was really a great outbreak of the Etruscan power upon the nations southward of Etruria, in the very front of whom lay the Romans. In the very next year after the expulsion of the king, according to the common story, and certainly at some time within the period with which we are now concerned, the

Etruscans fell upon Rome. The result of the war is, indeed, as strangely disguised in the poetical story as Charlemagne's invasion of Spain is in the romances. Rome was completely conquered; all the territory which the kings had won on the right bank of the Tiber was now lost. Rome itself was surrendered to the Etruscan conqueror; his sovereignty was fully acknowledged, the Romans gave up their arms, and recovered their city and territory on condition of renouncing the use of iron except for implements of agriculture. But this bondage did not last long; the Etruscan power was broken by a great defeat sustained before Aricia; for after the fall of Rome the conquerors attacked Latium, and while besieging Aricia, the united force of the Latin cities, aided by the Greeks of Cumæ, succeeded in destroying their army, and in confining their power to their own side of the Tiber. Still, however, the Romans did not recover their territory on the right bank of that river, and the number of their tribes, as has been already noticed, was consequently lessened by one third, being reduced from thirty to twenty.

"Thus within a short time after the banishment of the last king, the Romans lost all their territory on the Etruscan side of the Tiber, and all their dominion over Latium. A third people were their immediate neighbours on the north-east, the Sabines. The cities of the Sabines reached, says Varro, from Reate, to the distance of half a day's journey from Rome; that is, according to the varying estimate of a day's journey, either seventy-five or an hundred stadia, about ten or twelve miles."

"It is certain, also, that the first enlargement of the Roman territory, after its great diminution in the Etruscan war, took place towards the north-east, between the Tiber and the Anio; and here were the lands of the only new tribes that were added to the Roman nation, for the space of more than one hundred and twenty years after the establishment of the commonwealth."

Such was the disastrous effects of the revolution which expelled Tarquinius Superbus, even though originating, if we may believe the story of Lucretia, in a heinous crime on his part, on the external power and territorial possessions of Rome. Let us next enquire whether the social condition of the people was improved by the change, and the plebeians reaped those fruits from the violent change of the Government which they were doubtless led to expect.

"The most important part," says Ar-

nold, "in the history of the first years of the commonwealth is the tracing, if possible, the gradual depression of the commons to that extreme point of misery which led to the institution of the tribuneship. We have seen that immediately after the expulsion of the king, the commons shared in the advantages of the revolution; but within a few years we find them so oppressed and powerless, that their utmost hopes aspired, not to the assertion of political equality with the burghers, but merely to the obtaining protection from personal injuries.

"The specific character of their degradation is stated to have been this; that there prevailed among them severe distress, amounting in many cases to actual ruin; that to relieve themselves from their poverty, they were in the habit of borrowing money of the burghers; that the distress continuing, they became generally insolvent; and that as the law of debtor and creditor was exceedingly severe, they became liable in their persons to the cruelty of the burghers, were treated by them as slaves, confined as such in their workhouses, kept to taskwork, and often beaten at the discretion of their taskmasters."

Various were the miseries to which the commons were reduced in consequence of the revolution, and inexorable the rigour with which the nobles pressed the advantage they had gained by the abolition of the kingly form of government. The civil convulsions and general distress, Dr Arnold tells us, terminated in the establishment of an exclusive oppressive aristocracy, interrupted occasionally by the legalised despotism of a single individual.

"Thus the monarchy was exchanged for an *exclusive aristocracy*, in which the burghers or patricians possessed the whole dominion of the state. For mixed as was the influence in the assembly of the centuries, and although the burghers through their clients exercised no small control over it, still they did not think it safe to intrust it with much power. In the election of consuls, the centuries could only choose out of a number of patrician or burgher candidates; and even after this election it remained for the burghers in their great council in the curiæ to ratify it or to annul it, by conferring upon, or refusing to the persons so elected the 'Imperium;' in other words, that sovereign power which belonged to the consuls as the successors of the kings, and which, except so far as it was limited within the walls of the city, and a circle of one mile without them, by the right of

appeal, was absolute over life and death. As for any legislative power, in this period of the commonwealth, the consuls were their own law. No doubt the burghers had their customs, which in all great points the consuls would duly observe, because, otherwise on the expiration of their office they would be liable to arraignment before the curiæ, and to such punishment as that sovereign assembly might please to inflict; but the commons had no such security, and the uncertainty of the consul's judgments was the particular grievance which afterwards led to the formation of the code of the twelve tables.

"We are told, however, that within ten years of the first institution of the consuls, *the burghers found it necessary to create a single magistrate with powers still more absolute*, who was to exercise the full sovereignty of a king, and even without that single check to which the kings of Rome had been subjected. The Master of the people, that is, of the burghers, or, as he was otherwise called, the Dictator, was appointed, it is true, for six months only; and therefore liable, like the consuls, to be arraigned, after the expiration of his office, for any acts of tyranny which he might have committed during its continuance. But whilst he retained his office he was as absolute without the walls of the city as the consuls were within them; neither commoners nor burghers had any right of appeal from his sentence, although the latter had enjoyed this protection in the times of the monarchy."

At length the misery of the people, flowing from the revolution, became so excessive that they could endure it no longer, and they took the resolution to separate altogether from their oppressors, and retire to the sacred hill to found a new Commonwealth.

"Fifteen years after the expulsion of Tarquinius, the commons, driven to despair by their distress, and exposed without protection to the capricious cruelty of the burghers, resolved to endure their degraded state no longer. The particulars of this second revolution are as uncertain as those of the overthrow of the monarchy; but thus much is certain, and is remarkable, that the commons sought safety, not victory; they desired to escape from Rome, not to govern it. It may be true that the commons who were left in Rome gathered together on the Aventine, the quarter appropriated to their order, and occupied the hill as a fortress; but it is universally agreed that the most efficient part of their body, who were at that time in the field as soldiers, deserted their

generals, and marched off to a hill beyond the Anio; that is, to a spot beyond the limits of the Ager Romanus, the proper territory of the burghers, but within the district which had been assigned to one of the newly created tribes of the commons, the Crustumian. Here they established themselves, and here they proposed to found a new city of their own, to which they would have gathered their families, and the rest of their order who were left behind in Rome, and have given up their old city to its original possessors, the burghers and their clients. But the burghers were as unwilling to lose the services of the commons, as the Egyptians in the like case to let the Israelites go, and they endeavoured by every means to persuade them to return. To show how little the commons thought of gaining political power, we have only to notice their demands. They required a general cancelling of the obligations of insolvent debtors, and the release of all those, whose persons, in default of payment, had been assigned over to the power of their creditors; and further they insisted on having two of their own body acknowledged by the burghers as their protectors; and to make this protection effectual, the persons of those who afforded it were to be as inviolable as those of the heralds, the sacred messengers of the gods; whosoever harmed them was to be held accursed, and might be slain by any one with impunity. To these terms the burghers agreed; a solemn treaty was concluded between them and the commons, as between two distinct nations; and the burghers swore for themselves, and for their posterity, that they would hold inviolable the persons of two officers, to be chosen by the centuries on the field of Mars, whose business it should be to extend full protection to any commoner against a sentence of the consul; that is to say, who might rescue any debtor from the power of his creditor, if they conceived it to be capriciously or cruelly exerted. The two officers thus chosen retained the name which the chief officers of the commons had borne before,—they were called Tribuni, or tribe masters; but instead of being merely the officers of one particular tribe, and exercising an authority only over the members of their own order, they were named tribunes of the commons at large, and their power, as protectors in stopping any exercise of oppression towards their own body, extended over the burghers, and was by them solemnly acknowledged. The number of the tribunes was probably suggested by that of the consuls; there were to

be two chief officers of the commons as there were of the burghers."

Thus, all that the Roman populace gained by the revolution which overturned the kingly power, was such a diminution of territory and external importance as it required them more than one hundred and fifty years to recover, and such an oppressive form of aristocratic Government as compelled them to take refuge under a dictator, and led to such a degree of misery as, eighteen years after the convulsion, made them ready to quit their country and homes, and become exiles from their native land!

At the close of the third century of Rome, and fifty years after the expulsion of the Tarquins, Arnold gives the following picture of the external condition of the Republic:—

"At the close of the third century of Rome, the warfare which the Romans had to maintain against the Opican nations was generally defensive; that the Æquians and Volscians had advanced from the line of the Apennines and established themselves on the Alban hills, in the heart of Latium; that of the thirty Latin states which had formed the league with Rome in the year 261, thirteen were now either destroyed, or were in the possession of the Opicans; that on the Alban hills themselves Tusculum alone remained independent; and that there was no other friendly city to obstruct the irruptions of the enemy into the territory of Rome. Accordingly, that territory was plundered year after year, and whatever defeats the plunderers may at times have sustained, yet they were never deterred from renewing a contest which they found in the main profitable and glorious. *So greatly had the power and dominion of Rome fallen since the overthrow of the monarchy.*"

It was by slow degrees, and in a long series of contests, continued without intermission for two hundred years, that the commons recovered the liberties they had lost from the consequences of this triumph in this first convulsion; so true it is, in all ages, that the people are not only never permanent gainers, but in the end the greatest losers by the revolution in which they had been most completely victorious.

The next great social convulsion of Rome was that consequent on the overthrow of the Decemvirs. The success of that revolution operated in the end grievously to the prejudice of

the commons, and retarded, by half a century, the advance of real freedom. Every one knows that the Decemvirs were elected to re-model the laws of the Commonwealth; that they shamefully abused their trust, and constituted themselves tyrants without control; and that they were at last overthrown by the general and uncontrollable indignation excited by the injustice of Appius to the daughter of Virginius. A juster cause for resistance, a fairer ground for the overthrow of existing authority, could not be imagined; it was accordingly successful, and the immediate effect of the popular triumph was a very great accession of political power to the commons. Arnold tells us—

“The revolution did not stop here. Other and deeper changes were effected; but they lasted so short a time, that their memory has almost vanished out of the records of history. The assembly of the tribes had been put on a level with that of the centuries, and the same principle was followed out in the equal division of all the magistracies of the state between the patricians and the commons. Two supreme magistrates, invested with the highest judicial power, and discharging also those important duties which were afterwards performed by the censors, were to be chosen every year, one from the patricians, and the other from the commons. Ten tribunes of the soldiers, or decemviri, chosen five from the patricians and five from the commons, were to command the armies in war, and to watch over the rights of the patricians; while ten tribunes of the commons, also chosen in equal proportions from both orders, were to watch over the liberties of the commons. And as patricians were thus admitted to the old tribuneship, so the assemblies of the tribes were henceforth, like those of the centuries, to be held under the sanctions of augury, and nothing could be determined in them if the auspices were unfavourable. Thus the two orders were to be made fully equal to one another; but at the same time they were to be kept perpetually distinct; for at this very moment the whole twelve tables of the laws of the decemvirs received the solemn sanction of the people, although, as we have seen, there was a law in one of the last tables which declared the marriage of a patrician with a plebeian to be unlawful.

“There being thus an end of all exclusive magistracies, whether patrician or plebeian; and all magistrates being now recognised as acting in the name of the whole people, the persons of all were to be regarded as equally sacred. Thus the

consul Horatius proposed and carried a law which declared that, whoever harmed any tribune of the commons, any ædile, any judge or any decemvir, should be outlawed and accursed; that any man might slay him, and that all his property should be confiscated to the temple of Ceres. Another law was passed by M. Duilius, one of the tribunes, carrying the penalties of the Valerian law to a greater height against any magistrate who should either neglect to have new magistrates appointed at the end of the year, or who should create them without giving the right of appeal from their sentence. Whosoever violated either of these provisions was to be burned alive as a public enemy.

“Finally, in order to prevent the decrees of the senate from being tampered with by the patricians, Horatius and Valerius began the practice of having them carried to the temple of Ceres on the Aventine, and there laid up under the care of the ædiles of the commons.

“This complete revolution was conducted chiefly, as far as appears, by the two consuls, and by M. Duilius. Of the latter we should wish to have some further knowledge; it is an unsatisfactory history, in which we can only judge of the man from his public measures, instead of being enabled to form some estimate of the merit of his measures from our acquaintance with the character of the man. But there is no doubt that the new constitution attempted to obtain objects for which the time was not yet come, which were regarded rather as the triumph of a party, than as called for by the wants and feelings of the nation; and therefore the Roman constitution of 306 was as short-lived as Simon de Montfort's provisions of Oxford, or as some of the strongest measures of the Long Parliament. An advantage pursued too far in politics, as well as in war, is apt to end in a repulse.”

After a continued struggle of seven years, however, this democratic constitution yielded to the reaction in favour of the old institutions of the state, and the experienced evils of the new,—and another constitution was the result of the struggle which restored matters to the same situation in which they had been before the overthrow of the Decemvirs; with the addition of a most important officer—the Censor, endowed with almost despotic power—to the patrician faction. This decided reaction is thus described, and the inferences deducible from it fairly stated by Dr Arnold.

“In the following year we meet for the

first time with the name of a new patrician magistracy, the censorship; and Niebuhr saw clearly that the creation of this office was connected with the appointment of tribunes of the soldiers; and that both belong to what may be called the constitution of the year 312.

"This constitution recognised two points; a sort of continuation of the principle of the decemvirate, inasmuch as the supreme government was again, to speak in modern language, put in commission, and the kingly powers, formerly united in the consuls or prætors, were now to be divided between the censors and tribunes of the soldiers; and secondly, the eligibility of the commons to share in some of the powers thus divided. But the partition, even in theory, was far from equal: the two censors, who were to hold their office for five years, were not only chosen from the patricians, but, as Niebuhr thinks, by them, that is, by the assembly of the curiæ; the two questors, who judged in cases of blood, were also chosen from the patricians, although by the centuries. Thus the civil power of the old prætors was in its most important points still exercised exclusively by the patricians; and even their military power, which was professedly to be open to both orders, was not transmitted to the tribunes of the soldiers, without some diminution of its majesty. The new tribuneship was not an exact image of the kingly sovereignty; it was not a curule office, and therefore no tribune ever enjoyed the honour of a triumph, in which the conquering general, ascending to the Capitol to sacrifice to the guardian gods of Rome, was wont to be arrayed in all the insignia of royalty.

"But even the small share of power thus granted in theory to the commons, was in practice withheld from them. Whether from the influence of the patricians in the centuries, or by religious pretences urged by the augurs, or by the enormous and arbitrary power of refusing votes which the officer presiding at the comitia was wont to exercise, the college of the tribunes was for many years filled by the patricians alone. And, while the censorship was to be a fixed institution, the tribunes of the soldiers were to be replaced whenever it might appear needful by two consuls; and to the consulship no plebeian was so much as legally eligible. Thus the victory of the aristocracy may seem to have been complete, and we may wonder how the commons, after having carried so triumphantly the law of Canuleius, should have allowed the political rights asserted for them by his colleagues, to have been so partially conceded in theory, and in practice to be so totally withheld.

"The explanation is simple, and it is one of the most valuable lessons of history. The commons obtained those reforms which they desired, and they desired such only as their state was ripe for. They had withdrawn in times past to the Sacred Hill, but it was to escape from intolerable personal oppression; they had recently occupied the Aventine in arms, but it was to get rid of a tyranny which endangered the honour of their wives and daughters, and to recover the protection of their tribunes; they had more lately still retired to the Janiculum, but it was to remove an insulting distinction which embittered the relations of private life, and imposed on their grandchildren, in many instances, the inconveniences, if not the reproach of illegitimacy. These were all objects of universal and personal interest; and these the commons were resolved not to relinquish. But the possible admission of a few distinguished members of their body to the highest offices of state concerned the mass of the commons but little. They had their own tribunes for their personal protection; but curule magistracies, and the government of the commonwealth, seemed to belong to the patricians, or at least might be left in their hands without any great sacrifice. So it is that all things come best in their season; that political power is then most happily exercised by a people, when it has not been given to them prematurely, that is, before, in the natural progress of things, they feel the want of it. Security for person and property enables a nation to grow without interruption; in contending for this a people's sense of law and right is wholesomely exercised; meantime national prosperity increases, and brings with it an increase of intelligence, till other and more necessary wants being satisfied, men awaken to the highest earthly desire of the ripened mind, the desire of taking an active share in the great work of government. The Roman commons abandoned the highest magistracies to the patricians for a period of many years; but they continued to increase in prosperity and in influence; and what the fathers had wisely yielded, their sons in the fulness of time acquired. So the English House of Commons, in the reign of Edward III., declined to interfere in questions of peace and war, as being too high for them to compass; but they would not allow the crown to take their money without their own consent; and so the nation grew, and the influence of the House of Commons grew along with it, till that house has become the great and predominant power in the British constitution.

"If this view be correct, Trebonius judged far more wisely than M. Duilius;

and the abandonment of half the plebeian tribuneship to the patricians, in order to obtain for the plebeians an equal share in the higher magistracies, would have been as really injurious to the commons as it was unwelcome to the pride of the aristocracy. It was resigning a weapon with which they were familiar, for one which they knew not how to wield. The tribuneship was the foster-nurse of Roman liberty, and without its care that liberty never would have grown to maturity. What evils it afterwards wrought, when the public freedom was fully ripened, arose from that great defect of the Roman constitution, its conferring such extravagant powers on all its officers. It proposed to check one tyranny by another; instead of so limiting the prerogatives of every magistrate and order in the state, whether aristocratical or popular, as to exclude tyranny from all."

Our limits will not admit of any other extracts, how interesting soever they may be. Those already made will sufficiently indicate the character of the work. It is clear that Dr Arnold, in addition to his well-known classical and critical acquirements, possesses a discriminating judgment, a reflecting philosophic turn of mind, and the power of graphic interesting description. These are valuable qualities to any historian: they are indispensable to the annalist of Rome, and promise to render his work, if continued in the same spirit, the best history of that wonderful state in the English, perhaps in any modern, language. We congratulate him upon the auspicious commencement of his labours; we cordially wish him success, and shall follow him, with no ordinary interest, through the remainder of his vast subject, interesting to the student of ancient events, and the observer of contemporary transactions.

There are two points which we would earnestly recommend to the consideration of this learned author, as essential to the success of his work as a popular or durable history.

The first is, to avoid, as much as possible, *in the text*, all discussions concerning *questiones vexatæ*, or disputed points, and give the conclusions at which he arrives in distinct propositions, without any of the critical or antiquarian reasoning on which they are founded. These last, indeed, are of inestimable importance to the learned or the thoughtful. But how few are they, compared to the mass of readers!

and how incapable of giving to any historical work any extensive celebrity! They should be given, but *in notes*, so as not, to ordinary readers, to interrupt the interest of the narrative, or break the continuity of thought.

The second is, to exert himself to the utmost, and, on every occasion which presents itself, to paint, with graphic fire, the events, or people, or scenes which occur in the course of his narrative, and to give all the interest in his power to the description of battles, sieges, incidents, episodes, or speeches, which present themselves. More even than accuracy of detail, or any other more solid qualities, these fascinating graces determine, with future ages, the celebrity and permanent interest of an historical work. What is the charm which attracts all ages, and will do so to the end of the world, to the retreat of the Ten Thousand, the youth of Cyrus, the early annals of Rome, the Catiline conspiracy, the reign of Tiberius, the exploits of Alexander, the Latin conquest of Constantinople, the misfortunes of Mary, the death of Charles I.? The eloquent fictions and graphic powers of Xenophon and Livy, of Sallust and Tacitus, of Quintus Curtius and Gibbon, of Robertson and Hume. In vain does criticism assail, and superior learning disprove, and subsequent discoveries overturn their enchanting narratives; in vain does the intellect of the learned few become sceptical as to the facts they relate. The imagination is kindled, the heart is overcome, and the works remain, not only immortal in celebrity, but undecaying in influence through every succeeding age. Why should not history, in modern as in ancient times, unite the interest of the romance to the accuracy of the annalist? Why should not real events enchain the mind with the graces and the colours of poetry? That Dr Arnold is learned, all who have studied his admirable edition of Thucydides know; that he can paint with force and interest, none who read the volume before us can doubt. Why, then, should not the latter qualities throw their brilliant hues over the accurate drawing of the former?

We have already said that we find no fault with Dr Arnold on account of his politics; nay, that we value his work the more, because, giving, as it

promises to do, in the main, a faithful account of the facts of Roman history, it cannot fail to furnish, from a source the least suspicious, a host of facts decisive in favour of Conservative principles. By Conservative principles we do not mean attachment to despotic power, or aversion to genuine freedom: on the contrary, we mean the utmost abhorrence of the former, and the strongest attachment to the latter. We mean an attachment to that form of government, and that balance of power, which alone can render these blessings permanent,—which render property the ruling, and numbers only the controlling power,—which give to weight of possession and intellect the direction of affairs, and entrust to the ardent feelings of the multitude the duty only of preventing their excesses, or exposing their corruption. Without the former, the rule of the people degenerates, in a few years, in every instance recorded in history, into licentious excess, and absolute tyranny; without the latter, the ambition or selfishness of the aristocracy perverts to their own private purposes the domain of the state. Paradoxical as it may appear, it is strictly and literally true, that the general inclination of abstract students, remote from a practical intercourse with mankind, to republican principles, is a decisive proof of the experienced necessity for Conservative policy that has always been

felt in the actual administration of affairs. Recluse or speculative men become attached to liberal ideas, because they see them constantly put forth, in glowing and generous language, by the popular orators and writers in every age: they associate oppression with the government of a single ruler, or a comparatively small number of persons of great possessions, because they see, in general, that government is established on one or other of these bases; and, consequently, most of the oppressive acts recorded in history have emanated from such authority. They forget that the opportunity of abusing power has been so generally afforded to these classes by the experienced impossibility of intrusting it to any other; that if the theory of popular government had been practicable, Democracy, instead of exhibiting only a few blood-stained specks in history, would have occupied the largest space in its annals; that if the people had been really capable of directing affairs, they would, in every age, have been the supreme authority, and the holders of property the declaimers against their abuses; and that no proof can be so decisive against the practicability of any form of government, as the fact, that it has been found, during six thousand years, of such rare occurrence, as to make even learned persons, till taught by experience, blind to its tendency.

SONNETS BY THE SKETCHER.

THOUGHTS.

COME, living Thoughts—envelope me around
 With your voluminous Beings—clear away,
 For ye are spirits creative, and ye may
 With your ethereal presence this dark ground
 Beneath, and my unburthen'd feet surround
 With th' unfelt pavement of your golden way,
 T' ascend from out the darkness of Earth's day,
 That to the Mind's large kingdom we may bound—

To reign, if perfect will and knowledge be
 To reign—and aught *may* reign, but God above;
 Where Life, in Spiritual conception free,
 Sees all is Beauty, and feels all is Love.
 And, ministering Thoughts, ye come more bright
 Than wings of Angels glistening in their flight.

THE CONCERT.

Last eve, a Concert gave me such high pleasure
 As I can ill express—not as you think
 In painted Hall—where painted warblers wink
 In ecstacy of some long-dying measure,
 Whose silly words bequeath no sense to treasure.
 But on a primrose bank, and on the brink
 Of a sweet streamlet, whence the pure leaves drink
 Their freshness, lying there in endless leisure.

I felt the boughs o'ershadow me—and closed
 Mine eyes—and the quick Spirits that haunt the stream,
 Each with his lyre upon my lids reposed—
 Then floating gently broke into my dream—
 Whence in a bark, moor'd by a golden strand,
 We sailed right merrily to Fairy-land.

THE GLOW-WORM.

O Gem, more precious than the thrice-tried ore,
 And jewels that the cavern'd treasures hold,
 (For what rare diamond ere did life enfold?)
 Thee at her bridal hour the chaste Earth wore,
 When Æther, her proud bridegroom, came, and o'er
 Heaven's Archway spread his mantle, gemm'd with gold
 Of Stars in all their glory manifold—
 Yet deem'd Earth's bosom still adorn'd more.

They call thee worm, thy love ungently name,
 Whilst thou, like Hero, lightest to thy nook
 Some bold Leander with thy constant flame,
 Whose Hellespont may be this running brook.
 O let the wise-man-worm his pride abjure,
 And his own love be half as bright and pure!

THE BEST INFANT-SCHOOL.

Nature, best Schoolmistress, I love the book
 Thou spreadest in the fields, when children lie
 Round thee, beneath the blessing of the sky.
 Thou biddest some on thy bright pictures look—
 For some thou dost attune the play-mate brook ;
 For thy sole Ushers are the ear and eye,
 That give to growing hearts their due supply,
 And cull sweet tastes from every silvan nook.

Dismiss thy Infant-school, good Mistress Starch ;
 Absolve nor child nor parent from the ties
 That bind with love and duty. Strut and march,
 And sing-song knowledge will not make them wise.
 Her scholars little know, but love and wonder more—
 Nature abhors thy mimic worthless store.

THE SICK DREAM.

A wintry night :—my casement with the blast
 Shook ; the thin smoke from the dim hearth uprept,
 Like dew of slumber, on my lids—I slept.
 Methought my Spirit, to the whirlwind cast,
 Was hurl'd to vapoury caverns, thick and vast,
 Through which the scourgèd ghosts, all howling, swept,
 And forkèd lightnings pierced them as they pass'd ;
 And there were angels hid their eyes, and wept.
 I woke, and op'd my casement, as if there
 Some Spirit escaped for pity moanèd loud.
 No fierce blast enter'd, but a gentle air ;
 And wrathful mutterings ran from cloud to cloud.
 If well I did, or ill, He knoweth best
 Who made my after-slumbers calm and blest.

HARMONY.

O wouldst thou give me Music, let it be
 Now low and soft, in undulating motion,
 Now swelling, now subsiding like the Ocean,
 And, like it, wild or gentle, ever free—
But add no words—for simple melody
 Flows to my heart like an enchanted potion
 From Fairy hand—that would expel from me
 In potency of Love all earthly notion.

O language is not for the Spirits of Air,
 That sing as they awake. *They* hide themselves
 From speech and unclosed eyes—wouldst thou repair
 To their loved haunts—the woods—the rocky shelves—
 They to thy lute, beside the mountain stream,
 Will come to thee in Music and in Dream.

THE SUMMER OF 1838.

Ye Summer Winds, ye come upon mine ear
 In the vex'd Midnight, more like Spirits unblest,
 That shake the wintry drift—there is no rest.

And I am weary of this World of fear ;
 Eclipse hath quench'd the beauty of the year ;
 And Danger, in the darkness of the breast,
 Sits breeding Fiends, that from their teeming nest
 Of black suggestions growl their birthright cheer.

O, on green Nature's lap to lay one's head,
 And in that quiet hear no more the surge
 Of men, and things, and winds ; by Rivulet's bed,
 That Argument of Peace doth ever urge !
 It will not be—methinks sweet Nature's dead—
 O come, ye gentler airs, and sing her dirge.

FATHER AND SON.

O check not, thoughtless Parent, Childhood's tear ;
 Let him pour out the sorrows of his breast,
 And know that thou, too, feelest them, and best.
 Too soon come iron days, and thoughts that sear
 Young Virtue such as his ; the Child revere—
 That, while his limbs enlarge with man imprest,
 His little heart grow freely with the rest,
 Nor learn alone one coward lesson—Fear.

Open thy heart to me, ingenuous Boy !
 And know by thine own tears what 'tis to weep,
 By thine own mirth how blessed to enjoy ;
 Truth part thy lips, not niggard Caution keep.
 Open thy heart—no narrow door for Sin,
 But wide, “ that all the Virtues may rush in.”

NIGHT.

Mysterious hour, that wrappest me around
 With the dark mantle of ill-boding Night ;
 Thou dost awake within more ghastly bright
 The Mind's eye to discern the prison ground,
 Where, with far worse than iron fetters bound—
 Its own sad thoughts—it seeks, yet loathes the sight,
 What lies between me and yon casement light,
 Blank solitude, invisible, profound.

Yon little beam tells of a gentle Home,
 Looks that the Night illume, and Love's warm breath—
 Dark is the gulf between us—and this dome
 Of starry Heaven wears now a pall of Death.
 I stand, enclosed in nights and thoughts forlorn—
 But thou wilt beam on me again, sweet Morn !

THE BROOK—THE WATERS OF CONSOLATION.

Ah ! well do I remember thee, sweet Brook,
 How on thy margin once I did complain,
 When Grief was at my heart, and in my brain ;
 How thou didst pour thy song, that gently shook
 The curious boughs that into thee did look ;
 That sometimes Pity 'twas—sometimes 'twas Pain,
 And now 'twas changed to prattling sport again ;
 Now low, like evening hymn from Holy book.

That Grief has left no trace—thy banks I tread—
 And hear those tones that rise through all thy way,
 Like Memory's Music from enchanted bed.
 So when some gusty Storm hath passed away,
 This little Flower uplifts its humbled head,
 In thankful wonder at thy water's play.

THE LOVER'S MOONLIGHT.

I saw a Lover—on his upraised brow
 The Midnight Moon had in sweet token lighted.
 Then knew he that his absent Love, his plighted,
 Was present—in her thought and in her vow.
 Blest Creatures! whom night-wandering Angels bow
 To bless, and leave the low sunk world benighted:
 Love knows no Time—for it is ever—Now!
 Love knows no space—for Hearts must live united!

Blest Creatures ye! for Nature's self doth plot
 Your communing, and levels this terrene,
 And prostrates all it holds, as it were not;
 And lifts her lamp up in the sky serene,
 That both might gaze upon one Heavenly spot,
 And Love alone might live and breathe between.

THE CONTRAST.

Ungentle Love wakes Love of gentler mood,
 As tenderest Pity liveth link'd to Pain.
 What else shall soothe the frenzy of the brain?
 Once I remember on a cliff I stood,
 And gave a name out to the winds. The Wood
 Down the ravine moan'd with it to the plain—
 The river bore it onward to the main
 That roll'd it back again in every flood.

It called the Fiends out of the passing clouds,
 As they th' uprooted rocks would on me cast,
 And the dim wood gleamed pale with ghostly shrouds.
 Then Laura came—she smil'd—the Frenzy pass'd.
 She kneel'd to me—and laid upon her breast
 My aching head—and look'd me into rest.

MIDNIGHT.

Soft be thy step! Night, the meek mother, lies
 In the deep bosom of the silent wood,
 Around her nestled all the feather'd brood;
 The sainted stars, that sentinel the skies,
 Take watchword from the River Mysteries
 (Whose streamlets skirt this silvan neighbourhood,
 Tuning their music to their dreamiest mood),
 To shed their influence on her sleeping eyes.

So some pale Abbess, in her shadowed cell—
 While all around her the pure sisters rest—
 Blends in her dreams the organ's distant swell
 And bright-eyed Angels hovering o'er her breast.
 Here Heavenly Peace, and Peace on Earth combine—
 Night be thy pillow too, their guarded shrine.

NOVEMBER.

She was a lusty maid, to Winter wed,
 Young Winter, a fresh bridegroom—yet full soon
 Came Sorrow, ere 'twas half the honeymoon;
 And gusty Passion stormed—then tears she shed—
 And when she fain would smile, she hung her head.
 Overseer Poverty, a surly loon,
 Knocked at the door, and chilled their sunless noon;
 Hard was their fare, and harder still their bed—
 Then Winter rigorous was. This ill she brooked,
 And in her pinched consumption, as she bowed,
 The impatient Bridegroom daily on her looked,
 And soon he wrapped her in her snowy shroud;
 Then, while the winds moaned o'er her lonely grave,
 He sped—and tuned his voice to many a merry stave.

INFINITY OF ART.

Say what is Art? Th' acquirement of a sense
 Discoverable, dormant, incomplete—
 Poetry, Painting, Music; do they cheat
 The understanding with false ravishments
 Of things that are not? No: when man invents
 He but discovers; and, with favoured feet,
 Walks privileged where Angels pass and meet—
 And bringeth back, as 'twere, the rudiments
 Of their high language, that in perfect state
 Of Being transformed celestial shall be ours;
 With thorough knowledge to communicate,
 Though there were neither Eye nor Ear. O Powers
 Illimitable!—'tis but the outer hem
 Of God's great mantle our poor stars do gem.

DEATH.

Time was that Death and I were bitterest foes,
 And oft I pictured him with noiseless feet
 Threading the busy crowds from street to street,
 While his fell finger touch'd and thinn'd their rows—
 And still the waves of Life did round him close.
 And then the Tyrant left his wonted beat,
 Stealing 'mong children at their play, unmeet
 For his strong grasp—and chill'd their vernal rose.

But now methinks a kinder form he takes—
 The good Physician, bringing anodyne
 For aching hearts—and oft his glass he shakes
 To speed Life's woes, that with the sands combine.
 Now, like a gentle friend, my pillow makes,
 And with soft pressure lays his hand in mine.

CASIMIR PERIER.

PART II.

THE ordinances of July 1830 did not surprise M. Casimir Perier. But what would be the conduct of France with respect to them? That was the question with him—and he was resolved not to be the leader of the Opposition. Was resistance legitimate? Did not the 14th article of the Charta of 1830 fully enable the King to resort to the measures he had enacted? And, were not the intentions of the coalition such as to compel Charles X. to avail himself of the special powers conferred by that article? Why did Charles X. make the ordinances in question? To gratify an inordinate love of power and domination? His worst enemies do not accuse him of that. To carry into effect a long premeditated attack on the Charta of 1814, and on the constitutional liberties thereby conferred? There is no evidence to establish such a presumption. To gratify the Ultra-Romanists and the Court? Charles X. was *not* the dupe of that party, though, to avoid the infidelity and irreligion of the popular leaders, he preferred the Roman Catholic ascendancy. Did he make the ordinances in question with the intention of establishing permanently a new form of Government in France? This is *not* probable; and, indeed, to the end of his days, the monarch declared that he was friendly to the constitutional form established by the Charta. Why, then, did he make the ordinances of July? It was because he was satisfied that the Chamber of Deputies and the Press had formed a coalition to overthrow the principle of a constitutional government—viz., that of three powers in the state, intending to usurp for the representative power in the Government the rights which belonged to the Chamber of Peers, as well as those which belonged to the Crown. It was because the monarch believed that France sincerely desired a *constitutional* monarchy, and *not* a sham republic—because he believed that France was attached to her princes; and because he thought that by taking this decision to stand against the encroachments of the representative, or

the hereditary and royal powers of the state, he should succeed in restoring that equilibrium which even Casimir Perier could not but feel had been deranged. M. Casimir Perier resolved, when the ordinances appeared, on remaining a spectator. He could not believe that a Government, making such ordinances, and committing such measures, was unprepared to defend them; and he had too great a horror of civil war to encourage, even by a look, any other than what he termed a *legal* resistance. The ordinances appeared on Monday. He remained at home the whole day, and took no part at the meetings of political clubs, or even private assemblies. On the evening of the second day, Tuesday, some young men waited upon him at his house and asked him to give them a signal, a drapeau, a word, a sign. "What would you do?" he replied; "do you think, then, that the Government, when it made such ordinances as these, did not propose, first of all, the forces to defend them? And have we the thunderbolts of Heaven at our command to strike them? No; those who made the ordinances have, doubtless, large forces to defend them; our resistance can only be a legal, before the Chambers, the Tribunals, and at the Electoral Colleges." Thus, from the testimony of Casimir Perier himself, it is evident that if the Prince de Polignac and his coadjutors had taken those steps which it was expected they would have done, to defend the ordinances they counselled the King to make, the ordinances would not have been overthrown by an unarmed populace, and an arrangement would have been made which would have secured to the Crown its hereditary and legal rights, and to the Chambers their just but defined privileges. But the Ministry that counselled the ordinances did not dare to tell the King that it was probable they would be resisted by brute force. Thus all military precautions were omitted—the command of the city and the troops was left in inefficient hands—a few "*proletaires*" and "*gamins*" swelled their ranks—and a mere *emeute* of

journeyman printers became a revolution!

As soon as the ordinances appeared, Lafitte and his party sent to all the environs of Paris, twenty leagues round, agents charged to ascertain the number and names of the regiments marching to the capital, or within its reach. These reports were transmitted, by various means, to the headquarters of the Rue Lafitte—then the Rue d'Artois! These reports were favourable to the Revolution. They communicated the astounding fact that no troops of any importance were to be found—that the Government had left itself to the mercy and sympathy of the most democratical populace in the world—and that the precautions taken by the Government were not more than those which would have been taken in the event of some serious strike among workmen, or of some mobs on account of a scarcity of work, or a rise in the price of bread.

From that moment, *i. e.* from Tuesday evening, when these reports arrived from many and sure agents, the Revolution party resolved on attempting a physical resistance. Up to that moment it was purely moral. But M. Casimir Perier was no party to a physical resistance. On the contrary, he waited on the Ministers on Wednesday, endeavoured to prevail on the Cabinet to counsel the King to withdraw the ordinances, and resorted to every wise and honourable measure to prevent, if possible, the effusion of blood. *Wednesday* was a day of doubt to all parties. The Deputies at Paris vainly met, and vainly protested. In the evening, some faithful servants of the Royal Family waited on Casimir Perier, and endeavoured to prevail on him to raise his voice to quell the tumult. He consented to do so, on one condition, *viz.* that the ordinances were withdrawn. The next day his wishes were complied with, and he was appointed Prime Minister. But the mob had defeated the troops—the paving stones had triumphed over the cannon, and the race of Hugues Capet was dethroned by the fatal word of the chief of the Revolution, Lafayette, who replied to Count D'Argout, "*It is too late.*"

When, on Thursday the 29th July, 1830, Casimir Perier perceived that the army had joined the mob, and that the populace was triumphant, he rush-

ed to the public place, he no longer remained at home; "We must save the remains of the monarchy at least," he exclaimed; and by his energy and influence he prevented the continuance of a civil war. He counselled some faithful, but abandoned battalions, no longer to resist, since that resistance would be useless. He spoke of a king, and a monarchy, when no one else *dared* to mention the words; and when the populace and the revolutionary leaders wished to confer unlimited power on the municipal commission, he refused to accept the offer which was made, and distinctly stated that all he should do would be purely of a *municipal* character, reserving to the electors and the Chambers the right of establishing a general Government. The last platoon of the royal guards had not left Paris before his mind was filled with apprehension at the then appalling state of the country. It was without a Government—all was anarchy; and but one thought then filled his mind—it was to re-establish order. This thought never abandoned him to the last moment of his life. He had *not* made the Revolution, and they had not sufficiently trusted him. This want of mutual confidence had been a great evil. Such men as Guizot and Perier might have adorned any Government, and their devotion would have been as sincere as their counsels would have been beneficial.

Casimir Perier was one of the first to recognise the right and the fact of a new royalty. Admitted immediately into the counsels of the Lieutenant-general, and then of the King, he took one of the most active parts in the decisive acts of that epoch. President of the Elective Chamber, he presented to Louis Philippe the Constitutional Charta, which he swore to before God and his country. But he felt that this was but the mere commencement of his duties. It was necessary to secure the repeal of the old dynasty. It was necessary to obtain at least the non-resistance of France to the Revolution. It was necessary to re-establish and maintain material order, the authority of the laws, the action of an Administration, and to show to Europe something like the form of a Government. Something yet more difficult was necessary, for it was essential to govern this Revolution. The work was new in France, and it appeared

impossible; but Casimir Perier brought to it all the power of a vigorous and manly mind, and all the energies of a deep and settled, as well as energetic conviction.

The Revolution of 1830 was regarded by Europe not only with suspicion, but with hate. This was just and natural. One Revolution had scarcely been closed, and France had hardly begun to enjoy the benefits of a constitutional and mixed Government, when a new abyss opened, and new horrors presented themselves to the view. The chiefs of that Revolution were well known. Their manœuvres had long attracted the attention of the Northern Powers. The Governments of Europe were not wholly taken by surprise, except as to the *moment* of the convulsion, and they were prepared at once to decide that the watch-word should be "RESISTANCE." This word "*resistance*" was that of Casimir Perier. He resolved rather to die a victim to order than to live the slave of anarchy. He determined rather to perish on the revolutionary block than be linked to the revolutionary car. He knew France—her first revolution—her public men—her parties—her causes of complaint—her prejudices—her aversions. He knew that France was wholly unfitted for republican or popular government, and he had suffered too much himself in his own proud and independent spirit from the despotism of the empire, to desire to see re-established the Imperial regime. He was not, therefore, at all surprised that the first movement of foreign powers should be to distrust the Revolution, distrust all who had been concerned in the Opposition, either in or out of the Chambers, under the Restoration. Yet he knew, as far as he was personally concerned, that he had never desired the overthrow of the dynasty of the Bourbons, and had never conspired with the Orleanist party, from 1820 downwards, to place that Prince upon the throne. He had been a member of the Opposition, it was true, but he had never belonged to a *cabal*. Casimir Perier, in his early interviews with the Lieutenant-General, always directed the conversation to the necessity of paying more attention to the opinions of Europe, and less to those of the populace. He was, above all, desirous that the Revolution of 1830 should

be unstained with the blood of innocent and unoffending victims. No one had deplored more sincerely than he had done the assassination of Louis XVI. and the butchery of Marie Antoinette, and he had a horror of revolutionary scaffolds. He regarded the Revolution of 1830 as a *great necessity*, which could only be justified by the moderation of its character, by the abstinence of its agents from all sorts of extravagances—by the wisdom of its measures, and the temperance of its demands; and by, in fact, showing, by its conduct and conversation, that it did not desire to annul treaties, to break through engagements, to disturb neighbours, to plot against thrones, to unsettle the minds of other people and the institutions of other nations, but that its *unique* object was to establish in France a constitutional monarchy, with a prince on the throne, chosen *because* he was a Bourbon, and because he was a man of firm character, energetic mind, and resolute habits, having a large family of sons to succeed him, and thus to establish a new and a permanent dynasty.

There can be no doubt that Europe viewed with dismay the Revolution of 1830, and it is as true that nearly all the Governments resolved not only to resist Propagandism in their own states, but likewise to attack and destroy that spirit and party in France. The almost simultaneous movements in Belgium, Poland, Germany, and on the Spanish frontiers, demonstrated to the northern and southern Governments of Europe that, whatever might be the intentions of such men as Louis Philippe, and his servants Casimir Perier, M. Guizot, Baron Louis, and the Duke de Broglie, those who may be said to have made the Revolution of 1830, to have prepared it and conducted it, were also *en mesure* to carry the fire and the sword into all neighbouring states. They were resolved, *coûte qu'il coûte*, on maintaining the Revolution the work of their hands, and it was for Europe to decide whether, to avoid and avert the tremendous evils of a general conflagration, it would consent to the independent existence of the new French dynasty. It was clear to Casimir Perier that Europe would consent to no such thing, unless France should first prove by her conduct that she had no desire

to disturb the Governments of surrounding states. Europe had not disturbed France, but France had disturbed Europe. Europe had no guarantees to offer to France, but she required them from her. Europe was disposed to listen to proposals—not to make them. Casimir Perier felt this. He therefore proclaimed the necessity for declaring, that France, in making her Revolution, had no intention to violate existing arrangements, or to break existing treaties. How dangerous, however, was such a declaration to the throne of Louis Philippe! for her Barriades had hardly been removed—the populace was still in arms, and “Vive la Pologne!” was the cry from the *Manche* to the Pyrenees.

The real revolutionary party in France desired sincerely and truly an European war. This they did not conceal. They only wished for a pretext for the re-enactment of 1793. But there was another party scarcely less dangerous, though somewhat less wicked. It was a party which, in order to defend the Revolution of 1830 from foreign attack, maintained that it was indispensable “to carry the war into the enemy’s country.” This party required that Mina and Valdez should be encouraged to get up a civil war in the Basque Provinces, in order to divert the attention of Spain from France. That the cause of the Poles should be defended, in order to occupy the attention of Russia and Prussia. And that the Italians should be aided in their attempts to free themselves from Austrian Governments, and that the Governments of the Duke of Modena, the Duchess of Parma, and of the Papal States, should be overthrown. This was called by Lamarque, Constant, Lafayette, Lafitte, and the whole of the revolutionary party, “*The system of self-defence* ;” and Casimir Perier was invited to adopt it. But the invitation was not listened to, and Casimir Perier replied, “La paix est possible, et le moyen de la maintenir est que la France soit calme et son gouvernement regulier, si la guerre doit susciter l’anarchie, à plus forte raison l’anarchie enfanterait la guerre. Que la France reprime les soupçons, les ressentimens ; les alarmes d’un patriotisme ombrageux ; la paix depend de sa sagesse, et la politique qui la pacifie au-dedans, est aussi la seule qui la garantisse au dehors. Defensive et conservative, tels doivent être les

caractères de la Revolution en France, comme en Europe.”

This policy was the only one which was suitable to the Monarchy of the 7th August. The very first day it was the secret policy of the Duke of Orleans. But what obstacles were there not to vanquish! What prejudices to overcome, or even to gratify! And still more, what illusions to dissipate! Those who made the Revolution of 1830 were perpetually exclaiming, “The Revolution of 1830 will make the circuit of the world!” and the frontiers of France were already, in imagination, transported to the Rhine and the Alps—to Savoy and the Rhenish Provinces! The crown of Belgium was to be placed on the head of the Duke de Nemours, and the throne of Greece to be offered to the Duke d’Aumerle, the Prince de Joinville, or even to the baby boy, the Duke de Montpensier. The treaties of 1814 were to be torn to pieces as waste paper—a new division of Europe was to be made by France—and we heard every morning, from the *National*, the *Tribune*, and even from the *Courier Français*, “*les rois s’en vont*.” A policy so directly opposed as was that of Louis Philippe and of Casimir Perier to these views and these wishes could not then be put into practice without a counter-revolution, and could not be proclaimed without the most imminent danger. Many repelled such a policy without understanding it, and many more desired its success, without daring to hope for it. Though it was the only reasonable and the only truly French policy, yet it was not the moment to proclaim it. Doubtless, the inmost thoughts of all reasonable men were in its favour, but, at any rate, it did not appear on the surface of public opinion. The smoke of the Barriades still covered the country, and the rumours and noise of a passing opinion appeared to the ignorant to be as the echo of the cannon of the Hotel de Ville.

This line of policy, adopted in the first Council of Ministers of the new King, often prevailed. It inspired wise measures and excellent speeches, but in the state of uncertainty in which it was placed, it was often obliged to make concessions, as it frequently had to submit to sad disappointments. The exigencies of foreign powers became necessarily greater in proportion as the revolutionary party appeared to

gain ground, and the Ministry of the 7th of August, 1836, was overthrown! Whilst member of that Cabinet, M. Perier made known, on various and important occasions, his firm and unchanging convictions; but he preserved a great degree of reserve on ordinary matters—satisfied in his own mind, that the time had not come when it would be either prudent or practicable to proclaim, insist on, and enforce a Conservative policy. His retreat from office exalted the apprehensions of Europe and the alarms of wise and moderate men. He was surrounded, consulted, looked up to—his wisdom insured him respect—his popularity with the middling classes caused him to be consulted. “*Il n'est pas temps; c'est trop tôt; sachez attendre*”—he repeated day after day to those who urged him to come forward, and to make a stand against the hurly-burly, confusion, agitation, and next to anarchy which prevailed. The Ministry of the 2d November, 1830, with M. Lafitte at its head, was formed, and M. Casimir Perier became once more the President of the Chamber of Deputies. Soon after the Revolution, he had ceded these functions to M. Lafitte. He now returned to them—and the Chamber was as much in need of his resolution as was the Cabinet itself.

The Lafitte Ministry was feebleness personified. It wished, or professed it wished, for the Monarchy and for peace, but it knew not how to enforce the conditions of peace or of the Monarchy. How could it! For M. Lafitte, the revolutionist banker and conspirator, to have proclaimed himself a Conservative would have been too preposterous; so he took to tricking, but it did not succeed. When does it? All the wisdom and prudence of Louis Philippe and of the Duke de Broglie were necessary to avoid a rupture with Europe—for every day some new occasion was offered for an open war. France was ignorant of her peril. She imagined that because she did not really desire war, therefore that the Propagandism of her parties, and the conspiracies of her revolutionary leaders, were but of little importance. She forgot that example is dangerous, more dangerous than precept; and she did not perceive that public opinion was all at sea—that the state vessel was without a pilot—that there was mutiny on board—and that the Chambers did not dare to say

to the Revolution, Hitherto thou hast proceeded, but thou shalt proceed no further. Still, some discussions of an important character had brought the two opposing systems before the country, and yet the Ministry hesitated what course to take. Casimir Perier presided over these debates with an inflexible severity. His face was pale and sad. He saw the cloud in the horizon. He knew that the storm would be terrible—but he resolved, when the proper moment came, that he would face it.

The evil increased. He witnessed its progress, yet he still decided that, though it was time to expose, the moment had not arrived to combat it. During four long months he watched, night and day, the progress of the evil, and his mind was perpetually occupied with the question. He saw that France had still her illusions—that still they were too near the noise of the Revolution to hear the small still voice of peace and of order—and in the long conversations he had with a small number of friends, he always led the discussion to this question, and spoke with the anxious tone of a man who deliberated on the salvation of his country, and on the glory of her name. To those who pressed him to act—to make a stand, and not to suffer the Revolutionary party to proceed further, he always replied, “*Il est trop tôt, le temps n'est pas venu.*” Often did he refuse to his political friends at the Chamber of Deputies, when president, the permission to speak on insignificant subjects, lest, through such debates, the great and decisive question should be prematurely, and, therefore, injuriously discussed at the public tribunal. *Emeute* after *emeute* took place, but the Lafitte Ministry had disposed of the fate of the ex-Ministers of Charles X., and this terrible affair was heard and decided. At length the moment approached when it became indispensable to know whether France was to be governed by Paris mobs in the streets, composed of anarchists, thieves, and “*proletaires*,” or whether there were to be a regular throne, regular laws, a regular government, a regular army, and the institutions at last promised by the Revolution and Charta of 1830. The subject could admit of no longer delay, and the *emeute* of the 13th of February, 1831, decided the question.

The *Emeute* of 13th February, 1831,

was of a nature to open even a most friendly eye to the weakness of the Lafitte Administration. Some deputies resolved to speak out to the Chamber, and to excite it from its apparent and false security. M. Guizot attacked the Ministry from the Tribune, and the Ministry replied by announcing an early dissolution of the Cabinet. The fall of the Lafitte Administration was one of the greatest blessings ever conferred on France or on Europe. Whilst it boasted of its pacific and moderate intentions, it encouraged the hopes, and raised the expectations of the ultra-Liberal party. Whilst it affected independence and a great love of national honour, it was, like the Melbourne Administration, the slave of a faction, and the ally of revolutionists. Whilst it gave daily and solemn promises to the ambassadors of foreign powers that it desired to cultivate the best possible understanding with the Governments they represented, it at the same time encouraged, secretly the hopes of the Poles without meaning to help them; told the French party in Belgium that it was convinced that the union of that province with France was the only means of putting for ever at rest the agitations of the Low Countries; supplied means to the Spanish Liberals to carry on their political intrigues and their border insurrections; kept the Italian refugees in a state of suspense, sometimes encouraging and at other times discouraging them; and, in one word, preached peace, but encouraged war—preached order, and yet was the author of anarchy.

Casimir Perier neither excited nor restrained those who took the lead in their subversion of a Government of clubs, *emeutes*, and mob dominion. He felt that the time was at hand, but he thought the moment had scarcely arrived; he resolved not to undertake the task of governing without having at least reasonable chances of success. He did not desire office for the sake of its glitter or show; he had more ambition than that. Naturally an enemy of disorder—profoundly attached to all ideas of authority—of subordination—of respect—inaccessible to speculative illusions—full of contempt and irony for the politics of romancers and poets—he saw with some severity and some disgust the agitations of modern society, and, above all, that feverish, unhealthy, irritable state de-

veloped by the Revolution of 1830. He felt, then, neither joy nor happiness when he saw the day arrive for him to seize the reins of Government; but casting on his country a firm but a sad look of distrust and sorrow, he accepted the mission with the sentiment of a man who has a great duty to perform—with the distrust of a mind chagrined, but with the courage of a great and noble heart.

March 13, His celebrated Ministry of 1831, was no hasty combination. Before forming it, he was resolved to know the real state of the police, the finance, and the diplomacy of the country. He saw and conferred with the former Council; he deliberated a long time before he declared his resolution; he really and truly hesitated more than once, and he did not consent to be chief of the Cabinet till he had sounded well all the questions, resolved, at least in principle, all the difficulties, and examined profoundly all the repugnances, as well as all the objections. He wished that, from the moment the Ministry should be named, it should begin to act. Unity—an entire, and well-based, and well-considered unity was that which he regarded as indispensable. The difficulty was great to bring all together to one way of thinking and to one system of action, but yet he succeeded; and when he saw the Ministry ready to be formed and to act, he received from the hand of Louis Philippe the commission to unite the proposed members into a Cabinet. He was one of those who would not consent to accept the confidence of a prince without being assured that he possessed the means of rendering himself worthy. The situation of France when Casimir Perier accepted office and formed his Ministry was most deplorable. She had no ally but England; she had no public opinion; her finances were in a most melancholy situation; her public credit was gone; her trade and commerce were in a state of ruin; her manufactories were closed; her nobility were emigrating, or selling their properties and funds and converting all into ready money; her metropolis was daily exposed to the agitation of street *emeutes* and insurrections in the public place; her political and revolutionary clubs were increasing every week, and were demanding new concessions every day; her press insulted the throne, the

altar, and the privileged classes—preached anarchy and levelling in broad day; and, whilst the ambassadors of foreign powers were insulted in their hotels, the clergy were thrown into the Seine, or hunted down like wild beasts when they appeared in public. The working classes necessarily suffered much from this sad state of depression, misery, and anarchy. The Propagandist party urged them to pilage—and the modern Robespierrian demagogues counselled the *sans culottes* to proceed to the Faubourg St Germain and rob the hotels of the absent nobility—or hang those they might find at the next lamp-posts. There was no cry heard but for a general war, and those who discouraged this notion were stigmatised as traitors and scoundrels. We remember to have witnessed in Paris the *emeute* of 13th February, 1831, and to have asked some of the leaders the objects they had in view; but they could give no other account of their principles and wishes than “*il faut la guerre.*” “War! War!” was their only cry—but it was war to the cottage as well as to the throne—war to the altar as well as to the home—and war to all who possessed, on the part of those who did not.

The policy of the Cabinet of the 13th of March was the natural policy of the monarchy of 1830—but it was never recognised nor proclaimed till Casimir Perier undertook to do so. Oh, how loud was that howl which proceeded from all parts, when Casimir Perier proclaimed that the policy of his Administration would be “peace, liberty, and public order!” His true merit was, not that of having discovered the system, for from the moment Louis Philippe was named King he declared he would adopt no other; but Casimir Perier was the first Minister who proclaimed that these were his intentions—he was the first who said, “Mine shall be a system of resistance”—not a negative policy, but a policy of action; he was the first who gave that tone of authority which is so necessary to a Government, and which commands confidence. He was the first who rallied round the Government not only the interests, but the convictions and devotedness of the middling classes, and assured, to the cold and chilling system of repression and counter-revolution, the support of the convictions, and even of the

enthusiasm of all thinking and energetic men. It was at a moment of peril like that we have described, that Casimir Perier, renouncing the ease of a brilliant position, and of an untouched popularity, delivered himself up, without illusions, sacrificing all his ease and all his popularity at once, to the perfidy and menaces of all the factions then so powerful and sanguinary—ready to defend his cause against the authors of the Revolution—not underrating any obstacle or peril—but rather regarding the horizon as more charged and more black than even was the case. He was indeed superior, but not insensible to calumny and injustice. He knew and felt that to govern France then, was to renounce all repose, all security, all ease; and yet, though his health was most frail, and his constitution most feeble, he entered the arena—ay, and by no means certain of victory. He regarded the Revolution of 1830 as a most dangerous experiment. He knew that that experiment must fail if any other policy were adopted than that which he proposed, but he was by no means certain that even that policy would succeed. He was also no theorist. He had not, therefore, the consolation derived by some men from a belief in abstract principles. He had no great confidence in political friends, and none in political partisans. He endeavoured to imagine that he should be deserted by all, and even conducted as a victim to some revolutionary orgies, to be offered up as a sacrifice to their mad and brutal passions; and all this he realised in his own mind; and yet, with all these motives for renouncing, instead of accepting the terrific duties of Prime Minister at that moment, he accepted the combat, feeling, as he was, the only man who at that moment could stand in the breach. Nor must it be forgotten that at the palace and the court Casimir Perier had some personal enemies. He was proud, haughty, domineering; had strong passions and strong dislikes; and was resolved to be a real *bona fide* President of the Council, presiding himself over all the meetings of the Cabinet, and not allowing Louis Philippe to continue his favourite system of presiding himself. He was willing to undertake all his responsibility of an undivided presidentship, but he saw

resolved that it should be undivided.

When Casimir Perier took office, the approaching dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, rendered essential by the fact of the Revolution of 1830, was likewise unfavourable to the developement of his system. Who could predict what a new Chamber might say, think, and decide? The press—the clubs—the schools—the young and ardent portion of the army and National Guards, were all opposed to the system of “peace, liberty, and public order.” Their cry was still for war. The whole of the west of France was in a state of agitation. The question of Belgium was so wholly undecided, that the question of peace or war was still in suspense. Poland still fought valiantly with broken swords. Nearly all the press excited daily the warlike dispositions of the lower orders—and by degrees all France had become inoculated with the mania for war. It became necessary then to give confidence to Europe, without abandoning the new French dynasty; to satisfy France, without allowing her passions to be gratified; and to bring one party to resign itself to the Revolution of 1830, as understood by the *conservateurs*—and to bring the other to be contented with the simple change of dynasty, and with the revision of a few of the articles of the Charta of 1814. Yet Casimir Perier had to fulfil the promises made by the Charta of 1830; and deeply did he regret one of those promises, viz. the destruction of the *Hereditary* Peerage. He had also at once to show to Europe that he did not fear war whilst he offered peace; and that the sword was at his side whilst the olive-branch was in his hand. And in the midst of all these difficulties he was surrounded every where by distrust—for no mind was confiding—every where by uncertainty—for no one was satisfied. He had but one idea, one reply, to oppose to all this—and that was

“*Je veux la paix, et je ne veux que la Charte;*”

In other words, he insisted that the monarchy of 1830 should be, and should also be considered, as a definitive and regular Government. “Wisdom and pride,” said Casimir Perier, “should be inscribed on the banner of our national Revolution.”

But that which he said, it was ne-

cessary also for him to prove. In politics a system is not every thing. The system should be reasonable and wise; but it is the execution of that system which assures to it success, which constitutes its glory. What did M. Perier bring along with him in support of the system which he proclaimed? One only thing—but it was a great one—the security offered to France by his *own character*. M. Perier said at the Tribune, “*Pour garder la paix au dehors, comme pour la conserver au dedans, il ne faut peut-être qu’une chose—c’est que la France soit gouvernée.*”

Under the preceding Administrations France had often asked, “Where is the Government?” And echo answered, “Where?” But with Casimir Perier the question could be put no longer. France soon knew, and soon felt, that she was governed indeed.

On one occasion an old friend of himself and of his family, attached to the cause of Bonaparte, and believing that the Government of Napoleon II. was practicable, attacked, in no very measured terms, the President of the Council, in his private dressing-room, to which he was always admitted at an early hour in the morning. “M. Perier,” said the Bonapartist, “your system cannot stand—all France is opposed to you—you are only supported by the bankers and capitalists of the Bourse—your system is selfish, pecuniary, disgraceful to France—and anti-national; France requires the old fractions of the empire—the destruction of the treaties of Vienna—the emancipation of the people of Europe, who are her natural allies—and not the kings of this continent, who can never sympathise with the Revolution of 1830. Your system cannot last.”

To all this he replied, “The France you know is the France of the kennels, of the gutters, of the dregs of society, of the mob, of the clubs, of the schools; beardless boys, indolent vagabonds, and dissatisfied speculators. The France which supports my system is opulent France, industrious France, honest and laborious France—well-principled France, which loves order as well as liberty, and peace better than conquest. We shall see which France will prevail. If yours shall succeed, do not imagine you will stop at even the terrorism of 1793—you

will go beyond that. The social revolution you will then witness will exceed all the anarchy yet witnessed on the earth. If my France shall succeed, you will see the Revolution of 1830 every where respected and looked up to—our new dynasty confided in and honoured—peace and order succeeded to the present state of incipient anarchy—and France will have gained all she proposed by the Revolution of July."

To this prediction the Bonapartist replied, that the system of Casimir Perier would lead back France to the institutions of the Restoration; and that, if plans and policy should succeed, France would soon have no more liberty than she enjoyed under the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. His answer to this observation was truly characteristic.

"More liberty than under the Restoration! More freedom than under the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. ! Why, you do not know what you talk about; no! tell your party—your Imperialists—your Republicans—tell them all, that if I live, they shall weep tears of blood to have back again the liberties of the Restoration! During no period of the history of France, has so great a degree of liberty been enjoyed as during that portion of her existence. Take you back to the Restoration! ah, indeed I should be happy, happy beyond expression, if I could ever hope again to see France as free, as prosperous, as blessed as she was under the Restoration!"

The Bonapartist could say no more. This was the system of Casimir Perier, and he summed up all by saying, "*Je veux la paix, et je ne veux que la Charte.*"

It would be as unnecessary as it would be tedious to recount all the facts of his powerful and wise administration. It was conceived and directed by himself—and its object was clear and precise. At the commencement it astonished even those whom it satisfied. Even those who desired most ardently its success were sceptical as to its duration. Those who were in heart republicans still affected to love the new monarchy, and to desire its strength. For it must not be forgotten that, even after the defeated *emée* of the 14th July, 1831, the Republicans had not raised the standard of the Republic. They still vowed their attachment to the dynasty of

Orleans, and their apprehensions lest the policy of M. Perier should be unfavourable to its existence. The Conservatives themselves could not believe in the possibility of their own success. It was too good to be true. Some even said, "that he carried resistance too far;" and many a time was he obliged not only to attack the hydra of anarchy and Propagandism, but also to devote a portion of each day to encourage his timid though sincere followers.

The elections of 1831 afforded a great scope for the exercise of his energy and talents. He derived vast assistance from the advice of M. Guizot, and both publicly and privately acknowledged it to the end of his life. The struggle was desperate between wisdom and passion, false patriotism and real love of country; between the love of glory in the French character, and the rising desire for peace; between the enthusiasm and fanaticism of the mob, and the calm and dignified love of rational liberty of the superior and middling classes. When the Chamber met, it was unknown to itself as it was to the Government. Its new members arrived, and many, many of its old ones too—with all their suspicions, all the doubts, and misgivings of the country, and with all its illusions. The old Liberal party was there with all its exigencies, though it confided in its own patriotism, and was willing to find a guide and a commander. During the Restoration, the old Liberal party had been too much a party, and too little a principal. This Casimir Perier knew—this he felt,—and this he deplored. No one professed more formally than he did the constitutional necessity of a bond of union between the Chamber and the Ministry; but no one held in more profound contempt that ambiguous policy which gave out that each measure and each law must be judged of isolately, without paying any attention to the necessities of the Government, and the wants of the majority. When, then, the Deputies of 1831 elected M. LAFITTE, the chief of the last Cabinet, President of the Chamber, CASIMIR PERIER gave in his resignation; and, but for the unexpected attack made by the King of the Pays Bas on the rebel province of Belgium, this eminent statesman had resolved to leave office. That was a moment of profound danger for the new French dy-

nasty. If Casimir Perier had not consented to remain, a war with Europe would, apparently at least, have been inevitable. How great was the anxiety of the king and of the Conservative interests of the country during that moment of uncertainty. How loud was the laugh of joy and derision when the name of LAFITTE came out of the balloting urn with a majority for him as President of the Chamber of Deputies! The majority was but one—but Casimir Perier was no Lord Melbourne or Count Molé. He understood the principle of a majority in the Chamber of Deputies very differently to them; he acted on the principle which decided the Duke of Wellington, when he resigned power because a majority of THREE was against him. But the mirth and the satisfaction of the ultra-Liberal party was of short duration. Casimir Perier consented to remain in power, notwithstanding the defeat he sustained at the Chamber, or at least he consented to make another trial of the new Deputies. His decision was a wise one. The joy of the Revolutionary party at the momentary defeat of Casimir Perier was a lesson to the Chamber itself; and when it read in the columns of the Revolutionary prints the invectives poured forth against the Conservative policy of that statesman, and the curses heaped upon him when he consented to make another trial of the Chamber, the Deputies hesitated no longer. A majority, then, frank, loyal, and decided, rallied round the Conservative drapeau, and from that moment no Minister was ever supported by a more compact and decided majority. But still the Opposition both within and without the Chamber was formidable and numerous. Still the most dangerous theories were promulgated in the most seductive forms, and it was not only necessary to defend against calumnious attacks and gloomy predictions a line of policy not yet in full operation, and the success of which was necessarily slow, if not even doubtful; but it was also essential to prove to those who loved a rational liberty, that to regulate is not to stifle it—that to keep it within bounds is not to crush it—and that resistance is not treason. This was the task which every day Casimir Perier had to recommence with passion, ardour, and conviction, day after day of a laborious session. M. Gui-

zot was one of his principal supporters in this Herculean combat, and some effective aid was also supplied by M. Dupin. Many a day during this session will be noted in the Parliamentary annals of France; but none more so than when the debate arose on the “ordre du jour motivé.” Warsaw had fallen, and its fall had produced a profound impression in France. All the fractions of the Opposition united to avail themselves of this event, and to convert it into instruments of vengeance, revolt, and war. Paris had a sad and menacing aspect—tumultuous mobs appeared. One of them surrounded and wished to insult M. Perier himself. They spoke of marching against the Tuileries—of marching against the Chambers; and at the same time the question of Poland—*i. e.*, the question of war or of peace—was brought under the attention of the Chamber. This was the sitting of the 21st of September. M. Perier, however, triumphed, and the peace of the world was decided by a majority of one hundred and sixteen. We say advisedly, “*The peace of the world.*” For if that day M. Casimir Perier had *not* triumphed, an universal war, a war of principles, a revolutionary war, must have followed, which would have reproduced the *ensemble* of the war of the Convention, as well as the war of Napoleon.

From the moment that Casimir Perier had assured so formidable a majority for his system of peace, he marched with firmness in the course he had chalked out. His conferences with foreign ambassadors were frequent. His morning walks with Count d'Appony, in a garden close to the Bois de Boulogne, were discovered. There he endeavoured to convince the diplomatist, and through him all Europe, that the intentions of the new dynasty were essentially Conservative; and whilst Prince Talleyrand pledged himself in London for the truth of this declaration, the whole of the policy, as well as the assurances of M. Perier at Paris, guarantee'd the truth and accuracy of both their statements.

At last one year passed away, and M. Perier beheld himself, on the 18th March, 1832, still the leader and chief of the Conservative Administration of the former year. This was a great triumph. Twelve months of existence to a Ministry at such an epoch, was in

itself next to a miracle. A majority now existed, most compact and resolute, on all political questions.

The army had been tried at Lyons, and had proved itself faithful. Paris was devoted to the ideas of order and Conservatism. The expedition to ANCONA was the only extraordinary whim of Casimir Perier, but he defended it on the ground that it was necessary to make such a concession to France, in order to show to her that, though the Government was resolved on maintaining peace, it was also determined not to submit to any humiliation.

The expedition to ANCONA was still, we think, though disposed to make every allowance to M. Perier, one of the faults of that honest and great man's Administration. It was not sufficiently large to oppose an Austrian army in Italy. It was not sufficiently powerful to keep in order the agitating spirits in the Papal and other States. It would have been as nothing, and less than nothing, in the event of a war between Austria and the Italian populations, and was calculated to excite false hopes on one side, and distrust on the other. But we know that, even to the hour of his death, he looked upon this as a master-stroke of policy, as he did the expedition of the French to the Belgian territory. M. Perier laboured, however, under the error, which is very common to public men who have been only a short time at the head of affairs, viz. that of supposing that all the secrets of the French Cabinet were *not* known to the other Cabinets of Europe. Yet the reverse of this was the case. Europe knew that France had not an army to defend even her own territory, much less to carry war into an enemy's country; and therefore, when the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian Governments saw this paltry expedition to Ancona, knowing, as they did know, that France was unable to sustain a serious war in Italy—they perceived in it the proof, that even Casimir Perier, with all the firmness of his character, and with all the resolution of his system, was obliged to make this concession to the war and revolutionary parties in France. The subsequent continuance of those forces at Ancona has been more than absurd—it has been a fault; and it is high time that Louis Philippe should himself see the propriety of withdrawing soldiers from the Italian shores.

The spring of 1832, unhappily, however, brought along with it the cholera morbus to Paris. At first Casimir Perier was not much alarmed by its invasion; but subsequently the scenes which took place in the capital filled his heart with anguish, and his eyes with tears. On the 1st April in that year he visited, with the young Duke of Orleans, the splendid Hospital of the *Hotel Dieu*, and visited with him the first victims of that terrible disease. The following days reports were put in circulation that the fountains of Paris had been poisoned by Government agents, and then by the priests, and the most horrible assassinations were perpetrated in broad day, under the pretext of avenging the "people" of their poisoners. Never was a fouler calumny invented. It was the progress of the pest which carried off its victims, sweeping all before it.

On the 6th April, 1832, Casimir Perier was seized with an attack of the cholera. The malady was terrible. He suffered most excruciatingly from the cramp. The best medical talent of France was procured for him. No effort, and no experiment, was wanting or remained untried. Every plausible remedy was sought for with avidity. Those who were most opposed to his political system were as anxious as his friends to preserve his energetic and valuable life. But, though for a moment the disease appeared to cede, it returned with renewed power, and his exhausted and sunken frame at last became the prey of death, and he expired on the 16th May, 1832, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

During the period that M. Casimir Perier was Minister, his speeches at the Chamber were very numerous, especially from September 1831 to March 1832. The subjects discussed were of the most exciting character, and comprised all the leading features of the Revolution of 1830. The policy of the Government—the conduct of the Legitimists—the questions of Austria and the Roman States—the Polish Revolution—the destruction of the hereditary peerage—the capture of Warsaw—the conduct of the foreign refugees—the settlement of the civil list—the troubles in La Vendée—the National Guards' law—the troubles of Lyons—the frauds and deficits of Resner—the floating debt—

the secret service money—the foreign policy of France—the expenses of foreign embassies—the troubles of Grenoble, and the financial operations of the Government, were amongst some of the topics of the most interesting and important debates of modern French history.

The last time he ever spoke in the Chamber of Deputies was in the sitting of the 29th March, when he presented from Government bills providing for the secret expenses of the Government, for the *caisse de vituana*, and for the prorogation of the suspension of the municipal organization law. We cannot, however, do better than select as a specimen of his style and manner of speaking, some extracts from his celebrated address of 21st September, 1831, in reply to the attacks made by the Opposition on the Conservative policy of the Casimir Perier Administration.

The moment seized upon by the Opposition was when Warsaw had fallen, when Paris was in a state of unparalleled agitation, and when the Chamber was surrounded by mobs and tumults. The following are some specimens of his impassioned and manly eloquence:—

“ A la nouvelle des événemens de Varsovie, la France a éprouvé un sentiment douloureux; mais tous les bons citoyens, en s’associant à la situation de la Pologne, n’ont pas oublié ce qu’ils doivent à leur propre pays, et assurément ils ne veulent pas réparer les malheurs de la Pologne par les malheurs de la France.

“ On vous a parlé de vos délibérations, messieurs; vous délibérez ici sous la protection des lois, et le gouvernement, qui est chargé de les défendre, a pour appui l’armée, la Garde Nationale, qui en criant *Vive la Pologne!* crie avant tout: *Vive le Roi!* *Vive la France!* oui! *Vive le Roi!* *Vive la France!* c’est là le cri de tous les Français; les cris factieux que nous avons entendus, nous saurons les réprimer. Ceux qui crient en ce moment, *Vive la Pologne!* en ajoutant, *A bas le Gouvernement du Roi!* *A bas l’autorité du Roi!* ne sont ni les amis de la Pologne, ni les amis de leurs pays. Délibérez tranquillement, messieurs; tant que le pouvoir nous sera confié, nous saurons le défendre et le faire respecter par les factieux.”

M. Mauguin having complained

that the Opposition had been taken by surprise, and the Chamber cheated out of a vote of confidence, M. Casimir Perier demanded that a new vote should be given and a new decision come to. He said—

“ Et pour que l’Opposition ne puisse pas un jour remettre en discussion ce second vote, comme le premier, sous prétexte de surprise, qu’il soit bien entendu, messieurs, comme nous avons dû croire qu’il l’avait été dans la discussion de l’adresse, que ce système, c’est le maintien de la paix, sous toutes les réserves de sûreté et de dignité nationales, dont nous sommes aussi jaloux que qui que ce soit; *c’est l’antipathie la plus déclarée pour toute espèce de propagande; c’est une médiation de bienveillance en faveur de toutes les infortunes, avec tous les ménagemens que dicte la loyauté pour les droits et pour les traités.*

“ C’est une attention scrupuleuse à ne considérer les questions extérieures que sous le point de vue des véritables intérêts de notre pays. Telle est, messieurs, dans tout pays libre et éclairé, la règle des hommes d’état vraiment patriotes. Telle est celle que nous tracent à la fois nos intérêts matériels, l’honneur national, la paix intérieure, et la sécurité de notre révolution.

“ Sous tous ces rapports, également sacrés, nous avons donc la conscience, messieurs, d’avoir fait ce que voulait la France, non pas ce que veulent pour elle ceux qui la font écrire et parler, mais ce que ses intérêts, étudiés consciencieusement, réclament de l’Administration qui les a compris.

“ Nous persistons donc avec une conviction plus profonde que jamais, dans un système de paix que nous nous faisons gloire d’avoir défendu, d’avoir maintenu jusqu’à ce jour, et dont la rupture jetterait une immense responsabilité, aux yeux de la France, de l’Europe, de l’humanité toute entière, sur quiconque s’en serait rendu comptable.”

At the death of Casimir Perier, he left two sons; one is Secretary to the French Embassy at the Hague, and the other undertook the direction of the commercial house founded by his father. His wife, whose maiden name was Pauline Loyer, and for whom he ever felt the most lively and tender affection, has no other consolation than that derived from the recollection

of the past, from the memory of having been the devoted companion of a man whose name is held in universal respect, and from the hopes of a pious and serene mind.

Casimir Perier was buried at the cemetery of the *Père la Chaise*, not far from his brother Scipion, and from his friend Camille Jordan. The funeral rites were performed by all the capital—and the addresses over his tomb were delivered by Royer Collard, Bignon, Dupin, Berenger, Davilliers, Francois Delessert, and the Duke de Choiseul.

Casimir Perier was very tall and well made. His face was manly and regular—and there was a penetration and a finesse in his features which often contrasted well with his imposing energy. His air, his manner, were prompt, and even imperious—and he would say sometimes, smiling, when speaking of the efforts made by his political opponents to compel him to yield,—“*Comment veut-on que je cède avec la taille que j'ai ?*”

M. Herseul has painted an admirable likeness—and M. David has sculptured a perfect medallion, of this celebrated man. In the last years of his life his features were changed by corporal sufferings, and by intense mental and moral application. His notions were *nette* and his impressions lively. His reason was always contending with his passions, and perpetually subduing them. He presented the spectacle of a man whose powerful soul in vain attempted to convey to others the vivacity and force of the impression under which he himself laboured. He often said of himself,—“*Il me manque bien des choses, mais j'ai du cœur, du tact, et du bonheur.*”

His mind was, however, disposed to hesitate. On vast subjects he was quick to perceive, and resolute to act—but on the lesser and daily affairs of business or of the state he was prone to doubt and to adjourn. He was by no means a pleasant companion, an agreeable *bon-vivant*, or adapted to the politenesses and courtesies of life. He was rigorous towards others—and severe towards himself,—but though he loved few, he hated none. He had a passion for conquest—but not to injure, or to destroy. He had, how-

ever, some tenderly attached friends who speak of him with enthusiasm, and for whom he felt the most passionate friendship. In the world, generally, he was reserved, cold, and uneasy; in his family he was gay in his conversation and lively in his sallies.

Casimir Perier is not forgotten. Six years have elapsed since he descended to the common grave of the wise and the ignorant, the virtuous and the wicked. But he is not forgotten. The rapid stream of time ever flowing, and ever bearing away upon its bosom the names and the memories of those who have lived and who have acted, has not been able to sweep away the memory of Casimir Perier. His name will rest for ever engraved on the annals of the French monarchy.

The political system of Casimir Perier did not expire with him.—When the news of his death was conveyed to Louis Philippe, he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his sorrow—“My cup is full—it only required this new disaster to complete its bitterness.” But the policy of the departed statesman was persevered in—and France was saved as well as Europe from an universal war. It may be said of him, as it was said of Mr Pitt by Lord Castlereagh—“*His policy triumphed over his tomb.*” He died too soon for himself, his family, his friends, and his country—but, at least, if he had survived, he would not have had to deplore the triumph of propagandism, or the victories of sanguinary factions. His policy grappled with the hydra whilst living, and crushed it after his death.

The glory of Casimir Perier is pure, as it is incapable of attack. He appeared as a meteor in those cloudy, dark, and dreary days when all was mysterious, uncertain, and sad. But his work shall be durable, for it was not the artificial creation of a party, but the reply to the demands of justice, civilisation, and true liberty. On his tomb, too early closed, as too soon opened, the drapeau of “ORDER!” was raised;—and the laws have triumphed over faction and folly. This was the best homage which could be paid to his memory—and the lesson we should be taught from his life.

ON THE FOOD OF THE HERRING AND SALMON.

BY JOHN STARK, F.R.S., Edin.

[The following paper was drawn up in answer to "Observations on the Natural History of the Salmon, Herring, and Vendace, by ROBERT KNOX, F.R.S., Edin.," printed in Vol. XII. of the Edinburgh Transactions. It was read at the Meeting of 4th December, 1837; and the specimens referred to are in the Society's Museum.]

I.—FOOD OF THE HERRING.—(*Clupea harengus*, Lin.)

THE attention of naturalists in this country has of late been directed, by the Parliamentary enquiries into the state of the salmon fisheries, to the natural history of the salmon. The importance of this branch of the fisheries to Scotland renders every fact connected with the habits, food, and reproduction of the salmon of great consequence, as tending to regulate the time and manner of its capture, as well as to provide for the increase, or, at least, to prevent the material diminution of the species. Though much valuable information was elicited before the Committee of Parliament upon the Salmon Fisheries of Great Britain—information which could not have been easily procured in any other manner—yet still, in a few particulars of the salmon's history, something remains to be done to make that history complete. The species of the family *Salmonidae*, for instance, have not yet been so distinctly marked out as to be distinguished at their various stages of growth; and a good deal of mystery hangs over the history of the salmon, from the time the fry leave the spawning-bed and descend to the sea, until their return again, in their upward migration, as grilises and full-grown salmon. Much of that mystery, I have little fear, will soon be cleared up, from the investigations of our learned and active associates, Sir William Jardine and Dr Parnell, who, it is understood, have been directing their attention to this important subject. And experiments are now in progress by another enquirer, Mr John Shaw, the results of which will be most interesting to science.

In the year 1803, the Highland Society of Scotland, with the view of promoting the fisheries of this part of the country, published, in the second volume of their Transactions, several papers on the Natural, Commercial,

and Economical History of the Herring, and on the Natural History of the Salmon. The practical details contained in these papers—the history of the salmon and herring fisheries—and the suggestions for their improvement, are, I have no doubt, worthy of every praise. But the authors of these papers do not seem to have been much acquainted with the writings of scientific men in other countries, who have recorded observations on the subject of which they profess to treat. On the food of the herring and salmon, particularly, which must powerfully influence their habits, nothing positive is said, and no reference is made to any writer who had ever treated of this matter before. And hence a later author, without looking further, seems to have taken the statements in this volume, and founded on them, as a summary of all that could be said on the subject of the food of the herring and salmon.

In these circumstances, I have thought it might be of some service to science, as well as a matter of justice to the memory of former observers, to give a short statement of the facts regarding the food of the herring and salmon, which have been recorded by the best writers on natural history, and which seem to have been completely lost sight of by our Scottish naturalists. I have been the more induced to engage in this investigation, and to bring out the results here, that, a few years ago, a long and elaborate paper on the subject was read before this Society, and subsequently printed in its Transactions. This paper, with greater pretensions, is, I must be allowed to say, by no means exempt from the remark I have ventured to make upon the papers in the Transactions of the Highland Society. I allude to the paper of Dr Knox, entitled "Obser-

vations on the Natural History of the Salmon, Herring, and Vendace," as printed in the 12th volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society. From the statements in that paper, though enunciated with the confidence of demonstration, I, in common with most naturalists, wholly dissent, and equally disclaim the manner and the terms in which the author has been pleased to speak of the works and opinions of others.

Statements apparently so inconsistent with all that had been previously recorded, I felt assured would not pass without comment in the Society which had sanctioned their publication; and I long flattered myself that some member of the Society better qualified for the task would have undertaken the duty of pointing out what had been previously recorded on the subjects of which the author of this paper claims the discovery. It is because no one has so come forward that I now appear before you; and it is because some weight may be attached to uncontradicted assertions, by those who have never investigated the subject beyond this paper, that the correction of these statements becomes absolutely necessary. In pointing out what has been recorded by previous writers on the subject, and comparing their statements with the assertions of Dr Knox, I desire it to be distinctly understood, that I am far from wishing to detract from that individual's merit as a cultivator, a successful cultivator it may be, of his own peculiar branch of science. It is as a naturalist, writing on a branch of natural history, that his claims come into competition with other naturalists; and the form into which I have thrown my observations seemed to me the best mode of eliciting the truth, and doing justice to all parties.

In the investigations into which I have been led as to the food of the herring and salmon, I may add, that I have verified the recorded observations of naturalists by occasional inspection of the stomachs of both fishes. The preparations on the table afford the strongest corroboration of the statements of writers on natural history as to the nature of the salmon's food. They were prepared by my friend Dr Parnell from fishes in full season from the friths of Forth and Tay. They are by no means intended to exhibit all the various kinds of

food that may be found in the salmon's stomach at different stations and at different periods of the year. It was considered to be an unnecessary waste of time to prepare the number of specimens that would thus have been required. The stomachs of the herrings were procured from fishes in full season, purchased in the Edinburgh market, and exhibit most of the kinds of aliment which have been referred to by naturalists as the food of the herring.

Trusting to your indulgence, then, I proceed, in the *first* place, to call your attention to what is stated by Dr Knox regarding the food and sex of the Vendace of Lochmaben; *secondly*, to the food of the Herring; and, *thirdly*, to the food of the Salmon, and the development and growth of its ova.

But, before entering on the subject in detail, it may be as well to state the claims of Dr Knox, as the sole discoverer of the food of the three fishes referred to; and this, to avoid all misapprehension, I shall do in his own words. The Doctor's statements naturally arrange themselves into,

1. *The positive*.—"The nature of the food of the herring, coregonus, and salmon, was not to be stumbled upon by accident. I feel happy in having to offer it as a direct result of patient scientific enquiry."—P. 463.

2. *The comparative*.—"Modern systematic writers on natural history, so far as I have been able to observe, maintain a profound silence as to the food of the herring." "In such works, all mention of the food is either omitted, or, what is much worse, mistaken, and consequently their habits." P. 513.

"In 1833, Professor Rennie of the King's College, London, declares the food of the herring to be altogether unknown."—P. 513.

"I am aware that there are many, whose regard for accuracy in scientific statements being extremely coarse and loose, will not only assert they had examined the stomach of the herring, but had also seen its food."—P. 515.

"We have already seen a person assert, in open defiance of the statements of all practical fishermen, and of every writer on natural history, from Linné downwards, to Professor Rennie, that the food of the herring was known to every body!! The ob-

ject of such remarks cannot be mistaken."—P. 464.

3. *Superlative*.—"Of my competency to make correct anatomical and physiological remarks, no reasonable person, I hope, who is at all acquainted with the nature of my pursuits, will have any doubt."—P. 464.

"The reason why the food (of the herring) could not be discovered by preceding observers, will be readily understood by most of my readers. It was next to an impossibility for any other than a scientific person, who had examined the whole range of the animal kingdom, to make out the enquiry."—P. 514.

The name of the individual referred to in this last sentence, "who had examined the whole range of the animal kingdom," is left to be gathered from the context. Of only one man in Europe could this be said, and that person was the late Baron Cuvier. I need scarcely observe, however, that the writer of this hyperbolic compliment did not mean the author of the *Règne Animal*.

The process of reasoning which led to the supposed discovery, is not less singular than the discovery itself. Ascertaining that a fresh-water fish from the south of Scotland had some resemblance in size and general appearance to the herring, the author concluded, that if he could find out what the vendace fed upon in Lochmaben loch, the food of the herring, though living in a different element, the sea, would most likely be the same. Vendace were, of course, caught, their stomachs were examined, and animalcules such as are found in lakes and ponds were there detected by the microscope. The sagacity of the conjecture was now fully evidenced; and an animal, which the vulgar thought lived by the suction of air or water, was really found to feed upon the minute animals which existed in the loch with them. First, one species of animalcule was found in a stomach examined, and at a different period another. Here the enquiry as to food stopped, which, to have done justice to the subject, should have been spread over the whole year, and have embraced the food of all seasons.

From this, the transition to the herring and its food, supposed to be equally unknown as that of the vendace, was, according to Dr Knox, na-

tural, and the examination of the stomach of the herring was, of course, determined on. "The discovery of the food of the vendace," he exclaims, "decides the question as to the food of the herring."—P. 507. The herring of the German Ocean, at least *one specimen*, was found to have in its stomach the fragment of a crustaceous animal, which the author considered to be of the same species or genus as that found in the stomach of the vendace of Lochmaben; and to this *peculiar food* both fishes were said, on the faith of this analogy, to owe all their value as articles of food.

Had an analogy been attempted between the vendace and salmon, it might have been intelligible, as both belong to the same natural family, and both inhabit occasionally the same medium. But to attempt to draw any analogy between the vendace and herring, fishes of different natural families, and inhabiting different mediums, which neither ever quits, seems, if I may be allowed to make use of the comparison, much akin to the resemblance discovered by Captain Fluelen, between the birth-places of Alexander the Great and King Henry V. "There is a river in Macedonia; there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but it is all one; 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and *there's salmons in both*."—*Henry V.*, Act IV., Sc. 13.

Let it be granted, however, that this wide analogy, by some peculiar process in the mind of the author, led him to discover the mutilated remains of a minute crustaceous animal in a herring of the German Ocean, from having previously found minute animals of a different species in the stomach of the vendace of Lochmaben—to what does the discovery amount? To the truism, that the vendace, like all the animals of the same class, feeds upon what it finds in its native waters, and these animalcules among the rest. Reasoning *à priori*, any naturalist would have predicated the kind of food the vendace had to choose upon in such a piece of fresh water; and, in point of fact, the writers upon these minute inhabitants of lakes and rivers assign them generally as forming part of the food of fishes. "They (the cyclops)

serve (say Bosc and Latreille), as the other animals of the division *Entomostaca*, for the food of all aquatic insects, all the vermes which inhabit the same places, of many fishes, and birds."—*Nouv. Dict. d'Hist. Nat.* IX. p. 29.

And Leuwenhoek, giving a magnified representation of one of the animals upon which the fishes of lakes feed, and that example exactly the same species which Dr Knox, more than a hundred years after, found in the stomach of the vendace, states positively that these "*pisciculi minores*," as he calls them, "*facti sunt ad alimentum majorum*."—Vol. III., p. 145. Now, if a major proposition necessarily includes the minor, then the food of the vendace, as well as other freshwater fishes, was known to Leuwenhoek; and Dr Knox has only the merit of applying a general principle to a particular case.

I readily concede to Dr Knox all the merit, if there be any, of finding first one animal, and then another, in the stomach of the vendace; but he has stated no facts regarding its food in general, or at different periods of the year, when the *Daphniæ* and *Cyclops* (for such appear to be the animals whose fragments he has figured) are not to be found. And there can be little or no doubt that, if examined at different periods of the year, the larvæ of insects, and other inhabitants of the lake, would be found to be the prey of the vendace, as of other freshwater fishes.

Mr Yarrell, in vendace from the same lake, found in the stomach the *Lynceus roseus* of Desmarest, the *Monoculus roseus* of Turton, and the *Cyclops vulgaris* of Leach, or the *Monoculus quadricornis*, Lin.; together with a very small coleopterous insect, the tough skin of a red worm, and what appeared to be a portion of the wing of a dipterous insect.—(*British Fishes*, Vol. II.) And the pollan of Lough Neagh, in Ireland, a species of coregonus, if not exactly the same as the Lochmaben vendace, feeds on all the varieties of aliment which the lake affords.

But this discovery of the food of the vendace is as nothing, when compared with the most unexpected communication by which it is followed, that this species of fish really consisted of two sexes, male and female; and that this anomaly required to be proved to the Royal Society. In the published ab-

stract of his paper, drawn up by himself, Dr Knox says, he "*proved the vendace to be male and female!*" The Doctor has not detailed in this instance the steps which led to this discovery, nor the analogies which induced him to hazard such a startling proposition; and it really seems not very creditable to the previous knowledge of one "who had examined the whole range of the animal kingdom," that he should for one moment suppose the vendace of Lochmaben to be brought into existence without the participation of a male parent. On this point the analogy of all vertebrated animals was in favour of the presumption; and even inferences, drawn from some of the vegetable tribes, might have indicated, to a mind more obtuse than the Doctor's, how the great work of reproduction was carried on among fishes. But really it is impossible gravely to consider this discovery. Why, the very fishwomen in the Edinburgh market would have laughed at the announcement. They could have told the Doctor that a *hen-lobster* necessarily implied the existence of a *cock-lobster*; that where there were *cock-paddles*, there must also be *hen-paddles*; and on the same authority he might have learned, that a maiden skate (no great rarity in the market), was typical of a flat fish that had not been a mother.

I come now, in the *second place*, to examine the claims of Dr Knox as the discoverer of the food of the herring (*Clupea harengus*, Lin.) "Modern systematic writers," says he, "on natural history, maintain a profound silence as to the food of the herring."—P. 513. "In 1833, Professor Rennie, of the King's College, London, declares the food of the herring to be altogether unknown."—*Ib.* "It was next to an impossibility for any other than a scientific person, who had examined the whole range of the animal kingdom, to make out the enquiry."—P. 514.

Now, in opposition to what is asserted in these sentences as to the food of the herring being "altogether unknown," I venture to state, and the statement will be borne out by the evidence of almost all writers on the natural history of fishes, that the food of the herring was perfectly well known, and published, many years before the period of the appearance of this paper. In place of taxing his mind with

a far-fetched analogy, and taking a circuitous route to enhance the merit of his supposed discovery, if the author had taken the trouble to open almost any one of the systematic works which he says maintain a profound silence on the subject, he would have seen that there was no mystery in the matter; he would have seen that the food of the herring was better known than the food of almost any other fish; and that every circumstance which he has recorded as the fruits of his "patient scientific enquiry," might be found in the published works of preceding writers.

Before proceeding, however, to notice what has been written upon this subject by preceding enquirers, it is necessary to remark, that Dr Knox's discovery of the animal which forms, he asserts, the food of the herring, rests on a mutilated fragment of a minute crustaceous animal, which he has figured, found in the stomach with other remains of food; and from this he concludes that the said animal is the *exclusive food of the herring*, to which it owes all its good qualities; and, to use his own language, "when it takes to other food, it is good for nothing as an article of food." How the Doctor makes out all these consequences from the single fact he details, we are not informed. To give any thing like probability to these suppositions, it would be requisite, in the first place, to prove the existence of such animals in the seas which herrings frequent, in sufficient numbers to supply the innumerable shoals with this their peculiar food; and, secondly, it would be necessary to show in what respects, or in what manner, other species of food acted so injuriously upon the fish as to make its body run rapidly into putrescence. Without stopping to notice further these generalizations, based on the detection of a single fragment of an animalcule in the stomach of a herring, I shall proceed to lay before the Society a few of the notices of preceding naturalists as to the food of this valuable fish.

The first author to whom I shall allude as having discovered and mentioned the food of the herring, is Paul Neucrantz, doctor in philosophy and medicine, and physician at Lubeck. This gentleman wrote a dissertation on the herring, which was published at Lubeck in 1654, under the follow-

ing title:—"De Harengo, Exercitatio Medica, in qua principis piscium exquisitissima bonitas summaque gloria asserta et vindicata." This work contains a very full and learned account of the herring, the time of its appearance on the Northern and British coasts, the mode of preparing it for exportation; in short, a complete natural history of this valuable fish and its economical uses. The fifth chapter of this work is devoted to the refutation of the vulgar notion that the herring subsisted on sea-water, and that generally nothing was to be found in its stomach. Describing that viscous, and showing from its structure that it was calculated to be the recipient of solid food, he goes on to state that it is not always empty, as supposed, but often crammed with food; and that he had frequently ascertained the nature of this food from personal inspection, and sometimes counted upwards of sixty *minute squillæ*, or shrimps, in one fish, and many of these partially digested. He states further, that when the spawning was completed, there was less food found in the stomachs of the spawned fish; that in these the intestine appeared to be half-filled with the ova of other fishes, or their own; and he gives it as his belief that the herring feeds on its own fry, when languid and exhausted from spawning.—*Neucrantz De Harengo*, p. 28.

Neucrantz died in 1671. A copy of complimentary verses, by the classical Meibomius, is affixed to his work.

In order that it may be understood what the *squillæ* of the writers of the period were, I have laid on the table the *Historia Naturalis* of Johnston, in which all the then known species are represented.

The next author I have met with who ascertained the food of the herring is Antony Leuwenhoek; and when I mention this name, it is a warrant to this Society, and to every one to whom the literature of science may be but slightly known, for the value of his observations. At the same time, it is but fair to state, that Dr Knox, aware, perhaps, of the loose foundation upon which his asserted discovery rests, takes an exception to any evidence that may be adduced against him, in these not very complimentary terms:—"I am aware," says he, "that there are many, whose regard for accuracy in

scientific statements being extremely coarse and loose, will not only assert that they had examined the stomach of the herring, but had also seen its food."—P. 515. Notwithstanding this civil insinuation of mendacity on the part of those who presume to take up a contrary opinion to the Doctor, I state with confidence the testimony of Leuwenhoek.

What led Leuwenhoek to the investigation of the food of the herring, was the circumstance of this fish, not very fat in appearance, having the intestines covered and the body saturated with fat, while other sea fishes, however thick in the body, secreted none of this fatty matter. This induced him to investigate the nature of the food of the herring; and, having enquired at various fishermen on the coast of Holland what food they found in the stomach, was told, as any enquirer here would be told, "se nunquam ullum in halecum stomacho aut intestinis reperisse cibum." (*Epist.* p. 46, 47.) Not discouraged at this, he went to market about the middle of March, and purchased a few herrings, in the second of which he found a reddish matter, which he discovered by the microscope to be composed of rounded bodies, scarcely acted upon by the stomach. The same bodies, which appeared to be minute sacs, were found in the stomachs of all the herrings. "Hence it did not appear to me wonderful," says Leuwenhoek, "that the fishermen should conceive that no food was to be found in the stomachs of herrings, because they feed on animals so minute, and not in sufficient quantity at a time to distend the stomach, as we see in other fishes."—"While other fishes are able to fill their stomachs so as to constitute a fifth part of the size of the animal, and the fragments of the food remain even for days in this viscus, the herring, on the contrary, is constantly swallowing those minute animalcules which escape the eye of the fisherman." On another occasion Leuwenhoek examined the stomachs of herrings when many had spawned, and found in the chyle and intestines the ova of their own species. At a different period he found

substances which he conjectured to be vegetable; other slender oblong particles, of which he could not satisfactorily ascertain the nature; along with what appears from his description to be a minute *Asterias*. (*II. Epist.* 97, p. 52.)

In proof of the accuracy of Leuwenhoek's statement, there is now on the table the intestinal canal from a salt herring, filled with half-digested ova (No. 1.) And in two other specimens (Nos. 2 and 3), taken this summer, ova in a forward state of development were clearly distinguishable. Whether these are ova of the herring or not, I am not prepared to say.

The result of Leuwenhoek's enquiry was, that it was evident to him that herrings not only fed on *animalcules*, *minute fishes*, or *aselli*, and even on their own ova, but also, when pressed by hunger, any thing they met with. (P. 53.) Leuwenhoek goes on to state, that, considering the nature of the food and the shoals to be fed, there must be in the sea incalculable numbers of minute animals, beyond what had been imagined. In another place he states that the sandy shores of Holland abound with these minute *crustacea*. And he accounts for the shoals of herrings moving to different parts of the coast by attributing their presence to the plenty or scarcity of food—"ad escam congregantur aquilæ."

Here, then, the food of the herring is ascertained, by one of the most successful investigators of the arcana of nature, to consist of "*exigua animalcula, sive pisciculos*," and, in default of other food, he ascertained that they even swallow the ova of their own species. The letter which contains this investigation is dated at Delft, in Holland, in January 1696.*

The next writer, of those which have fallen in my way, who mentions particularly the food of the herring, is the celebrated Otho Frederick Müller, who published a work, entitled "*Entomostraca, seu Insecta Testacea*," in 4to, at Leipsic and Copenhagen in 1785. In that work, he describes a species of *Cyclops* under the name of *Cyclops longicornis*, which he says was found in the sea of Finmarek, by the

* "Atque ita mihi conspicuum fuit, haleces non tantum vesci exiguis pisciculis, atque etiam propriis ovis, sed et quodcunque obvium urgente necessitate, versus stomachum demittere."

celebrated Gunner, and afterwards "in *sinn Drobactionum*," by himself, in numbers, in the stomach of a herring, without particularly looking for any such thing. This small crustaceous animal is figured by Müller in his 19th plate, fig. 7-9. Dr Knox confesses, that the fragment of the crustaceous animal which he found in the stomach of a herring, "approaches very nearly the *Cyclops* of M. Dumeril;" and bears "*a strong resemblance*" to the animal found in numbers by Müller, in the stomach of the same species of fish.

The animal represented by Müller is then either of the same species as the fragment figured by Dr Knox, or it is not. If it be of the same species, there is an end to Dr Knox's claim, for this very good reason, that Müller's work was published in 1785, and Dr Knox's supposed discovery was not made public till 1833. Nay, more, Müller refers to a previous writer, who had discovered this animal in the sea of Finmark many years before; and he himself had described it under the name of *Cyclops Finmarkii*, in the "*Zoologiæ Danicæ Prodromus*," which was published at Copenhagen in 1776. The "immortal Gunner," whom Müller mentions as its first describer, had previously given a figure of the animal in the 10th volume of the Copenhagen Transactions.

On the other hand, if it be not the same animal as those figured by Gunner and Müller, then it must assuredly be a fragment of one or other of the minute crustacea, which, along with other minute animals and ova, are stated by Neucrantz and later naturalists to form the food of the herring, and which abound on all the northern shores.

How the Doctor could give a figure of the "*natural size of the adult, full-grown animal*," to use his own pleonastic expression, from an imperfect fragment, he does not explain;—but the deficiency could easily be supplied from Müller's figure.

The next writer I notice who mentions the food of the herring, is the celebrated ichthyologist, Mark Eleazar Bloch, who began to publish his superb work on fishes at Berlin in 1785. In his account of the herring he thus writes: "The herring, which is so often exposed to the voracity of other animals, belongs itself to the

class of voracious fishes. It lives chiefly on minute crabs" (*crustacea*). "Neucrantz," says he, "has found many in its stomach half digested. Leuwenhoek has also observed ova of fishes in the œsophagus. It also feeds on worms; and the fishermen of Norway have often found its intestines filled with a species of red worm, which they call *roe-aal*. When the stomach is full of these animals, they believe that the fish is diseased; but the true explanation is, that these worms, being much more subject to decay, spoil the herring before it is salted." Then Bloch explains, on the principle of the known rapid digestion of the herring, why their stomachs are generally found empty when caught. "Whenever the fishermen," says he, "notice these animals in the herrings they are taking, they leave them during some time in the water, that the food may be entirely digested, and the fish, of course, keep better when salted."—*Bloch*, vi. p. 252, 253.

It is necessary here to mention that the modern class *Crustacea*, in which minute crabs and shrimps are included, made part of Linnæus' great class INSECTA, and were arranged under the generic name of *Cancer* by that illustrious naturalist. The term worms (*VERMES*) of the same author, besides the worms properly so called, included the testaceous as well as naked *mollusca*, and zoophytes. And hence, by all the writers of the period we are considering, the terms *minute crabs*, *worms*, and *insects*, include all the animals now separated into divisions more precise, and more accommodated to the extended state of our knowledge. Thus, the crabs, lobsters, and shrimps, &c., form the modern class CRUSTACEA, the radiated animals are arranged under the class ECHINODERMATA, and the one-eyed animals, which Linnæus brought together under the generic term *Monoculus*, are now included in the sub-class ENTOMOSTRACA, a term applied to them by Müller. A great portion of the animals of these classes form generally the food of fishes, and some species have been more particularly ascertained to be part of the food of the herring. To limit its food, however, to this or that species, on the evidence of a single fragment, or thousands of fragments, at one season of the year only, and on one particular coast, is pretty nearly as philosophical

as the conclusion would be, from the white of an egg being found in a single human stomach after breakfast, to conclude that the race lived solely upon eggs.

But to return to the *roe-aals*. These animals seem to be, if not the same, at least very nearly approaching to the identical food which, according to Dr Knox, gives the herring its value, and the Dutch their superiority in curing this fish. In a note to Lacepede's account of the herring, which is similar to that of Bloch, his ingenious editor adds an explanation in regard to what the *roe-aal* of the fishermen of Norway really are. I quote the passage.—“These are not worms,” says he, “but *minute shrimps*, which are found in the intestines of the herrings fished on the coasts of Norway. This species of *crustacea*, described by M. Fabricius under the name of *Astacus harengum*, and which the Norwegians call *aal* and *sil aal*, is so multiplied during summer, that thousands of these animals are found in a bucket of sea-water. They serve as the food of fishes, and principally of the herrings, which follow them wherever they direct their course, wherever the wind or current drives them. M. Stroem attributes to the eyes of these shrimps, which contain a deep red fluid, the reddish colour of the excrements of the herrings, a tint which is communicated even to the belly.”—*Sonnini's Buffon*, vol. lxvii., p. 15.

Lacepede, in the same article, says that “the food of the herring, to which it owes its rich and agreeable taste, consists generally of *ova of fishes, minute crabs, and worms*.”—*Ibid*.

M. Fabricius, the author alluded to in the foregoing extract, published his “*Species Insectorum*” in 1781. His character as a naturalist, and that in a department peculiarly his own, is of the very first order. The minute shrimps, which were ascertained to form a chief part of the food of the herring on the coasts of Norway, he thus describes:—

“*Astacus harengum*, antennis posticis bifidis porrectis, rostro subulato, oculis globosis prominentibus. Habitat in Oceano Norwagico copiosissime, harengum et gadorum esca.”—Vol. I. p. 511.

“*Gammarus esca*, manibus adac-

tylis, cauda articulata subulata apice fissa. Habitat in Oceano Norwagico. Harengum cibus gratissimus.”—*Ibid*. 518.

Here, I take leave to remark, are no doubtful conjectures upon a half-digested animal of dubious identity; but scientific descriptions of the minute or microscopic shrimps upon which the herring was known to feed, enabling future observers to identify the species.

In almost all of the herring stomachs, now on the table, fragments of minute crustacea were found in considerable abundance. There were evidently more than one species.

Latreille, the most celebrated of modern entomologists, in his *History of Insects*, Paris, 1798, records the *Gammarus esca* of Fabricius as the food of the herring. The *Astacus harengum* of the same author he refers to a new genus, *Mysis*, and states that it has been found on the coast of France.

In the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Naturelles*, and under the head *Clupea*, M. Hippolyte Cloquet says of the herring, “Il se nourrit d'*œufs de poissons, de petits crabes, et de vers*.” (IX. 428.) And Bosc, in the “*Nouveau Dictionnaire d'Histoire Naturelle*,” says, “Ils vivent de *petits poissons, de petits crustacés, de vers marins, de mollusques, &c.* et ils servent de nourriture à tous les cétacés, et à tous les poissons voraces qui habitent les mêmes mers qu'eux.”—(XIV. 198.)

In Gmelin's edition of the *Systema Nature* of Linnæus, the translation of which, by Dr Turton, published in 1802, it was certainly in Dr Knox's power to have consulted, the *Astacus harengum* and *Gammarus esca* of Fabricius are mentioned as the food of the herring—the last species, indeed, “as the chief food of herrings.”—(III. 761.) And in the “*British Zoology*” of Pennant, not unknown to Dr Knox, if we may judge so from his referring to this work, that excellent naturalist says, regarding the food of the herring, “What their food is near the Pole, we are not yet informed; but in our seas they feed much on the *Oniscus marinus*, a crustaceous insect, and sometimes on their own fry. The herring will rise to a fly. Mr Low of Birsá, in the Orkneys, assures me that he has caught many thousands with a common trout-fly, in a deep hole in a rivulet into which the tide

flows. He commonly went at the fall of the tide. They were young fish, from six to eight inches in length."—(*Pennant*, III. 448-9 Lond. 1812.)

The Reverend George Low, in his posthumous work, entitled *Natural History of Orkney*, published by Dr Leach in 1813, confirms this statement (p. 227); and Dr Macculloch corroborates these in a paper published in *Brande's Journal of Science* in 1823. "When they (the herrings) first arrive, and for the apparent purpose of spawning, they are not in shoals. They cannot be taken in nets from their dispersion. But the Highlanders then fish them with a feather or a fly, and a rod, and by this very amusing fishery, they take them in sufficient quantity to render it a profitable occupation; as one man has been thus known to take a barrel and a half, or about 1200 fish, during the few days this fishery lasts."—(XVI. 221.)

Dr Neill, in a *List of the Fishes of the Forth*, published in the *Wernerian Transactions* in 1811, states his having found "in the stomach and cesophagus of a large female herring no fewer than five young herrings (not sprats) the lower partly dissolved, the others entire." And he adds, that "when in Shetland in 1804, I met with people who had occasionally taken herrings when fishing for piltocks or coal-fish with limpet bait."—(I. 545.) I myself once found in the stomach of a large herring two partially decayed young fishes of the same species. And there is now on the table (No. 6), a stomach of a herring taken this summer, containing a young animal of the same or some allied species.

Sir John Barrow, in the article *Fisheries*, printed in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, gives it as the result of his enquiries that the herring "fattens on the swarms of shrimps and other marine insects" which abound in the Northern seas (IV. 257). And Mr Wm. Scoresby states the swarms of minute medusæ which are found in these seas, and even colouring the water, as beyond calculation. "The fin-whales and dolphins" (says he) "feed principally on herrings, and other small fishes. These subsist on the smaller *cancris*, *medusæ*, and *animalcules*." (*Arctic Regions*, I. 546.) "Thus," continues

he, "the whole of the larger animals depend on those minute beings, which, until the year 1816, when I first entered on the examination of the seawater, were not, I believe, known to exist in the Polar seas. And thus we find a dependent chain of existence, one of the smaller links of which being destroyed, the whole might necessarily perish."—(I. 546.)

Dr Macculloch also states the minute *medusæ* to form part of the food of the herring, on the coasts of Britain. "Among that food" (says he) "we may reckon the *medusæ*, and other analogous marine vermes, which are produced in such abundance in all these shallow seas."—(*Brande's Journal*, XVI., London, 1823.) And in the volume of the same *Journal* for 1829, he remarks—"If the stomachs of these fishes are widely examined, they will not be found empty, though we cannot detect organized forms in them, as we find entire crabs in the stomach of a cod-fish. Nor is this surprising, when we consider how small and how tender the tribes of marine worms and insects are, and how rapid is the digestive power of fishes."—(*Quart. Journal of Science*, 1829, p. 134-5.)

I now come to the volume of the Highland Society Transactions for the year 1803, which is referred to by Dr Knox in support of his assertion that, prior to his assumed discovery in 1833, the food of the herring was totally unknown. Before stating what this volume contains on the subject, although including the opinion of a Professor of Natural History, I must take leave to state, that, supposing the authors of the papers in this valuable work to have decided that the food of the herring was to them totally unknown, yet this dictum, in place of proving the fact, would only have proved their ignorance of what had been previously written upon the subject. After what I have already stated as to the numerous authors who have mentioned and described the food of the herring—not even the opinion of Dr Knox, nor Professor Rennie of the King's College, London, celebrated as they are or may be, can weaken their testimony. They may choose to shut their eyes in sunshine and fancy it to be dark. The only inference to be drawn from such state-

ments is probative of the ignorance of those who make them.

Here I cannot help noticing the ignorance of the natural sciences which this volume indicates as prevailing even among well-informed men in other respects. There is more information regarding the natural history of the herring in the work of Neucrantz, published 150 years previously, than is to be found in these papers. And it is but justice to my learned friend, Professor Jameson, to say, that it is only since his appointment to the chair of natural history, and the establishment of the Edinburgh Museum, that that taste for the study of nature in this country has been excited, which has led to so many splendid additions to our knowledge.

The Rev. Dr Walker, in a paper on the natural history of the herring, in vol. ii. of the work referred to, and whom Dr Knox characterises as a "strictly correct, scientific, and candid person," observes that "he had examined the stomachs of herrings at different seasons of the year without finding in them any sort of palpable aliment."—(P. 274.) "On their first appearance off the Lewis, in the month of July, when they were full grown, and very fat, nothing appeared in their stomach but a little slime."—(P. 275.) "During the residence of the herrings on the coast of Scotland, we know of no food they use, and it is probable they require little or none, except some attenuated alimentary matter which the sea-water may afford them."—(P. 275.) "We think it not altogether improbable that they may live on a small species of *medusa*, or some similar marine animal, which is not as yet known to naturalists."—(P. 276.)

Here Dr Knox confines himself, in the quotations he gives from Dr Walker's paper, to extracting such sentences as imply the food of the herring to be totally unknown. But this is not the way, were the matter at all doubtful, to arrive at a just conclusion. I shall give the sequel of the passage in Dr Walker's words:—

"In the ocean, to the north-west, and at a considerable distance from the most northern extremity of the British islands, a vast profusion of a singular substance has been often seen floating on the surface, and that by skilful mariners, who were also conversant with the herring-fishery. The different

accounts given to me by these persons agreed in this,—that the substance consists of separate globules of a roundish figure, and of the size of a pea, resembles blubber, covers the surface of the sea to a great extent, and makes it to appearance as if covered with oil; that the herrings are known to feed upon it; and that it has been observed in great profusion to the north-west of Shetland, where the herring shoals existed at the time, but has nowhere else been seen on the coast of Scotland. If this account, given by persons of observation and veracity, is admitted, we need be no longer surprised at the retreat of the herrings to those tracts of the northern sea, nor at their return from thence in a full-fed and fat condition. The substance here intimated is probably a small species of the *medusa*, or some similar marine animal, which is as yet not known to naturalists."—(II. 275, 276.)

Dr Walker seems perfectly right in his conjecture; for Mr Scoresby and Dr Macculloch, as has been already remarked, positively mention species of *medusæ* as the food of the herring. The former states their incalculable numbers in the Northern seas, tinging the water for miles, and gives figures of several species; and the latter states that he has seen large tracts of the Cornish coast, where the "whole sea was almost a mass of life, from the presence of these and other marine animals."—(*Jour. of Science for 1830*, p. 135.)

In the same volume is a paper, by Mr John Mackenzie, on the fisheries of Scotland, which tends to corroborate the fact of some minute species of *medusæ* forming the food of the herring in certain situations. "Another article of their food" (says he) "is an oozy substance at the bottom of the sea, adapted, it would appear, by the Author of Nature for that purpose. This sometimes appears in calm weather floating on the surface, in the form of small globules, at which fishermen have observed herrings to spring as trouts do at flies."—(P. 314.) These floating globules were, there is little doubt, some small species of *medusæ*, or kindred animal, such as referred to by Dr Walker, and mentioned as the food of the herring by Mr Scoresby and Dr Macculloch; and goes to prove, in addition to what is stated by these writers, that minute molluscos ani-

mals form an important portion of the food of the herring in particular seasons.

A stomach of a herring, caught in the Frith of Forth this summer (1837), containing this species of food, is on the table, No. 7.

Mr Mackenzie further states, that, "in regard to the food of the herring, it has been frequently observed that the small fry suck their nutrition out of the marine *algæ*, or from some matter adhering to them." This observation is borne out by the fact of many marine animals depositing their ova on the sea-weed, and by the fact of ova of fishes, and even those of their own species, being found in the stomach of the herring. Mr Mackenzie also mentions that "it has been ascertained by fishermen that herrings will swallow a clear unbaited hook, such as is used for catching haddocks, when tied to a fine line; a device which has been often successfully adopted when the herring fishery is carried on in deep water, in order to discover the arrival of the shoals. It seems certain, therefore, that the herrings take these hooks for such animalcules as they, at least, sometimes feed upon."—(II. 313, 314.)

In the same volume is a paper, by the Rev. James Headrick, on the fisheries of Scotland, which Dr Knox has also quoted as proving the food of the herring to be unknown. But, as the Doctor has only given a portion of the paragraph on the subject, and founded on it as a distinct proposition, it is necessary to give the whole statement in connexion. "With regard to their mode of feeding," says Mr Headrick, "it is, in all probability, similar in the salmon and the herring. I suppose they live chiefly on water, and on small insects which abound both in the sea and in rivers. I have been told of the fry of smaller fishes found in the stomachs of salmon; but such instances never occurred to me, and I never heard of any animal being found in the stomach of a herring."

Here Dr Knox's quotation stops, lest the explanation which follows might lessen the value of his assumed discovery. But Mr Headrick continues thus:—"This," says he, "may be owing to the strong digestive powers, which speedily convert into chyle the food received into the stomach. In all the experiments I have heard narrated, with a view to ascertain on what the herring feeds, it appeared that a considerable time was allowed to elapse between its being killed and cut up. Now, such an experiment is not fair. In man and other animals the power of the gastric juice is known to continue after death, so as not only to liquify the contents of the stomach, but even to corrode the stomach itself. The only way to know on what a herring feeds, is to cut it up immediately after it has enjoyed a full meal. Both the salmon and the herring leap at flies and other winged insects."—*Trans. High. Soc.* II. 444, 445.

In regard to what is stated by Dr Walker and Mr Headrick as their own opinion, that opinion is corroborative of what had been before discovered as to the food of the herring. As to their ignorance of what had been previously observed and recorded upon this subject, I cannot pretend to account. But their want of knowledge by no means proves, in the face of evidence to the contrary, that such knowledge did not exist. I am aware that, from the interruption of intercourse occasioned by the wars of the French Revolution, there was difficulty in getting books from the Continent; and a great degree of ignorance seems to have prevailed in Scotland as to the progress of the natural sciences in foreign countries, and even in England. But for Dr Knox and Professor Rennie there is not the same excuse; and the only conclusion that can be drawn from the statements of these gentlemen is, that when they penned them they were not aware of what had been previously written.

II.—FOOD OF THE SALMON.—(*Salmo Salar*, Lin.)

I now come to the third point, on which I have to make a few observations, tending to show that the food of the salmon was perfectly well known to Naturalists before the publication

of Dr Knox's paper. Dr Knox's assertions, however, are as confidently made with regard to his discovery of the food of the salmon, as they were with regard to the food of the herring,

and, as I shall endeavour to show, equally unfounded.

"The nature of the food of the herring, *Coregonus*, and salmon" (says he), "was not to be stumbled on by accident. I feel happy in having to offer it as a direct result of patient scientific enquiry."—(P. 463.)

"As a proof of the difficulty of the enquiry, it being unnecessary to cite more here, I shall content myself with quoting a passage from a very recent work (1833) on natural history. The Complete Angler of Izaak Walton—edited by Mr Rennie, Professor of Zoology, King's College, London. In 1653, Walton found nothing in the stomach of the Fordige trout; and in a note, in the year 1833, Mr Rennie adds, "The same is true of the salmon, which has never any thing besides a *yellow fluid* in his stomach when caught."—(P. 467.)

"The true salmon prefers a *peculiar kind of food*, the ova of the *Echinodermata*, and takes with great reluctance any other."

"When the salmon first takes to the estuary and to the river, whether beyond or within the influence of the tide, he does not feed, unless the estuary should happen to contain this *peculiar kind of food*."—(P. 468.)

"I have opened the stomach of a fish killed by the poacher in the month of October, nearly 100 miles from the ocean, with the *peculiar food*, and none else, in the intestines."—(P. 470.)

This *peculiar food*—on reading the first part of his paper, Dr Knox restricted to the ova of the ECHINODERMATA, and nothing else.

The genera of the first order of this class are ASTERIAS, ENCRINUS, ECHINUS of Linnaeus, and HOLOTHURIA. But only one species of the first genus, *Asterias glacialis*, is particularly mentioned as affording this food; and we are not informed how the ova of this genus, when separated from the animal, is to be distinguished from that of the other genera of the order. It would be information, indeed, to learn that Echinini were so abundant on our coasts, that their spawn afforded the salmon its *peculiar food*. On reading the second portion, he added another article to the salmon's bill of fare in "*some of the crustacea*." But in the abstract drawn up by himself, the food is limited to the *Echinodermata*, as if these animals deposited

their spawn at all seasons, and in sufficient quantity, to feed the family of British salmon. There is not a doubt, that if Dr Knox had examined the stomachs of salmon at different periods, and on different stations, he would not only have found the ova of the starfish (for that is the only echinodermatous animal stated as supplying the *peculiar food*), but also the starfish itself, the smaller *crustacea*, and the *small fishes* which abound on the coasts which salmon frequent. But of this afterwards.

In the years 1824 and 1825, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to investigate the modes of carrying on the principal salmon fisheries in the kingdom, for the purpose of framing an Act of Parliament that should regulate that fishery, for the advantage of the river and coast proprietors and the public. A valuable body of evidence was thus procured regarding the habits of the salmon; the period of its ascending the different rivers for the purpose of spawning; the deposition of the ova in the spawning beds; the descent of the young to the sea; and the food of this fish both in the sea and in rivers, &c. But though this enquiry was made with great ability on the part of the committee, and although the witnesses examined included practical fishermen, tacksmen of fisheries, river and shore proprietors, and scientific men of the first eminence, Dr Knox, upon what principle it is difficult to conceive, characterises the results of the whole minutes of evidence as "below criticism"—(P. 500);—"the persons offering the testimony and evidence, without any exception, incompetent to the task, the greater part being the evidence of individuals, to whom it would be impossible even to explain the care and precision and extent of direct evidence, requisite to arrive at a correct scientific conclusion"—(P. 500); and "none was found, throughout their most extended inquiry, who could offer a rational conjecture (founded on facts) personally known and understood (*the result of positive research, by a competent naturalist and physiologist*), as to the food of the salmon, its habitat while in the ocean, and its feeding ground."—(P. 496.)—The whole, in short, is "*an inextricable mass of confusion and error*."—(P. 463.)

Among the witnesses whose evidence is thus characterised, are Sir Humphry Davy, Sir Henry Fane, Viscount Forbes, Mr Spring Rice—Sir George Rose, Mr Home Drummond, George Hogarth, jun., William Stephen, George Little, John Halliday, Murdoch Mackenzie,—and our most respectable and learned associates, the Rev. Dr Fleming, and James Jardine; besides numerous other educated and respectable men, many of whom had spent the best part of their lives in the daily observation of the fisheries of salmon, in different parts of the United Kingdom.—The names of these individuals were warrant to the public that they were competent to form a rational conjecture; their sources of information, that they were capable of giving direct evidence; and their education and rank in life were warrant for their possessing at least some knowledge of the nature of testimony. And when, on the other hand, it is considered that what is termed the natural history of the salmon in this memoir, is rested on a single experiment, made in a hurried visit to a salmon river—and the nature of the food at all seasons and in all places peremptorily determined, from cutting up one or two stomachs at *one period of the year*, and at *one station*, it would not be difficult for the least versant in the nature of testimony to say on which side the incompetency was likely to be found.

Having made these preliminary remarks, I now proceed to show, from these much abused “Minutes of Evidence,” and other sources, that the claims of the author of the memoir as a discoverer, rest merely on his own assertions; and that the main points upon which he claims merit were just as well known before the appearance of his memoir as since that period. In this case, however, I shall not detain the society with many quotations from writers on natural history as to the food of the salmon, either when in the sea or when found in rivers. The evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons narrows the enquiry as to this point; and I shall therefore avail myself of this evidence to corroborate what had been previously stated on the subject.

Professor Rennie, of the King's College, London, it has been stated,

found nothing in the stomach of the salmon but a “*yellow fluid*,” and Dr Knox asserts that this opinion must be “quite peculiar to Professor Rennie, as he knew of no author in which such a fact is mentioned.” But this fact is not peculiar to the learned professor, notwithstanding Dr Knox's assertion that it is so; for it is repeatedly mentioned in Sir Humphry Davy's work, entitled *Salmonia*, published a year before Professor Rennie's Walton appeared. And stranger still, this book is quoted, and a passage from the very page in which the “*yellow fluid*” is mentioned, animadverted on by Dr Knox. The following is the passage:—“The stomach of the salmon, you perceive, contains nothing but a little *yellow fluid*; and though the salmon is twice as large, does not exceed much in size that of the trout.”—(P. 129.—And again, in the following page—“I have opened ten or twelve, and never found any thing in their stomachs but tape-worms, bred there, and some *yellow fluid*; but I believe this is generally owing to their being caught at the time of their migration, when they are travelling from the sea upwards, and do not willingly load themselves with food. Their digestion appears to be very quick.”—(*Salmonia*, p. 130.) In corroboration of Sir Humphry Davy's remark as to less food being found in the stomach of the salmon at the period of its annual migration, I may mention, that more than one naturalist has noticed the fact, that as the generative organs increase much, there seems less disposition in fishes to feed, and that their stomach in such cases is generally found empty, or nearly so. John Monipennie, also, in his description of Scotland, published in 1612, mentions what I have no doubt was a fluid of the same nature, though he does not mention its colour; for, says he, “Finally, there is no man that knoweth readily whereon this fish liveth, for never was any thing yet found in their bellies, other than a *thick slimy humour*.”

According to Bloch, (v. 245), “the salmon feeds on little fishes, insects, and worms.” According to Lacedepede, it “lives on *insects, worms, and the fry of fishes*.” (*Hist. Nat. des Poissons*, xii. 135.) According to Bose, “it is upon *insects, worms, and small fishes*, that it feeds.” (*Nouv. Dict.* xxx. 251.) Hyppolyte Cloquet

states that it feeds upon *worms, insects*, and *small fishes*; and in Turton's translation of Gmelin's edition of the *Systema Naturæ*, the salmon is said to "feed on fishes, worms, and insects." "It is evident," says Pennant, "that at times their food is both fish and worms; for the angler uses both with good success; as well as a large gaudy artificial fly, which probably the fish mistakes for a gay *Libellula*, or dragon-fly." (*Brit. Zool.* iii. 387); and Dr Fleming states that "their favourite food in the sea is the *sand-eel*." (*Brit. Animals*, 179.) Dr Fleming's means of knowledge I may, in passing, remark, were a residence of, I believe, fifteen years within sight of extensive salmon-fisheries on the Frith of Tay, and an extensive and minute acquaintance with all the branches of British Zoology. And it may be a sufficient answer to the contemptuous allusions by Dr Knox to that deservedly eminent individual, to say that his writings are referred to as authoritative by almost every author who treats of the subjects which have been illustrated by his pen.

It is necessary again to mention, that by *insects*, in these passages, is meant the class of animals included under that name by Linnæus, which extended to all annulose animals; and the whole modern class *Crustaceæ*, including minute crabs, shrimps, &c., as well as the divisions of *Echinodermata* and *Entomostraca*. By *worms* is also meant the class *Vermes* of Linnæus, which included not only the naked but testaceous *Mollusca*; and it is in reference to these extended classes that the terms used by the writers of the period are to be understood.

Later writers confirm the observations of the older authors as to the food of the salmon. Thus Mr Yarrell, in his *History of British Fishes*, published in 1835, has the following passage relative to the food of this fish—"Faber, in his *Natural History of the Fishes of Iceland*, remarks, 'the common salmon feeds on small fishes and various small marine animals.' Dr Fleming says, 'Their favourite food in the sea is the *sand-eel*;' and I myself," says Mr Yarrell, "have taken the remains of *sand-lance* from the stomach. Sir William Jardine says," continues Mr Yarrell, "'In the north of Sutherland a mode of fishing for salmon is sometimes successfully practised in

the friths, where sand-eels are used as a bait. A line is attached to a buoy, or bladder, and allowed to float with the tide up the narrow estuaries. The salmon are also said to be occasionally taken at the lines set for haddocks, baited with sand-eels. At the mouths of rivers they will rise freely at the artificial fly within fifty yards of the sea; and the common earth-worm is a deadly bait for the clean salmon. All the other marine salmon are known to be very voracious; and there is nothing in the structure of the mouth or strong teeth of the common salmon to warrant us to suppose that there is any material difference in their food.'" (Vol. ii., p. 19.) "Several observers," adds Mr Yarrell, "have borne testimony to the partiality of the salmon to the sand-lance as food, and I have a record, by an angler, of salmon caught in the Wye by a minnow."—(P. 19.)

So much for the statements of systematic writers as to the food of the salmon. I shall now give some extracts from the papers in the second volume of the Highland Society Transactions, regarding the salmon fisheries of Scotland, as to the food of the salmon. In fresh water, according to Dr Walker, "little is found in the stomach except slime, or some half-digested, and some half-entire insects."—"It is probable that they receive, in the sea, a more copious food, and of a different kind; but the precise nature of this food is unknown," *i. e.* to Dr Walker. (P. 364.)

Mr John Mackenzie says, "It is probable they live on *the fry*, or *young of other fishes*. It is well known that when in fresh water, they feed on *animalcules, flies, small trouts, &c.*" (P. 384.)

Mr Alexander Morrison says, "I have taken salmon within flood-mark, some of which had two, and others three full-sized herrings in their stomach. When salmon enter rivers, where but a small quantity of the fry of fish (on which they usually feed) is to be found, they evidently become worse in the course of twenty-four hours. From this it may be inferred, that salmon not only require a considerable quantity of food, but that their stomachs dissolve it in a very short period." (P. 392.)

Mr Archibald Drummond, after stating that when in the river they eat every thing with voracity, notices the

common saying of the fishermen, that nothing is ever found in their stomach.

In these papers there is only one fact stated, on the personal knowledge of one of the writers, Mr Morrison, who has himself taken from their stomachs full-sized herrings. The others only state their conjectures, or opinions. None of them refer to previous writers, either British or foreign, on the natural history of the salmon.

I now turn to the minutes of evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, for facts upon the subject of the food of the salmon. In the Report of 1824, John Halliday gives his evidence as to their food in these words:—"I have had thousands of them dissected, when I have seen *small fish* in their stomachs.* I have seen thousands of fish opened in the boiling-house, and I have seen *small things like a worm*, and *skeddens*, in the stomach of the salmon, or a *small fish like a minnow*."—(P. 90.) "I have observed more of this worm and *small sea-fish* in those fish we get from particular parts of the sea-shore."—*Ib.*

Mr Moir states the chief food of the salmon to be *sand-eels*. "As all the fish were cut up," says he, "for the purpose of being preserved in a fresh state, I had an opportunity of examining their stomachs. I never could detect food of any kind in the stomachs of salmon taken in the upper river-fishings; whereas those taken in the sea were frequently gorged with food, which was principally *sand-eels*." "I strongly suspect that the salmon frequent the flat sands between the Don and Ythan for the purpose of feeding;" and "a very successful stake-net fishery is carried on, on the sands at Musselburgh, and another at Aberlady. These sands abound with sand-eels. The one station is thirty, the other forty miles from a spawning river."—(*Report*, 1825, p. 171, 172.)

This last gentleman is, I conceive (for Dr Knox very prudently does not mention his name), the person whom he accuses of making the statement I have read, "in open defiance of truth and daily observation," when he averred, on his own knowledge, that the sand-eel formed a principal part of

the salmon's food. But Mr Moir is not singular in his opinion; for the Rev. Dr Fleming asserts the same fact from his own knowledge; and on the evidence of these two gentlemen alone, the fact of the salmon feeding much on sand-eels might at once be admitted.

Dr Knox is equally virulent against another person, whom he does not name, for asserting what was consistent with his own knowledge, that he had seen small fishes in the stomachs of the thousands of salmon opened in the boiling-house. He alludes, I presume, to Mr Halliday, in these terms:—"One practical fisher and tacksmen of salmon fisheries of vast extent, was so ignorant of every fact in natural history, that he mistook the tape-worm (a parasite infesting certain parts of the intestinal tube of the salmon) for the food of the salmon." (P. 499.) The inference Dr Knox wishes to be drawn from this circumstance (granting, for the sake of argument, that it is as he states it), is, that Mr Halliday's evidence as to food is good for nothing, because he saw, without knowing it was so, a tape-worm amongst the small fishes in the stomachs of the salmon opened. But this is neither fair to Mr Halliday nor right in itself. There can be no doubt of the fact of fishes, and a worm, being found in the stomachs alluded to, for it is a common occurrence; and Mr Halliday may be quite right as to the plain matter of fact, when he states what he had seen, while his opinion as to this fact or the nature of the substances, may be disregarded. But no one can mistake Mr Halliday's description of the worm alluded to, who had ever seen one. He describes it as like a "crimped straw." If this rule were applied generally to Dr Knox's own paper, there would be found, I am afraid, evidence of deficient information sufficient to discredit the whole of his statements.

In ordinary cases, where an observer states a fact as coming under his own observation, any opinion he may form upon that fact is a separate thing from the fact itself, and does not necessarily detract from its truth. Others, better informed, may draw a

* The specimen, No. 3, now on the table, contains the vertebral remains of some small fishes. The same specimen contains in its intestinal canal the tape-worm which is usually found there.

completely opposite inference from the same premises. Suppose, for instance, (and I state the incident as it was related in the *Courant* newspaper, a few years ago), a large trout to be caught in the Canal, in a nearly exhausted state, with a frog mounted upon its back, and that the said trout was injured in the neck, opposite the frog's mouth,—might not the learned doctor, like the narrator of the circumstance in the newspaper, very naturally suppose that the frog was in the act of devouring the trout? And, supposing the breed of frogs to be of national importance, and their food a grave matter of philosophical enquiry, would not this fact be considered as incontestable proof of the nature of their aliment, however different from the frog's habits, and direct evidence that the reptile had taken at least one mouthful? The fact of the frog on the back of the trout, and clasping it with its arms, is of undoubted occurrence—the reason assigned is mere matter of opinion, and in this case would be perfectly erroneous. To those acquainted with the natural history of the frog the solution is apparent, without involving the crime of trout-murder. At the usual period of the year, the instinct of reproduction in these animals is strong, and, failing females of their own class, the male frog frequently sits the usual time upon the back of a fish. (See Blumenbach and Spallanzani.) I have heard of ponds in England being nearly cleared of trout from this cause, where frogs abounded; the trout being literally ridden to death by these amphibious equestrians. Now, the natural conclusion of one ignorant of the habits of the animal, on such an occurrence coming under his notice, would be that the frogs had seized upon the trouts for the purpose of devouring them; and one more imaginative might naturally enough conclude that imps in the shape of frogs were running sweepstakes in a submerged racing-course. It need not be said how far from truth these inferences would be; but such is the mode in which the author of the paper before us treats the evidence given by professional fishers, and others, before a Committee of Parliament. If they err in *opinion*, their evidence as to *facts* coming under their express cognisance is not to be believed.

Mr Alexander Fraser, a salmon-

curer, who published a *Natural History of the Salmon* in 1830, is attacked in the same manner; and his statements, founded on experience, are treated with disrespect, and as not to be believed, because he counted only 54 vertebrae in the backbone of the salmon, when, according to Dr Knox, there are really 61. "Thus," says the Doctor, "an experience of forty or fifty years as a salmon-curer and catcher has not enabled him to count the backbones correctly."—(P. 501.) And again, because Mr Fraser has omitted to mention the "internal parasitical animals," "I confess," says Dr Knox, "this excites strong doubts in my mind as to the accuracy of Mr Fraser's observations generally, and causes me to undervalue altogether his forty years' experience as a salmon-curer."—(P. 502.) And again, "Mr Fraser has a mind capable of rising above all prejudices in the support of truth."—(P. 502.)

Now, if to be able to count the number of vertebrae in the backbone of a salmon correctly be the rule of judging of the credibility of testimony in other matters, what shall be said of Dr Knox, if his enumeration be not itself correct? Mr Yarrell, whose knowledge of fishes, internally as well as externally, requires no praise of mine, makes the number of vertebrae in the salmon *sixty*! and so does the Rev. Mr Jenyns, in his accurate work on the British Vertebrate Animals. "According to Dr Richardson" (says Mr Yarrell), "the caecal appendages are in number from 63 to 68; and several observers have stated the number of vertebrae to be *sixty*, which I have repeatedly found to be correct."—*British Fishes*, ii. 6.

But Mr Fraser, it seems, has given other and greater offence in speaking of the salmon's food. "In respect to the food of the salmon" (says Dr Knox), "Mr Fraser has notions also perfectly *local*; that is, *confined to himself*. And as the whole passage admits of no sort of analysis, and as, indeed, no person having the smallest knowledge of natural objects would think it necessary to read the article twice, much less to examine it seriously, we shall simply quote his own words, and then leave it:—'Their digestion is so quick, that in a few hours not a bone is to be discovered. Of this I have had various proofs, in trouts caught by a par as a bait in set

lines. Fire or water could not consume them quicker."—(P. 501.) Sir Humphry Davy shares in the contemptuous reprehension implied in the introduction to this paragraph; for he says, "their digestion appears to be very quick"—(*Salmonia*, p. 130); and other writers corroborate the observation.

As to the food of the salmon, then, it appears clearly that this food, both in rivers and in the sea, was well known, and recorded by almost all writers on the natural history of fishes, long before the observations of Dr Knox appeared. That food is, generally speaking, *worms*, *insects*, and *small fishes*; the first term including the *Echinodermata* of modern writers, and the second the modern class *Crustacea*. The author's criticism on Dr Fleming saying that salmon go "into estuaries in search of *worms* and other bait," is almost unworthy of notice.

Worms may mean only earth-worms in the vocabulary of Dr Knox, though the use of the word in the plural number might have suggested to a person so learned, that there might be marine-worms as well as earth-worms in the estuary alluded to. But in point of fact, one of the stomachs now on the table, confirms even the verbal accuracy of Dr Fleming, had he even meant, as is sneeringly imputed to him, merely *earth-worms*—for there is actually an earth-worm in that stomach, washed down probably from the banks of the river by the receding tide. The evidence of practical fishermen and others fully establishes, what previous writers had asserted, that *small fishes*, particularly *sand-eels* and *shrimps*, form a chief portion of the food of the salmon, without, however, excluding *worms*, and other animals found on the shores which salmon frequent. That they may also feed on the ova of the *Asterias glacialis*; on the ova of fishes; and even, like the haddock, swallow this and other species of *Asterias* entire, I have no reason to doubt, and would willingly admit, even on less than the single evidence of Dr Knox, because that class of animals is, amongst others, stated by all authors to form the food of the salmon. And the existence of ova in the intestinal canal or stomach of the salmon and herring, when the other portions of the food are decomposed, is easily accounted for, from the known resistance of the coriaceous envelope of

the ova of fishes to the action of the gastric fluid. But beyond this single remark, that ova of the *Asterias glacialis* is found occasionally in the stomach of the salmon when in season, there is nothing in the *memoir* that can be said to have extended our knowledge of the food or natural history and habits of the salmon.

The next portion of Dr Knox's paper which claims notice is "the Generation of the Salmon, the Growth and Progress of the Smolt, and the descent of the kelt or spawned fish to the ocean,"—(P. 471); and here again the author seems to labour under a lamentable ignorance of what has been recorded on this subject before the appearance of his paper; for he declares he knows "of no continued series of observations on the subject, published by any one, of an authentic nature, and so as to admit of no doubt." To fill up this chasm, he resolves to detail the history of the salmon smolt, from its first deposition under gravel, in the form of an egg, to its ultimate disappearance from the fresh water streams; "remarking, that every thing stated therein fell under my own immediate personal observation." The dates of observation are—Nov. 2 (1832?), Feb. 25, March 23, April 1 and 19, and May 5 (1833?). The results of these observations will be stated in the sequel of this notice, as compared with the prior observations of others. It may now, however, be mentioned generally, that Dr Knox has not stated a single fact regarding the deposition or growth of the ova of the salmon—the periods of their ascending the rivers where they breed, and their return again to the sea,—which had not been observed and recorded with much greater minuteness prior to the publication of his paper.

Salmon ascend the British rivers at different periods according to the seasons, generally from September to January, and deposit their spawn during the months of November, December, and January. This is fully ascertained by the evidence led before the Committee of the House of Commons. The names of the witnesses need not be here mentioned; but they state the period of salmon ascending the rivers on observations for periods varying from a few years up to no less than forty. This evidence was taken in 1824-25. Dr Knox, in the single

instance he mentions, says, that a pair of salmon were observed in the Whittader, one of the tributaries of the Tweed, to be spawning on Nov. 2.

The ova remains in the spawning-bed or gravel for three or four months, according to Dr Fleming; according to Mr John Johnstone, from the ova deposited in November, December, and January, the young rise from the gravel in March, April, and May; according to Mr John Halliday, the spawn deposited in November, December, and the beginning of January, is disengaged from the spawning-beds from 10th March to 10th April; so that it appears, on an average of seasons, the salmon roe lies about four months, or 120 days, in the gravel beds before the young appear. But according to Dr Knox, in his single observation of the Whittader pair of salmon, the ova took 142 days "to become fishes somewhat less than an inch in length," but still "embedded in the gravel."—(P. 473.) On the 19th of April the fry are "eight and even nine inches long;" and on the 2d May they still abound in the tributary streams, but are not so numerous as before; they are not increased in size, and are, in all probability, the fry of a later deposit."—(P. 473.) So that the amount of Dr Knox's information here is, that the spawn of a *single pair* was hatched in April, and other families of other fishes were of a later deposit, and appeared in May. The witnesses examined before the Committee of the House of Commons had stated all this much more fully in 1824 and 1825. Thus, Sir Henry Fane says the fry descend in April and May—Alexander Fraser, early in April and May—Rev. Dr Fleming, March, April, and May—Mr George Hogarth, jun., April and May—Mr William Stephen, March and April, to 14th May, according to the temperature of the season and the situation of the different rivers. It appears, therefore, that Dr Knox's single observation is corroborative of the evidence led before the Committee, as far as a single instance in a single river can; only it is to be observed, that he makes his single observation, made he says by himself, the rule for spawning in *all* rivers by *all* salmon, without reference to season or situation; while the evidence of practical men give the average result of many years of observation, extended over every variety of season,

and over all the rivers of the empire.

The mode in which the salmon deposit their ova in the gravelly bottom of shallow streams, is minutely described by Mr George Little (Report, p. 108-9), and, indeed, has been known for centuries; for John Mouipennie has so long ago graphically recorded the manner in which this instinctive work is done. "In harvest," says he, "they come from the seas up in small rivers, where the waters are most shallow, and there the male and female, rubbing their bellies or wombs one against the other, they shed their spawn, which forthwith they cover with sand and gravel, and so depart away."—P. 195.

As to the developement of the ova under Dr Knox's "own immediate personal observation,"—though the ova would not, it appears, bear transmission to Edinburgh—it really seems unnecessary to notice such an evidently imperfect experiment, particularly since a very full and interesting account of the gradual developement of the ova of the salmon, accompanied by an accurate engraving, is given in the evidence of a gentleman before the Parliamentary committee. To that engraving, and the description of the report in general, I beg to refer any one who takes an interest in the subject. At the same time it is proper to mention, that there is an interesting article on the "Spawn of Salmon," by Mr Schonberg, printed in Sir David Brewster's Journal of Science in 1826, accompanied also by an engraving of the ova in different stages of growth. Both these sets of figures, and the accompanying details, correspond with one another in every essential particular; but both at the same time differ widely from the details given by Dr Knox. Neither does the Doctor even hint in his paper at the existence of such details or figures, though he could scarcely be ignorant of what is stated in the *Report*, which, he asserts, he had repeatedly read over.

To pass over discrepancies which materially lessen the value of his remarks, Dr Knox asserts, that "ova taken from the bed of a river at any time from January to March inclusive, and not shaken or carried far, will live and become developed, *i. e.* grow to fish of about an inch in length in a small glass full of water, *changed not oftener than once a week*," p. 476.

Then follows a passage in which temperature is said to have some effect in hastening or retarding the development of the ova, though in his reckoning by days such agency is necessarily excluded; and he adds, that "after having cast the slough, they will live *about ten days* seldom or never longer) in water *unchanged*, apparently thriving, growing, and darkening in colour (if exposed to the light every day."—P. 477.

This assertion, of the ova and salmon fry living a week and even ten days in a small glass of unchanged water (almost the only original observation in the paper) is in complete contradiction to all experiments that have been made on the development of the ova of this genus of fishes. "It is said by Sir H. Davy" (says Dr Knox), "on the authority of a person of the name of Jacobi, whose writings I have not met with, that the ova of salmon are deposited in the gravel of rivers under streams, in order that they may be perfectly aerated, or exposed to water which is so. This reason, which appears so plausible, is probably not the true one."—P. 476.

The person of the name of Jacobi here mentioned, though unknown to Dr Knox by his writings, was a Counselor of State to the King of Prussia, and a well-known experimenter on the artificial fecundation of the ova of fishes. His experiments appeared in the Berlin Transactions for 1765, and have been referred to with approbation by almost every writer on the subject of fishes since. These experiments were made chiefly upon the ova of the genus *Salmo*; and he found that by expressing the unimpregnated ova in water, and afterwards applying the milt, the ova became impregnated, and went through the usual development. In making these experiments, one thing essential to their success was found to be necessary, and this was the frequent, almost incessant, changing of the water; and hence he justly concluded, that the aëration of the water where ova are deposited, is necessary to the development of the ova. Sir Humphry Davy, notwithstanding Dr Knox's gratuitous assumption of his incompetency to make observations on the generation of the salmon, "had this experiment tried twice, and with perfect success; and it offers" (he adds) "a very good mode of increasing to any extent the quan-

tity of trout in rivers or lakes." (*Salmonia*, p. 82). "In all experiments of this kind" (continues Sir Humphry) "the great principle is, to have a constant current of fresh and aerated water running over the eggs. The uniform supply of air to the fetus in the egg is essential to life and growth; and such eggs as are not supplied with water saturated with air are unproductive."—*Salmonia*, p. 82, 83.

This necessary aëration, and exposure to the influence of the sun's rays, explains at once why salmon seek the gravelly bottom of shallow streams for the purpose of spawning; and the same instinctive impulse which guides the salmon, induces the herring and the cod, among numerous other fishes, to approach banks and shores, and thus carry boundless provision to countless animals. It was a curious circumstance in Jacobi's experiments, that the effect of his impregnation of the ova with the milt, often produced in the trout monsters with two heads, &c.—so different are the rude attempts of man from the instinctive workings of nature.

The experiments on the salmon ova by Mr Hogarth and Mr Schonberg, who both traced their development, from the first appearance of life, till the animal was an inch in length, further demonstrate the necessity of this aëration. With "frequent changes of water, Mr Hogarth succeeded in hatching the ova, and by 'changing the water frequently' the animals appeared vigorous for three weeks, 'after which they became restless and uneasy.' (P. 92). Mr Hogarth also tried one of the fry hatched in fresh water, if it would live in salt water; but found that 'it immediately showed symptoms of uneasiness, and died in a few hours.'" (P. 92). The figures of the ova, and the young animal in its different states, were drawn by an artist, at the request of Mr Hogarth, and an engraving of them is appended to the Report of the Committee on the Salmon Fisheries.

Mr Schonberg found the frequent change of water equally indispensable. "Changing of the water" (says he), "and if possible from the same river, must be repeated hourly, and they must likewise be exposed to the sun's influence." (*Journal of Science*, v. 238). The development of the ova is well represented in the engraving

which accompanies Mr Schonberg's valuable paper. The details of his experiments are more extended than those of Mr Hogarth; but both agree in all the more important points.

Dr Knox's experiment, although said to have been made under his own eye, is contradictory of the fact that aëration of the water is necessary, as he, or the person who took charge for him, appears to have kept the fry in water unchanged. But better evidence than this will require to be produced before we can give up the hourly and daily observations, bearing all the marks of truth, made by Mr Hogarth and Mr Schonberg, in opposition to the statements and examinations of Dr Knox or his assistants. Of Dr Knox's candour and fairness in not referring to the experiments of those gentlemen, though one of them appeared in the Parliamentary Report which he so much abuses, and the other in a Journal consulted by every one with any pretensions to science, I leave others to draw the inferences—limiting myself to the plain statement of facts. Of course I hold, with all writers on the subject, except the author of this memoir, that the aëration of the ova by the frequent change of water is necessary to the development of the salmon fry in rivers; and that this, and a certain exposure to the rays of the sun, influence the approach of fishes to the banks and shores upon which they deposit their spawn.

In reference to Jacobi's experiments, the stocking of ponds or lakes with any desired species of fresh-water fishes, is, by these experiments, proved to be comparatively easy; for he found that the ova could be impregnated, and the animals from these ova hatched, after the parent fishes had been dead four days. Even the Vendace of Lochmaben might thus be introduced into other lakes without much danger of failure, by catching a few of these fishes previous to spawning. It is well known that the Chinese stock ponds with impregnated spawn of fishes.

The period of the salmon fry rising from their gravelly bed has been already stated generally as occurring in March, April, and part of May; but this of course depends upon the season. Mr George Little gives decided evidence as to this point. "A great deal" (says he) "depends upon the season at the time of the year,

whether we have an early spring or not; sometimes there may be two or three weeks of difference, according to the season." "I have observed, when we have early warm weather, the fry come early, and when we have a late spring, it is later before the fry rise from the gravel bed." (P. 109).

The descent of the fry to the ocean is, in the Avon, according to Sir Henry Fane, in April and May—in the Ness, according to Alexander Fraser, early in April and May—in the Don, March and April, to the middle of May—in the Dee, April and May—in the Tay, March, April, and May; and so on, according to the season. The *kelts*, or spawned fish, descend with the winter and spring floods. But the dates given in evidence by the numerous and respectable witnesses examined before the committee are not to be taken as absolute periods, common to every year. The temperature of the season must be a powerful element in determining the ascent of the salmon, the deposition of the ova, and the hatching of the ova; in fact, the temperature and other circumstances, there is every reason to believe, might have the effect of hastening or delaying the process of reproduction, as the same meteorological agents are known to hasten or retard the annual harvest, or prematurely bring out or delay the appearance of many of the insect tribes. With the exception of Dr Knox fixing a determinate period for the development of the ova in the gravel till the appearance of the smolt, I say, with this exception alone, any reader of his paper, and the minutes of evidence, might have naturally enough supposed, that, with regard to these points, he took his information from the Parliamentary Report, which he reprobates, and from the testimony of witnesses whom he declares unworthy of all belief; and the strong coincidence between the Doctor's periods of migration as related in the Transactions, and what was stated by these gentlemen six years before, must either appear very strange, or the witnesses have not deserved that unmannerly abuse which has been dealt out to them under the sanction of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Another particular noticed by Dr Knox in his observations upon the salmon smolts is, that they will not "bear the slightest handling—they

constantly died in a short time after being touched."—(P. 481)—And then the Doctor expresses his "surprise when" (says he) "we read of smolts caught" (it is not said how, but it matters not) "and after being, according to all accounts, rather roughly handled, and even mutilated by the amputation of a fin, replaced in water, and arriving at mature years as a full grown salmon; we are, we repeat" (continues the Doctor), "left in wonder at the amazing contradictions between such observations and those we have personally made, observing every possible care."—P. 482.

This passage only proves Dr Knox's awkwardness, or the deadly nature of his gripe; for no one point in the natural history of the salmon is better ascertained than that they survive the mutilation of a fin, and even live years with a ring round their body, close to the tail. Thus Mr William Stephen says in evidence, "we have marked fry going down, and have got them that season as grilises, and in the following season we have got them as salmon."—*Report*, 1828. Mr George Hogarth marked a number of smolts in the month of May, by cutting off the *mort* fin; in the course of the month of June, several of these, grilises, were found without that fin; in this year (1825) there have been already got three salmon marked in the same way.—*Report*, 1825, p. 92. And Mr Murdoch Mackenzie marked a grilse kelt in the month of March, 1823, in the river Oyckell, by tying a piece of wire round the body of the fish, immediately above the tail; and in March, 1824, the same fish was caught as a salmon in the same river.—*Report*, 1825.) But these experiments were made by the provoking people who have forestalled all the Doctor's discoveries, and anticipated him in every point of the salmon's history, and who are, therefore, on that very account, unworthy of belief.

A still more particular experiment is, however, related in the Highland Society Transactions, Vol. ii., by Mr Alexander Morrison. "In May, 1794" (says Mr Morrison), "I marked five smolts in the presence of five fishermen, and in such a manner, that if ever any

of them returned to the river, and were caught, no doubt could remain as to their being of the number so marked. Two of these smolts, then become grilises, I caught in six or seven weeks after they had been marked, when they weighed about 3½ lbs. each. In the month of April, 1795, I caught another of the number, then a salmon, which weighed between 7 and 8 lbs.; and in the month of August of the same year I caught a fourth, weighing 8 lbs."—P. 391.

But in case the author of the paper may object, that all these experiments were made and related by men not known to the world as scientific, I shall add to their testimony that of an illustrious naturalist, Lacépède, who, in stating the curious fact of salmon ascending the particular rivers in which they were hatched, thus writes: "It is worthy of remark" (says he) "that salmon return every year to the place where they were spawned, as swallows return to the buildings where they formerly had their nests. The physician Deslandes bought twelve salmon at Chautelain, a small town upon our coast, near to which they capture to the amount of 4000 salmon per annum. He attached a ring of copper to the tail of these salmon, and then restored them to liberty. Five of these fishes were retaken the following year, three the second year, and three others in the third."—*Lacép. Sen. Buff.* xii. 133.

The history of the salmon, as detailed in the evidence before Parliament, and by writers on natural history, may be told in a few words. Impelled by instinct to ascend the various rivers for the purpose of spawning, at a certain period of the year, they reach the remotest streamlets, where their ova may be deposited in safety, and the young, when hatched, find their food. When this purpose is accomplished, they return again to the sea. The same instinct guides the fry, when of a certain age, to fall down their native streams to the distant ocean, there to remain till the imperative call of nature for reproduction impels them to seek again the places of their birth. It is not ascertained satisfactorily whether salmon

* From experiments now in progress by Mr Shaw, Dumfries-shire, he is led to believe that the salmon fry do not leave the rivers or descend to the sea in the year in which they are hatched. Mr Shaw is even inclined to believe that they remain two years in fresh water before descending to the ocean.

ever ascend rivers beyond the tideway for any other purpose than that of spawning. The practical inference to be drawn from such facts is, that the fishery of salmon should cease, and the animals be protected while spawning or seeking the spawning-bed. But as this period varies with the seasons, and the situation of the different rivers, and as, moreover, all the species do not come into full roe at the same time, the *close time*, so far as legislative enactments can do so, must be regulated by periods fixed arbitrarily on the knowledge of the general habits of the salmon, when the greatest numbers are observed to ascend the rivers, and the greatest number of spawned salmon and smolts descend to the sea. To prohibit the fishery in every month in which salmon are observed to ascend and descend, would narrow the period of fishery without perhaps any equivalent advantage. The general migration of the mass, it is evident, ought alone to regulate this *close time*; and there is full and satisfactory information as to these periods, in the evidence led before the Parliamentary Committee in 1824 and 1825. Protection in the rivers for the ascending fish, and till they have spawned and returned to the sea, is absolutely necessary to insure the deposition of a sufficient quantity of the spawn; and this protection secured, there is no fear of an abundant supply. The natural increase of the salmon, did not human ingenuity limit that increase by the destruction in every shape of the spawning fish that ascend the minutest streams, is quite equal to support the devastations which may be committed on their ova or fry by enemies in their own element. According to Mr George Little, there are in a salmon 17,000 ova, and in a grilse 10,500 at an average; and, according to Bose, 27,850 ova have been found in a salmon of 20 lbs. weight. Even the angler, under certain restrictions, would not be able materially to abridge the number of the young, produced, as they would be, if the spawning fish were protected, in myriads, and wafted to the ocean in shoals which might feed a whole people. It is only the wholesale destruction of the adult salmon, when ready to spawn, and when it ascends the rivers for this purpose, that obstructs the habitual fecundity of nature; and it is only the uncontrollable impulse of instinct, acting

against all opposition, that preserves the present supply. Were not the salmon one of the most prolific of fishes, its fishery on our coasts would soon cease to be of value.

As not at all connected with the subject of these observations, I pass over the uncalled-for attack upon Dr Paley and our celebrated associate Sir Charles Bell, in page 499. I only remark, that, in Dr Knox's paper, the reader will in vain look for inferences, drawn from the circumstances detailed, of the wisdom and beneficence of that Great Being, who directs the migrations of fishes, and teaches them, with unerring aim, to deposit their ova where the young, when hatched, are sure to find a supply of food.

I have, I trust, satisfactorily demonstrated, that the food of the herring and salmon was known and described long before the appearance of Dr Knox's paper in the Transactions of this Society: That the food of the herring, *in the first place*, was well known and described by Neucrantz, by Leuwenhoek, by Müller, by Fabricius, by Bloch, and mentioned by Lacepede, by Bose, Latreille, Pennant, Turton, Scoresby, MacCulloch, and many others—indeed by almost every person who has written upon the natural history of the herring. And that, *in the second place*, the food of the salmon, in rivers and in the sea, its periodical ascent of rivers for the purpose of depositing its spawn, the developement of the ova, and the descent of the fry to the sea, were all perfectly well known, in every particular, before the year 1833, is equally manifest, from the facts and authorities I have mentioned.

I trust I have not, in attempting to do justice to the claims of the illustrious men who have written upon this subject, and in my remarks on Dr Knox's paper, gone beyond the limits of fair criticism. I should be sorry, indeed, if I was considered to have failed in the courtesy due by one member of this Society to another. But there were statements which, in treating of the subject, I was bound to contradict—there were claims of discovery to be disproved by the statement of prior discoveries—and if the author of the Memoir has appeared to disadvantage in the comparison of rights, it was a situation of his own choosing.

THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

BY ARCHALUS.

1.

There are countenances far more indecent than the naked form of the Medicean Venus.

2.

How overpowering are the mingled murmur, clang, tramp, and rattle of a body of troops, with all their footsteps, horses, arms, artillery, and varied voices! How insignificant compared with this uproar the speech of a single mouth! Yet the whisper of one mouth sets in motion and drives on to death and devastation twenty such bodies, comprising, perhaps, a hundred thousand human lives.

3.

It is trivial to say that geometrical truth means only consistency with hypothesis, unless we add, that the hypothesis is necessary and immutable.

4.

Conceive an arch wanting only the keystone, and still supported by the centreing, without which it would fall into a planless heap. It is now held up merely by the supports beneath it. Add the keystone, and it will stand a thousand years, although every prop should be shattered or fall in dust. Now, it is idle to say that this change in the principle of the structure was accomplished by the mere addition of one more stone. The difference is not only that of increase, but also that of almost magical transmutation. No stone before helped to hold up its neighbour, and each having its own prop, any one might have been removed without shaking the support of the others. Now, each is essential to the whole, which is sustained not from without but by an inward law. So is it with religion. It not only adds a new feeling and sanction to those previously existing in the mind, but unites them by a different kind of force, and one for the reception of which all the invisible frame was prepared and planned, though it may stand for years unfinished, upheld by outward and temporary appliances, and manifesting its want of the true bond and centre which it has not yet received.

5.

How many ought to feel, enjoy, and understand poetry who are quite insensible to it! How many ought not to attempt to create it who waste themselves in the fruitless enterprise! It must be a sickly fly that has no palate for honey. It must be a conceited one that tries to make it.

6.

There can be poetry in the writings of few men; but it ought to be in the hearts and lives of all.

7.

Many have the talents which would make them poets if they had the genius. A few have the genius yet want the talent.

8.

No man is so born a poet but that he needs to be regenerated into a poetic artist.

9.

Luxurious and polished life, without a true sense for the beautiful, the good, and the great, is far more barren and sad to see than that of the ignorant and brutalized. Even as a mere wilderness would be less dreary to traverse than a succession of farms and gardens diligently and expensively cultivated to produce no crops but weeds.

10.

There are minds, or seem to be such, which we can only compare to a noble cathedral of vast size, beautiful proportions, and covered with graceful ornaments. Nothing that art can supply to devotion appears wanting till we approach the great door and try to enter, when we find the seeming building only a solid rock outwardly carved into that appearance.

11.

A botanist with a conscience will understand the saying, that no weeds grow on earth except in the heart of man.

12.

A fierce polemic often pulls down the temple in order to build a fortified wall for the defence of its site against all profane invaders. What worse could they have done to it? But if he merely uses the sacred shields and

weapons, "armoury of the invincible knights of old," hung in the sanctuary, for the purpose of defending it against destroyers, he does the God service—who, as the *Genius Loci*, will surely fight beside him.

13.

What is the one indispensable quality for a polemic controversialist? Not learning, nor talents, nor orthodoxy, nor zeal. But the Spirit of Love, which implies an anxiety to find good in all, and to believe it where we cannot find it. God admits into his courts no advocates hired to see but one side of a question.

14.

We look with wonder at the spectacle which astronomy presents to us, of thousands of worlds and systems of worlds weaving together their harmonious movements into one great whole. But the view of the hearts of men furnished by history, considered as a combination of biographies, is immeasurably more awful and pathetic. Every water-drop of the millions in that dusky stream is a living heart, a world of worlds! How vast and strange, and sad and living a thing he only knows at all who has gained knowledge by labour, experience, and suffering; and he knows it not perfectly.

15.

All the ordinary intercourse of life is big and warm with poetry. The history of a few weeks' residence in a circle of human beings is a domestic epic. Few friendships but yield in their developement and decay the stuff of a long tragedy. A summer day in the country is an actual idyll. And many a moment of common life sparkles and sings itself away in a light song; wounds as the poisoned barb of an epigram; or falls as a heavy mournful epitaph. But in all he who has an ear to catch the sound may find a continuous underflow of quiet melody, bursting sometimes into chorusses of triumph, sometimes into funereal chants. The reason why these archetypal poems of real life are so often unfit for the use of the poetic artist, is not their want of the true meaning of poetry, but their unsuitableness to the apprehension of any except the few, perhaps the one, immediately concerned. The poet must choose such a sequence of images as shall make the harmonious evolution

of events and the significance of human life intelligible and manifest to all, not merely to a few recluse or scattered doers and sufferers.

16.

What an image of the transitoriness and endless reproduction of things is presented by the gumcistus plant, covered to-day with fresh white flowers, while the earth around is strewn with those which similarly opened but yesterday. The plant, however, abides and lasts, although its flowers fall and perish.

17.

Man is a substance clad in shadows.

18.

The firm foot is that which finds firm footing.

19.

The weak falters although it be standing upon rock.

20.

Sylburgius is a narrow fierce man; a kind of dark lantern; a mass of iron blast, but still burning hot. With little vision or sense for the outward, and with but weak and scanty sympathies, he wants the awakening and suggesting influences of external beings, which might have given him a consciousness of Truths not immediately arising from his own character. As there is no predominance of Reflection in his mind, he has not been led to expand and deduce to their full extent the principles he acknowledges. But with some power of insight he sees that there is a Truth to be believed, and with strong zeal he clings to and hugs it as all that he can trust in. Propose to him any thing as additional and supplementary to this, and he thinks it something which you would substitute for his own peculiar possession, and so would rob under pretence of enriching him. And herein is the essence of the man's individuality,—namely, in his view of Truth as something which can be his property, and under his dominion, and therefore as limited, for so all property must be, and cut off from a larger field left open to be divided and possessed by others. He does not discern Truth as rather a Law, or Sovereign Constitution, to which we look up, than as areas of clay and sand which we may mete out and occupy; as the Law of the Land rather than the Land itself. Hence, in his maintenance of his Faith, there is all the tenacity, the self-assertion, the at-

titude of resistance, which men display in vindication of their material possessions. Noble art thou, O man! who canst possess Truth as thine own! How far nobler if thou wouldst be by Truth possessed, and so ennobled by the Sovereign to whom thou owest allegiance.

21.

Every man's follies are the caricature resemblances of his wisdom.

22.

If men were not essentially believing beings, falsehoods could have no effect on them; for a falsehood operates not as known to be false, but only as believed to be true. A falsehood, in its own name and character, is an impudent nothing. The fictions of the artist are only falsehoods, in so far as they depart from literal and partial truth in order to attain to the ideal and universal.

23.

A great truth sometimes sets the world in flames; and men afterwards commemorate the stoppage of the conflagration by some such dead monument as that which looks down on London, crowned with a dead brazen resemblance of the active living fire. But in another age the symbol may burst out again with the old life, and the brazen flames become real ones and kindle the land anew. Even the sepulchral images and signs of truth have a power to suggest and awaken the reality, so framed are men for truth, born into it as their element, vitally akin to it, and sensitive to the least rumour or stir of it. For the consciousness of truth is nothing else but the finding of one's self in one's world, and of one's world in one's self, and of God in all.

24.

God, where the word expresses a mere tradition, custom, premise of a theory, or unknown power, is less than the least of realities; not so much as the African's lock of hair, or bunch of rags, which he calls his fetish; but rather the sound, shadow, or dream of this. When known, believed, loved, revered—vaster than the universe, nay, than man; more than the Infinite and Eternal, even the Author and Fount of these, and of the reasonable mind that knows them.

25.

They who deride the name of God are the most unhappy of men, except

those who make a trade of honouring Him. And how many of the self-styled, world-applauded holy are mere traffickers in the temple, setting so much present self-denial against so much future enjoyment!

26.

God is the only voluntary Being to whom we cannot, without absurdity and self-contradiction, attribute ought arbitrary and self-willed. And, to doubt that we can know and comprehend the principles by which he acts, is to deny both that our reason is a gleam of his light, and that he has ever revealed himself to us at all.

27.

As a sublime statue manifests its maker's thought, so God's creation displays his mind. But conceive, that while the rude mass is shaped into the lineaments of a man, it grows more and more conscious of the advancing work, so that each new outward line and trait is accompanied by a new and livelier inward sense of the artist's design, and, consequently, of his character, and we have a faint image of the scheme which the history of the world unfolds.

28.

We are, indeed, clay in the hands of the potter; but what a weight of new meaning, what a revolutionary transmutation, transorganization of the whole image arises, when we only add, in one word, that we are conscious clay. I may mould a plastic lump of earth or putty in my fingers for an hour, shaping it into a hundred forms, a cube, a ball, a crescent, a pyramid. At last the fancy seizes me to give it the semblance of a child: and, at the moment when I have rudely shaped the limbs, they begin to heave and glow with life; the lips breathe, the faint eyes open, and fix on me with a gaze of thought and emotion. I thrill with fearful joy and awe. Is the clay to meany longer a mass which I can mould and juggle at with pleasure? Alas! it is now a sacred, an immeasurable thing; itself a man; almost a god. Its sensations quiver on into my heart. I am no longer a potter—but a parent.

29.

There is one class of men in whom the higher powers of insight, love, and faith, appear to want a sufficient apparatus of the meaner faculties, the quick perception and sturdy boldness required for working in this world of

work. There are others of whom the reverse is true. They are Torsos—trunks and arms, but no heads. They have quick apprehension and ready vigour; but in the higher movements of the spirit are confused, inert, crippled. The business of life for each is to supply what each wants; to strengthen the deep roots for the nourishment of the apparent and excessive branches; and to take care that the hidden and imperishable root shall struggle forth into the production of adequate stem and boughs, leaves, blossoms, and fruit. So each may murmur peacefully in the breeze, and calmly shade the soil; and each shall wave amid the storms with the roar of all its awakened being—brows, and a mantled head, dark with mysterious umbrage, propped upon an unshaken and columnar stem.

30.

Lies are the ghosts of truths—the masks of faces.

31.

Dulcidius is an extreme example of a kind of man not uncommon in an age like ours, of hectic, flatulent sympathies, and præter-human humanities. He shuts his eyes to all that annoy him, or would, if noticed, annoy him, in the existence of mankind; and you can work him no sorer injury than to say or do any thing which disturbs his waking dream. If men are not exempt from labours and sorrows, yet, in his eyes, they ought to be; and we must cheat ourselves and others with the pleasant delusion that it really is so; and must forget the miseries which we cannot altogether escape from. In face of the gravest calamities and toils he turns away his head with a wink and smirk, as if to let us know that he is in the secret, and that these horrors are but empty bugbears to frighten children. With a harlequin's leap, and a clown's grin, he whisks out of the throng, and press, and fierce contention; and chirps, or chatters that if people would only stand still, or lounge about and sip sugar and water, all evils under the sun would disappear. If men stare with blank consternation at the spot of a shipwreck or a massacre, he tries to draw off their attention, and raise their spirits with a puppet-show, or a penny trumpet. And, to one wrestling in the agonies of conscience, or nerved for severe and heroic effort, he pro-

poses, with an air of the jauntiest kindliness, the relaxation of a farce, a masquerade, or a stroll in a green field. On this earth, where men so often wander amid graves and charnel houses, and hospitals, wrapped in funeral mantles—or stand upon the lonely stormy ridges, sentinels armed for fight—he skips along with a Jew's harp, and a smelling bottle, as if these were divine preservatives, Moly and Hæmomy, against all sense of ill and danger. Say to him that, after all his quips and gentlenesses, a living foot of blood and bone must have something firmer than cobwebs pearled with dew to stand upon, and must spurn those who would deny it any better support, and he is not indignant—he is too soft and sweet a thing for that—but fretted and hurt with a sense of undeserved wrong, and is unhappy till he has accomplished a formal reconciliation, to be celebrated with a hecatomb of sugar plums.

In support of his flagree and tinsel fancies, Dulcidius has no lack of arguments, which sound plausible and specious, and bubble over with ingenuity and prettiness. But his reasonings buzz and twinkle like summer flies, and after all, leave each of them only a puny speck of dirt behind. Would not one fancy that he is some wealthy fop, who has never known the pressure of difficulty? Yet he has had his pains and crosses; has lost an arm and an eye; and with a face seamed with heavy wrinkles, and a head of snow-white hair, he goes prating, and quirking, and simmering, and flaunting away in all the good-humoured vacancy of a milliner's girl in the midst of her shreds and gauzes, or a doating country barber with his soap-froth and gossip. What stern hard fierceness, what fantastic bigotry would be as melancholy and repulsive as the sight of this dreary baseless levity, and tawdry benevolence!

So says the high and pure, but somewhat narrow and haughty moralist. But is there not another side to the question? In a world where there are grains of dust as well as mountains, and where the thistle-down hangs upon the oak, may there not be room for weak and trivial men beside the noblest and most earnest? A fool with cap and bells may jingle away his life at the elbow of Rome-crowned Charlemagne. There are doubtless hours of desperate conflict for the

gravest interests of mankind, when the slight and empty spirits are necessarily trampled down like sparrows' eggshells, or swept away like sparrows' feathers, by the holy will of the hero and the prophet. The chaff must fly when the storm blows; and the frogs of the pool, when its waters redden with blood of men, are squealed unpitied under the hoofs of the war-horses. So be it, for it must be so. But in quiet times, and the long inter-spaces of history, there is leave and license for the growth of weeds, and weedlike creatures, which also have their use. For this weed is an old woman's remedy, and that a child's plaything. The idle creepers grow up round the grey stone effigy for a century; but when the hour comes, and the figure feels new life, and wakes and starts, and flashes out with eyes and sword, it snaps the fettering growth like worsted threads, and they perish rightfully. But while the poor and puffed-up worthlessness of our neighbour does no more harm than offend our more serious thoughts, or jar on our sensitive retiredness, it is justice to pardon him, and charity to endeavour to feel with him, and help him on. Fireflies are not stars, but neither are they mere nothings. We cannot steer by them, we must not worship them; but we need not crush them. The smallest, paltriest human creature may have pains and conflicts to maintain himself, even in his small paltriness, equal for him to the inward strivings of a Luther or a Shakspeare.

32.

There are looks and gestures of quiet, unheard of women, a house-keeper, a governess, a sodden washer-woman, and of men as commonplace as any whom Holborn, or Manchester, or May Fair generates, in which a thoughtful eye will read tragedies to draw deeper, bitter tears than Shakspeare's Othello, Goethe's Tasso, or all the woes of Euripides. I have stood in a group of peasants before a painted crucifixion, and there were looks of sympathy which mine perhaps reflected. But I heard a hard heavy breathing behind me, and turning, I saw a woman who had brought her sorrows thither, not found them there. She stood with dull and heavy eyes beholding the painted grief of the Holy Virgin Mother. I never knew what was her calamity. She too,

doubtless, was mourning for a son, perhaps for his crimes. But I felt that to me sublime religion and perfect art were nothing while I saw so close to me a living genuine misery.

33.

The forests of utterance, with all their rustling raving seas of leaves, grow out of the deep and silent soil, the immeasurably deep boundlessly silent bosom of old earth. Yet the living utterances are better than the sublime silence; but for which also they could not be.

34.

If men's reason were laid to sleep, no doubt they would do by instinct many more than as at present of the things to which instinct is equal. The instinctive powers are lost sight of under the presence of the rational consciousness, as the stars disappear in sunshine. Hence we may explain some of the startling ingenuities of savages. But the delights and capacities of the conscious spirit, instinct never can supply. For instinct is intelligence incapable of self-consciousness.

35.

Whatever has been seen of Fair and Excellent was first conceived in the sacred darkness of the Unseen. But because vitally, irrepressibly, fair and excellent, therefore, must it needs go forth, and so be seen in its true beauty.

36.

It is not a part, small or great, but the very whole of a man's work, having within himself (as all have) a world of dusky unembodied greatness, to bring this to utterance, first within his heart, clearly, honestly, and therefore, as must needs be, slowly; and next at ripe seasons, and with due precautions, by bold unconquerable flaming mouth and deed outwardly to utter it. His utterance must be this thing, and no other which he has truly intimately found within himself. Often this cannot to himself be altogether clear and evident till he has begun to impart it. And thus as the whole race of man is still but individual man, multiplied and completed, so all human history is but the striving towards full and mature utterance of that dark and seething reality which lies hidden and more or less turbulent in every breast. But as the true utterance of all the truth is the work and consummation of

man's life, so the false utterance of the true, or the true utterance of the false, is, in one form or other, the whole of what is ruinous, chaotic, execrable.

Further, it is manifest that at the highest point to which man can reach there will always be something beyond him, higher, larger, holier, which he cannot yet utter, and can only yearn towards and apprehend. This is necessarily the greatest of all greatnesses, which he,—not as yet knows, but knows of, forebodes, dreamingly clutches. To hurry headlong towards the expression of this which lies as yet altogether inexpressible, profanes and mars the divine work, with regard to it now the only divine work possible, of learning, feeling, embracing, not apprehending, but comprehending it. Unseasonable idle speech, and such upon this matter all must be, scares and irritates the plastic gods, the high working powers in all; for whom the universe and our lives are a pliant material, and with whom our will is, at its best, a patient and devout fellow-worker and learner. Hence the meaning and sanctity of silence. But that same mute mysterious development, which may be going on for years, and decads of years, in any one soul, and for ages on ages in the soul of man, comes out at last to inevitable utterance; and the word of some one heart expresses for a thousand years after him the feeling of countless millions. Thus do we find that the utterance of truth out of the infinite into the heart of man makes his real inward story; and the utterance of the same out of his heart into the world is all his outward work and duty.

37.

All the instruments that men employ are so many symbols, and, as it were, materializations of corresponding faculties; as the works which, by means of these instruments, we perform, are expressions of our analogous tendencies, affections, and wants. The knife not only divides all separable substances, but exhibits, and, as it were, prolongs into the outermost region of things about us that dividing faculty of which the rending hands are intermediate agents. So the lever, that is, lifter, embodies and applies our inward capacity of elevating, and consummates the work of our arms and shoulders. The rope which knots two things together is but the perma-

nent gripe of one long tenacious finger, which does not relax when the flesh fingers fall loose in weariness or sleep; and it thus displays and exemplifies the uniting power inherent in men's spirits. But as these physical tools can work only with the palpable and visible, and the spirit has another world of its own, neither to be touched nor seen by means of the bodily senses, there must, in this inner and better region, be kindred operations in which the powers that the material images manifest and apply, work for themselves and without tools. Thus to separate by mental scission is to distinguish; to tie or lash together, is, in the region of mere thought, to combine notions or conceptions by an act of fancy; and to lift is, in the language of oracles, to raise an object out of dark and flat confusion into clear and individual existence; that is, to realize it for the mind. Now, in proportion as men use many and complete tools, they are advanced in mechanical civilisation. But their higher spiritual culture has been forwarded only in the degree in which they have learnt the true laws and aims of these inward powers, which are at once the main-springs and the archetypes of all our instruments.

38.

If man be a reality, no empty vision in the dreaming soul of nature, but, as who shall doubt he is, inwardly substantial and personal, that which he most earnestly desires, which best satisfies his whole being, must be real too.

39.

Only by an act of arbitrary self-will dare we fancy that we belong to a system founded on the arbitrary self-will of any being, however superior to us in power.

40.

The fundamental affirmation of all reasonable and, therefore, of all right religion, the highest of truths revealed to man, is this, that the infinite, eternal, and absolute Being, wills all good, and only good, and that by good is meant not merely whatever we may dare to fancy that he might choose to will, but that which suits the wants, and completes, in the fullest form, the existence of all other beings. Every doctrine opposed to this is superstitious fanaticism or blasphemous scoffing.

41.

That men would be better than they

are if they always chose good instead of evil is evident. But that they would be better, or indeed could have a rational existence, if they had not the power of choosing evil instead of good, is the most foolish and presumptuous of fancies.

42.

You may indeed add sugar to vinegar, but cannot make it wine again.

43.

A man without earnestness is a mournful and perplexing spectacle. But it is a consolation to believe, as we must of any such a one, that he is in the most effectual and compulsive of all schools; not only with the sad sublimity of the stars above him, and the haggard yet ever teeming earth beneath his feet, graves, houses, and temples around him, and the voices of hatred and pain, love and devotion, sounding in his ears, but also with a heart, however weak and dull, essentially capable of feeling and understanding the meaning of all these things. He is at worst a boy, slow at learning to read, and thinking more of toys and cakes than of books, but assuredly neither an idiot, nor incurably deaf, blind, and dumb. He is horrid and disastrous to look upon as we pass him by, but most when we see him coloured by the crimson glare of our own passionate vehemence. Every step forward which we really make, gives us a new mysterious power to draw him too on.

44.

Voltaire thought he was looking through a handsome French window at God and the universe, and painting pictures of them, while in truth the glass was a mirror, and he saw and copied only his own scoffing face.

45.

The religion of all Pagans, indiscriminately, has often been written of by zealous Christians in the worst spirit of Paine and Voltaire.

46.

Whether is it nobler to dwell in Paradise and dream of a cabbage-garden, or to live among pot-herbs and believe in Paradise?

47.

Seldom does a truly divine poet arise and teach all the poor toiling men in the land how far nobler an epic is the life of every one of them—did he but know it—than that of the imaginary Ulysses. The *Odyssey* is

but the little that a man could learn, fancy, and feign of the life of a man. How far is this excelled by the all that the life of a man—of every man—is!

48.

It is no uncommon mistake to suppose that exaggeration is essential or at least proper to fiction. The truth is rather the reverse. A principal use and justification of fiction is to reduce and harmonize the seeming exaggerations of real life.

49.

Facts are often extravagant and monstrous, because we do not know the whole system which explains and legitimises them. But none have any business in fiction which are not intelligible parts of the artificial whole that they appear in.

50.

Religion, conscience, affliction, law, science, poetry, including the kindred arts, are for ever rectifying the disorders and miseries of mankind. But the mode in which the poetic art does this is by presenting a mankind, a world of its own, in which good and evil, true and false, fair and ugly, harmonious and discordant, and all such analogous pairs of contrasts, are mingled by just and intelligible principles of combination, and point to their own solution—not indeed a solution always for the understanding, but always one adequate for the feelings, and purifying and exalting them.

51.

Faith in a better than that which appears, is no less required by art than by religion.

52.

The three great perversions of education are those which tend to make children respectively—Dwarfs—Monkeys—Puppets. The Dwarfs are the prodigies, the over-sharpened, over-excited, over-accomplished, stunted men. In these, as there is no fulness and steadiness, such as belong only to mature life, and yet there is the appearance of these, the very principle of the thing is a quackery and falsehood. The Monkeys are the spoilt; the indulged petted creatures of mere self-will and appetite, in whom the human as distinguished from the animal is faint and undeveloped. The weakness of mind which trains such children, and delights in them, is that which led the ladies of another generation to keep natural and genuine

apes for their amusement. The Puppets are produced by the plan of deadening, petrifying the mind, teaching words by rote, compelling obedience for its own sake, and not for that of a future moral freedom. These are the things that move in public only as the wires of masters and committees guide. But, because the life cannot be altogether crushed and turned back, it asserts itself secretly in a sense of benumbed misery and corroding hatred. The first class spoken of are those in whom a true ideal is misapplied. The second, those in whom none is aimed at. The third, those in whom the ideal pursued is altogether false and wretched.

53.

Speech is as a pump by which we raise and pour out the water from the great lake of Thought—whither it flows back again.

54.

There is a kind of social civilisation which rounds the rough and broken stones into smooth shapeliness, but also into monotonous uniformity. There is also a farther and better kind which again roughens the pebbles, not, however, to reproduce their former rude diversities, but to engrave them with divine heads and figures and significant mottoes.

55.

When we see the place to which some natural Reality is degraded by the hands of man,—the stately tree to be a dead wayside post, the fierce and fleet wild ass of the desert to be a broken and starved drudge,—we cannot but reflect that this wreck was once great and goodly, and possessed a wondrous inward endowment of independent life and power, was born out of the eternal Infinite into the sad and narrow round of Time, where men, its fellow-denizens of Time, have thus crushed and ruined it. But poor as is the place and function of each living thing which men enchain and use, when thus no longer existing for and by itself, yet the human order of existence, with all its wants and contrivances, is an immeasurably higher one than any of these systems to which the weaker, meaner beings of earth originally belong. In this superiority of Man's destiny and rights lies the justification of his subjecting to his own purposes that which, for its pur-

poses, he thus frustrates and dislocates.

56.

All France, under Louis XIV., was beaten and bribed into courtiership. Poetry, Law, Theology, all wore court-suits, and smoothed themselves into flatterers and liars. The Muses became maids of honour, and stage-confidants to royal mistresses; Religion was only permitted to appear masked in the abhorred disguise of a state chaplain, or a gold-laced trumpeter of sovereign worthlessness; and Truth and Conscience, in the mean-while, were fasting at Port-Royal, pining in the Bastille, fighting in the Cevennes, or emigrating to Spitalfields. Honesty could not have where to lay its head, when Falsehood, Cruelty, and insane Vanity had for their lacqueys and pimps Racine, Bossuet, and Molière. The Regent Orleans was but Louis XIV. in undress and half-intoxicated, and Louis XV. the same type, drunk to stupidity. But while the family was sinking from generation to generation into utter lethargy, the nation was awakening from its sleep, till rising and finding itself starved, bruised, and shackled, it burst the remaining bonds, and strangled for ever the corpse-like royalty which it found lying beside it.

57.

Life of any kind is a confounding mystery; nay, that which we commonly do not call life, the principle of existence in a stone or a drop of water, is an inscrutable wonder. That in the infinity of time and space any thing should be, should have a distinct existence, should be more than nothing! The thought of an immense abysmal Nothing is awful, only less so than that of All and God; and thus a grain of sand being a fact, a reality, rises before us into something prodigious, immeasurable—a fact that opposes and counterbalances the immensity of non-existence. And if this be so, what a thing is the life of man, which not only is, but knows that it is; and not only is wondrous, but wonders!

58.

The beauty of physical Nature strikes us with an immediate impression of harmony and completeness. There is also a sense of harmony, the result of reflection engaged on scientific truth; and there is a livelier and

deeper consciousness of the same kind, in which our personal sympathies and reverential awe of all personality are combined with the feeling of the beautiful, excited by whatever is fair, elevated, and harmonious in human will and character. In the aspect of the highest human beauty, the immediate impression produced by physical (that is involuntary) Nature, is inseparably united with this last or sympathetic emotion; and the mere beauty of form and colour is regarded as symbolic of the inward and supersensuous loveliness. On the other hand, in the visions of outward things, the evening or nightly sky, the meditative melancholy of a silent autumnal landscape, the blue sea rolling its foam into a rocky bay, the virgin shamefacedness of Nature in forest-nook, we spontaneously transfer in feeling and language something of a purely human quality to that which is properly below the human, but unchangeably connected with it, and pierced in all directions and bound together by the roots of our nobler life.

59.

We paint our lives in fresco. The soft and fusile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

60.

Pain has its own noble joy when it kindles a strong consciousness of life, before stagnant and torpid.

61.

The more sides a man has to his mind, the more certain he may be of receiving blows on all of them from one party or other.

62.

Persons immediately and universally recognised as laudible, must be either in the main negative characters, or capable of practising a good deal of falsehood and spurious sympathy in their intercourse with others.

63.

For a weak man to sympathize with weakness is easy, as for a strong man to sympathize with strength; but it is hard for the weak to sympathize with the strong. Far harder for the strong to sympathize with the weak, to bow down to weakness, and to say to it, "Be thou my better strength."

64.

The candles of man's night are doubtless burning out, but, like Alfred's candle-clocks, their decay mea-

sures the wearing on of the night itself. When they sink into the socket, lo! it is not dark, but day.

65.

The Caliph Omar, who destroyed the Alexandrian library, the second in succession from Mahomet, and under whom many empires, and Jerusalem itself, were added to Islam, was journeying on the borders of the Egyptian desert, and heard of the fame of a holy and wise hermit, who lived retired in a cave of the rocks amid the sandy waste. Him he resolved to visit, hoping to learn from him where was concealed the buried treasure of the old idolatrous Kings of Egypt. When the Caliph, attended by several tall and dark Arabs, and by Amrou, the conqueror of Egypt, entered the cavern, he found the hermit seated on a rude bench at a stone table, which supported a written volume. His eyes were bent downwards as if in thought rather than study, and the Arabs were surprised to see a man of low stature, with long and silvery hair floating round a face not like theirs, tawny and scorched, but smooth and ruddy. The large and light grey eyes were raised at their approach with a look of mild abstraction; and Amrou, who had conversed with many men of wisdom at Alexandria, was struck by the breadth of his head, the clear polish of the forehead, the well-cut and rather small nose, and the large, lightly-closed mouth, which seemed to quiver with feeling, and to be ready for the lively utterance of countless and sage proverbs and comparisons.

"Sage," said the Caliph, "I see that thou wouldst not approve of the act of justice by which I have destroyed the storehouse of Pagan errors, called the Library, in the city of Iskander? Thou hast a book before thee, and I see some others in that half-open chest, which do not resemble the Volumes of believers."

"In my youth, O Caliph! I read many books in that Library which thou hast destroyed, and by the study of these, and their clear presence in my mind, I became capable of sustaining, and even of profiting, by this solitude in which I live, without companions and with few writings."

"What profit couldst thou derive from those infidel volumes? The Koran teaches the one God, and to know him is to know all."

"The Koran indeed teaches truly that there is one God; and because we know that he exists, we should be careful to understand him as displayed in all his works. Of these the noblest is man, and of his mind we have so many several pictures in every book, however mistaken its doctrines; and in books can we also learn more clearly and fully to understand what other works of God inferior to man, but still most wonderful, reveal his will and power."

"Ah! shameless unbeliever!" exclaimed Omar, and stroked his beard, "now would I order thee to be slain upon the spot, but that I have need of thy wisdom for the good of the faithful and of the true faith. Tell me where are concealed the riches of the Pharaohs, and I will spare thy life."

"I know not that I can teach thee this, but what I can show thee, thou shalt know." Then turning to Amrou, the fierce and conquering general of the Moslem armies—"Fetch me, I pray thee, a handful of sand from the desert, at the mouth of the cave." The warrior started, and his eyes turned disdainfully on the hermit. But they sunk under his quiet gaze, and Amrou went and brought the sand. The hermit received it into his palm, and turning to the Caliph, desired him to pick out a single grain, and lay it on the blade of Amrou's dagger. The bright weapon which had so often been red with blood, was drawn from its sheath, and the Caliph held it in his hand. Then following the hermit alone into the dark interior of the cave, he placed upon the blade, held horizontally, a single grain of sand. On this, he fixed his eyes. In the deep gloom, the grain brightened like a spark of fire, and grew larger and larger, even as the brightest planet of evening, and it paused not in its expansion, till it seemed a luminous ball of mild pale fire.

"Look steadily," said the hermit; "fear not; and tell me what thou seest."

"I see," said the Caliph, "a small goat-skin tent, under the shade of rocks, among palm-trees and wild vines. A man, naked save his girdle, sleeps in the cool, with his head upon a dark and sad-looking woman's lap, and two children are not far off. A thorn has pierced the foot of the infant girl, and the boy, her brother, is endeavouring

to draw it from the flesh. Her tears fall upon his cheek, and his hand is red with her blood."

"Look again, and tell me what thou seest."

"I see a mountain covered with trees, fields, and villages, and, by Allah! with Pagan temples. But lo! an earthquake heaves the whole, and half the houses are overthrown or swallowed up. The survivors arm themselves for battle, and a fierce conflict rages for the enjoyment of those of their possessions which remain. Fire spreads through the ruined vineyards, woods, and houses; and by its light many men are slain, and women and children made captives. Some of those combatants, O Dervish, are sons of the giants, and the maidens whom I look upon are lovely as the damsels of Paradise."

"Look now again. What seest thou?"

"A lonely waste. The grey desert spreads far and wide, save where a dark sea beats heavily on its coast. Not a ship, not a camel, not a house is there. But among heaps of carved stones and fallen pillars, such as might build a royal city, a white-haired, withered man sits with his eyes upon the ground. A vulture is perched upon a mound near, and looks at him; and a jackal eyes him from a shattered tomb, and gnaws a scull. The wind of the desert has blown the sand over his feet, and almost to his knees, but he cares not to rise and free himself. Dervish! God must have fallen asleep in heaven above that place, and left it to die utterly."

"What dost thou now behold?"

"I see around a broad bay of the ocean, a range of green hills with streams and torrents, and gardens reaching to the skies. Amid these are palaces, with pillars built doubtless by the genii, and along the wide terraces in front of the buildings, sons of wisdom, and daughters of beauty are walking or leaning. One is a storyteller, who has gathered round him a crowd of listeners, young and old. Another seems to have just shaped a figure of a woman out of stone. She is more than half naked, but looks as if none dare think her so. On the torch which she holds up in her hand, a flame of green fire burns like a bright star in the sunshine round her. A band of children are wreathing flowers

and laying them before the Pagan image, which, not smiling, seems to delight in their smiles. The workman looks dissatisfied, though rejoicing as a bridegroom who has won his bride, but mourns that he cannot offer to her more precious gifts than all his substance. Elsewhere, I see living figures glancing among the trees. To the quay, which borders the shore, some barks with deep blue sails are hastening; and one even now touches the porphyry wall, and pours out gold and spices—by Allah! I smell the sweetness of Yamen—on the smooth stones. Nay, as the sun goes down, I hear the faint song of the mariners, and the music of stringed instruments tinkling in reply from the distant mountain side."

"Is there nought more than this?"

"Yes, high up on the mountain I see a mosque of another fashion than ours, surrounded by a place of tombs, with many graves and cypresses. High above them all rises a shape, silvery as the flashing of a scymitar, or of water, gigantic, kingly, with a mantled head, and long folds covering his whole form. But he stretches his great moving hands over the palaces and bay, and flakes of pale fire fall from them, and kindle every window and capital of a pillar, and flash from every face, and shoot again upwards, and beam as stars in the dark sky. The mantled genie looks not like any

one of the spirits of the past, but as if they were all combined in him."

"Look once more, O Caliph!"

"Juggler! there is but a grain of sand."

"Thine eyes are weary of looking, not the visions of displaying themselves. Thou canst see no more this day. But if all this be visible in a grain of sand by the open and fresh eye of man, what sights beyond this thankest thou that there must be in a man himself? Of these sights, a portion are in every book recorded."

"Slave!" said the Caliph—"tell me not of books, but of hidden treasures, or I will have thee impaled ere an hour is past."

"I have told thee of far more than thou thoughtest. The treasures of the Pharaohs would show thee little of what thou hast seen in that grain of sand. Farewell, O Caliph! I have been ordained but to live till I had seen and known thee, and then to depart. In that world where the hearts of men shall be more open to each other than their books are here, it will be read in mine that I hold thee ignorant and headstrong, but still a man, and, therefore, capable of good. Farewell! I am but a grain of sand; hide my corpse under those of the desert before me."

The hermit sank on the rocky floor of the cave, at Omar's feet, quite dead.

THE AVENGER.

“Why callest thou me murderer, and not rather the wrath of God burning after the steps of the oppressor, and cleansing the earth when it is wet with blood?”

THAT series of terrific events by which our quiet city and university in the north-eastern quarter of Germany were convulsed during the year 1816, has in itself, and considered merely as a blind movement of human tiger-passion ranging unchained amongst men, something too memorable to be forgotten or left without its own separate record; but the moral lesson, impressed by these events, is yet more memorable, and deserves the deep attention of coming generations in their struggle after human improvement, not merely in its own limited field of interest directly awakened, but in all analogous fields of interest; as in fact already, and more than once, in connexion with these very events, *this lesson has obtained the effectual attention of Christian kings and Princes assembled in Congress.* No tragedy, indeed, amongst all the sad ones by which the charities of the human heart or of the fire-side, have ever been outraged, can better merit a separate chapter in the private history of German manners or social life than this unparalleled case. And, on the other hand, no one can put in a better claim to be the historian than myself.

I was at the time, and still am, a Professor in that city and university which had the melancholy distinction of being its theatre. I knew familiarly all the parties who were concerned in it—either as sufferers or as agents. I was present from first to last, and watched the whole course of the mysterious storm which fell upon our devoted city in a strength like that of a West Indian hurricane, and which did seriously threaten at one time to depopulate our university, through the dark suspicions which settled upon its members, and the natural reaction of generous indignation in repelling them—whilst the city in its more stationary and native classes would very soon have manifested *their* awful sense of things, of the hideous insecurity for life, and of the unfathomable dangers which had undermined their hearths below their very feet, by sacrificing, whenever circumstances allowed them, their houses and beautiful gardens in

exchange for days uncursed by panic, and nights unpolluted by blood. Nothing, I can take upon myself to assert, was left undone of all that human foresight could suggest, or human ingenuity could accomplish. But observe the melancholy result; the more certain did these arrangements strike people as remedies for the evil, so much the more effectually did they aid the terror, but above all, the awe—the sense of mystery, when ten cases of total extermination, applied to separate households, had occurred, in every one of which these precautionary aids had failed to yield the slightest assistance. The horror, the perfect frenzy of fear, which seized upon the town after that experience, baffles all attempt at description. Had these various contrivances failed merely in some human and intelligible way, as by bringing the aid too tardily—still in such cases, though the danger would no less have been evidently deepened, nobody would have felt any further mystery than what, from the very first, rested upon the persons and the motives of the murderers. But, as it was, when in ten separate cases of exterminating carnage, the astounded police, after an examination the most searching, pursued from day to day, and almost exhausting the patience by the minuteness of the investigation, had finally pronounced that no attempt apparently had been made to benefit by any of the signals preconcerted, that no footstep apparently had moved in that direction—then, and after that result, a blind misery of fear fell upon the population, so much the worse than any anguish of a beleaguered city that is awaiting the storming fury of a victorious enemy, by how much the shadowy—the uncertain—the infinite is at all times more potent in mastering the mind than a danger that is known—measurable—palpable—and human. The very police, instead of offering protection or encouragement, were seized with terror for themselves. And the general feeling, as it was described to me by a grave citizen whom I met in a morning walk (for the overmastering sense of a public

calamity broke down every barrier of reserve, and all men talked freely to all men in the streets, as they would have done during the rockings of an earthquake), was, even amongst the boldest, like that which sometimes takes possession of the mind in dreams—when one feels oneself sleeping alone, utterly divided from all call or hearing of friends, doors open that should be shut, or unlocked that should be triply secured, the very walls gone, barriers swallowed up by unknown abysses, nothing around one but frail curtains, and a world of illimitable night, whisperings at a distance, correspondence going on between darkness and darkness, like one deep calling to another, and the dreamer's own heart the centre from which the whole net-work of this unimaginable chaos radiates, by means of which the blank privations of silence and darkness become powers the most *positive* and awful.

Agencies of fear, as of any other passion, and above all, of passion felt in communion with thousands, and in which the heart beats in conscious sympathy with an entire city, through all its regions of high and low, young and old, strong and weak; such agencies avail to raise and transfigure the natures of men; mean minds become elevated; dull men become eloquent; and when matters came to this crisis, the public feeling, as made known by voice, gesture, manner, or words, was such that no stranger could represent it to his fancy. In that respect, therefore, I had an advantage, being upon the spot through the whole course of the affair, for giving a faithful narrative; as I had still more eminently, from the sort of central station which I occupied, with respect to all the movements of the case. I may add, that I had another advantage, not possessed, or not in the same degree, by any other inhabitant of the town. I was personally acquainted with every family of the slightest account, belonging to the resident population; whether amongst the old local gentry, or the new settlers whom the late wars had driven to take refuge within our walls.

It was in September, 1815, that I received a letter from the Chief Secretary to the Prince of M—, a nobleman connected with the diplomacy of Russia, from which I quote an extract:—“I wish, in short, to recommend to

your attentions, and in terms stronger than I know how to devise, a young man on whose behalf the Czar himself is privately known to have expressed the very strongest interest. He was at the battle of Waterloo as an aide-de-camp to a Dutch general officer, and is decorated with distinctions won upon that awful day. However, though serving in that instance under English orders, and although an Englishman of rank, he does not belong to the English military service. He has served, young as he is, under *various* banners, and under ours, in particular, in the cavalry of our Imperial Guard. He is English by birth, nephew to the Earl of E., and heir presumptive to his immense estates. There is a wild story current—that his mother was a gipsy of transcendent beauty, which may account for his somewhat Moorish complexion, though, after all, *that* is not of a deeper tinge than I have seen amongst many an Englishman. He is himself one of the noblest looking of God's creatures. Both father and mother, however, are now dead; since then, he has become the favourite of his uncle, who detained him in England after the Emperor had departed—and, as this uncle is now in the last stage of infirmity, Mr Wyndham's succession to the vast family estates is inevitable, and probably near at hand. Mean-time, he is anxious for some assistance in his studies. Intellectually he stands in the very first rank of men, as I am sure you will not be slow to discover; but his long military service, and the unparalleled tumult of our European history since 1805, have interfered (as you may suppose) with the cultivation of his mind; for he entered the cavalry service of a German power when a mere boy, and shifted about from service to service as the hurricane of war blew from this point or from that. During the French anabasis to Moscow he entered our service, made himself a prodigious favourite with the whole Imperial family, and even now is only in his twenty-second year. As to his accomplishments, they will speak for themselves; they are infinite, and applicable to every situation of life. Greek is what he wants from you; never ask about terms. He will acknowledge any trouble he may give you, as he acknowledges all trouble, *en prince*. And ten years hence you

will look back with pride upon having contributed your part to the formation of one whom all here at St Petersburg, not soldiers only, but we *diplomates*, look upon as certain to prove a great man, and a leader amongst the intellects of Christendom."

Two or three other letters followed; and at length it was arranged that Mr Maximilian Wyndham should take up his residence at my monastic abode for one year. He was to keep a table, and an establishment of servants, at his own cost; was to have an apartment of some dozen or so of rooms; the unrestricted use of the library; with some other public privileges willingly conceded by the magistracy of the town; in return for all which he was to pay me a thousand guineas: and already beforehand, by way of acknowledgment for the public civilities of the town, he sent, through my hands, a contribution of three hundred guineas to the various local institutions for education of the poor, or for charity.

The Russian Secretary had latterly corresponded with me from a little German town not more than ninety miles distant: and, as he had special couriers at his service, the negotiation advanced so rapidly, that all was closed before the end of September. And, when once that consummation was attained, I, that previously had breathed no syllable of what was stirring, now gave a loose to the interesting tidings, and suffered them to spread through the whole compass of the town. It will be easily imagined that such a story, already romantic enough in its first outline, would lose nothing in the telling. An Englishman to begin with, which name of itself, and at all times, is a passport into German favour, but much more since the late memorable wars that, but for Englishmen, would have drooped into disconnected efforts—next, an Englishman of rank and of the *haute noblesse*,—then a soldier covered with brilliant distinctions, and in the most brilliant arm of the service; young, moreover, and yet a veteran by his experience,—fresh from the most awful battle of this planet since the day of Pharsalia,—radiant with the favour of courts and of Imperial ladies,—finally (which alone would have given him an interest in all female hearts), an Antinous of faultless beauty, a Grecian statue, as it were, into which the breath of life

had been breathed by some modern Pygmalion,—such a pomp of gifts and endowments settling upon one man's head, should not have required for its effect the vulgar consummation (and yet to many it *was* the consummation and crest of the whole) that he was reputed to be rich beyond the dreams of romance or the necessities of a fairy tale. Unparalleled was the impression made upon our stagnant society; every tongue was busy in discussing the marvellous young Englishman from morning to night; every female fancy was busy in depicting the personal appearance of this gay apparition.

On his arrival at my house, I became sensible of a truth which I had observed some years before. The commonplace maxim is—that it is dangerous to raise expectations too high. This, which is thus generally expressed, and without limitation, is true only conditionally; it is true then and there only where there is but little merit to sustain and justify the expectation. But in any case where the merit is transcendent of its kind, it is always useful to rack the expectation up to the highest point; in any thing which partakes of the infinite, the most unlimited expectations will find ample room for gratification; whilst it is certain that ordinary observers, possessing little sensibility, unless where they have been warned to expect, will often fail to see what exists in the most conspicuous splendour. In this instance it certainly did no harm to the subject of expectation, that I had been warned to look for so much. The warning, at any rate, put me on the look-out for whatever eminence there might be of grandeur in his personal appearance; whilst, on the other hand, this existed in such excess, so far transcending any thing I had ever met with in my experience, that no expectation which it is in words to raise could have been disappointed.

These thoughts travelled with the rapidity of light through my brain as at one glance my eye took in the supremacy of beauty and power which seemed to have alighted from the clouds before me. Power, and the contemplation of power, in any absolute incarnation of grandeur or excess, necessarily have the instantaneous effect of quelling all perturbation. My composure was restored in a moment. I looked steadily at him. We

both bowed. And, at the moment when he raised his head from that inclination, I caught the glance of his eye ; an eye such as might have been looked for in a face of such noble lineaments—

“ Blending the nature of the star
With that of summer skies ;

and, therefore, meant by nature for the residence and organ of serene and gentle emotions ; but it surprised, and at the same time filled me more almost with consternation than with pity, to observe, that in those eyes a light of sadness had settled more profound than seemed possible for youth, or almost commensurate to a human sorrow ; a sadness that might have become a Jewish prophet, when laden with inspirations of woe.

Two months had now passed away since the arrival of Mr Wyndham. He had been universally introduced to the superior society of the place ; and, as I need hardly say, universally received with favour and distinction. In reality, his wealth and importance, his military honours, and the dignity of his character as expressed in his manners and deportment, were too eminent to allow of his being treated with less than the highest attention in any society whatever. But the effect of these various advantages, enforced and recommended as they were by a personal beauty so rare, was somewhat too potent for the comfort and self-possession of ordinary people ; and really exceeded in a painful degree the standard of pretensions under which such people could feel themselves at their ease. He was not naturally of a reserved turn ; far from it. His disposition had been open, frank, and confiding originally ; and his roving, adventurous life, of which considerably more than one-half had been passed in camps, had communicated to his manners a more than military frankness. But the profound melancholy which possessed him, from whatever cause it arose, necessarily chilled the native freedom of his demeanour, unless when it was revived by strength of friendship or of love. The effect was awkward and embarrassing to all parties. Every voice paused or faltered when he entered a room—dead silence ensued—not an eye but was directed upon him, or else, sunk in timidity, settled upon the floor ;

and young ladies seriously lost the power, for a time, of doing more than murmuring a few confused, half-inarticulate syllables, or half-inarticulate sounds. The solemnity, in fact, of a first presentation, and the utter impossibility of soon recovering a free unembarrassed movement of conversation, made such scenes really distressing to all who participated in them, either as actors or spectators. Certainly this result was not a pure effect of manly beauty, however heroic, and in whatever excess ; it arose in part from the many and extraordinary endowments which had centered in his person, not less from fortune than from nature ; in part also, as I have said, from the profound sadness and freezing gravity of Mr Wyndham's manner ; but still more from the perplexing mystery which surrounded that sadness.

Were there, then, no exceptions to this condition of awe-struck admiration ? Yes : One at least there was in whose bosom the spell of all-conquering passion soon thawed every trace of icy reserve. Whilst the rest of the world retained a dim sentiment of awe towards Mr Wyndham, Margaret Liebenheim only heard of such a feeling to wonder that it could exist towards *him*. Never was there so victorious a conquest interchanged between two youthful hearts—never before such a rapture of instantaneous sympathy. I did not witness the first meeting of this mysterious Maximilian and this magnificent Margaret, and do not know whether Margaret manifested that trepidation and embarrassment which distressed so many of her youthful co-rivals ; but if she did, it must have fled before the first glance of the young man's eye, which would interpret, past all misunderstanding, the homage of his soul and the surrender of his heart. Their third meeting I *did* see ; and there all shadow of embarrassment had vanished, except, indeed, of that delicate embarrassment which clings to impassioned admiration. On the part of Margaret, it seemed as if a new world had dawned upon her that she had not so much as suspected amongst the capacities of human experience. Like some bird she seemed, with powers unexercised for soaring and flying, not understood even as yet, and that never until now had found an element

of air capable of sustaining her wings, or tempting her to put forth her buoyant instincts. He, on the other hand, now first found the realization of his dreams, and for a mere possibility which he had long too deeply contemplated, fearing, however, that in his own case it might prove a chimera, or that he might never meet a woman answering the demands of his heart, he now found a corresponding reality that left nothing to seek.

Here, then, and thus far, nothing but happiness had resulted from the new arrangement. But, if this had been little anticipated by many, far less had I, for my part, anticipated the unhappy revolution which was wrought in the whole nature of Ferdinand von Harrelstein. He was the son of a German baron; a man of good family, but of small estate, who had been pretty nearly a soldier of fortune in the Prussian service, and had, late in life, won sufficient favour with the king and other military superiors, to have an early prospect of obtaining a commission, under flattering auspices, for this only son—a son endeared to him as the companion of unprosperous years, and as a dutifully affectionate child. Ferdinand had yet another hold upon his father's affections: his features preserved to the Baron's unclouded remembrance a most faithful and living memorial of that angelic wife who had died in giving birth to this third child—the only one who had long survived her. Anxious that his son should go through a regular course of mathematical instruction, now becoming annually more important in all the artillery services throughout Europe, and that he should receive a tincture of other liberal studies which he had painfully missed in his own military career, the Baron chose to keep his son for the last seven years at our college, until he was now entering upon his twenty-third year. For the four last he had lived with me as the sole pupil whom I had, or meant to have, had not the brilliant proposals of the young Russian guardsman persuaded me to break my resolution. Ferdinand Von Harrelstein had good talents, not dazzling but respectable; and so amiable were his temper and manners, that I had introduced him every where; and every where he was a favourite; every where, indeed, except exactly there where

only in this world he cared for favour. Margaret Liebenheim, she it was whom he loved, and had loved for years with the whole ardour of his ardent soul; she it was for whom, or at whose command, he would willingly have died. Early he had felt that in her hands lay his destiny; that she it was who must be his good or his evil genius.

At first, and perhaps to the last, I pitied him exceedingly. But my pity soon ceased to be mingled with respect. Before the arrival of Mr Wyndham he had shown himself generous, indeed magnanimous. But never was there so painful an overthrow of a noble nature as manifested itself in him. I believe that he had not himself suspected the strength of his passion; and the sole resource for him, as I said often, was—to quit the city; to engage in active pursuits of enterprise, of ambition, or of science. But he heard me as a somnambulist might have heard me—dreaming with his eyes open. Sometimes he had fits of reverie, starting, fearful, agitated; sometimes he broke out into maniacal movements of wrath, invoking some absent person, praying, beseeching, menacing some air-wove phantom: sometimes he slunk into solitary corners—muttering to himself, and with gestures sorrowfully significant, or with tones and fragments of expostulation that moved the most callous to compassion. Still he turned a deaf ear to the only practical counsel that had a chance for reaching his ears. Like a bird under the fascination of a rattlesnake, he would not summon up the energies of his nature to make an effort at flying away. “Begone, whilst it is time!” said others, as well as myself; for more than I saw enough to fear some fearful catastrophe. “Lead us not into temptation!” said his confessor to him in my hearing (for, though Prussians, the Von Harrelsteins were Roman Catholics), “lead us not into temptation!—that is our daily prayer to God. Then, my son, being led into temptation, do not you persist in courting, nay, almost tempting temptation! Try the effects of absence, though but for a month.” The good father even made an overture towards imposing a penance upon him, that would have involved an absence of some duration. But he was obliged to desist; for he saw that, without effecting any good, he would

merely add spiritual disobedience to the other offences of the young man. Ferdinand himself drew his attention to *this*; for he said,—“Reverend father! do not you, with the purpose of removing me from temptation, be yourself the instrument for tempting me into a rebellion against the Church. Do not you weave snares about my steps; snares there are already, and but too many.” The old man sighed, and desisted.

Then came—But enough! From pity, from sympathy, from counsel, and from consolation, and from scorn—from each of these alike the poor stricken deer “recoiled into the wilderness;” he fled for days together into solitary parts of the forest; fled, as I still hoped and prayed, in good earnest and for a long farewell; but, alas! no: still he returned to the haunts of his ruined happiness and his buried hopes, at each return looking more like the wreck of his former self; and once I heard a penetrating monk observe, whose convent stood near to the city gates—“There goes one ready equally for doing or suffering, and of whom we shall soon hear that he is involved in some great catastrophe—it may be, of deep calamity—it may be, of memorable guilt.”

So stood matters amongst us; January was drawing to its close; the weather was growing more and more winterly; high winds, piercingly cold, were raving through our narrow streets; and still the spirit of social festivity bade defiance to the storms which sang through our ancient forests. From the accident of our magistracy being selected from the tradesmen of the city, the hospitalities of the place were far more extensive than would otherwise have happened; for every member of the Corporation gave two annual entertainments in his official character. And such was the rivalry which prevailed, that often one quarter of the year’s income was spent upon these galas. Nor was any ridicule thus incurred; for the costliness of the entertainment was understood to be an expression of *official* pride, done in honour of the city, not as an effort of personal display. It followed, from the spirit in which these half-yearly dances originated, that, being given on the part of the city, every stranger of rank was marked out as a

privileged guest, and the hospitality of the community would have been equally affronted by failing to offer or by failing to accept the invitation.

Hence it had happened the Russian guardsman had been introduced into many a family which otherwise could not have hoped for such a distinction. Upon the evening at which I am now arrived, the 22d of January, 1816, the whole city, in its wealthier classes, was assembled beneath the roof of a tradesman who had the heart of a prince. In every point our entertainment was superb; and I remarked that the music was the finest I had heard for years. Our host was in joyous spirits; proud to survey the splendid company he had gathered under his roof; happy to witness their happiness; elated in their elation. Joyous was the dance—joyous were all faces that I saw—up to midnight, very soon after which time supper was announced; and that also, I think, was the most joyous of all the banquets I ever witnessed. The accomplished guardsman outshone himself in brilliancy; even his melancholy relaxed. In fact, how could it be otherwise? near to him sat Margaret Liebenheim—banging upon his words—more lustrous and bewitching than ever I had beheld her. There she had been placed by the host; and every body knew why. That is one of the luxuries attached to love; all men cede their places with pleasure; women make way; even she herself knew, though not obliged to know, why she was seated in that neighbourhood; and took her place—if with a rosy suffusion upon her cheeks—yet with fulness of happiness at her heart.

The guardsman pressed forward to claim Miss Liebenheim’s hand for the next dance; a movement which she was quick to favour, by retreating behind one or two parties from a person who seemed coming towards her. The music again began to pour its voluptuous tides through the bounding pulses of the youthful company. Again the flying feet of the dancers began to respond to the measures; again the mounting spirit of delight began to fill the sails of the hurrying night with steady inspiration. All went happily. Already had one dance finished; some were pacing up and down, leaning on the arms of their partners; some were reposing

from their exertions ; when——Oh Heavens ! what a shriek ! what a gathering tumult !

Every eye was bent towards the doors—every eye strained forwards to discover what was passing. But there, every moment, less and less could be seen, for the gathering crowd more and more intercepted the view ; so much the more was the ear at leisure for the shrieks redoubled upon shrieks. Miss Liebenheim had moved downwards to the crowd. From her superior height she overlooked all the ladies at the point where she stood. In the centre stood a rustic girl, whose features had been familiar to her for some months. She had recently come into the city, and had lived with her uncle, a tradesman, not ten doors from Margaret's own residence, partly on the terms of a kinswoman, partly as a servant on trial. At this moment she was exhausted with excitement and the nature of the shock she had sustained. Mere panic seemed to have mastered her ; and she was leaning, unconscious and weeping, upon the shoulder of some gentleman who was endeavouring to soothe her. A silence of horror seemed to possess the company, most of whom were still unacquainted with the cause of the alarming interruption. A few, however, who had heard her first agitated words, finding that they waited in vain for a fuller explanation, now rushed tumultuously out of the ball-room to satisfy themselves on the spot. The distance was not great ; and within five minutes several persons returned hastily, and cried out to the crowd of ladies that all was true which the young girl had said. "What was true ?" That her uncle Mr Weishaupt's family had been murdered ; that not one member of the family had been spared—viz. :—Mr Weishaupt himself and his wife, neither of them much above sixty, but both infirm beyond their years ; two maiden sisters of Mr Weishaupt, from forty to forty-six years of age ; and an elderly female domestic.

An incident happened during the recital of these horrors, and of the details which followed, that furnished matter for conversation even in these hours when so thrilling interest had possession of all minds. Many ladies fainted ; amongst them Miss Lieben-

heim ; and she would have fallen to the ground but for Maximilian, who sprang forward and caught her in his arms. She was long of returning to herself ; and during the agony of his suspense he stooped and kissed her pallid lips. That sight was more than could be borne by one who stood a little behind the group. He rushed forward, with eyes glaring like a tiger's, and levelled a blow at Maximilian. It was poor maniacal Von Harrelstein, who had been absent in the forest for a week. Many people stepped forward and checked his arm, uplifted for a repetition of this outrage. One or two had some influence with him, and led him away from the spot ; whilst, as to Maximilian, so absorbed was he that he had not so much as perceived the affront offered to himself. Margaret, on reviving, was confounded at finding herself so situated amidst a great crowd ; and yet the prudes complained that there was a look of love exchanged between herself and Maximilian that ought not to have escaped her in such a situation. If they meant, by such a situation, one so public, it must be also recollected that it was a situation of excessive agitation ; but if they alluded to the horrors of the moment, no situation more naturally opens the heart to affection and confiding love than the recoil from scenes of exquisite terror.

An examination went on that night before the magistrates, but all was dark ; although suspicion attached to a negro, named Aaron, who had occasionally been employed in menial services by the family, and had been in the house immediately before the murder. The circumstances were such as to leave every man in utter perplexity as to the presumption for and against him. His mode of defending himself, and his general deportment, were marked by the coolest, nay, the most sneering indifference. The first thing he did, on being acquainted with the suspicions against himself, was, to laugh ferociously, and, to all appearance, most cordially and unaffectedly. He demanded whether a poor man, like himself, would have left so much wealth as lay scattered abroad in that house, gold repeaters, massy plate, gold snuff-boxes, untouched ? That argument, certainly, weighed much in his favour. And yet again it was turned against him—for a magistrate asked him how

he happened to know already that nothing had been touched? True it was, and a fact which had puzzled, no less than it had awed the magistrates, that upon their examination of the premises many rich articles of *bijouterie*, jewellery, and personal ornaments had been found lying undisturbed and apparently in their usual situations; articles so portable that in the very huriest flight some might have been carried off. In particular there was a crucifix of gold, enriched with jewels so large and rare, that of itself it would have constituted a prize of great magnitude. Yet this was left untouched, though suspended in a little oratory that had been magnificently adorned by the elder of the maiden sisters: there was an altar, in itself a splendid object, furnished with every article of the most costly material and workmanship, for the private celebration of mass. This crucifix, as well as every thing else in the little closet, must have been seen by one, at least, of the murderous party; for hither had one of the ladies fled; hither had one of the murderers pursued; she had clasped the golden pillars which supported the altar; had turned perhaps her dying looks upon the crucifix; for there, with one arm still wreathed about the altar foot, though in her agony she had turned round upon her face, did the elder sister lie when the magistrates first broke open the street-door. And upon the beautiful *parquet*, or inlaid floor which ran round the room, were still impressed the footsteps of the murderer. These, it was hoped, might furnish a clue to the discovery of one at least among the murderous band. They were rather difficult to trace accurately; those parts of the traces which lay upon the black *tessellæ* being less distinct in the outline than the others upon the white or coloured. Most unquestionably, so far as this went, it furnished a negative circumstance in favour of the negro, for the footsteps were very different in outline from his, and smaller, for Aaron was a man of colossal build. And as to his knowledge of the state in which the premises had been found, and his having so familiarly relied upon the fact of no robbery having taken place as an argument on his own behalf—he contended that he had himself been amongst the crowd that pushed into the house along with the

magistrates; that, from his previous acquaintance with the rooms and their ordinary condition, a glance of the eye had been sufficient for him to ascertain the undisturbed condition of all the valuable property most obvious to the grasp of a robber; that, in fact, he had seen enough for his argument before he and the rest of the mob had been ejected by the magistrates; but finally, that, independently of all this, he had heard both the officers, as they conducted him, and all the tumultuous gatherings of people in the street, arguing for the mysteriousness of the bloody transaction upon that very circumstance of so much gold, silver, and jewels being left behind untouched.

In six weeks or less from the date of this terrific event, the negro was set at liberty by a majority of voices amongst the magistrates. In that short interval other events had occurred, no less terrific and mysterious. In this first murder, though the motive was dark and unintelligible, yet the agency was not so; ordinary assassins apparently, and with ordinary means, had assailed a helpless and an unprepared family; had separated them; attacked them singly in flight (for in this first case all but one of the murdered persons appeared to have been making for the street-door); and in all this there was no subject for wonder, except the original one as to the motive. But now came a series of cases destined to fling this earliest murder into the shade. Nobody could now be unprepared; and yet the tragedies, henceforwards, which passed before us, one by one, in sad, leisurely, or in terrific groups, seemed to argue a lethargy like that of apoplexy in the victims, one and all. The very midnight of mysterious awe fell upon all minds.

Three weeks had passed since the murder at Mr Weishaupt's—three weeks the most agitated that had been known in this sequestered city. We felt ourselves solitary, and thrown upon our own resources; all combination with other towns being unavailing from their great distance. Our situation was no ordinary one. Had there been some mysterious robbers amongst us, the chances of a visit, divided amongst so many, would have been too small to distress the most timid; whilst to young and high-spirited people, with courage to spare for ordinary trials,

such a state of expectation would have sent pulses of pleasurable anxiety amongst the nerves. But murderers! exterminating murderers!—clothed in mystery and utter darkness—these were objects too terrific for any family to contemplate with fortitude. Had these very murderers added to their functions those of robbery, they would have become less terrific; nine out of every ten would have found themselves discharged, as it were, from the roll of those who were liable to a visit; while such as knew themselves liable would have had warning of their danger in the fact of being rich; and would, from the very riches which constituted that danger, have derived the means of repelling it. But, as things were, no man could guess what it was that must make him obnoxious to the murderers. Imagination exhausted itself in vain guesses at the causes which could by possibility have made the poor Weishaupts objects of such hatred to any man. True, they were bigoted in a degree which indicated feebleness of intellect; but *that* wounded no man in particular, whilst to many it recommended them. True, their charity was narrow and exclusive, but to those of their own religious body it expanded munificently; and, being rich beyond their wants, or any means of employing wealth which their gloomy asceticism allowed, they had the power of doing a great deal of good amongst the indigent Papists of the suburbs. As to the old gentleman and his wife, their infirmities confined them to the house. Nobody remembered to have seen them abroad for years. How, therefore, or when, could they have made an enemy? And, with respect to the maiden sisters of Mr Weishaupt, they were simply weak-minded persons, now and then too censorious, but not placed in a situation to incur serious anger from any quarter, and too little heard of in society to occupy much of any body's attention.

Conceive, then, that three weeks have passed away, that the poor Weishaupts have been laid in that narrow sanctuary which no murderer's voice will ever violate. Quiet has not returned to us, but the first flutterings of panic have subsided. People are beginning to respire freely again; and such another space of time would have cicatrised our wounds—when, hark! a

church-bell rings out a loud alarm;—the night is starlight and frosty—the iron notes are heard clear, solemn, but agitated. What could this mean? I hurried to a room over the porter's lodge, and, opening the window, I cried out to a man passing hastily below—“What, in God's name, is the meaning of this?” It was a watchman belonging to our district. I knew his voice, he knew mine, and he replied in great agitation,—

“It is another murder, sir, at the old town councillor's, Alberness; and this time they have made a clear house of it.”

“God preserve us! Has a curse been pronounced upon this city? What can be done? What are the magistrates going to do?”

“I don't know, sir. I have orders to run to the Black Friars, where another meeting is gathering. Shall I say you will attend, sir?”

“Yes—no—stop a little. No matter, you may go on; I'll follow immediately.”

I went instantly to Maximilian's room. He was lying asleep on a sofa, at which I was not surprised, for there had been a severe stag-chase in the morning. Even at this moment, I found myself arrested by two objects, and I paused to survey them. One was Maximilian himself. A person so mysterious took precedence of other interests even at a time like this; and especially by his features, which, composed in profound sleep, as sometimes happens, assumed a new expression—which arrested me chiefly by awaking some confused remembrance of the same features seen under other circumstances and in times long past; but where? This was what I could not recollect, though once before a thought of the same sort had crossed my mind. The other object of my interest was a miniature, which Maximilian was holding in his hand. He had gone to sleep apparently looking at this picture; and the hand which held it had slipped down upon the sofa, so that it was in danger of falling. I released the miniature from his hand, and surveyed it attentively; it represented a lady of sunny Oriental complexion, and features the most noble that it is possible to conceive. One might have imagined such a lady, with her raven locks and imperial eyes, to be the

favourite sultana of some Amurath or Mahomet. What was she to Maximilian, or what *had* she been? For, by the tear which I had once seen him drop upon this miniature when he believed himself unobserved, I conjectured that her dark tresses were already laid low, and her name among the list of vanished things. Probably she was his mother, for the dress was rich with pearls, and evidently that of a person in the highest rank of court beauties. I sighed as I thought of the stern melancholy of her son, if Maximilian were he, as connected, probably, with the fate and fortunes of this majestic beauty; somewhat haughty, perhaps, in the expression of her fine features, but still noble—generous—confiding. Laying the picture on the table, I awoke Maximilian and told him of the dreadful news. He listened attentively, made no remark, but proposed that we should go together to the meeting of our quarter at the Black Friars. He coloured upon observing the miniature on the table, and, therefore, I frankly told him in what situation I had found it, and that I had taken the liberty of admiring it for a few moments. He pressed it tenderly to his lips, sighed heavily, and we walked away together.

I pass over the frenzied state of feeling in which we found the meeting. Fear, or rather horror, did not promote harmony; many quarrelled with each other in discussing the suggestions brought forward, and Maximilian was the only person attended to; he proposed a nightly mounted patrol for every district. And, in particular, he offered, as being himself a member of the University, that the students should form themselves into a guard, and go out by rotation to keep watch and ward from sunset to sunrise. Arrangements were made towards that object by the few people who retained possession of their senses, and for the present we separated.

Never, in fact, did any events so keenly try the difference between man and man. Some started up into heroes under the excitement. Some, alas for the dignity of Man! drooped into helpless imbecility. Women, in some cases, rose superior to men, but yet not so often as might have happened under a less mysterious danger. A woman is not unwor-

manly, because she affronts danger boldly. But I have remarked, with respect to female courage, that it requires, more than that of men, to be sustained by hope; and that it droops more certainly in the presence of a *mysterious* danger. The fancy of women is more active, if not stronger, and it influences more directly the physical nature. In this case few were the women who made even a show of defying the danger. On the contrary, with *them* fear took the form of sadness; while with many of the men it took that of wrath.

And how did the Russian guardsman conduct himself amidst this panic? Many were surprised at his behaviour, some complained of it; I did neither. He took a reasonable interest in each separate case, listened to the details with attention, and, in the examination of persons able to furnish evidence, never failed to suggest judicious questions. But still he manifested a coolness almost amounting to carelessness, which to many appeared revolting. But these people I desired to notice that all the other military students, who had been long in the army, felt exactly in the same way. In fact, the military service of Christendom, for the last ten years, had been any thing but a parade service; and to those, therefore, who were familiar with every form of horrid butchery, the mere outside horrors of death had lost much of their terror. In the recent murder, there had not been much to call forth sympathy. The family consisted of two old bachelors, two sisters, and one grand-niece. The niece was absent on a visit, and the two old men were cynical misers, to whom little personal interest attached. Still, in this case as in that of the Weishaupts, the same two-fold mystery confounded the public mind; the mystery of the *how*, and the profounder mystery of the *why*. Here, again, no atom of property was taken, though both the misers had hordes of ducats and English guineas in the very room where they died. Their bias, again, though of an unpopular character, had rather availed to make them unknown than to make them hateful. In one point this case differed memorably from the other—that, instead of falling helpless or flying victims (as the Weishaupts had done), these old men, strong, resolute, and not so much

taken by surprise, left proofs that they had made a desperate defence. The furniture was partly smashed to pieces, and the other details furnished evidence still more revolting of the *acharnement* with which the struggle had been maintained. In fact, with *them* a surprise must have been impracticable, as they admitted nobody into their house on visiting terms. It was thought singular that from each of these domestic tragedies a benefit of the same sort should result to young persons standing in nearly the same relation. The girl who gave the alarm at the ball, with two little sisters, and a little orphan nephew, their cousin, divided the very large inheritance of the Weishaupts; and in this latter case the accumulated savings of two long lives all vested in the person of the amiable grand-niece.

But now, as if in mockery of all our anxious consultations and elaborate devices, three fresh murders took place on the two consecutive nights succeeding these new arrangements. And in one case, as nearly as time could be noted, the mounted patrol must have been within call at the very moment when the awful work was going on. I shall not dwell much upon them; but a few circumstances are too interesting to be passed over. The earliest case on the first of the two nights, was that of a currier. He was fifty years old; not rich, but well off. His first wife was dead, and his daughters by her were married away from their father's house. He had married a second wife, but, having no children by her, and keeping no servants, it is probable that, but for an accident, no third person would have been in the house at the time when the murderers got admittance. About seven o'clock, a wayfaring man, a journeyman currier, who, according to our German system, was now in his *wanderjahre*, entered the city from the forest. At the gate he made some enquiries about the curriers and tanners of our town; and, agreeably to the information he received, made his way to this Mr Heinberg's. Mr Heinberg refused to admit him, until he mentioned his errand, and pushed below the door a letter of recommendation from a Silesian correspondent, describing him as an excellent and steady workman. Wanting such a man, and satisfied by the answers returned that he was

what he represented himself, Mr Heinberg unbolted his door and admitted him. Then, after slipping the bolt into its place, he bade him sit to the fire; brought him a glass of beer; conversed with him for ten minutes; and said, "You had better stay here to-night; I'll tell you why afterwards; but now I'll step-up stairs and ask my wife whether she can make up a bed for you; and do you mind the door whilst I'm away." So saying, he went out of the room. Not one minute had he been gone, when there came a gentle knock at the door. It was raining heavily, and being a stranger to the city, not dreaming that in any crowded town such a state of things could exist as really did in this, the young man, without hesitation, admitted the person knocking. He has declared since—but, perhaps, confounding the feelings gained from better knowledge with the feelings of the moment—that from the moment he drew the bolt he had a misgiving that he had done wrong. A man entered in a horseman's cloak, and so muffled up that the journeyman could discover none of his features. In a low tone, the stranger said, "Where's Heinberg?" "Up-stairs." "Call him down then." The journeyman went to the door by which Mr Heinberg had left him, and called, "Mr Heinberg, here's one wanting you!" Mr Heinberg heard him, for the man could distinctly catch these words, "God bless me! has the man opened the door? Oh, the traitor! I see it." Upon this, he felt more and more consternation, though not knowing why. Just then he heard a sound of feet behind him. On turning round, he beheld three more men in the room: one was fastening the outer door; one was drawing some arms from a cupboard; and two others were whispering together. He himself was disturbed and perplexed, and felt that all was not right. Such was his confusion, that either all the men's faces must have been muffled up, or at least he remembered nothing distinctly but one fierce pair of eyes glaring upon him. Then, before he could look round, came a man from behind and threw a sack over his head, which was drawn tight about his waist, so as to confine his arms, as well as to impede his hearing in part, and his voice altogether. He was then pushed into

a room; but previously he had heard a rush upstairs, and words like those of a person exulting, and then a door closed; once it opened, and he could distinguish the words in one voice—"and for *that*!" to which another voice replied, in tones that made his heart quake—"Ay, for *that*, sir." And then the same voice went on rapidly to say, "Oh, dog! could you hope"—at which word the door closed again. Once he thought that he heard a scuffle, and he was sure that he heard the sound of feet, as if rushing from one corner of a room to another. But then all was hushed and still for about six or seven minutes, until a voice close to his ear said, "Now, wait quietly till some persons come in to release you. This will happen within half-an-hour." Accordingly, in less than that time, he again heard the sound of feet within the house, his own bandages were liberated, and he was brought to tell his story at the police-office. Mr Heinberg was found in his bed-room. He had died by strangulation, and the cord was still tightened about his neck. During the whole dreadful scene, his youthful wife had been locked into a closet, where she heard or saw nothing.

In the second case, the object of vengeance was again an elderly man. Of the ordinary family, all were absent at a country-house, except the master and a female servant. She was a woman of courage, and blessed with the firmest nerves; so that she might have been relied on for reporting accurately every thing seen or heard. But things took another course. The first warning that she had of the murderers' presence was from their steps and voices already in the hall. She heard her master run hastily into the hall, crying out, "Lord Jesus!—Mary, Mary, save me!" The servant resolved to give what aid she could, seized a large poker, and was hurrying to his assistance, when she found that they had nailed up the door of communication at the head of the stairs. What passed after this she could not tell; for, when the impulse of intrepid fidelity had been balked, and she found that her own safety was provided for, by means which made it impossible to aid a poor fellow-creature who had just invoked her name, the generous-hearted creature was overcome by anguish of mind, and sank down on

the stair, where she lay, unconscious of all that succeeded, until she found herself raised in the arms of a man who had entered the house. And how came they to have entered? In a way characteristically dreadful. The night was star-lit; the patrols had perambulated the street without noticing any thing suspicious, when two foot-passengers, who were following in their rear, observed a dark-coloured stream traversing the causeway. One of them at the same instant tracing the stream backwards with his eyes, observed that it flowed from under the door of Mr Münzer, and, dipping his finger in the trickling fluid, he held it up to the lamp-light, yelling out at the moment, "Why, this is blood!" It was so indeed, and it was yet warm. The other saw, heard, and, like an arrow, flew after the horse-patrol, then in the act of turning the corner. One cry, full of meaning, was sufficient for ears full of expectation. The horsemen pulled up, wheeled, and in another moment reined up at Mr Münzer's door. The crowd, gathering like the drifting of snow, supplied implements, which soon forced the chains of the door, and all other obstacles. But the murderous party had escaped, and all traces of their persons had vanished, as usual.

Rarely did any case occur without some peculiarity more or less interesting. In that which happened on the following night, making the fifth in the series, an impressive incident varied the monotony of horrors. In this case the parties aimed at were two elderly ladies, who conducted a female boarding-school. None of the pupils had, as yet, returned to school from their vacation; but two sisters, young girls of thirteen and sixteen, coming from a distance, had staid at school throughout the Christmas holidays. It was the youngest of these who gave the only evidence of any value, and one which added a new feature of alarm to the existing panic. Thus it was that her testimony was given;—On the day before the murder, she and her sister were sitting with the old ladies in a room fronting to the street; the elder ladies were reading, the young ones drawing. Louisa, the youngest, never had her ear inattentive to the slightest sound, and once it struck her, that she heard the creaking of a foot upon the stairs. She said nothing, but slipping out of the

room, she ascertained that the two female servants were in the kitchen, and could not have been absent; that all the doors and windows, by which ingress was possible, were not only locked, but bolted and barred, a fact which excluded all possibility of invasion by means of false keys. Still she felt persuaded that she had heard the sound of a heavy foot upon the stairs. It was, however, daylight, and this gave her confidence; so that, without communicating her alarm to any body, she found courage to traverse the house in every direction, and, as nothing was either seen or heard, she concluded that her ears had been too sensitively awake. Yet that night, as she lay in bed, dim terrors assailed her, especially because she considered that, in so large a house, some closet or other might have been overlooked, and, in particular, she did not remember to have examined one or two chests, in which a man could have lain concealed. Through the greater part of the night she lay awake, but as one of the town clocks struck four, she dismissed her anxieties, and fell asleep. The next day, wearied with this unusual watching, she proposed to her sister that they should go to bed earlier than usual. This they did; and on their way up-stairs, Louisa happened to think suddenly of a heavy cloak, which would improve the coverings of her bed against the severity of the night. The cloak was hanging up in a closet within a closet, both leading off from a large room used as the young ladies' dancing-school. These closets she had examined on the previous day, and therefore she felt no particular alarm at this moment. The cloak was the first article which met her sight; it was suspended from a hook in the wall, and close to the door. She took it down, but, in doing so, exposed part of the wall and of the floor, which its folds had previously concealed. Turning away hastily, the chances were that she had gone without making any discovery. In the act of turning, however, her light fell brightly on a man's foot and leg. Matchless was her presence of mind; having previously been humming an air, she continued to do so. But now came the trial: her sister was bending her steps to the same closet. If she suffered her to do so, Lottechen would stumble

on the same discovery, and expire of fright. On the other hand, if she gave her a hint, Lottechen would either fail to understand her, or, gaining but a glimpse of her meaning, would shriek aloud, or by some equally decisive expression convey the fatal news to the assassin that he had been discovered. In this torturing dilemma fear prompted an expedient, which to Lottechen appeared madness, and to Louisa herself the act of a sybil instinct with blind inspiration. "Here," said she, "is our dancing-room. When shall we all meet and dance again together?" Saying which, she commenced a wild dance, whirling her candle round her head until the motion extinguished it; then, eddying round her sister in narrowing circles, she seized Lottechen's candle also, blew it out, and then interrupted her own singing to attempt a laugh. But the laugh was hysterical. The darkness, however, favoured her; and, seizing her sister's arm, she forced her along, whispering, "Come, come, come!" Lottechen could not be so dull as entirely to misunderstand her. She suffered herself to be led up the first flight of stairs, at the head of which was a room looking into the street. In this they would have gained an asylum, for the door had a strong bolt. But as they were on the last steps of the landing, they could hear the hard breathing and long strides of the murderer ascending behind them. He had watched them through a crevice, and had been satisfied, by the hysterical laugh of Louisa, that she had seen him. In the darkness he could not follow fast, from ignorance of the localities, until he found himself upon the stairs. Louisa, dragging her sister along, felt strong as with the strength of lunacy, but Lottechen hung like a weight of lead upon her. She rushed into the room; but, at the very entrance, Lottechen fell. At that moment the assassin exchanged his stealthy pace for a loud clattering ascent. Already he was on the topmost stair—already he was throwing himself at a bound against the door, when Louisa, having dragged her sister into the room, closed the door and sent the bolt home in the very instant that the murderer's hand came into contact with the handle. Then, from the violence of her emotions, she fell down in a fit, with her arm round the sister whom she had saved.

How long they lay in this state neither ever knew. The two old ladies had rushed up stairs on hearing the tumult. Other persons had been concealed in other parts of the house. The servants found themselves suddenly locked in, and were not sorry to be saved from a collision which involved so awful a danger. The old ladies had rushed, side by side, into the very centre of those who were seeking them. Retreat was impossible; two persons at least were heard following them up-stairs. Something like a shrieking expostulation and counter-expostulation went on between the ladies and the murderers;—then came louder voices—then one heart-piercing shriek, and then another—and then a low moaning and a dead silence. Shortly afterwards was heard the first crashing of the door inwards by the mob; but the murderers had fled upon the first alarm, and, to the astonishment of the servants, had fled upwards. Examination, however, explained this: from a window in the roof, they had passed to an adjoining house recently left empty; and here, as in other cases, we had proof how apt people are, in the midst of elaborate provisions against remote dangers, to neglect those which are obvious.

The reign of terror, it may be supposed, had now reached its *terme*. The two old ladies were both lying dead at different points on the staircase, and, as usual, no conjecture could be made as to the nature of the offence which they had given; but that the murder *was* a vindictive one, the usual evidence remained behind, in the proofs that no robbery had been attempted. Two new features, however, were now brought forward in this system of horrors, one of which riveted the sense of their insecurity to all families occupying extensive houses, and the other raised ill blood between the city and the University, such as required years to allay. The first arose out of the experience, now first obtained, that these assassins pursued the plan of secreting themselves within the house where they meditated a murder. All the care, therefore, previously directed to the securing of doors and windows after nightfall appeared nugatory. The other feature brought to light on this occasion was vouched for by one of the servants, who declared

that the moment before the door of the kitchen was fastened upon herself and fellow servant, she saw two men in the hall, one on the point of ascending the stairs, the other making towards the kitchen; that she could not distinguish the faces of either, but that both were dressed in the academic costume belonging to the students of the University. The consequences of such a declaration need scarcely be mentioned. Suspicion settled upon the students, who were more numerous since the general peace, in a much larger proportion military, and less select or respectable than heretofore. Still, no part of the mystery was cleared up by this discovery; many of the students were poor enough to feel the temptation that might be offered by any *lucrative* system of outrage. Jealous and painful collisions were, in the mean-time, produced; and, during the latter two months of this winter, it may be said that our city exhibited the very anarchy of evil passions. This condition of things lasted until the dawning of another spring.

It will be supposed that communications were made to the Supreme Government of the land as soon as the murders in our city were understood to be no casual occurrences, but links in a systematic series. Perhaps it might happen from some other business of a higher kind, just then engaging the attention of our governors, that our representations did not make the impression we had expected. We could not, indeed, complain of absolute neglect from the Government: they sent down one or two of their most accomplished police-officers, and they suggested some counsels, especially that we should examine more strictly into the quality of the miscellaneous population who occupied our large suburb. But they more than hinted, that no necessity was seen either for quartering troops upon us, or for arming our local magistracy with ampler powers.

This correspondence with the central Government occupied the month of March, and, before that time, the bloody system had ceased as abruptly as it began. The new police-officer flattered himself that the terror of his name had wrought this effect; but judicious people thought otherwise. All, however, was quiet until the depth of summer, when, by way of hinting

to us, perhaps, that the dreadful power, which clothed itself with darkness, had not expired, but was only reposing from its labours, all at once the chief jailer of the city was missing. He had been in the habit of taking long rides in the forest, his present situation being much of a sinecure. It was on the 1st of July that he was missed. In riding through the city gates that morning he had mentioned the direction which he meant to pursue; and the last time he was seen alive was in one of the forest avenues about eight miles from the city, leading towards the point he had indicated. This jailer was not a man to be regretted on his own account; his life had been a tissue of cruelty and brutal abuse of his powers, in which he had been too much supported by the magistrates, partly on the plea that it was their duty to back their own officers against all complainers, partly, also, from the necessities created by the turbulent times for a more summary exercise of their magisterial authority. No man, therefore, on his own separate account, could more willingly have been spared than this brutal jailer; and it was a general remark, that, had the murderous band within our walls swept away this man only, they would have merited the public gratitude as purifiers from a public nuisance. But was it certain that the jailer had died by the same hands as had so deeply afflicted the peace of our city during the winter? or, indeed, that he had been murdered at all? The forest was too extensive to be searched; and it was possible that he might have met with some fatal accident. His horse had returned to the city gates in the night, and was found there in the morning. Nobody, however, for months, could give information about his rider; and it seemed probable that he would not be discovered until the autumn and the winter should again carry the sportsman into every thicket and dingle of this silvan tract. One person only seemed to have more knowledge on this subject than others, and that was poor Ferdinand von Harrelstein. He was now a mere ruin of what he had once been, both as to intellect and moral feeling; and I observed him frequently smile when the jailer was mentioned. "Wait," he would say, "till the leaves begin to drop; then you will see what fine fruit our forest bears." I did not

repeat these expressions to any body except one friend, who agreed with me that the jailer had probably been hanged in some recess of the forest, which summer veiled with its luxuriant umbrage; and that Ferdinand, constantly wandering in the forest, had discovered the body: but we both acquitted him of having been an accomplice in the murder.

Mean-time, the marriage between Margaret Liebenheim and Maximilian was understood to be drawing near. Yet one thing struck every body with astonishment. As far as the young people were concerned, nobody could doubt that all was arranged; for never was happiness more perfect than that which seemed to unite them. Margaret was the impersonation of May-time and youthful rapture; even Maximilian in her presence seemed to forget his gloom; and the worm which gnawed at his heart was charmed asleep by the music of her voice, and the Paradise of her smiles. But, until the autumn came, Margaret's grandfather had never ceased to frown upon this connexion, and to support the pretensions of Ferdinand. The dislike, indeed, seemed reciprocal between him and Maximilian. Each avoided the other's company; and as to the old man, he went so far as to speak sneeringly of Maximilian. Maximilian despised him too heartily to speak of him at all. When he could not avoid meeting him, he treated him with a stern courtesy, which distressed Margaret as often as she witnessed it. She felt that her grandfather had been the aggressor; and she felt, also, that he did injustice to the merits of her lover. But she had a filial tenderness for the old man, as the father of her sainted mother, and on his own account, continually making more claims on her pity, as the decay of his memory, and a childish fretfulness growing upon him from day to day, marked his increasing imbecility.

Equally mysterious it seemed, that, about this time, Miss Liebenheim began to receive anonymous letters, written in the darkest and most menacing terms. Some of them she showed to me; I could not guess at their drift. Evidently they glanced at Maximilian, and bade her beware of a connexion with him; and dreadful things were insinuated about him. Could these letters be written by Ferdinand? Written they were not; but could they

be dictated by him? Much I feared that they were; and the more so for one reason.

All at once, and most inexplicably, Margaret's grandfather showed a total change of opinion in his views as to her marriage: instead of favouring Harrelstein's pretensions, as he had hitherto done, he now threw the feeble weight of his encouragement into Maximilian's scale; though, from the situation of all the parties, nobody attached any *practical* importance to the change in Mr Liebenheim's way of thinking. Nobody? Is that true? No; one person *did* attach the greatest weight to the change; poor ruined Ferdinand;—he, so long as there was one person to take his part, so long as the grandfather of Margaret showed countenance to himself, had still felt his situation not utterly desperate.

Thus were things situated, when in November, all the leaves daily blowing off from the woods, and leaving bare the most secret haunts of the thickets, the body of the jailer was left exposed in the forest; but not, as I and my friend had conjectured, hanged; no; he had died, apparently, by a more horrid death—by that of crucifixion. The tree, a remarkable one, bore upon a part of its trunk this brief but savage inscription:—"T. H., jailer at —; *Crucified, July 1, 1816.*"

A great deal of talk went on throughout the city upon this discovery; nobody uttered one word of regret on account of the wretched jailer; on the contrary, the voice of vengeance, rising up in many a cottage, reached my ears in every direction as I walked abroad. The hatred in itself seemed horrid and unchristian, and still more so after the man's death; but, though horrid and fiendish for itself, it was much more impressive, considered as the measure and exponent of the damnable oppression which must have existed to produce it.

At first, when the absence of the jailer was a recent occurrence, and the presence of the murderers amongst us was, in consequence, revived to our anxious thoughts, it was an event which few alluded to without fear. But matters were changed now; the jailer had been dead for months, and this interval, during which the murderer's hand had slept, encouraged every body to hope that the storm had passed over our city; that peace had returned to our hearths; and that,

henceforth, weakness might sleep in safety, and innocence without anxiety. Once more we had peace within our walls, and tranquillity by our firesides. Again the child went to bed in cheerfulness, and the old man said his prayers in serenity. Confidence was restored; peace was re-established; and once again the sanctity of human life became the rule and the principle for all human hands amongst us. Great was the joy; the happiness was universal.

Oh, heavens! by what a thunderbolt were we awakened from our security!—On the night of the 27th of December, half an hour, it might be, after twelve o'clock, an alarm was given that all was not right in the house of Mr Liebenheim. Vast was the crowd which soon collected in breathless agitation. In two minutes a man who had gone round by the back of the house was heard unbarring Mr Liebenheim's door: he was incapable of uttering a word; but his gestures, as he threw the door open and beckoned to the crowd, were quite enough. In the hall, at the further extremity, and as if arrested in the act of making for the back, lay the bodies of old Mr Liebenheim and one of his sisters, an aged widow; on the stair lay another sister, younger, and unmarried, but upwards of sixty. The hall and lower flight of stairs were floating with blood. Where, then, was Miss Liebenheim, the grand-daughter? That was the universal cry; for she was beloved as generally as she was admired. Had the infernal murderers been devilish enough to break into that temple of innocent and happy life?—Every one asked the question, and every one held his breath to listen; but for a few moments no one dared to advance; for the silence of the house was ominous. At length some one cried out, that Miss Liebenheim had that day gone upon a visit to a friend, whose house was forty miles distant in the forest. "Ay," replied another, "she had settled to go; but I heard that something had stopped her." The suspense was now at its height, and the crowd passed from room to room, but found no traces of Miss Liebenheim. At length they ascended the stair, and in the very first room, a small closet or *boudoir*, lay Margaret, with her dress soiled hideously with blood. The first impression was that she also had been murdered;

but, on a nearer approach, she appeared to be unwounded, and was manifestly alive. Life had not departed, for her breath sent a haze over a mirror, but it was suspended, and she was labouring in some kind of fit. The first act of the crowd was to carry her into the house of a friend on the opposite side of the street, by which time medical assistance had crowded to the spot. Their attentions to Miss Liebenheim had naturally deranged the condition of things in the little room, but not before many people found time to remark that one of the murderers must have carried her with his bloody hands to the sofa on which she lay, for water had been sprinkled profusely over her face and throat, and water was even placed ready to her hand, when she might happen to recover, upon a low footstool by the side of the sofa.

On the following morning, Maximilian, who had been upon a hunting-party in the forest, returned to the city, and immediately learned the news. I did not see him for some hours after, but he then appeared to me thoroughly agitated, for the first time I had known him to be so. In the evening another perplexing piece of intelligence transpired with regard to Miss Liebenheim, which at first afflicted every friend of that young lady. It was, that she had been seized with the pains of childbirth, and delivered of a son, who, however, being born prematurely, did not live many hours. Scandal, however, was not allowed long to batten upon this imaginary triumph, for within two hours after the circulation of this first rumour, followed a second, authenticated, announcing that Maximilian had appeared with the confessor of the Liebenheim family, at the residence of the chief magistrate, and there produced satisfactory proofs of his marriage with Miss Liebenheim, which had been duly celebrated, though with great secrecy, nearly eight months before. In our city, as in all the cities of our country, clandestine marriages, witnessed, perhaps, by two friends only of the parties, besides the officiating priest, are exceedingly common. In the mere fact, therefore, taken separately, there was nothing to surprise us, but, taken in connexion with the general position of the parties, it *did* surprise us all; nor could we conjecture the reason for a step apparently so needless. For, that Maximilian could have

thought it any point of prudence or necessity to secure the hand of Margaret Liebenheim by a private marriage, against the final opposition of her grandfather, nobody who knew the parties, who knew the perfect love which possessed Miss Liebenheim, the growing imbecility of her grandfather, or the utter contempt with which Maximilian regarded him, could for a moment believe. Altogether, the matter was one of profound mystery.

Mean-time, it rejoiced me that poor Margaret's name had been thus rescued from the fangs of the scandal-mongers: these harpies had their prey torn from them at the very moment when they were sitting down to the unhallowed banquet. For this I rejoiced, but else there was little subject for rejoicing in any thing which concerned poor Margaret. Long she lay in deep insensibility, taking no notice of any thing, rarely opening her eyes, and apparently unconscious of the revolutions, as they succeeded, of morning or evening, light or darkness, yesterday or to-day. Great was the agitation which convulsed the heart of Maximilian during this period; he walked up and down in the Cathedral nearly all day long, and the ravages which anxiety was working in his physical system might be read in his face. People felt it an intrusion upon the sanctity of his grief to look at him too narrowly, and the whole town sympathised with his situation.

At length a change took place in Margaret, but one which the medical men announced to Maximilian as boding ill for her recovery. The wanderings of her mind did not depart, but they altered their character. She became more agitated, she would start up suddenly, and strain her eyesight after some figure which she seemed to see; then she would apostrophise some person in the most piteous terms, beseeching him, with streaming tears, to spare her old grandfather. "Look, look," she would cry out, "look at his grey hairs; oh, sir! he is but a child; he does not know what he says; and he will soon be out of the way and in his grave; and very soon, sir, he will give you no more trouble." Then, again, she would mutter indistinctly for hours together; sometimes, she would cry out frantically, and say things which terrified the bystanders, and which the physicians would solemnly caution them how they repeated; then

she would weep, and invoke Maximilian to come and aid her. But seldom, indeed, did that name pass her lips; that she did not again begin to strain her eyeballs, and start up in bed to watch some phantom of her poor fevered heart, as if it seemed vanishing into some mighty distance.

After nearly seven weeks passed in this agitating state, suddenly, on one morning, the earliest and the loveliest of dawning spring, a change was announced to us all as having taken place in Margaret; but it was a change, alas! that ushered in the last great change of all. The conflict, which had for so long a period raged within her, and overthrown her reason, was at an end; the strife was over; and nature was settling into an everlasting rest. In the course of the night she had recovered her senses; when the morning light penetrated through her curtain, she recognised her attendants, made enquiries as to the month and the day of the month, and then, sensible that she could not outlive the day, she requested that her confessor might be summoned.

About an hour and a half the confessor remained alone with her. At the end of that time he came out, and hastily summoned the attendants, for Margaret, he said, was sinking into a fainting fit. The confessor, himself, might have passed through many a fit, so much was he changed by the results of this interview. I crossed him coming out of the house. I spoke to him—I called to him; but he heard me not—he saw me not. He saw nobody. Onwards he strode to the Cathedral, where Maximilian was sure to be found, pacing about upon the graves. Him he seized by the arm, whispered something into his ear, and then both retired into one of the many sequestered chapels in which lights are continually burning. There they had some conversation, but not very long, for within five minutes Maximilian strode away to the house in which his young wife was dying. One step seemed to carry him up-stairs; the attendants, according to the directions they had received from the physicians, mustered at the head of the stairs to oppose him. But that was idle: before the rights which he held as a lover and a husband, before the still more sacred rights of grief, which he carried in his countenance, all opposition fled like a dream. There was,

besides, a fury in his eye. A motion of his hand waved them on like summer flies; he entered the room, and once again, for the last time, he was in company with his beloved.

What passed, who could pretend to guess? Something more than two hours had elapsed, during which Margaret had been able to talk occasionally, which was known, because at times the attendants heard the sound of Maximilian's voice evidently in tones of reply to something which she had said. At the end of that time, a little bell, placed near the bedside, was rung hastily; a fainting fit had seized Margaret, but she recovered almost before her women applied the usual remedies. They lingered, however, a little, looking at the youthful couple with an interest which no restraints availed to check. Their hands were locked together, and in Margaret's eyes there gleamed a farewell light of love, which settled upon Maximilian, and seemed to indicate that she was becoming speechless. Just at this moment she made a feeble effort to draw Maximilian towards her; he bent forward and kissed her with an anguish that made the most callous weep, and then he whispered something into her ear, upon which the attendants retired, taking this as a proof that their presence was a hindrance to a free communication. But they heard no more talking, and in less than ten minutes they returned. Maximilian and Margaret still retained their former position. Their hands were fast locked together; the same parting ray of affection, the same farewell light of love, was in the eye of Margaret, and still it settled upon Maximilian. But her eyes were beginning to grow dim; mists were rapidly stealing over them. Maximilian, who sat stupidified and like one not in his right mind, now, at the gentle request of the women, resigned his seat, for the hand which had clasped his had already relaxed its hold; the farewell gleam of love had departed; one of the women closed her eyelids; and there fell asleep for ever the loveliest flower that our city had reared for generations.

The funeral took place on the fourth day after her death. In the morning of that day, from strong affection—having known her from an infant—I begged permission to see the corpse. She was in her coffin; snow-drops and crocuses were laid

upon her innocent bosom, and roses of that sort which the season allowed, over her person. These and other lovely symbols of youth, of spring-time, and of resurrection, caught my eye for the first moment; but in the next it fell upon her face. Mighty God! what a change! what a transfiguration! Still, indeed, there was the same innocent sweetness; still there was something of the same loveliness; the expression still remained; but for the features—all trace of flesh seemed to have vanished; mere outline of bony structure remained; mere pencillings and shadowings of what she once had been. This is indeed, I exclaimed, “dust to dust—ashes to ashes!”

Maximilian, to the astonishment of every body, attended the funeral. It was celebrated in the Cathedral. All made way for him, and at times he seemed collected; at times, he reeled like one who was drunk. He heard as one who hears not; he saw as one in a dream. The whole ceremony went on by torch-light, and towards the close he stood like a pillar, motionless, torpid, frozen. But the great burst of the choir, and the mighty blare ascending from our vast organ at the closing of the grave, recalled him to himself, and he strode rapidly homewards. Half-an-hour after I returned, I was summoned to his bed-room. He was in bed, calm and collected. What he said to me I remember as if it had been yesterday, and the very tone with which he said it, although more than twenty years have passed since then. He began thus: “I have not long to live;” and when he saw me start, suddenly awakened into a consciousness that perhaps he had taken poison, and meant to intimate as much, he continued,—“You fancy I have taken poison;—no matter whether I have or not; if I have, the poison is such that no antidotes will now avail; or, if they would, you well know that some griefs are of a kind which leave no opening to any hope. What difference, therefore, can it make whether I leave this earth to-day, to-morrow, or the next day? Be assured of this—that whatever I have determined to do is past all power of being affected by a human opposition. Occupy yourself not with any fruitless attempts, but calmly listen to me, else I know what to do.” Seeing a suppressed fury in his eye, notwithstanding that I saw

also some change stealing over his features as if from some subtle poison beginning to work upon his frame, awe-struck I consented to listen, and sate still. “It is well that you do so, for my time is short. Here is my will, legally drawn up, and you will see that I have committed an immense property to your discretion. Here, again, is a paper still more important in my eyes; it is also testamentary, and binds you to duties which may not be so easy to execute as the disposal of my property. But now listen to something else which concerns neither of these papers. Promise me, in the first place, solemnly, that whenever I die you will see me buried in the same grave as my wife, from whose funeral we are just returned. Promise.” I promised. “Swear.” I swore. “Finally, promise me that, when you read this second paper which I have put into your hands, whatsoever you may think of it, you will say nothing—publish nothing to the world, until three years shall have passed.” I promised. “And now farewell for three hours; come to me again about ten o’clock and take a glass of wine in memory of old times.” This he said laughingly; but even then a dark spasm crossed his face. Yet, thinking that this might be the mere working of mental anguish within him, I complied with his desire, and retired. Feeling, however, but little at ease, I devised an excuse for looking in upon him about one hour and a half after I had left him. I knocked gently at his door; there was no answer. I knocked louder; still no answer. I went in. The light of day was gone, and I could see nothing. But I was alarmed by the utter stillness of the room. I listened earnestly, but not a breath could be heard. I rushed back hastily into the hall for a lamp; I returned; I looked in upon this marvel of manly beauty, and the first glance informed me; that he and all his splendid endowments had departed for ever. He had died, probably, soon after I left him, and had dismissed me from some growing instinct which informed him that his last agonies were at hand.

I took up his two testamentary documents; both were addressed in the shape of letters to myself. The first was a rapid, though distinct, appropriation of his enormous property. General rules were laid down upon which the property was to be distri-

buted, but the details were left to my discretion, and to the guidance of circumstances as they should happen to emerge from the various enquiries which it would become necessary to set on foot. This first document I soon laid aside, both because I found that its provisions were dependant for their meaning upon the second, and because to this second document I looked with confidence for a solution of many mysteries—of the profound sadness which had, from the first of my acquaintance with him, possessed a man so gorgeously endowed as the favourite of nature and fortune—of his motives for huddling up, in a clandestine manner, that connexion which formed the glory of his life—and possibly (but then I hesitated) of the late unintelligible murders, which still lay under as profound a cloud as ever. Much of this *would* be unveiled—all might be; and there and then, with the corpse lying beside me of the gifted and mysterious writer, I seated myself, and read the following statement:—

“ March 26, 1817.

“ My trial is finished; my conscience, my duty, my honour, are liberated; my ‘warfare is accomplished.’ Margaret, my innocent young wife, I have seen for the last time. Her, the crown that might have been of my earthly felicity—her, the one temptation to put aside the bitter cup which awaited me—her, sole seductress (oh, innocent seductress!) from the stern duties which my fate had imposed upon me—her, even her, I have sacrificed.

“ Before I go, partly lest the innocent should be brought into question for acts almost exclusively mine, but still more lest the lesson and the warning which God, by my hand, has written in blood upon your guilty walls, should perish for want of its authentic exposition, hear my last dying avowal, that the murders which have desolated so many families within your walls, and made the household hearth no sanctuary, age no charter of protection, are all due originally to my head, if not always to my hand, as the minister of a dreadful retribution.

“ That account of my history, and my prospects, which you received from the Russian diplomatist, amongst some errors of little importance, is essentially correct. My father was not so immediately connected with English

blood as is there represented. However, it is true that he claimed descent from an English family of even higher distinction than that which is assigned in the Russian statement. He was proud of this English descent, and the more so, as the war with Revolutionary France brought out more prominently than ever the moral and civil grandeur of England. This pride was generous, but it was imprudent in his situation; his immediate progenitors had been settled in Italy—at Rome first, but latterly at Milan; and his whole property, large and scattered, came, by the progress of the Revolution, to stand under French domination. Many spoiliations he suffered; but still he was too rich to be seriously injured. But he foresaw, in the progress of events, still greater perils menacing his most capital resources. Many of the states or princes in Italy were deeply in his debt; and in the great convulsions which threatened his country, he saw that both the contending parties would find a colourable excuse for absolving themselves from engagements which pressed unpleasantly upon their finances. In this embarrassment he formed an intimacy with a French officer of high rank and high principle. My father’s friend saw his danger, and advised him to enter the French service. In his younger days, my father had served extensively under many princes, and had found in every other military service a spirit of honour governing the conduct of the officers; here only, and for the first time, he found ruflian manners and universal rapacity. He could not draw his sword in company with such men, nor in such a cause. But at length, under the pressure of necessity, he accepted (or rather bought with an immense bribe) the place of a commissary to the French forces in Italy. With this one resource, eventually he succeeded in making good the whole of his public claims upon the Italian States. These vast sums he remitted, through various channels, to England, where he became a proprietor in the funds to an immense amount. Incautiously, however, something of this transpired, and the result was doubly unfortunate; for, whilst his intentions were thus made known as finally pointing to England, which of itself made him an object of hatred and suspicion, it also diminished his means of bribery. These considerations, along with

another, made some French officers of high rank and influence the bitter enemies of my father. My mother, whom he had married when holding a brigadier-general's commission in the Austrian service, was, by birth and by religion, a Jewess. She was of exquisite beauty, and had been sought in Morganatic marriage by an archduke of the Austrian family; but she had relied upon this plea, that hers was the purest and noblest blood amongst all Jewish families; that her family traced themselves, by tradition and a vast series of attestations, under the hands of the Jewish high-priests, to the Maccabees, and to the royal houses of Judea; and that for her it would be a degradation to accept even of a sovereign prince on the terms of such marriage. This was no vain pretension of ostentatious vanity. It was one which had been admitted as valid for time immemorial in Transylvania and adjacent countries, where my mother's family were rich and honoured, and took their seat amongst the dignitaries of the land. The French officers I have alluded to, without capacity for any thing so dignified as a deep passion, but merely in pursuit of a vagrant fancy that would, on the next day, have given place to another equally fleeting, had dared to insult my mother with proposals the most licentious—proposals as much below her rank and birth, as, at any rate, they would have been below her dignity of mind and her purity. These she had communicated to my father, who bitterly resented the chains of subordination which tied up his hands from avenging his injuries. Still his eye told a tale which his superiors could brook as little as they could the disdainful neglect of his wife. More than one had been concerned in the injuries to my father and mother; more than one were interested in obtaining revenge. Things could be done in German towns, and by favour of old German laws or usages, which even in France could not have been tolerated. This my father's enemies well knew, but this my father also knew; and he endeavoured to lay down his office of commissary. That, however, was a favour which he could not obtain. He was compelled to serve on the German campaign then commencing, and on the subsequent one of Friedland and Eylau. Here he was caught in some one of the snares

laid for him; first trepanned into an act which violated some rule of the service; and then provoked into a breach of discipline against the general officer who had thus trepanned him. Now was the long-sought opportunity gained, and in that very quarter of Germany best fitted for improving it. My father was thrown into prison in your city, subjected to the atrocious oppression of your jailer, and the more detestable oppression of your local laws. The charges against him were thought even to affect his life, and he was humbled into suing for permission to send for his wife and children. Already, to his proud spirit, it was punishment enough that he should be reduced to sue for favour to one of his bitterest foes. But it was no part of their plan to refuse *that*. By way of expediting my mother's arrival, a military courier, with every facility for the journey, was forwarded to her without delay. My mother, her two daughters, and myself, were then residing in Venice. I had, through the aid of my father's connexions in Austria, been appointed in the imperial service, and held a high commission for my age. But on my father's marching northwards with the French army, I had been recalled as an indispensable support to my mother. Not that my years could have made me such, for I had barely accomplished my twelfth year; but my premature growth, and my military station, had given me considerable knowledge of the world and presence of mind.

"Our journey I pass over; but as I approach your city, that sepulchre of honour and happiness to my poor family, my heart beats with frantic emotions. Never do I see that venerable dome of your minster from the forest, but I curse its form which reminds me of what we then surveyed for many a mile as we traversed the forest. For leagues before we approached the city, this object lay before us in relief upon the frosty blue sky; and still it seemed never to increase. Such was the complaint of my little sister Mariamne. Most innocent child! would that it never had increased for thy eyes, but remained for ever at a distance! That same hour began the series of monstrous indignities which terminated the career of my ill-fated family. As we drew up to the city gates, the officer who inspected the passports, finding my mother and sisters described

as Jewesses, which in my mother's ears reared in a region where Jews are not dishonoured always sounded a title of distinction, summoned a subordinate agent, who in coarse terms demanded his toll. We presumed this to be a road-tax for the carriage and horses, but we were quickly undeceived; a small sum was demanded for each of my sisters and my mother, as for so many head of cattle. I, fancying some mistake, spoke to the man temperately, and, to do him justice, he did not seem desirous of insulting us; but he produced a printed board, on which, along with the vilest animals, Jews and Jewesses were rated at so much a head. Whilst we were debating the point, the officers of the gate wore a sneering smile upon their faces; the postilions were laughing together; and this, too, in the presence of three creatures whose exquisite beauty in different styles, agreeably to their different ages, would have caused noblemen to have fallen down and worshipped. My mother, who had never yet met with any flagrant insult on account of her national distinctions, was too much shocked to be capable of speaking. I whispered to her a few words, recalling her to her native dignity of mind, paid the money, and we drove to the prison. But the hour was past at which we could be admitted, and, as Jewesses, my mother and sisters could not be allowed to stay in the city; they were to go into the Jewish quarter, a part of the suburb set apart for Jews, in which it was scarcely possible to obtain a lodging tolerably clean. My father, on the next day, we found, to our horror, at the point of death. To my mother he did not tell the worst of what he had endured. To me he told, that, driven to madness by the insults offered to him, he had upbraided the court-martial with their corrupt propensities, and had even mentioned that overtures had been made to him for quashing the proceedings in return for a sum of two millions of francs; and that his sole reason for not entertaining the proposal was his distrust of those who made it. 'They would have taken my money,' said he, 'and then found a pretext for putting me to death—that I might tell no secrets.' This was too near the truth to be tolerated; in concert with the local authorities, the military enemies of my father conspired against him; witnesses were

suborned; and, finally, under some antiquated law of the place, he was subjected, in secret, to a mode of torture which still lingers in the east of Europe.

He sank under the torture and the degradation. I, too, thoughtlessly—but by a natural movement of filial indignation—suffered the truth to escape me in conversing with my mother. And she——; but I will preserve the regular succession of things. My father died: but he had taken such measures, in concert with me, that his enemies should never benefit by his property. Mean-time my mother and sisters had closed my father's eyes; had attended his remains to the grave; and in every act connected with this last sad rite, had met with insults and degradations too mighty for human patience. My mother, now become incapable of self-command, in the fury of her righteous grief, publicly and in court denounced the conduct of the magistracy; taxed some of them with the vilest proposals to herself; taxed them as a body with having used instruments of torture upon my father; and finally, accused them of collusion with the French military oppressors of the district. This last was a charge under which they quailed, for by that time the French had made themselves odious to all who retained a spark of patriotic feeling. My heart sank within me when I looked up at the bench, this tribunal of tyrants, all purple or livid with rage; when I looked at them alternately and at my noble mother with her weeping daughters—these so powerless, those so basely vindictive, and locally so omnipotent. Willingly I would have sacrificed all my wealth for a simple permission to quit this infernal city with my poor female relations, safe and undishonoured. But far other were the intentions of that incensed magistracy. My mother was arrested, charged with some offence equal to petty treason, or *scandalum magnatum*, or the sowing of sedition: and though what she said was true, where, alas! was she to look for evidence? Here was seen the want of gentlemen. Gentlemen, had they been even equally tyrannical, would have recoiled with shame from taking vengeance on a woman. And what a vengeance! Oh, heavenly powers! that I should live to mention such a thing! Man that is born of woman, to inflict upon woman personal scourging on

the bare back, and through the streets at noonday! Even for Christian women, the punishment was severe which the laws assigned to the offence in question. But for Jewesses, by one of the ancient laws against that persecuted people, far heavier and more degrading punishments were annexed to almost every offence. What else could be looked for in a city which welcomed its Jewish guests by valuing them at its gates as brute beasts? Sentence was passed, and the punishment was to be inflicted on two separate days, with an interval between each; doubtless to prolong the tortures of mind, but under a vile pretence of alleviating the physical torture. Three days after would come the first day of punishment. My mother spent the time in reading her native Scriptures; she spent it in prayer and in musing; whilst her daughters clung and wept around her day and night,—grovelling on the ground at the feet of any people in authority that entered their mother's cell. That same interval—how was it passed by me? Now mark, my friend. Every man in office, or that could be presumed to bear the slightest influence, every wife, mother, sister, daughter of such men, I besieged morning, noon, and night. I wearied them with my supplications. I humbled myself to the dust; I, the haughtiest of God's creatures, knelt and prayed to the Lord for the sake of my mother. I besought them that I might undergo the punishment ten times over in her stead. And once or twice I *did* obtain the encouragement of a few natural tears—given more, however, as I was told, to my piety than to my mother's deserts. But rarely was I heard out with patience; and from some houses repelled with personal indignities. The day came: I saw my mother half undressed by the base officials; I heard the prison gates expand: I heard the trumpets of the magistracy sound. She had warned me what to do; I had warned myself. Would I sacrifice a retribution sacred and comprehensive, for the momentary triumph over an individual? If not, let me forbear to look out of doors: for I felt that in the self-same moment in which I saw the dog of an executioner raise his accursed hand against my mother, swifter than the lightning would my dagger search his heart. When I heard the roar of the cruel mob, I paused; endured; forbore. I

stole out by by-lanes of the city from my poor exhausted sisters, whom I left sleeping in each other's innocent arms, into the forest. There I listened to the shouting populace: there even I fancied that I could trace my poor mother's route by the course of the triumphant cries. There, even then, even then, I made—oh! silent forest, thou heardest me when I made—a vow that I have kept too faithfully. Mother, thou art avenged: sleep, daughter of Jerusalem! For at length the oppressor sleeps with thee. And thy poor son has paid, in discharge of his vow, the forfeit of his own happiness, of a Paradise opening upon earth, of a heart as innocent as thine, and a face as fair.

“I returned, and found my mother returned: she slept by starts, but she was feverish and agitated; and when she awoke and first saw me, she blushed as if I could think that real degradation had settled upon her. Then it was that I told her of my vow. Her eyes were lambent with fierce light for a moment; but, when I went on more eagerly to speak of my hopes and projects, she called me to her, kissed me, and whispered—‘Oh, not so, my son: think not of me; think not of vengeance, think only of poor Berenice and Mariamne.’ Ay, that thought *was* startling. Yet this magnanimous and forbearing mother, as I knew by the report of our one faithful female servant, had, in the morning, during her bitter trial, behaved as might have become a daughter of Judas Maccabæus: she had looked serenely upon the vile mob, and awed even them by her serenity; she had disdained to utter a shriek when the cruel lash fell upon her fair skin. There is a point that makes the triumph over natural feelings of pain easy or not easy—the degree in which we count upon the sympathy of the by-standers. My mother had it not in the beginning; but long before the end her celestial beauty, the divinity of injured innocence, the pleading of common womanhood in the minds of the lowest class, and the reaction of manly feeling in the men, had worked a great change in the mob. Some began now to threaten those who had been active in insulting her: the silence of awe and respect succeeded to noise and uproar; and feelings which they scarcely understood mastered the rude rabble as they witnessed

more and more the patient fortitude of the sufferer. Menaces began to rise towards the executioner. Things wore such an aspect that the magistrates put a sudden end to the scene.

"That day we received permission to go home to our poor house in the Jewish quarter. I know not whether you are learned enough in Jewish usages to be aware, that in every Jewish house, where old traditions are kept up, there is one room consecrated to confusion; a room always locked up and sequestered from vulgar use, except on occasions of memorable affliction, where every thing is purposely in disorder—broken—shattered—mutilated,—to typify, by symbols appalling to the eye, that desolation which has so long trampled on Jerusalem, and the ravages of the boar within the vineyards of Judea. My mother, as a Hebrew princess, maintained all traditional customs; even in this wretched suburb she had her 'chamber of desolation.' There it was that I and my sisters heard her last words. The rest of her sentence was to be carried into effect within a week. She, mean-time, had disdained to utter any word of fear; but that energy of self-control had made the suffering but the more bitter. Fever and dreadful agitation had succeeded. Her dreams showed sufficiently to us, who watched her couch, that terror for the future mingled with the sense of degradation for the past. Nature asserted her rights. But the more she shrank from the suffering, the more did she proclaim how severe it had been, and consequently how noble the self-conquest. Yet, as her weakness increased, so did her terror; until I besought her to take comfort, assuring her that, in case any attempt should be made to force her out again to public exposure, I would kill the man who came to execute the order—that we would all die together—and there would be a common end to her injuries and her fears. She was reassured by what I told her of my belief that no future attempt would be made upon her. She slept more tranquilly; but her fever increased; and slowly she slept away into the everlasting sleep which knows of no to-morrow.

"Here came a crisis in my fate. Should I stay and attempt to protect my sisters? But, alas! what power had I to do so amongst our enemies? Rachael and I consulted; and many a scheme we

planned. Even whilst we consulted, and the very night after my mother had been committed to the Jewish burying-ground, came an officer, bearing an order for me to repair to Vienna. Some officer in the Imperial army, having watched the transaction respecting my parents, was filled with shame and grief. He wrote a statement of the whole to an Austrian officer of rank, my father's friend, who obtained from the Emperor an order, claiming me as a page of his own, and an officer in the household service. Oh, Heavens! what a neglect that it did not include my sisters! However, the next best thing was that I should use my influence at the imperial court to get them passed to Vienna. This I did, to the utmost of my power. But seven months elapsed before I saw the Emperor. If my applications ever met his eye he might readily suppose that your city, my friend, was as safe a place as another for my sisters. Nor did I myself know all its dangers. At length, with the Emperor's leave of absence, I returned. And what did I find? Eight months had passed, and the faithful Rachael had died. The poor sisters, clinging together, but now utterly bereft of friends, knew not which way to turn. In this abandonment they fell into the insidious hands of the ruffian jailer. My eldest sister, Berenice, the stateliest and noblest of beauties, had attracted this ruffian's admiration whilst she was in the prison with her mother. And when I returned to your city, armed with the imperial passports for all, I found that Berenice had died in the villain's custody: nor could I obtain any thing beyond a legal certificate of her death. And finally, the blooming laughing Mariamne, she also had died—and of affliction for the loss of her sister. You, my friend, had been absent upon your travels during the calamitous history I have recited. You had seen neither my father nor my mother. But you came in time to take under your protection, from the abhorred wretch the jailer, my little broken-hearted Mariamne. And when sometimes you fancied that you had seen me under other circumstances, in her it was, my dear friend, and in her features that you saw mine.

"Now was the world a desert to me. I cared little, in the way of love, which way I turned. But in the way of hatred I cared every thing. I trans-

ferred myself to the Russian service, with the view of gaining some appointment on the Polish frontier which might put it in my power to execute my vow of destroying all the magistrates of your city. War, however, raged, and carried me into far other regions. It ceased, and there was little prospect that another generation would see it relighted; for the disturber of peace was a prisoner for ever, and all nations were exhausted. Now, then, it became necessary that I should adopt some new mode for executing my vengeance; and the more so, because annually some were dying of those whom it was my mission to punish. A voice ascended to me, day and night, from the graves of my father and mother, calling for vengeance before it should be too late. I took my measures thus:—Many Jews were present at Waterloo. From amongst these, all irritated against Napoleon for the expectations he had raised, only to disappoint, by his great assembly of Jews at Paris, I selected eight, whom I knew familiarly as men hardened by military experience against the movements of pity. With these as my beagles, I hunted for some time in your forest before opening my regular campaign; and I am surprised that you did not hear of the death which met the executioner, him I mean who dared to lift his hand against my mother. This man I met by accident in the forest; and I slew him. I talked with the wretch as a stranger at first upon the memorable case of the Jewish lady. Had he relented, had he expressed compunction, I might have relented. But far otherwise: the dog, not dreaming to whom he spoke, exulted; he——But why repeat the villain's words? I cut him to pieces. Next I did this: my agents I caused to matriculate separately at the college. They assumed the college dress. And now mark the solution of that mystery which caused such perplexity. Simply as students we all had an unsuspected admission at any house. Just then there was a common practice, as you will remember, amongst the younger students, of going out a-masking,—that is, of entering houses in the academic dress and with the face masked. This practice subsisted even during the most intense alarm from the murderers; for the dress of the students was supposed to bring protection along with it. But

even after suspicion had connected itself with this dress, it was sufficient that I should appear unmasked at the head of the maskers, to insure them a friendly reception. Hence the facility with which death was inflicted, and that unaccountable absence of any motion towards an alarm. I took hold of my victim, and he looked at me with smiling security. Our weapons were hid under our academic robes; and even when we drew them out, and at the moment of applying them to the throat, they still supposed our gestures to be part of the pantomime we were performing. Did I relish this abuse of personal confidence in myself? No—I loathed it, and I grieved for its necessity; but my mother, a phantom not seen with bodily eyes, but ever present to my mind, continually ascended before me; and still I shouted aloud to my astounded victim, ‘This comes from the Jewess! Hound of hounds! Do you remember the Jewess whom you dishonoured, and the oaths which you broke in order that you might dishonour her, and the righteous law which you violated, and the cry of anguish from her son, which you scoffed at?’ Who I was, what I avenged, and whom, I made every man aware, and every woman, before I punished them. The details of the cases I need not repeat. One or two I was obliged, at the beginning, to commit to my Jews. The suspicion was thus, from the first, turned aside by the notoriety of my presence elsewhere; but I took care that none suffered who had not either been upon the guilty list of magistrates who condemned the mother, or of those who turned away with mockery from the supplication of the son.

“It pleased God, however, to place a mighty temptation in my path, which might have persuaded me to forego all thoughts of vengeance, to forget my vow, to forget the voices which invoked me from the grave. This was Margaret Liebenheim. Ah! how terrific appeared my duty of bloody retribution, after her angel's face and angel's voice had calmed me. With respect to her grandfather, strange it is to mention, that never did my innocent wife appear so lovely as precisely in the relation of grand-daughter. So beautiful was her goodness to the old man, and so divine was the childlike innocence on her part, contrasted with the guilty recollections associated with

him—for he was amongst the guiltiest towards my mother—still I delayed *his* punishment to the last; and, for his child's sake, I would have pardoned him—nay, I had resolved to do so, when a fierce Jew, who had a deep malignity towards this man, swore that he would accomplish *his* vengeance at all events, and perhaps might be obliged to include Margaret in the ruin, unless I adhered to the original scheme. Then I yielded; for circumstances armed this man with momentary power. But the night fixed on was one in which I had reason to know that my wife would be absent; for so I had myself arranged with her, and the unhappy counter-arrangement I do not yet understand. Let me add, that the sole purpose of my clandestine marriage was to sting her grandfather's mind with the belief that *his* family had been dishonoured, even as he had dishonoured mine. He learned, as I took care that he should, that his grand-daughter carried about with her the promises of a mother, and did not know that she had the sanction of a wife. This discovery made him, in one day, become eager for the marriage he had previously opposed; and this discovery also embittered the misery of his death. At that moment I attempted to think only of my mother's wrongs; but in spite of all I could do, this old man appeared to me in the light of Margaret's grandfather; and, had I been left to myself, he would have been saved. As it was, never was horror equal to mine when I met her flying to his succour. I had relied upon her absence; and the misery of that moment, when her eye fell upon me in the very act of seizing her grandfather, far transcended all else that I have suffered in these terrific scenes. She fainted in my arms, and I and another carried her up-stairs and procured water; mean-time her grandfather had been murdered even whilst Margaret fainted. I had, however, under the fear of discovery, though never anticipating a rencounter with herself, forestalled the explanation requisite in such a case, to make my conduct intelligible. I had told her, under feigned names, the story of my mother and my sisters. She knew their wrongs; she had heard me contend for the right of vengeance.

Consequently, in our parting interview, one word only was required to place myself in a new position to her thoughts. I needed only to say I was that son; that unhappy mother, so miserably degraded and outraged, was mine.

"As to the jailer, he was met by a party of us. Not suspecting that any of us could be connected with the family, he was led to talk of the most hideous details with regard to my poor Berenice. The child had not, as had been insinuated, aided her own degradation, but had nobly sustained the dignity of her sex and her family. Such advantages as the monster pretended to have gained over her—sick, desolate, and latterly delirious—were, by his own confession, not obtained without violence. This was too much. Forty thousand lives, had he possessed them, could not have gratified my thirst for revenge. Yet, had he but showed courage, he should have died the death of a soldier. But the wretch showed cowardice the most abject, and—but you know his fate.

"Now, then, all is finished, and human nature is avenged. Yet, if you complain of the bloodshed and the terror, think of the wrongs which created my rights; think of the sacrifice by which I gave a tenfold strength to those rights; think of the necessity for a dreadful concussion, and shock to society, in order to carry my lesson into the councils of princes.

"This will now have been effected. And ye, victims of dishonour, will be glorified in your deaths; ye will not have suffered in vain, nor died without a monument. Sleep, therefore, sister Berenice,—sleep, gentle Mariamne, in peace. And thou, noble mother, let the outrages sown in thy dishonour rise again and blossom in wide harvests of honour for the women of thy afflicted race. Sleep, daughters of Jerusalem, in the sanctity of your sufferings. And thou, if it be possible, even more beloved daughter of a Christian fold, whose company was too soon denied to him in life, open thy grave to receive *him*, who, in the hour of death, wishes to remember no title which he wore on earth but that of thy chosen and adoring lover,

"MANIMILIAN."

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

PART IV. CHAPTER I.

To enter at length into a discussion concerning the multifarious theories that have been propounded respecting the fact of perception, would be an endless and unnecessary labour. But, as the problem we are about to be engaged with has much in common with these speculations, and as its solution has been retarded by the assumption of various false facts which have invariably been permitted to mingle with them, we must, in a few words, strike at the root of these spurious facts, and, employing a more accurate observation, we will then bring forward, purified from all irrelevant admixture, that great question of psychology—how, or in what circumstances does Consciousness come into operation?

“Perception,” says Dr Brown, “is a state of mind which is induced directly or indirectly by its external cause, as any other feeling is induced by its particular antecedent. If the external cause or object be absent, the consequent feeling, direct or indirect, which we term perception, will not be induced, precisely as any other feeling will not arise without its peculiar antecedent. The relation of cause and effect, in short, is exactly the same in perception as in all the other mental phenomena—a relation of invariable sequence of one change after another change.”*

This doctrine, which explains the phenomena of perception by placing them under the law of causality, is maintained, we believe, in one form or another, by every philosopher who has theorised on the subject,† from

Aristotle, down through his scholastic followers, past the occasionalists and pre-established harmonists, and onwards to Dr Brown, who is merely to be considered as one of its most explicit expounders. One and all of them assume that the great law of cause and effect is as little violated in the intercourse which takes place between the external universe and man, as it is in the catenation of the objects themselves constituting that universe. Have we, then, any fault to find with this doctrine, supported as it is by such a host of authorities; and if we have, what is it? We answer that, in our apprehension, it places Dr Brown and all the philosophers who embrace it in a very extraordinary dilemma, which we now proceed to point out.

If by “perception,” Dr Brown understands “sensation,” and nothing more than sensation, then we admit his statement of the fact to be correct, and his doctrine to be without a flaw. Sensation (the smell of a rose, for example) is certainly “a state” which is “induced by its external cause,” namely, by the rose. This is certainly a simple and ordinary instance of sequence,—a mere illustration of the common law of cause and effect, and not a whit more extraordinary than any other exemplification of that great law. We admit, then, that here the phenomenon is correctly observed and stated, that the law of causality embraces sensation, and adequately accounts for its origin. Where, then, does our objection lie? It lies in this, that the origin of sensation is not the true and pertinent problem requiring

* *Physiology of the Mind.*—P. 125-6.

† We are aware that Dr Brown and others have endeavoured to teach the doctrine of causation as a simple relation of antecedence and consequence, emptying our notion of cause of the idea of efficiency, that is, of the element which constitutes its very essence. But, unlike Hume, who adopted the same views, and never swerved from them, but carried them forth into all their consequences, they never remain consistent with themselves for ten consecutive pages. They keep constantly resuming the idea they profess to have abjured; as, for instance, in their admission with respect to the efficiency or power of the Divine will. Therefore, their doctrine, whatever it may be, does not in any degree affect the line of argument followed out in the text, addressed though that argument is to those who entertain the common notion of causation, as, no doubt, Dr Brown himself in reality did, however different a one he may have *professed*.

solution, but is a most frivolous and irrelevant question. We thus, then, fix for Dr Brown and many other philosophers the first horn of our dilemma. If by "perception" they understand "sensation" merely, they no doubt hit the true facts and their true explanation, but then they entirely miss, as we shall see, the question properly at issue, and, instead of grappling with it, they explain to us that which stands in need of no explanation.

But by "perception," Dr Brown and other philosophers probably understand something more than "sensation." If so, what is the additional fact they understand by it? When we have found it, we will then fix for them the other horn of our dilemma.

When animals and young children are sentient, there is in them, as we have all along seen, nothing more than sensation. The state of being into which they are cast is simple and single. It is merely a certain effect following a certain cause. There is in it nothing whatsoever of a reflex character. A particular sensation is, in their case, given or induced by its particular external cause, and nothing more is given. Indeed, what more could we rationally expect the fragrant particles of a rose to give than the sensation of the smell of a rose? Here, then, the state into which the sentient creature is thrown begins, continues, and ends, in simple unmixed sensation, and that is all that can be said about it.

But when we ourselves are sentient, we find the state of the fact to be widely different from this. We find that our sentient condition is not, as is the case in children and animals, a monopoly of sensation, but that here a new fact is evolved, over and above the sensation which makes the phenomenon a much more complicated and extraordinary one. This new and anomalous phenomenon which accompanies our sensations, but which is, at the same time, completely distinct from them—is the fact of our own personality—the fact and the notion denoted by the word "I." Surely no one will maintain that this realisation of self, in conjunction with our sensations, and as distinguished from the objects causing them, is the same fact as these sensations themselves. In man, then, there is the notion and the reality of himself,

as well as the sensation that passes through him. In other words, he is not only sentient, like other animals, but, unlike them, he is sentient with a *consciousness*, or reference to self, of sensation;—two very different, and, as we have already seen, and shall see still further, mutually repugnant and antithetical states of existence.

This *consciousness* of sensation, then, is the other fact contained in perception; and it is an enquiry into the nature and origin of this fact, and of it alone, that forms the true and proper problem of psychology when we are busied with the phenomena of perception; because it is this fact, and not the fact of sensation, which constitutes man's peculiar and distinctive characteristic, and lies as the foundation-stone of all the grander structures of his moral and intellectual being.

We now then ask:—Have Dr Brown and other philosophers entertained the problem as to the origin and import of this fact—the fact, namely, of consciousness, as distinguished from the fact of sensation, passion, &c.—and have they thus grappled with the true question at issue? We answer: That if they have, then have they grossly falsified the facts of the case. For it is *not the fact*, that the consciousness of sensation is "induced, either directly or indirectly, by its external cause," or by any cause whatsoever. Sensation, no doubt, is induced by its external cause, but consciousness is altogether exempt from the law of causality, as we shall very shortly prove by a reference to experience itself. In fine, then, the dilemma to which Dr Brown, and, we believe, all other theorists on the subject of perception may be reduced, stands thus: Are they, *primo loco*, right in their facts?—then they are wrong in the question they take up. Or, *secundo loco*, do they hit the right question?—then they falsify, *ab initio*, the facts upon which its solution depends. In other words, in so far as their statement of facts is true, they take up a wrong question, inasmuch as they explain to us the origin of our sensations when they ought to be explaining to us the origin of our *consciousness* of sensations, or the notion of self which accompanies them. Or, again, supposing that they take up the right question; then their statement of facts is false, inasmuch as their assumption

that our consciousness of sensation falls under the law of causality is totally unfounded, and may be disproved by an appeal to a stricter and more accurate observation.

The erection of this dilemma places us on a vantage ground from which we may perceive at a glance both what we ought to avoid and what we ought to follow. On the one hand, realising the true facts, we can avoid the fate of those who expended their labour on a wrong question; and, on the other hand, hitting the right question, we can also avoid the fate of those who wrecked its solution upon false facts.

We can now steer equally clear of the Scylla of an irrelevant problem, and the Charybdis of fictitious facts. Perception is, as we have seen, a synthesis of two facts, sensation, namely, and consciousness, or the realisation of self in conjunction with the sensation experienced. The former of these is possessed in common by men and by animals; but the latter is peculiar to man and constitutes his differential quality, and is, therefore, the sole and proper fact to which our attention ought to direct itself when contemplating the phenomena of perception.

CHAPTER II.

We have already* had occasion to establish and illustrate the radical distinction between consciousness, on the one hand, and sensation on the other, or any other of those "states of mind," as they are called, of which we are cognisant. We showed that consciousness is not only distinct from any of these states, but is diametrically opposed, or placed in a direct antithesis to them all. Thus, taking for an example, as we have hitherto done, the smell of a rose, it appears that so long as the sensation occasioned by this object remains moderate, consciousness, or the realisation of self in union with the feeling, comes into play without any violent effort. But, suppose the sensation is increased, until we almost

"die of a rose, in aromatic pain,"

then we affirm that the natural tendency of this augmentation is to weaken or obliterate consciousness, which, at any rate, cannot now maintain its place without a much stronger exertion.

We do not say that this loss of self-possession, or possession of self, always happens even when human sensations are most moderate; but we affirm that in such circumstances there is a natural tendency in man to lose his consciousness or to have it weakened; and that when he retains it, he does so by the counteracting exercise of an *unnatural*, that is, of a free and moral power; and we further maintain that this tendency, or law, or fact of hu-

manity, which is fully brought to light when our sensations, emotions, &c., are rendered very violent, clearly proves that there is at bottom a vital and ceaseless repugnancy between consciousness and all these "states of mind," even in their ordinary and more moderate degrees of manifestation, although the equipoise then preserved on both sides may render it difficult for us to observe it. Had man been visited by much keener sensations, and hurried along by much stronger passions, and endowed with a much more perfect reason, the realisation of his own personality, together with the consequences it involves, would then have been a matter of much greater difficulty to him than it now is; perhaps it would have amounted to an impossibility. Even as it is, nothing can be more wonderful than that he should evolve this antagonist power in the very heart of the floods of sensation which, pouring in upon all sides, are incessantly striving to overwhelm it; and, secure in its strength, should ride, as in a life-boat, amid all the whirlpools of blind and fatalistic passion, which make the life of every man here below a sea of roaring troubles.

We now avail ourselves of the assistance of this antagonism,—which has thus been established *as fact* by experience,—in order to displace the false fact generally, we might say universally, assumed in our current metaphysics, namely, that consciousness, or

* Vol. XLIII., p. 445.

the fact and notion denoted by the word "I," comes into manifestation at the bidding, and under the influence, of the objects which induce the sensations accompanying it.

One fact admitted on all hands is, that our sensations are caused by certain objects presented to our senses; another fact *assumed* on all hands is, that our *consciousness* of sensations falls under the same law, and is likewise induced by the presence of these objects. But consciousness and sensation are each other's opposites, and exist as thesis and antithesis—therefore, according to this doctrine, we find two contradictory effects attributed at the same moment to the same cause, and referred to the same origin—just as if we were to affirm that the same object is at the same moment and in the same place the cause at once of light and of the *absence* of light, or that the sun at one and the same instant both ripens fruit and *prevents* it from ripening. To illustrate this by our former example (for a variety of illustrations adds nothing to the clearness of an exposition), let us suppose a sentient being to experience the smell of a rose. So long as this being's state is simply sentient, its sensation is absorbing, effective, and complete; but as soon as consciousness, or the realization of self blends with this feeling, it from that moment becomes weaker and less perfect. It is no longer pure and unalloyed, and consequently its integrity is violated, and its strength in some degree impaired:—yet, according to our ordinary psychologists, the same object, namely, the rose, which induces the strength of the sensation, also brings along with it that suspension or weakening of the sensation which con-

sciousness is. We are called upon to believe that the same cause at the same moment both produces and destroys a particular effect—a creed too contradictory and unintelligible to be easily embraced when thus plainly exposed. If a particular object induce a particular sensation, surely the suspension of that sensation, or, in other words, the consciousness which impairs it, and prevents it from being all-absorbing, cannot be induced by the same cause. And, besides, if our consciousness depended on our sensations, passions, or any other of our "states of mind," would not its light kindle, and its energy wax in proportion as these were brightened and increased? We have seen, however, that the reverse of this is the case, and that consciousness never burns more faintly than during man's most vivid paroxysms of sensation and of passion.

This argument, which is, however, rather a fact presented to us by experience than an inference, entirely disproves the dependency of man's consciousness upon the external objects which give birth to his sensations. It thus radically uproots that false fact by which man is made the creature and thrall of causality in his intercourse with the outward world, and the passive recipient of its impressions. At the same time the displacement of this false fact opens up to us a glimpse of that great truth, the view and realization of which it has hitherto obstructed—the liberty of man. In order to get a nearer and clearer prospect of this grand reality, let us extirpate still more radically the spurious fact we have been dealing with, until not a fibre of it remains to shoot forth anew into sprouts of error.

CHAPTER III.

The earliest speculators among mankind were, as we have before remarked, mere naturalists or *physici*. They looked at every thing and conceived every thing under the law of cause and effect. After a time, when speculation began to be directed upon man, or became what is now termed "metaphysical," this law still continued to be regarded as supreme, and the spirit of the old method was carried on into the new research. But as no instance

of causality could be conceived without the existence of a thing *operated on*, as well as of a thing *operating*, they were forced to postulate something in man (either physical or hyperphysical) for the objects of external nature to act upon. Thus, in order to allow the law of causality an intelligible sphere of operation, and at the same time to lift man out of the mire of a gross materialism, they devised or assumed a certain spiritualized or at-

tenuated substance called "mind," endowed with certain passive susceptibilities as well as with various active powers; and this hypothetical substance, together with all the false facts and foolish problems it brings along with it, has been permitted to maintain its place, almost without challenge, in all our schools of philosophy down to the present hour; so completely has psychological science in general taken the colour, and imbibed the spirit of physical research.

"Ut multis nota est naturæ causa latens!
At sua qui noscat pectora rarus adest."

It is time, however, that this substance, and the doctrines and facts taught in connexion with it, were tested in a more rigorous and critical spirit—not, indeed, upon their own account, but on account of those greater and more important truths whose places they have usurped. How, then, do we propose testing this substance? In this way. The word "mind" is exceedingly remote and ambiguous, and denotes—nobody knows what. Let us then substitute in place of it that much plainer expression which every body makes use of, and in some degree, at least, understands—the expression "I" or "me"—and let us see how mind, with its facts and doctrines, will fare when this simple, unpretending, and unhypothetical word is employed in its place.

"External objects take effect upon mind, and perception is the result." This doctrine lies at the very threshold of our ordinary metaphysics, and forms the foundation-stone upon which their whole superstructure is erected. But is it true? Let us come to a more distinct understanding of it by changing it into the following statement, and we shall see what gross though deep-lurking falsities are brought to light by the alteration. Let us say "external objects take effect upon me, and perception is the result." We now then ask, To what period of our life is this proposition meant to have reference? Does the philosopher of "mind" answer that it may be applied to us during any period, from first to last, of our existence? Then we tell him, in return, that, in that case, the doctrine is certainly false, for it is not the fact that things take effect upon "me" at the birth or during the ear-

lier years of that particular Being which *afterwards* becomes "I"—there being at that time no "me" at all in the case—no "me" for things to take effect upon,—as was proved in the preceding problem, where it was shown that no man is born conscious, or, in other words, that no man is born "I." It is true that things take effect, from the very first, upon that particular Being which, *after a time and after a certain process*, becomes "I." But this particular Being was not "I" at its birth, or until a considerable time after it had elapsed, and, therefore, the proposition, "things take effect upon me," is seen to be untrue when applied to one period of human life at least, and thus the *ego*, or that which, in the case of each individual man, is "I," or, in other words, his true Being, is liberated from the control of the law of causality, during the earlier stages at least of his existence, in the most conclusive and effectual way possible—namely, by our showing that at that time this "I" has no manner of existence or manifestation whatsoever.

Does the philosopher of mind, giving up this point, maintain that the proposition quoted has, at any rate, a true and intelligible application to us in our grown or advanced condition? Then we tell him that, in that case, the affirmation, or dogma, is altogether *premature*, because, before it can be admitted, he is bound to explain to us how the particular Being given and contemplated, which was not "I" or "me" at first, became converted into "me." Before any subsequent averment connected with this "me" can be listened to, it is, first of all, incumbent upon him, we say, to point out to us how this conversion is brought about—to explain to us the origin and significance of this "I"—the circumstances out of which it arose, for, as we have already said, the particular Being which now appropriates it was certainly not sent into the world a born or ready-made "I."

Suppose, then, that the metaphysician should say that this Being becomes "I" under the law of causality, and beneath the action of the external objects which produce impressions upon it,—then we would like to know how it happened that these outward objects, which induced the human Being's sensations at the very first, did not cause

him to become "I" then. When he was first born he was just as sensitive as he ever was afterwards,—no doubt more so,—but for long his sensations continued pure and unalloyed. After a time, however, they were found to be combined with the notion and reality of self—a new notion and reality altogether. The human Being has now become *ego*; from a *thing* he has become a *person*. But what new circumstances were there in his sensations, or their exciting causes, by which they brought about this new fact and phasis of existence? The metaphysician cannot answer us. He must admit that the sensations and their causes remain, after the manifestation of the *ego*, precisely what they were before it came into existence, and, therefore, that they can never account for its origin.

But we have already, in the preceding chapter, disproved still more effectually the fact, that the *ego* comes into existence in consequence of the influence of external objects. We there showed that consciousness not only does not manifest itself in obedience to their action, but that it actually tends to be suppressed and obliterated thereby. Now, consciousness is the very essence and origin of the *ego*—consciousness creates the *ego*—without consciousness no man would be "I." Therefore the *ego* is also exempt from the influence of outward objects, and manifests itself, and maintains its place, not in consequence, but in spite of them. Consciousness develops and preserves itself by refusing to take part or identify itself with the sensation, passion, or whatever it may be that is striving to enslave the man; and the *ego*, which is but the more personal and vital expression of consciousness, exists merely by refusing to imbibe the impressions of external things. Thus, so far is it from being true that outward objects take effect upon *me*, that "I," in truth, only *am* by resisting and refusing to be impressed by their action.

When an effect or impression is produced on any substance, whether it be motion, as in the case of a struck billiard ball, or sensation, as in the case of animals and men, the substance impressed is either conscious of the impression, as is the case with men; or unconscious of it, as is the case with animals and billiard balls. If it be unconscious of the impression, then

being filled and monopolized by the same, it never rises above it, but yielding to its influence, it becomes altogether the slave of the law of causality, or of the force that is working on it. But if this substance be conscious of the impression made upon it, then it is absolutely necessary, in the eye of reason, that a portion of this being should stand aloof from the impression—should be exempt from the action of the object causing it—in short, should resist, repel, and deny it in the exercise of a free activity; otherwise, like animals and inferior things, being completely absorbed and monopolized by the influence present to it, it would no more be able to become conscious of it than a leaf can comprehend the gale in which it is drifting along, or the tiger the passion which impels him to slake his burning heart in blood. It is obvious, that the point in man at which he becomes aware of his impressions must be free from these impressions, and must stand out of their sphere, otherwise it would be swallowed up by them, and nothing save the impressions would remain. But man is not made up of mere impressions—passions, sensations, "states of mind," or whatever they may be. He is not engulfed and borne along in their vortices. There is a point from which he looks down upon them all, and knows himself to be free. He stands within a circle more impregnable than enchanter's ring—a circle which, however much they may assault it, they cannot overpass; and this point or circle of freedom—this true life of humanity, is that which, in the case of each man, is "I."

This view disposes of a question which has been ever regarded as forming the *opprobrium* of metaphysics. We allude to the problem respecting the mode and nature of the intercourse which takes place between the external universe and man—or, as metaphysicians say, "Mind." This question is now given up—not because it has been solved—not because it is regarded as too contemptible and irrelevant to be entertained by speculative philosophy, but (*pro pudor!*) because it is considered insoluble, inscrutable, and beyond the limits of the human faculties. Oh, ye metaphysicians! ye blind leaders of the blind! How long will ye be of seeing and understanding that there is no communication at all be-

tween man, in his true Being, and the universe that surrounds him—or, that if there be any, it is the communication of *non*-communication? Know ye not that ye are what ye are only on account of the antagonism between you and it—that ye perceive things only by resisting their impressions, by denying them, not in word only, but also in vital deed: that your refusal to be acted upon by them, constitutes your very personality and your very perception of them; that this perception arises, not in consequence of the union, but in consequence of the *disunion* between yourselves and matter; and, in fine, that your consciousness, even in its simplest acts, so far from being in harmony and keeping with the constitution of nature, is the commencement of that grand disruption between yourselves and the world, which perhaps ye will know more about before ye die?

Of all difficult entails to be broken through, the most difficult is the entail of false facts and erroneous opinions. If, however, the foregoing observations be attended to, we trust we have done something to cut off speculators yet unborn from their inheritances of error. Of all the false facts involved in the "science of the human mind," the greatest is this, that, starting from the assumption of "mind" as a given substance, we are thereby led to believe that the *ego* or central and peculiar point of humanity comes into the world *ready-made*. In opposition to this belief, the true fact is that the *ego* does *not* thus come into the world, but that the being which is now "I" was *not* "I" at first, but became "I" after a time and after a process, which it is the business of the philosopher to explain. Various other fictitious facts spring out of this tap-root of error. Thus, if we start from mind as a given substance, we, of course, are compelled to make this, in the first instance, passive, and only active through a species of reaction. But the *ego* is

never passive. Its being is pure act. To hold it passive is to hold it annihilated. It is for ever acting against the fatalistic forces of nature. Its free and antagonist power shows itself equally to the eye of reflection, in our simplest perceptive, as in our highest moral acts. It lives, and has a being, only in so far as it refuses to bow under the yoke of causality; and whenever it bends beneath that yoke, its life and all its results are gone.*

One word to those who imagine that the *ego* is merely a variety of expression, signifying nothing more than the proper name of the person employing it. There cannot be a greater philosophical error than to conceive that the non-manifestation of the *ego* is merely a verbal or logical defect, and that the reality of it may exist in a being, where the notion of it is wanting. Yet this appears to us to be one of the commonest errors in psychology. Metaphysicians, undisciplined by reflection, when contemplating the condition of a young child, and observing its various sensitive, passionate, or rational states, are prone, in the exercise of an unwarranted imagination, also to invest it with a personality—with consciousness—in short, with that which, in their own case, they call "I," transferring over upon it this notion and reality which exist only for them. For the child all this while does not think itself "I," and therefore it does not in reality become "I." It never can become "I" through *their* thinking. The "I" they think for it is a spurious and non-existent "I." To become "I" in reality, it must think itself "I," which it has not yet done. But what do we mean precisely by saying that the *notion* of "I" creates the *reality* of "I"? This we can best explain by a digression into the history of philosophy, and by rescuing a once famous dogma from the undeserved contempt into which it has generally fallen.

* "The false facts of metaphysics" ought to form no inconsiderable chapter in the history of philosophy. Those specified are but a few of them; but they are all that we have room for at present. To state, almost in one word, the fundamental error we have noticed in the text, we should say, that the whole perversion and falsity of the philosophy of man are owing to our commencing with a *substance*, "mind,"—and not with an *act*—the act or fact of consciousness.

CHAPTER IV.

The Cartesian philosophy is said to commence by inculcating a species of wide and deep-searching scepticism; and its fundamental and favourite tenet is that *cogito ergo sum*, which is now so universally decried. But abandoning altogether its written dogmas and formulas, let us only return upon them after we have looked forth for ourselves into the realities of things.

When a man sees and thinks a mountain, it is obvious that his thought does not create the mountain. Here, then, the thought and the reality are not identical; nor does the one grow out of the other. The two can be separated, and, in point of fact, stand apart, and are quite distinct. In this case, then, it requires some degree of faith to believe that the notion and the reality correspond. It is evident that there is a sort of flaw between them which nothing but the cement of Faith can solder; a gap which no scientific ingenuity has ever been able to bridge;—in short, that here there is a chink in the armour of reason which scepticism may take advantage of, if it chooses; for the reality of the mountain being independent of the notion of the mountain—the notion may also be independent of the reality, and, for any thing that can be shown to the contrary, may have been induced by some other cause. In short, the notion, even when the mountain appears present before us, may possibly exist without any corresponding reality, for it clearly does not create that reality.

In looking out, then, for a sure and certain foundation for science, we must not build upon any tenet in which a distinction between our thought and its corresponding reality is set forth (as, for example, upon any proposition expressing the real existence of an external world), for here scepticism might assail us—possibly with success; but we must seek for some subject of experience, between the notion of which and the reality of which there is no flaw, distinction, or interval whatsoever. We must seek for some instance in which the thought of a certain reality actually creates that reality; and if we can find such an instance, we shall then possess an *incon-*

cussum quid which will resist for ever all the assaults of scepticism.

But no instance of this kind is to be found, as we have seen, by attaching our thoughts to the objects of the universe around us. Our *thinking* them does not *make* them realities. If they are realities, they are not so in consequence of our thoughts; and if they are not realities, unreal they will remain in spite of our thoughts. Let us turn from the universe, then, and look to ourselves. “I.” Now here is an instance in which there is no distinction or sundering between the notion and the reality. The two are coincident and identical—or rather, we should say, the one (that is, the notion “I”) creates and enforces the other (that is, the reality “I”); or, at any rate, this appears to be the best way of logically exhibiting the two. Between the notion and the reality in this case scepticism can find no conceivable entrance for the minutest point of its spear. Let any man consult his own experience whether, the notion “I” being given, the reality “I” must not also necessarily be present, and also whether, the reality being present, the notion must not also accompany it. Let him try to destroy or maintain the one without also destroying or maintaining the other, and see whether he can succeed. Succeed he easily may in the case of any other notion and reality. The word mountain, for instance, denotes both a notion and a reality. But the notion may exist perfectly well without the reality, and the reality without the notion. The notion “I,” however, cannot exist without the reality “I,” and the reality cannot exist with the notion “I,” as any one may satisfy himself by the slightest reflection.

Here, then, we have found the instance we were seeking for. What is the notion “I?” It is consciousness, or the notion of self. What is the reality “I?” It is simply “I.” Connect the two together in a genesis which makes the one arise out of the other, and you have the famous fundamental position of the Cartesian Philosophy, *cogito ergo sum*—a formula which is worthy of respect, for this reason, if for no other, that by it

the attention of psychologists was first distinctly directed to the only known instance in which a notion and a reality are identical and coincident—in which a *thought* is the same as a *thing*.

But, by means of the dogma, *cogito ergo sum*, was it not the design of Des Cartes to prove his own existence? Take our word for it, no such miserable intention ever entered into his head. His great object, in the first place, was emphatically to signalize the very singular and altogether anomalous phenomenon we have spoken of, namely, the identity in man of thought and reality, and then to found upon this point as on a rock which no conceivable scepticism could shake; and, in the second place, he attempted to point out the genesis of the *ego*, in so far as it admitted of logical exposition. *Cogito ergo sum*—I am conscious, therefore, I am—that is—consciousness—or the *notion* of “I,” takes place in a particular Being—and the *reality* of “I” is the immediate result. The *ergo* here does not denote a mere logical inference from the fact of consciousness, but it points to a genetic or creative power in that act.

“Consciousness created you—that is to say, you created yourself—did you?”—we may here imagine an opponent of Des Cartes to interpose.

“No,” replies Des Cartes; “I did not create myself, in so far as my mere

existence is concerned. But, in so far as I am an *ego*, or an existence *as a self*, I certainly did create myself. By becoming conscious, I, in one sense, actually created myself.”

“But,” says the other, “must you not have existed before you could become conscious, and in order to become conscious.”

“Certainly,” answers Des Cartes, “some sort of being must have existed *before* my consciousness, but it was only *after* consciousness that that being became *I*.”

“Do you then cease to be whenever you cease to be conscious?”

To this question Des Cartes answers both yes and no. “As an existing being,” says he, “fulfilling many purposes of creation, I certainly do not cease to exist when I cease to be conscious; but as an ‘I’ (*ego*), I certainly am no more the moment consciousness leaves me. Consciousness made me from a *thing*, a *self*; that is, it lifted me up from existing merely *for others*, and taught me to exist also *for myself*. My being as an *ego* depends upon, and results from my consciousness, and, therefore, as soon as my consciousness is taken away, my existence as an *ego* or self vanishes. The being heretofore called ‘I’ still exists, but not as ‘I.’ It lives only for others—not for itself—not as a self at all, either in thought or in deed.”

CHAPTER V.

But though we have seen that consciousness is the genesis or origin of the *ego*, and that without the former the latter has no existence, we have yet to throw somewhat more light on consciousness itself, and the circumstances in which it arises.

Let thyself float back, oh reader! as far as thou canst in obscure memory into thy golden days of infancy, when the light of thy young life, rising out of unknown depths, scattered away death from before its path, beyond the very limits of thought; even as the sun beats off the darkness of night into regions lying out of the visible boundaries of space. In those days thy light was single and without reflection. Thou wert one with nature; and, blending with her bosom, thou didst drink in inspiration from her

thousand breasts. Thy consciousness was faint in the extreme; for as yet thou hadst but slightly awakened to *thyself*; and thy sensations and desires were nearly all-absorbing. Carry thyself back still farther, into days yet more “dark with excess of light,” and thou shalt behold, through the visionary mists, an earlier time, when thy consciousness was altogether null—a time when the discrimination of thy sensations into *subject* and *object*, which seems so ordinary and inevitable a process to thee *now*, had not taken place, but when thyself and nature were enveloped and fused together in a glowing and indiscriminate synthesis. In these days, thy state was indeed blessed, but it was the blessedness of bondage. The earth flattered thee, and the smiling heavens flattered

thee into forgetfulness. Thou wert nature's favourite, but at the same time her fettered slave.

But thy destiny was to be free ;—to free thyself—to break asunder the chains of nature—to oppose thy will and thy strength to the universe, both without thee and within thee—to tread earth and the passions of earth beneath thy feet ; and thy first step towards this great consummation was to dissolve the strong, primary and natural synthesis of sensation. In the course of time, then, that which was originally *one* in the great unity of nature, became *two* beneath the first exercise of a reflective analysis. Thy sensation was now divided into *subject* and *object*, that is, thyself and the universe around thee. Now, for the first time, wert thou “ I.”

Wouldst thou re-examine thy sensation as it exists in its primary synthetic state ?—then look at it—what is it but a pure unmixed sensation—a sensation, and *nothing more* ? Wouldst thou behold it—in thy own secondary analysis of it ?—then, lo ! how a new element, altogether transcending mere sensation, is presented to thee—the element or act of negation ; that is, as we shall show, of freedom.

Sensation in man is found to be, first of all, a unity—and at this time there is no *ego* or *non-ego* at all in the case ; but afterwards it becomes a duality, and then there is an *ego* and a *non-ego*. But, in the latter case, it is obvious that very different circumstances are connected with sensation, and very different elements are found along with it, than are found in it when it is a unity : there is, for instance, the fact of negation, the *non* which is interposed between the subject and the object—and there are also, of course, any other facts into which this one may resolve itself.

Moreover, it is evident that, but for this act of negation or division, there would be no *ego*, or *non-ego*. Take away this element, and the sensation is restored to its first unity, in which these, being undiscriminated, were virtually non-existent. For it is obvious that, unless a man discriminates himself as “ I” from other things, he does not exist as “ I.” The *ego* and the *non-ego*, then, only are by being discriminated, or by the one of them being denied (not in thought or word only, but in a primary and vital act)

of the other. But consciousness also is the discrimination between the *ego* and the *non-ego* ; or, in other words, consciousness resolves itself, in its clearest form, into an act of negation.

In order, then, to throw the strongest light we can on consciousness, we must ascertain the value and import, and, if possible, the origin of this act of negation—this fundamental energy and vital condition upon which the peculiar being of humanity depends. And, first of all, we must beg the reader (a point we have had occasion to press upon him before) to banish from his mind the notion that this negation is a mere logical power, or form, consisting of a thought and a word. Let him endeavour to realize such a conception of it as will exhibit it to him as a vital and energetic deed by which he brings himself into existence—not indeed as a Being—but as that which he calls “ I.” Let him consider that, unless this deed of negation were practised by him, he *himself* would not be here—a particular Being would, indeed, be here ; but it is only by denying or distinguishing itself from other things that that Being becomes a self—*himself*. Unless this discrimination took place, the Being would remain lost and swallowed up in the identity, or uniformity of the universe. It would be only *for others*, not *for itself*. Self, in its case, would not emerge.

Am I, then, to say that “ I” have been endowed by some other Being with this power of sundering myself, during sensation, from the objects causing it—am I to say that this capability has been given “ me ?” *Given me !* Why, I was not “ I” until *after* this power was exerted, how then could it have been given “ me ?” There was no “ me” to give it to. I became “ I” only by exercising it ; and *after* it had been exerted, what would be the advantage of supposing it given to me *then*,—I having it already ? If, then, I suppose this power given to “ me” *before* it is exerted, I suppose it given to that which does not as yet exist to receive it ; and if I suppose it given to me *after* it is exerted—*after* I have become “ I,” I make myself the receiver of a very superfluous and unnecessary gift.

But suppose it should be said that this power, though not, properly speaking, given to “ me,” is yet given to that

particular Being which afterwards, in consequence of exercising it, becomes "I," then we answer, that in this case it is altogether a mistake to suppose that this particular Being exercises the power. The power is, truly speaking, exercised by the Being which infused it, and which itself here becomes "I;" while the particular Being supposed to become "I" in consequence of the endowment, remains precisely what it was, and does not, by any conceivability, become "I." One Being may, indeed, divide and sunder another Being from other objects; but this does not make the latter Being "I." In order to become "I" it must sunder *itself* from other things by *its own* act. Finally, this act of negation, or, in other words, consciousness, is either derived or underived. If it is derived, then it is the consciousness of the Being from whom it is derived, and not mine. But I am supposing it, and it is admitted to be, *mine*, and not another Being's, therefore it must be underived; that is to say, self-originated and free.

A particular Being becomes "I" in consequence of exercising this act of negation. But this act must be that Being's own; otherwise, supposing it to be the act of another Being, it would be that other Being which would become I, and not the particular Being spoken of. But it was this particular Being, and no other, which was supposed to become I, and therefore the act by which it became so must have been its own; that is, it must have been an act of pure and absolute freedom.

In this self-originated act there is no passivity. Now every pure and underived act, of course, implies and involves the presence of will of the agent. If the act were evolved with-

out his will it would be the act of another Being. In this act of negation, then, or, in other words, in perception and consciousness, Will has place. Thus, though man is a sentient and passionate creature, without his will, he is not a conscious, or percipient being, not an *ego*, even in the slightest degree, without the concurrence and energy of his volition. Thus early does human will come into play—thus profoundly down in the lowest foundations of the *ego* is its presence and operation to be found.

It is curious to observe how completely these views, in which we identify perception with a primary act of negation, are borne out by certain philological coincidences, which are, assuredly, not accidental, but based upon deeper reflection than we well know how to fathom. Thus, in Greek, there is the verb *εω*, I am: then, anterior to this, in the order of thought, there is *γο-εω* (primary meaning), I am—with a negation. (Secondary meaning) I *perceive*; showing how sensible the founders of the Greek language were, that all perception is ultimately founded on negation and identical with it; that an act of negation is, in fact, the very condition upon which perception depends. Our own word "know" also clearly betokens this—it is nothing but "no," and knowledge, from lowest to highest, is merely the constant alleging "no" of things, or, in other words, a continual process of denying them, first of ourselves, and then of one another:—of course we mean not only in word, but also in thought and in deed. Besides *γινωσκω*, in Greek, there is, in Latin, *nosco*, or *nonsco*—all words denoting knowledge, and all carrying *negative* signs upon their very fronts.

THE LACE-MERCHANT OF NAMUR.

Is the beautiful city of Namur, in Flanders, there lived an old widow, whose very existence was unknown, unless to those who saw her in church, which she frequented every day, or in her small shop, where she carried on a trade in silks and laces. Perhaps poor Madame Le Blond might have died as unknown as she had lived, if she had not had the good fortune to have a son, who, as he grew to man's estate, attracted a good deal of observation among his towns-people, particularly the fairer portion of them. He was now in his two-and-twentieth year; a modest, sedate, young man, who did great credit to the training of his mother,—unknowing of evil, and, indeed, having no acquaintance beyond the small circle of devout and respectable old ladies who formed the society of his parent. Of money he had no great store, as his father, who, however, was an officer high in the army, had died without fortune, and the small trade in lace did little more than keep the widow and her son alive. But the virtues and good qualities of young Le Blond would never have made him a reputation in Namur, if he had not been the handsomest young fellow that all Flanders, or perhaps all Europe, had to boast of. In what his good looks consisted, or from what collocation of limbs and features his excessive handsomeness arose, we find it impossible to describe. Suffice it to say, that there was a something—whatever that something might be—that made his form and face a study for the painter,—and, as was soon sufficiently proved, when he began to assist his mother in her trade—there were a good many painters in the fair town of Namur, of the softer sex, who were in search of such a model. For instantly on young Le Blond commencing business, there was such a rush upon his shop, as if his silks were the richest that India had ever sent home, and his laces finer than those of Malines. Trade prospered so strangely under his management, that the old lady could find no means of accounting for it but the interposition of two or three of the saints, to whose service she accordingly devoted herself with more energy than ever;

leaving the young man in the shop to profit by their favour. The admiration of his visitors was not created by any splendour of dress or decoration. At that time it was the fashion for young gallants to shine forth in all the splendour of a huge periwig and a long sword. But the widow's parsimony—or indeed her poverty—forbade any such ornaments,—and the poor youth was left to the natural simplicity of his rich brown hair, that waved in long curls over his snow-white collar,—and to the unadorned plainness of a tight-fitting coat and pantaloons, to which was appended neither sword nor dagger. As to Le Blond himself, he did not take any notice whether people wondered at his wiglessness or not. He was totally unconscious of any thing peculiar either in his dress or appearance; and had not the remotest idea what exact note was taken of both by the fairest and loftiest ladies in Namur. When the shop was filled with the beauty and fashion of the whole city—buying, as if in emulation—and smiling condescendingly on the attentive lace-man, “see, my son!” whispered the good widow, as she took her rosary and hurried off to church, “see how the saints have blest our piety—our zeal—our industry!” The son bent religiously as she passed by, and thanked the saints for their goodness.

But when, after some time, it became evident, even to the old lady, that the saints were somewhat arbitrary in their favours, and in fact only rewarded piety, and zeal, and industry in the person of the son—leaving the poor widow, as often as she took charge of the business, without any customers whatsoever,—she addressed him one day in a more serious manner than usual. “Alas, alas, I am an old and feeble woman, and have not the way of talking to customers as you have; ’twere better for me to give up. I have laboured and kept house, and saved and scraped long enough. Work now for yourself; take a wife, and I will live with you peaceably till I die.”

The son, who was never known to disobey an injunction of his mother, found this very reasonable. He knew that it was usual when a man reached

a certain age for him to take a wife ; and why should he trouble his head about what was the object of such a proceeding ?

"But where shall I get a wife, mother ?" said the son.

"Leave that to me," replied the widow, "I'll manage every thing."

"How if I were to take Maria, my godfather's daughter ?" enquired Le Blond—"she is a well-behaved girl. I recollect when we were children, we used to play at man and wife. My godfather spoke of it to me last week."

"He spoke to me too," said the mother—"but that can never be—and for a hundred and fifty reasons. I will only mention to you half a dozen of them. First, as long as we did not get on in our trade, your godfather looked at us over his shoulder—now, when he sees we are prospering, he tries to be civil. I can't bear the old fox. Second, Maria is good and tidy, and active—but she *has* nothing. A merchant, my dear son, must not ask what a wife *is*, but what she *has*. Nothing multiplied by nothing produces nothing. Third, there are objections to it which I am acquainted with, and even if there were none, I would never give my consent to it while I live. Fourth"—

"Enough, enough, mother," interrupted the young man. "It was nothing but a suggestion of my own. Choose another for me yourself."

In a very few days the careful mother had fixed upon another, the daughter of Paulet the silversmith. The girl was rich, but hideously ugly. A hump on her back, and an eye closed up by the small-pox, were the smallest of the unlovelinesses of the selected bride. It was from these causes she had not obtained a husband, though her wealth was enough to have tempted a dozen. Master Paulet the silversmith agreed with the old lady in a moment ; and the young damsel, who

had never ventured to hope that any of the four known quarters of the globe would have produced her a wooer, blushed so celestially when she heard of Le Blond's proposal, that her countenance actually became blue. But the good Le Blond, when he heard of his acquisition, looked exactly of the same colour. When he had recovered a little from his first surprise, he held out all his ten fingers, and said, "see, mother, I will count you not one reason, but two hundred and fifty—on these fingers, why young Mademoiselle Paulet can never be my wife. First, when I only think of it, it gives me the scarlet fever ; secondly, influenza ; thirdly, giddiness in the head—fourthly, Asiatic cholera ; fifthly"—

"Hold !" exclaimed Madame Le Blond, who did not wish to hear the remaining two hundred grounds of dissent ; "You speak like an apothecary, not a merchant. Let us calculate, if we turn over the lady's portion ten times in the year, how much our gains will be."

But the mother and son never brought their reckonings to the same sum. This produced a little bitterness between them ; the lady stood on the oldness and wisdom of her head—the young man on the youth and warmth of his heart ; and when head and heart are at variance, there can be no great comfort till their discrepancies are reconciled. Home became uncomfortable to even the best and most unsophisticated of sons. If it had not been for the strong filial affection he retained he would have left the poor old lady to herself. As it was, he went more frequently abroad than he had ever done in his life, in order to hear no more of his pestilence-creating bride. Once, indeed, he was nearly off altogether, and it was on the following occasion.

THE APPARITION.

One morning he had gone to mass, as was his custom, and he observed kneeling, not far from him, a female figure in a rich, yet simple travelling dress, with her face hidden by a gold-spangled veil. The worshipper, although the golden balls of her rosary fell quickly through her fingers, did

not seem to be very deep in her devotions. She appeared to regard Le Blond with great attention, and then she whispered to her neighbour, and then both of them looked at him. Le Blond saw their proceedings, but took little notice. The thought only crossed him, "Ah ! they are not so hide-

ous as *my* pretty bargain." But this, to be sure, he thought at the sight of every woman he saw, and it only added to his distress. As he left the church he observed that the ladies also got up, and moved away. A number of gentlemen followed them respectfully, assisted them at the church door into a magnificent carriage, went themselves into a second, and drove off. Le Blond concluded from all this that they must have been duchesses at the least. But this momentary apparition made the deeper impression on him that it presented itself to him again. As he wandered the same day, to dispel his melancholy thoughts, through the lower town, over the stone bridge across the Sambre, he took a fancy to climb the Castle-hill. On the steps of the lower ascent he was encountered by the gentlemen he had seen at church. The two carriages were also drawn up in waiting. When he had ascended a little way, to where the road makes the second turning, he met the lady in the gold-spangled veil in lively conversation with her friend, and loud in her admiration of the prospect; for from that point the view of Namur is very beautiful, as it lies between the two mountains, surrounded and crossed by the Meuse and the Sambre, and the rivulet, the Bederin. But ladies, in coming down steps, should take care not to be lively in conversation or ecstatic about scenery. A false step is easily made even when there is no snow to make it slippery. Of this the veiled lady gave a striking example—she fell with a loud scream. Le Blond rushed up the steps to her assistance, and raised her courteously. She thanked him, and took the arm he had offered for her support. But as her foot was slightly hurt, she frequently paused, on their downward way, to rest. She asked many questions of the polite Le Blond, and when she heard, among other things, that he dealt in lace, she expressed a wish to buy, named the hotel where she resided, and fixed an hour for him to bring some articles for her inspection. He was directed to ask for the Countess de St Silvain. She would probably have talked much longer, had not the gentlemen come up the steps to enquire what had detained the lady. She related the accident in answer to their respectful enquiries; and on

hearing it they nearly fell into fits, conducted her with the utmost care to the carriage, and left Le Blond transfixed to the spot. In the course of time, however, he recovered himself sufficiently to find his way home, and tell his mother the whole occurrence. At the appointed hour he went to the hotel, and enquired for the Countess de St Silvain. He was conducted to her apartment, and found her still in her travelling dress, and still enveloped in the gold-spangled veil. He laid before her two boxes of the costliest laces; her choice was quickly made; she paid him the price demanded, and added a piece of gold for the trouble she had given him in coming to the hotel. After this she again led him into conversation, as she had done in the morning on the hill. When Le Blond told her that he had never yet been more than twenty miles from Namur, she wondered at his want of curiosity, and asked him if he would enter into her service.

"You will see all France," she said; "I will give you more than you make by your trade. You shall be private secretary either to me or my lord—my husband."

This was said in such a soft sweet tone that Le Blond was nearly tempted; particularly as at that very moment a thought came across him of the very untempting Mademoiselle Paulet, and the different tone she spoke in. But then, to leave his old mother—such a step was impossible. And though he had threatened a hundred times rather to throw himself on the wide world than marry the silversmith's daughter, still, when he thought of how desolate his departure would make the poor old woman, he declined the Countess's invitation, and told her he could not leave an aged parent who had no friend in the world but himself. When he came home and told the whole story to his mother, she, who, like most mothers, had a higher opinion of the return due by her son for all her kindness, than of any thing else, exclaimed, in a sort of pet, at the very thought of such a proposition, "Go, if you please, you disobedient boy, but Mademoiselle Paulet must go with you. Marriage, I see, is the only thing to save you; and I have gone too far in the business with the silversmith to draw back with honour."

Driven to despair, Le Blond went next day to offer himself to the Countess, but he came back to his shop half broken-hearted. The Countess had left Namur!

AN INTERFERENCE.

The apparition was soon forgotten; but old Madame Le Blond did not forget Mademoiselle-Paulet. "Custom at last makes all things tolerable." This proverb was repeated in Le Blond's ear day after day. Day after day he denied its truth. In this way a whole year was passed; and then other sorrows came in addition. Louis XIV. had taken it into his head to be a great man; even already people called him Louis the Great; but what will not people do to please an individual with an army of two hundred thousand men? At last, in the year 1692, he advanced in person to besiege Namur, and, with a few wagon loads of powder, blew all Madame Le Blond's plans of marrying her son to the silversmith's daughter into the air. For, after an attack of eight days, he carried the city; and after two-and-twenty days he carried the castles; and Madame Le Blond grew ill from the extremity of her fears, and died. Le Blond was infinitely obliged to the French monarch for his timely interposition; but at the same time his grief for his poor mother was sincere. That careful manager left behind her a far more considerable succession than he had expected. Without his knowledge she had scraped together sundry rouleaus of gold, which enabled the young man to carry a design he had long entertained into execution—namely, to remove into a more spacious wareroom. In about a quarter of a year he had left the small shop in the small street, and had settled himself in fine commodious premises in one of the most fashionable parts of the town. His customers, both male and female, soon found him

out. It was no small addition to his gratification that his new dwelling had a small garden attached to it; for he was an enthusiast in his love for plants and flowers. The garden was surrounded on all sides by those of his neighbours. Little hedges and even flower borders were the only divisions between them; so that they presented the appearance of one large garden, instead of numerous small ones. In the portion belonging to Le Blond, there was a bower of wild jasmin. Here it was that he resolved to spend his happiest hours, and to devote himself to the study of Italian, in order to be able, like other silk merchants, to write to his correspondents in their own language. The splendid house of which he had hired the ground-floor, belonged to the President of the Sovereign Court, who troubled himself very little about his tenant. Every thing went on delightfully. The ladies, who had formerly shown so much favour to the wares of the handsome laceman, did not desert him in his new position. They were constantly dropping in to rummage his stock and make their purchases, and have a few minutes' conversation. Le Blond, indeed, appeared to grow handsomer every day; but the ladies maintained that his silks and laces were the best in Namur, and his prices the most reasonable. Happy, happy Le Blond!—But, on the other hand, his efforts were not so prosperous in respect to the Italian grammar. It was a wearisome employment; and besides this, it was not long before he encountered another obstacle to his studies.

THE OBSTACLE.

One warm summer day, as he went into the garden with the Italian grammar in his hand, and was about to enter the jasmin bower, he perceived that it was already occupied. A young lady sat there, busily intent upon a

book. She was apparently not more than eighteen—graceful as a lily—in short, a maiden such as Le Blond had never seen in his life. For it was not an every-day sight—that throat of snow, those cheeks of roses, those

glowing lips, and, round the stately head, those raven tresses waving in a cloud that might have formed a portion of the Egyptian darkness. Le Blond stood at the entrance of the bower abashed and thunderstruck. No less astonished was the beautiful stranger at the approach of Le Blond, who appeared to her like a being from another world. She seemed, indeed, never to have gazed on a Le Blond before. In the agitation of the moment she bowed to him, and he nearly curtsied to her, and both begged pardon a thousand times, without being offended with each other in the least degree. At last a conversation was commenced; the beauty carried it on with wonderful fluency, but without much benefit to Le Blond; for, in the first place, that individual's soul was situated more in his eyes than his ears; and, in the second place, her French was nearly unintelligible, and terribly mixed with Italian idioms. But they made out that they were neighbours. The garden that joined the foot of Le Blond's belonged to the great house, whose front looked towards the street of St Fiacre; the said street of St Fiacre being parallel with that in which Le Blond resided. He had come to learn Italian; she with a French grammar—for she had only been three months arrived from Italy, and was anxious to acquire the French as quickly as possible. While they were engaged in this mutual explanation, which was, indeed, a somewhat tedious process—for signs and attitudes had to assist in the translation of Italian into French, and French into Italian—a female voice was heard calling the name *Jacqueline*! Hereupon *Jacqueline* rapidly took leave, lifted the grammar from the table, and disappeared. Le Blond stood nearly rooted to the ground, and was scarcely aware of what had passed. He seated himself on the bench she had left—he dreamed—he raved as if intoxicated, and was profuse in complimentary speeches to the vanished beauty, as if she were still before him. And now, for the first time, he cursed with all his heart his ignorance of Italian, and swore by all the saints to devote himself to the study of the grammar, that he might tell his neighbour—he was not exactly certain what. But when he seized the grammar, he

perceived that the book was not the same—it was a French one. In the agitation of the moment *Jacqueline* had taken his Italian rudiments, and left her own. He scarcely ventured to touch the holy leaves that had been consecrated by her fingers, and lamented his fate in being only *Julius Le Blond*, and not the enviable Italian grammar that *Jacqueline* had carried away with her. He did not recover himself the whole day; but when there were no customers in his shop, he sat in the little back parlour and gazed at the jasmine bower, and the great house beyond it that it belonged to. It was only towards the evening that the thought struck him that it would be proper to go and restore the volume, and by way of insuring its safe delivery, to give it to his lovely neighbour with his own hand. He set off on the instant, and had very soon hurried through the cross alley and reached the street of St Fiacre. The great house was easily discovered. On the ground-floor was a merchant's shop, and there, in great letters on a black board, he read, "*Mesdemoiselles Buonvicini, mantuamakers from Milan.*"

Thus far all was well; but all of a sudden a sort of failing of nerve got possession of him; he went past the palace, for a palace it really was, the whole length of the street; and only recovered his courage when he had got to some distance. "Why shouldn't I go in?" he thought; "I am not going to do any harm." He turned round, but with every step that he made towards the palace his nervousness increased. "What will she say when she sees me with the grammar? Won't she consider me a pushing, impertinent fool? Couldn't I wait till she asked me for the book herself? And which of the sisters Buonvicini is *Jacqueline*? Who can tell whether she is at home? And, besides, wouldn't it be giving up the grammar, the only chance I have of ever seeing her again?" In the midst of these ruminations, he was long past the palace on the other side; but with every step his anxiety to call upon *Jacqueline* grew stronger. Again and again he returned, and always lost heart at the door. At last, when he had wearied himself with his wanderings up the street and down the

street, he fairly put the grammar into his pocket, and betook himself—

grumbling at his want of impudence—to his little back parlour again.

THE MISTAKE.

The good and modest Le Blond soon discovered some gleams of comfort in his distress. The French grammar he laid safely under lock and key, as a pledge of its bringing him to another interview with the owner. We cannot maintain that he enjoyed his supper on that night, but there are occasions when people can live very well upon air; and, indeed, build stately castles on the same unsubstantial foundation. For instance, Le Blond was delighted beyond measure that the beautiful Jacqueline was of no higher rank than a milliner,—it fitted so admirably to his own trade in laces and silks. His plans were innumerable, and one of the most fixed of them was, to make the captivating Mademoiselle Buonvicini, with all convenient expedition, into Madame Le Blond. The only question was, how such an angel was to be won? These plans, and even this last one, were admirably well laid with but one error in them, and that was, that Jacqueline resided indeed in the palace, but, alas! alas! not on the ground floor. She was no connexion of the sisters Buonvicini, but was the only daughter of the French general De Fano, who had received some wounds at the siege of Namur, and had remained to have them cured. The good laceman—who had entirely accommodated himself to his situation, and, in consequence of his mother's advice, entirely forgotten the former rank of his father—would never have ventured on such an undertaking as to lay siege to the heart of the daughter of one of the Grand Monarque's most famous generals. Poor Julius was no politician, and had never even heard of General De Fano's name. Jacqueline, on the other hand—for since we have told the secrets of one of the parties, we may as well be equally

communicative about the other—Jacqueline had left the jasmin bower, in scarcely an inferior state of bewilderment—she could not drive Le Blond out of her memory, and in girls of eighteen the seat of the memory is the heart. Now the image of a Le Blond in the heart is not unattended with danger to girls of even a year or two older than Jacqueline. She was anxious to know who he was; but, as to making any enquiry that might lead to the supposition that she took any interest in the matter, such a thing never entered her head. She tried, therefore, to attain the information in a roundabout sort of a way, and discovered that the great house to which the jasmine bower belonged, was inhabited by my Lord the President. How, then, was it possible to doubt that Le Blond was one of his sons?

She had soon perceived the exchange that had happened of their grammars; by a paper mark at the place, she saw that his lesson had stopt short at the conjugation of *Io amo*; a verb which she was quite able to translate into the French *J'aime*. But somehow, on this occasion, the translation was accompanied with some odd sorts of feelings, for which she could not exactly account; and more than once she went into the apartment of her dressing-maid, whose window commanded a view of the jasmine bower. Every morning, as soon as the sun rose, both the young people kept constantly looking towards the arbour; one watched for the other's appearance, only that they might restore the grammars; but, as neither of them liked to be the first to go, three days were wasted in useless expectation. Jacqueline was very restless, and Le Blond nearly died of anxiety.

THE LESSONS.

At last, on the fourth morning, just as the sun was rising, the bashful Le

Blond determined to visit the jasmin bower. And, as he went to the win-

dow, he saw a figure in white wandering in the milliner's garden. With the speed of lightning he rushed forth, the grammar under his arm, and pretended to be busy examining his flowers; keeping his eye, however, attentively fixed on the movements of the living flower on the other side of the hedge. She approached the arbour,—he walked towards it at the same time. Heavens! how both began to blush as they mutually showed the borrowed volumes!—at last, however, the explanation was made, and the exchange effected. When once the conversation was commenced, it seemed to flow more naturally than either of them could have expected. Jacqueline complained of the difficulty of French; Le Blond of the tediousness of Italian. The complaints of each raised in the other the tenderest emotions of pity; and nothing in the world could be more natural than the offer to be of assistance to each other in their studies—they resolved to dedicate the first hour after sunrise to this system of mutual instruction—long before Pestalozzi was born—and they fixed on the hour of prime, probably, because in both grammars was the proverb.

“The morning hour
Brings golden dower.”

It was wonderful what a charming schoolroom they made of the jasmine arbour. The commencement was made that very hour. They sat down beside each other on the bench, and took the grammar in hand with the most studious intentions in the world. Perhaps, indeed, they might have made more progress in the language, if they had not sat quite so close. For when, by any accident, Le Blond was touched by Jacqueline's arm; or if, in the morning breeze, one of her curls was waved against his cheek, a sort of shudder passed through him; he forgot the art of speaking either in his own language or any other; and appeared, poor fellow, to be labouring under a difficulty of breathing; or, when Jacqueline's hand, in pointing out the place, came in contact with that of her pupil, all of a sudden she lost the power of distinguishing a single syllable, though, on other occasions, having no cause to complain of blindness. But, to be sure, not much can be expected in a first lesson, so they

looked forward to making greater progress in the second. And, indeed, the studious propensities of the young people were most exemplary. In spite of the earliness of the hour, neither of them was ever one instant behind the appointed time; yet it might be in consequence of this over zeal that their attention occasionally flagged, and Jacqueline herself occasionally laid her forefinger on the lower line, instead of the upper. On these occasions, it was, of course, necessary for the attentive pupil to set her right; and, on taking her hand in his for this purpose, it not unfrequently happened, that neither of them could recollect whether it was the upper line or the lower one they had been reading; and so, sometimes for five minutes at a time, both of them sat without saying a syllable, in the aforesaid attitude, and gazing most strenuously on the book whose lines neither of them could perceive a word of.

In the third lesson, therefore, it was indispensable to go over again the two former ones; which, owing to these unavoidable circumstances, had almost slipped from their memories; and, by way of bringing things into regular order, it was resolved that Jacqueline should be the teacher one day in Italian, and he the next in French. Le Blond confessed that he had stuck at the verb “*Io amo*,” and begged the teacher to hear him say off the book all of it that he knew. As she felt conscious that her own progress in the French was not a whit more advanced, she felt the less wonder at his ignorance. Matters were now arranged for a serious lesson. The books were closed; and, in case of any recurrence of the strange sensations he had experienced when accidentally touched by Jacqueline's hand, Le Blond thought it better to take hold of it at once, and keep it close prisoner in his own. A tremor ran through the captive thus laid hold of, which luckily escaped the captor's observation, as at that moment he was labouring under a very similar fit of agitation himself. After a long silence, which, however, neither of them seemed to consider tedious, Le Blond commenced his lesson—

“Present time, ‘*Io amo*.’”

It was fortunate he had to wait for the translation, for one other syllable he found it impossible to utter.

Jacqueline sank her eyes to the

ground, and felt that her cheeks were glowing like peony roses, without having the remotest idea of the cause, as she rendered his Italian into French.

"J'aime," I love.

It was some time before he gained strength enough to go on to the second person.

"Tu aimes."

She sighed, and actually blushed again, as she responded—

"Tu aimes," thou lovest.

He continued—and involuntarily, as it were, lifted her trembling hand to his heart.

"Egli ama," he loves.

"Il aime," she muttered in answer, and lifted her eye shyly to his face.

He still held her hand pressed to his bosom, and, forgetting his Italian entirely, continued in his own language,

"Nous aimons,"—we love.

"No, no," exclaimed the teacher, "you must say it in Italian."

He looked into her beautiful black eyes and repeated what he had said before.

"Nous aimons," we love.

But looking into such eyes is no great help to one's progress. So Jac-

queline unconsciously went on, and said in the same tone as her scholar—"Nous aimons," we love; but suddenly she corrected herself, and said the lesson was ill done.

"But it is no sin to be slow in learning grammar," whispered Le Blond, and raised the hand to his lips. To such a truism as that it was impossible to reply—and yet she appeared uneasy; perhaps on account of the slow progress they made in parsing; but, after a somewhat embarrassing pause, they simultaneously returned to their lesson, and whispered at the same moment, as if in concord—

"Nous aimons," we love.

This was the whole extent of their progress that day; yet both fancied they had learned a great deal; for the hearts of those young and innocent beings had learned a language that was neither French nor Italian; but more intelligible than either—more musical than the Tuscan; more graceful than the French. Two hours passed in this lesson; and, when at last they found they had to part, neither of them could be persuaded it had lasted twenty minutes.

THE HELPER.

From day to day their studiousness increased; and it may be remarked, as a proof of the correctness of certain new theories in the art of teaching, that they soon acquired a power of carrying on a conversation without having committed to memory a single rule of grammar. Le Blond all this time was deeply in love with the mantua-maker from Milan—Jacqueline with the son of the President of the Sovereign Court. But, at last, when they discovered their mistake, it made no difference, except that it infused into the cup, where Love had brimmed before, a bitter drop of fear and disappointment. But this bitter drop seemed by some chemical transmutation, of which they, poor souls, were ignorant, to increase the strength of the contents of the aforesaid cup a hundredfold.

"'Tis true," sighed Le Blond, "that by birth I am a gentleman; I only wish I were rich!"

"And I," sighed Jacqueline, "ah! I only wish I were poor!"

And now, as if to increase their

misery, winter came on apace, and stript the jasmine bower of its leaves, and shed showers of snow upon the ground, that left every foot-print shamefully distinct. Their meetings were now more rare, and only took place at church, or in some appointed street; and then only for a moment. But even these meetings were something; and spring, they thought, would bring its leaves again to the bower. In the mean-time, deep were the mutual protestations of love and fidelity, but no less deep were the apprehensions of them both that these protestations were vain. One day Le Blond sat, immersed in melancholy forebodings, in one of the principal coffeerooms of the city; but the wine, though the best of the vintage of Champagne, had no effect upon his spirits. It was eight days since he had seen Jacqueline; and all this time she was going out to balls and parties among the chief people of the town—ay, at that moment was gracing an assembly in the house of the President, but two flights of stairs above his

humble warehouse! He had rushed out to avoid the revelry, and fly from his own miserable thoughts. Near him sat a gentleman in a grey riding-coat—a man of middle age, calm and silent. He looked at Le Blond, and pledged him in a glass of Pontac.

"Have I not the honour of speaking to Monsieur Le Blond?" he enquired.

Le Blond looked at him closely, and recognised him, by a deep scar upon his left cheek, to be a gentleman he had seen frequently gazing upon him for the last two days: once he had come into his shop and bought something; then he had beset him on the street; then at church; then kept constantly promenading in front of his door; and now had addressed him here.

There was something repulsive in the stranger's appearance; a long haggard countenance, and eyes that glowed like flame. Le Blond answered his enquiry.

"You don't seem in good spirits?" continued the stranger.

"Perhaps so, sir," replied Le Blond; "one isn't merry at all hours."

"Drink!" said the stranger.

"That has no effect," answered the other, despondingly.

"Indeed! I am distressed to hear it. Is there any thing I can do to serve you?"

"I can't say."

"Try me," rejoined the stranger; "you interest me deeply, young man,

—more deeply than you think. You don't know me; but let us become acquainted. I am sure I can help you, if you will only give me your confidence."

"You are very good," sighed Le Blond, and shook his head.

"Has any one injured you?"

"By no means."

"Or a lover's quarrel?"

"No, no, no quarrel!"

"Or do you want money? I can help you to as much as you want."

Le Blond looked astonished into the long yellow face of the old man.

"Say the word," he went on; "how much? Two or three thousand livres? You are in luck's way, my friend, and may be the richest man in Namur."

"How?"

"That I will tell you whenever you wish to be so."

"Who wouldn't wish to be rich?" enquired Le Blond, with a faint smile.

"Good," said the stranger; "but we must leave this place, where so many eyes may be upon us. I am a stranger in Namur. Will you accompany me to my hotel, and do me the honour to sup with me to-night?"

Le Blond looked distrustfully at the stranger; but when he recollected that Jacqueline was, perhaps, at that moment dancing above his small back parlour, he resolved to accept the invitation for the sake of a little amusement.

THE TREASURE.

The stranger occupied two or three splendid apartments in the hotel;—a couple of servants flew at his bidding to prepare a supper. Le Blond was wonderstruck at all he saw; for he perceived that the stranger in the grey riding-coat must be a man of great wealth, who might have his choice of finer company than that of a humble laceman.

"With whom have I the honour to be?" enquired the young man, modestly.

"Call me only Abubeker," answered the other; "by birth I am a Chaldean."

"My stars!—a Chaldean! How come you into our parts, so far from Asia?"

"My course has happened to bring me here. Partly ennui, and partly a thirst of knowledge regulate my motions. I have thoughts of going to Iceland as soon as the spring is a little advanced."

"To Iceland?—and is it long since you left Asia?"

The Chaldean appeared to consider for a minute, and then said, "I think in about a fortnight from this time, it will be a hundred and twenty-two years since I left home."

"My God!" exclaimed Le Blond, "a hundred and twenty-two years. And how many years old are you, sir?"

"Three hundred and twelve years full."

"Three hundred"—cried Le Blond.

"—And twelve years, last month," calmly repeated the stranger. "I perceive you are a little surprised—you think, perhaps, I am quizzing you; but when you know me a little better you will think far otherwise. But think just what you like; and never trust to any man's *words*, but to his *actions*."

Le Blond thought it somewhat extraordinary, but resolved to let the old gentleman go on with his hoax, being determined not to be taken in.

The servants announced supper, and when Abubeker and Le Blond had taken their seats at the splendid table, which was covered with the richest wines and dishes, and were left again alone,—

"Now, my good fellow," said the Chaldean, gaily, "throw aside all troublesome thoughts for a little;—fill up a good bumper, and tell me all your distresses in the same open familiar way I have spoken to you."

Le Blond took the advice as regarded the bumper, and towards the end of the feast was lively and amused. The Chaldean exerted himself for his entertainment, but, in spite of all his efforts, he could not penetrate the "secret sorrow" of his guest. Le Blond was very incredulous, and couldn't bring himself to swallow all the wonderful narratives given by Abubeker of his adventures by sea and land.

"Yes, yes, my good friend," he said at last, offended at the old fellow's exaggerations, "you tell your marvels very well, but do you fancy that any sensible man would believe a word of them?"

"It makes no difference to me," replied the other, "whether you believe me or not; the loss is yours. But you may easily convince yourself that my studies have been pretty deep. Did you ever hear of necromancy?"

"To be sure, but never believed in it. It is a science that depends entirely on cheating and sleight of hand."

"Likely enough, among you unskilful Europeans. It is very different, I assure you, in Chaldea."

"Will you let me see a turn of your art?" enquired Le Blond, with a disdainful smile.

"I make no turns, as you call it, of my art, but this I can tell you, young man, the lines of your face inform me you will be rich and fortunate. Tell me your exact position—you will find my assistance no affair of legerdemain. For example, are you in any mercantile difficulty? Do you need money?"

Le Blond laughed, and said, to try him, "Perhaps I am; what then?"

"Ah! why did you keep this from me so long? You should have told me so at first. You are decreed to lift a treasure that lies hidden under the ruins of Valerien des Anges."

"A treasure?"

"Ay, and a great one."

"Why don't you lift it for yourself, Master Abubeker?"

"Because it is not my fate; and, besides, I don't require it."

"When should I lift it?"

"As soon as you can make the journey."

"Does it need no previous preparations?"

"Not the least."

Le Blond was somewhat startled by the dry manner of the Chaldean, but still believed he was amusing himself with trying to cram him.

"Very well, Master Abubeker," he said, "I will put you to the test. Tomorrow morning I have a bill of exchange to answer for five thousand livres; if this matter is so certain, as you say, you will perhaps advance me that sum, and I will faithfully repay it when we dig up the treasure."

Le Blond, as he said this, fixed his eyes upon the Chaldean to enjoy his confusion; but that individual never altered a muscle of his features, and only said quietly, "You shall have it, my friend." He then turned the conversation into its former channel about his own wonderful adventures.

About midnight Le Blond rose to depart; but out of delicacy to the feelings of the impostor he made no mention of the five thousand livres he had promised. Moreover, his story of the bill of exchange was an invention of the moment, to put an end to the old man's rigmorole stories about his achievements. But Abubeker, retiring for a few minutes to another room, brought with him four sacks of money, and laid them on the table. He then ordered an attendant to accompany

Monsieur Le Blond home, and carry the gold to his house. Le Blond was astonished; he thanked the old man courteously and went off. The ser-

vant accompanied him to his dwelling, and, having delivered the sacks to the amazed domestic who opened the door, disappeared without saying a word.

THE JOURNEY TO VALERIEN DES ANGES.

This incident, as may easily be supposed, interfered considerably with Monsieur Le Blond's sleep. He began to believe the most unbelievable things in the world. When he awakened next morning his first thought was of the Chaldean, as it used to be of Jacqueline. "But, with the morning calm reflection came," and he felt persuaded the old man had filled the sacks with sand—for he had not as yet opened them—and as the suspicion crossed him, he sprang out of bed in a horrible rage, and rushed to the money-bags; but great was his astonishment, and we may add his gratification no less, to find that no sand was the contents, but in each of the bags fifty Louis d'or, new and shining as if that moment from the mint.

"Forged to a certainty!" was his half-audible exclamation, as he hurried for the scales. But the weight was correct to the fraction of a grain, the sound clear as bell-metal, and the honour and integrity of Abubeker as indisputable as the holiness of Saint Gudule. The poor young man was grievously to be pitied; one after another his faculties stood still; and in this interregnum of the reason, the existence of the treasure at Valerien des Anges established itself as one of the best authenticated events in history, whether sacred or profane. What object, he thought, could any man have in playing a trick on him at such an incredible expense. Vague hopes of wealth began to crowd into his soul; a vision of claiming the rank that he inherited from his father, and of claiming at the same time another object dearer to his unsophisticated heart than the rank of a crowned king. For Jacqueline was the aim and end of all his aspirations. It was not long before he betook himself to Abubeker, determined to be a little more communicative with him than he had previously been. The old man, who did not seem, from the liveliness of his movements, to be nearly three hundred and twelve years of age,

received him in the friendliest way possible.

"Have you discounted the bill?" he enquired.

Le Blond confessed his stratagem; and, after many apologies for it, told him he was now going to let him into all the secrets he had. And this he did. He told him every thing—the whole story of the jasmin bower—the lessons—the mistake about the sisters Buonvicini—the love of Jacqueline—the pride of General de Fano—and his despair of ever attaining the hand of the fair and noble lady.

The Chaldean listened with great attention.

"Friend," he said, after a long fit of thinking, "why should you despair? Lift the treasure, buy a noble estate, and present yourself to the General as a lord of acres. He will not refuse you his daughter."

"Ah! don't deceive me with false hopes of a treasure."

"What interest have I to deceive you?" replied Abubeker to the entreaty which the glistening eye and quivering lip of the young man showed to proceed from the deepest recesses of his heart. "Deceive you!—No, no, my good friend—what deceit there has been has proceeded from yourself. You should not have told me that story about the bill of exchange." Le Blond hung down his head, and blushed. "But you don't like to be absent from home so long, perhaps, as it will take you if you accept the treasure I offer you?"

"What have I to do if I go?" enquired Le Blond.

"Set your house in order," answered Abubeker; "tell no one of what has passed between us; pretend that you must be absent some time on business; or, better than all, sell off your whole concern, root and branch, for the treasure will make you independent of trade or profession of any kind. If not, give over your property to the care of some friend."

"Shall I tell Jacqueline about it?"

"About your going away from home, and your certainty of soon being in a condition to make her your own, you may tell her without the least fear of disappointment. But breathe not a syllable of Valerien des Anges—breathe not a syllable of the treasure."

"When should we start?"

"In three days I leave Namur."

Le Blond promised to have all his preparations made by that time; "for," as he thought to himself when he had reached his back parlour once more, "what have I to hope for if Jacqueline can't be mine? Better to die—better to do any thing. There

can be no harm in trying; I will lift the treasure."

When the appointed time came every thing was arranged; Jacqueline had been made acquainted with his hopes, and parted with him amid vows of eternal constancy and bright anticipations of a happy meeting. The shop was closed and locked, and Le Blond placed himself by the side of Abubeker in a handsome travelling carriage, and hurried from Namur when it was pitch-dark at midnight. The first crack of the postilions' whips sounded exactly as the cathedral clock struck twelve.

THE LIFTING OF THE TREASURE.

The Chaldean remained quite unchanged; quite as big-speaking, and cool and careless, as in the coffee-room at Namur. The whole day was spent in the close shut-up carriage, with many changes of horses. The weather was dull and rainy; they did not even pause for refreshments, but ate and drank in the carriage. In the evening they pulled up at a solitary hunting lodge, or something of that kind, in the middle of a wood. A sort of yager, in a handsome but decayed uniform, received the travellers, and conducted them into a chamber, whose broken windows, repaired with pieces of paper, consorted very well with the tattered remains of the once splendid tapestry that hung from the mildewed walls. When a stove had been lighted in this cheerless apartment, the Chaldean's servants brought in wine and some cold provisions, while the yager and his assistant spread a couple of mattresses on the floor.

"Do we spend the night here?" enquired Le Blond, looking round with a disconsolate air, for the whole place appeared to him "uncanny."

"Ten steps from this are the ruins of Valerien des Anges. At midnight exactly—not an instant before, not an instant after—we must be there. Let us drink a little here in the mean-time, and warm ourselves at the fire."

A cold shudder passed through Le Blond. All the horrible stories he had ever heard of awful apparitions that had taken place at the lifting of

subterranean treasures occurred to his memory. He enquired of Abubeker if they were likely to encounter any thing of the kind?

The Chaldean shook his head and laughed. "Nonsense!" he said. "Are you afraid of old women's tales?"

Wine and conversation made them get through the long evening very well; but Le Blond was dreadfully fatigued, partly from having had no sleep the night before, and partly from the labours of the journey. The Chaldean did not fail in many extraordinary stories, of which he himself was usually the hero, by way of diverting his companion.

When the clock struck twelve, Abubeker broke off in the middle of an adventure, and when he observed the extreme sleepiness of Le Blond, he stood in front of him, and said, in a solemn tone,—

"You have not deceived me with any falsehood? it may bury both you and me in the ruins."

"I assure you, on my honour," replied Le Blond, "with the exception of the invention about the bill, which"—

"That was wrong," replied the other, "very wrong. But your sleepiness on an occasion of such importance—not to mention the interesting events I was telling you of—awoke my suspicion. I have met with cases of the kind when the experimentalist fell into a trance that lasted a whole month the moment he had found the treasure."

"Indeed?—that would be fearful," replied Le Blond, striving against his somnolency.

"Not at all fearful to the sleeper," said the Chaldean, "while the trance lasts; for he has the sweetest possible dreams, and can wish for nothing better than to be entranced his whole lifetime. But waiting so long for his recovery was a miserable bore to me; and"—

"But the treasure was got up in spite of all that?" asked Le Blond.

Abubeker looked at the hour, and motioned to Le Blond to be silent, and follow. He lighted a small dark-lan-

tern, and went down a few steps. Le Blond followed, but so overcome with sleep that he scarcely knew what he was doing. They went a little way through the wood till they came to a broken down wall. The Chaldean signed with his finger that this was the situation of the treasure. While he took out a book and began reading it by the light of the dark-lantern, Le Blond sat down on a fragment of the wall, and settled himself to repose. The Chaldean read on, and Le Blond, in spite of the importance of the adventure of which he was the hero, fell very unheroically fast asleep.

THE DREAM.

When at last he awoke from this ill-timed sleep, it was full daylight. He rubbed his eyes. He was lying in a splendid bed, in the mild twilight of green silk curtains. He drew these back, and perceived that he was in a gorgeous room, whose walls were ornamented with the finest pictures—whose subjects, he observed, were principally the adventures of Cupid and other deities who owned his power—the furniture was rich beyond description. On a table near the bed was an elegant vase, filled with fresh-gathered roses.

Le Blond had some difficulty in remembering all that had passed. He had but a confused recollection of the stone in the hunting lodge—the tumbled down wall—and Abubeker reading by the light of the dark-lantern. He raised himself in bed, and looked for the Chaldean.

At the noise a side door opened; a chamberlain in rich gold livery came in, while two other attendants followed him, walking noiselessly on tiptoe, and after them came a venerable old man, who took hold of Le Blond's wrist, and afterwards poured out some medicine into a silver spoon, and offered it to the patient.

"I don't need any of your stuff," said Le Blond. "If it weren't that I am a little bewildered, I never felt better in my life."

The physician shook his head, and said, "I beseech your Highness, take but one spoonful; 'twill do you good, I assure your serene highness."

Monsieur Le Blond stared at the old man with all his eyes, and, putting

aside the medicine, enquired for Abubeker. The attendants looked at each other, and it was evident from their faces they considered him out of his mind. At last the physician ventured to enquire, "Whom does your highness refer to by the name of Abubeker?"

"The person who came here with me last night—the Chaldean."

"Your Highness has been here for a considerable time, and no one came with you but your highness's wife, her grace the duchess."

"Wife!—duchess!—considerable time!" ejaculated the amazed youth; "I beg you will leave off fooling me with your ridiculous titles about duchesses and graces, and let me get up. Where are my clothes?"

The physician and servants looked at each other with pitying faces at their master's melancholy condition, and at last united in begging him to remain tranquil in his couch, at all events, till they had obtained the commands of his lady the duchess. One of the attendants left the room for this purpose. Le Blond considered the whole party insane, or the whole business a trick of the Chaldean's. He asked if he was at St Valerien des Anges?

"Your highness is in your hunting castle of Charmes, as retirement is recommended for the recovery of your highness's health."

The emissary now returned with orders to give his highness his clothes.

"Will your grace have your morning robe, or the uniform, or your hunting-suit?"

"No; I want my clothes, I tell you, and be done with your folly about graces, as I told you before."

They brought him clothes of the finest stuffs; a coat of blue silk, on the left breast of which a silver star was fixed. At this Le Blond lost temper entirely. He demanded his own clothes in a whirlwind of passion. The attendants trembled, and grew pale as death; the physician alone had the courage to entreat him to moderate his fury—it might have the worst effects on his distemper. Le Blond having exhausted himself in his anger, yielded at last to his destiny, and hoped to discover the Chaldean when he was dressed. When his toilet was completed, breakfast was brought in, in a magnificent china service. He ate and drank, though every thing was strange and wonderful. Such splendour he had, of course, never seen in his days before. On going to the window he saw that he was in an old-fashioned looking castle, in the middle of a forest, through which alleys had been cut in all directions.

"How far is this from Namur?" he enquired.

Nobody could tell. He enquired again for the Chaldean. He described him minutely, and told them all he

knew of him, and particularly that he was three hundred and twelve years old. The servants shrugged their shoulders; the physician assured him that nobody had seen such an individual as he described, and on hearing of the three hundred and twelve years, he seized again on the pulse.

"Gentlemen," said Le Blond, "either I am foolish, or you; for that I am awake, and not dreaming, I am perfectly convinced. Whose house am I in now?"

"Your highness is inhabiting your Chateau des Charmes, along with your highness's wife, her Highness the duchess."

"Wife? I beg you won't treat me any longer as if I were out of my senses. I never was married, and how the devil can I have a wife? I should like to see her, that's all."

"I will announce your highness's wishes to her grace," said one of the servants with a deep bow, and left the apartment.

"Folly!" exclaimed Le Blond, and was preparing to go out of the room, when he observed that he was in slippers, and called for his boots. At this moment an attendant opened the door, and announced "her grace the duchess."

THE DUCHESS.

In a light morning dress, still more graceful than it was splendid—splendid as it was—a lady glided into the room, and motioned for the physician and attendants to retire. "I wish to be alone with my husband for a moment; you can wait outside the door."

Le Blond, when he saw the fair and elegant creature, whose face was perfectly unknown to him, approach him with a countenance of the most friendly interest, did not know whether he was actually mad, or only in a very vivid dream. She bent deeply and respectfully before him, and appeared to wish to apologise for her intrusion, but failed to utter a word. She laid her hand lightly upon his shoulder, and looked long and earnestly in his face; then, in a voice of tender anxiety, enquired, "How do you find yourself to-day? Do be good and rational at last; and rave no longer about your lace-trades, and conjurors, and Jacquelines, and treasures. You have

spoken of nothing else for a year past. Ah! how happy should I be, if your grace were perfectly yourself again, that we might return to the Court; Paris, they tell me, is so gay just now! The Duchess of Nemours writes me such charming accounts, and enquires so affectionately after your health."

"The Duchess of Nemours!" said Le Blond, to whose handsome countenance, the lady's hand on his shoulder, her glances of affection, and her musical and confidential tones, brought one blush after another. "Most gracious lady, I know not where I am. I almost believe—may the saints forgive me! I am bewitched. I beseech you, madam, rescue me from the delusions I labour under. I will tell you my whole history, from the day of my birth to the present hour. You shall then judge."

He related his adventures. The lady listened and smiled sadly, "Oh,

heavens!" she exclaimed at last, when Le Blond had finished his recital; "all this you have told me, at least a hundred times before. It was on this very account we were recommended by his majesty's physician to leave Paris, to avoid every thing that might increase your excitement. I beg, for my sake, you will keep yourself calm. Think no more of those vain dreameries. Be again as you always used to be before this attack, and banish your fantastic imaginations. Will you? for my sake, say you will!"

"Whatever you like, most gracious madam; but either I am as mad as a March hare, or bewitched; or that infernal conjuror has bewitched you, and all your servants: for I'll take my solemn oath, I am no duke; I am the lace-merchant, Le Blond, of Namur. I have"——

"Alas! alas! 'tis but the old tale again!" sighed the duchess, sadly, "and this after having promised me to be rational. All seems to be in vain. You have forgotten who I am again?"

Le Blond shook his head; and yet there was something in the whole bearing of the duchess, and particularly in the sound of her voice, that did not seem entirely unknown to him.

"I feel, madam," he answered, "as if I had, some time or other, but when or where I know not, had the honour of seeing you before, but"——

"Heaven be praised!" interposed the lady, "your senses begin to return. This is the first time you have spoken so rationally for many months. Let us have but patience, and you will remember every thing in time. As your strength returns, you will be able to banish your fancies. At all events, never speak of them again; and don't expose your want of self-knowledge to the servants. You are the Duc de Melfi; you are *my* husband, and might be so happy and comfortable if you"——

"I the Duc de Melfi! I your husband! I must indeed be mad, madam, before I can believe so unlikely a story as that."

"But you *are* mad, my love, because you *don't* believe so true a story as that; because you are constantly flying to the window, and wishing to escape into the wood; I have been forced to have the windows nailed down, the drawbridge drawn up, and carefully guarded. I have had to stay away from you for many, many days, the sight of me seemed always to increase your malady so much. I have had to station attendants at the door even now; for once you tried to murder me—me your faithful and affectionate wife,—so completely has your disease banished me from your heart!"

Tears stood in the eyes of the beautiful duchess as she recalled this instance of the cruelty of her husband.

"What?" exclaimed Monsieur Le Blond, starting up, "I wish to fly out of the window? I wish to murder you? by heavens, madam, my head really begins to turn. How can you"——

"And you won't frighten me any more then?" said the duchess, coaxingly.

"Certainly not, most honoured madam."

"Nor speak of your former fooleries, or, at least, not make yourself ridiculous before the servants, but show yourself master here; *my* husband, Duc de Melfi, in short, every thing that you really and truly are."

"Fair lady," said Le Blond, who doubted the evidence both of his eyes and ears, "I know no more than the man in the moon, who or what I am; may the foul fiend run away with the Chaldean!—but I am ready to obey your orders, and be exactly who or what you wish me."

The duchess cast her arms round his neck, and kissed his cheek in gratitude for this obedience. A flame ran through his veins at the touch of her lips, and, having returned the salute without well knowing what he did, he gave his hand into hers, and was led through the rest of the apartments.

THE DUKE.

One room surpassed the other in magnificence and comfort. As often,

however, as he exclaimed that he had never seen such things in his life, the

duchess smiled, and shook her hand threateningly, or placed it over his mouth.

"Remember your promise, my dear De Melfi," she said, and Le Blond instantly perceived his fault.

"I don't exactly understand the trick somebody or other is playing me," reflected the youth, "nor what their object can be; nor do I feel perfectly sure that I am not insane, or dreaming, or that that infernal Chaldean has not enchanted me. But, in the mean-time, I can wait and see how things turn out. This can't last for ever, and when"—— But here he remembered what Abubeker had told him, when they were sitting by the fire in the hunting lodge, of the man who had fallen into a trance the moment he had found the treasure, and had not awakened from it for four weeks, but had had the most ravishing and delightful dream for the whole of that time.

"What an odd thing it would be," he thought, as this recollection occurred to him, "if I was lying all this time on the mattress at the side of the stone, with the Chaldean beside me, dreaming I was a duke, and striving to believe myself one with all my might! Well, I must wait." And from that moment he did his best to play the part of the Duc de Melfi. The only thing that puzzled him was how he ought to behave to the duchess. He stood in such awe of her that he could scarcely look her in the face. It was only her extreme graciousness that could have given him a little more courage.

* * * * *

The castle lay exceedingly retired, in the midst of a deep wood. It was old and weatherbeaten on the outside, however handsomely fitted up within; situated on a rock, and surrounded by a deep ditch, which was crossed by a massive drawbridge. Its interior consisted, besides the principal rooms, which were magnificent and stately in their proportions, of a great number of pigeon-hole chambers, and long rambling corridors, so dark that lamps had to be kept burning in them even in the day-time. Great splendour was kept up in the whole arrangements of the castle, though the servants were few in number. There were but three male domestics, and two females; the physician, the cha-

tellain, a cook, half-a-dozen grooms, and about the same number of foresters and rangers.

But the duchess interested him more than all. He could not deny that she was very lovely, and could not help wondering at the fancy she had to consider him her husband who felt himself unworthy of so high an honour. At last, however, he acted as he had promised, and resisted no longer. He seemed never so happy as when he assumed an air of authority with the servants, and comported himself in all respects as his grace the Duc de Melfi. The medicines which the physician had persisted in administering were now discontinued; the duchess loaded the overjoyed practitioner with praises of his skill, and more substantial proofs of her gratitude; and the patient was declared quite cured at the very moment when he was more thoroughly persuaded than ever that the rest of the party were under some extraordinary delusion, for which he could not possibly account, unless by supposing that he had got by some means among the fairies. However, after a few days he reconciled himself as entirely to this fairy kind of existence as if he had never led any other. His wife seemed to grow more and more beautiful every day, and even the memory of Jacqueline became dimmed in her rival's presence. In fact, it seemed something approaching to a sin to think of Jacqueline now that he was the husband of another. Day after day passed on; they sang—they played—they read the newest poems—they hunted. The duchess was a famous horsewoman; and with her fowling-piece she brought down more game than his grace himself, who at first was very awkward at the sport. But in time he acquired more skill, and the duchess triumphed greatly on occasion of his fortunate hits, and reminded him that before his illness he had been the best shot at Court, and had attracted his majesty's observation at several royal battues.

"You remember, love, the majestic stag you brought down in the Duke of Orleans' park, and how his majesty complimented you on your achievement?"

His grace smiled some unintelligible answer to this reminiscence, and muttered to himself—"Not one word

of all these wonderful stories can I recollect. I know nothing about either kings or dukes; all I know is, that somebody or other is making a confounded fool of me, but—*mum!*”

Such observations as these he now strictly confined to soliloquy, in case of bringing a cloud of regret and sorrow over the beautiful and sunny brow of the duchess. He, therefore, concealed his real feelings as well as he could, and at last acquired that power in such perfection that he very nearly hid them from himself. He slid very naturally into the train of thoughts and feelings adapted to his present rank and mode of life. The duchess read letters to him from va-

rious persons of importance, making enquiries after the progress of his recovery; and what appeared the oddest thing of all was that some of these epistles were from the princes and princesses of the Royal family—and he had, indeed, to thank Louis himself for his condescension in sympathising with his indisposition. The duchess used to laugh till she was almost ill, when he showed her at first some of the letters of thanks he was obliged to send to those illustrious personages, where the mercantile phraseology of the lace-merchant came into ludicrous combination with the courtly style of the Duc de Melfi.

THE SECRET.

And months in this way passed on. The spring began to appear—birds sang in the wood—the meadows became green—the rock was covered with flowers. Then Le Blond thought oftener than he had hitherto done of Jacqueline and the *jasmin bower*, and the Italian lessons. An indescribable longing sometimes came over him, and he sighed to be at home again. In such moods as these the enchanted castle was nothing but a splendid prison. But even if he had wished to leave it, it was no longer in his power—the drawbridge was not so powerful an impediment to him as his heart. He loved his wife with all his soul, and she deserved his affection from the tenderness of her behaviour. He became more devoted to her than ever, when, one morning, with many blushes and broken confessions, she gave him to understand that her highest wishes were fulfilled—that, in short, that she was as ladies wish to be who love their lords. From that instant she was the only object of his care; if Jacqueline for a moment reasserted her place in his affection, he strove to banish her from his thoughts. The Duchess also, since the day of the confession, seemed to have redoubled her affection; but he sometimes read in her eyes an expression of sadness which seemed to become stronger every day. Often for a long time she looked dull and disconsolate in his face, and then burst into tears and sobs which she found it impossible to control. In vain he tried to soothe

her, or to learn the cause of her grief. She continued cheerless and depressed, and strove to avoid his enquiries with all manner of excuses. The physician whom he consulted on the occasion, shook his head with a look of professional importance.

“Her grace’s melancholy is quite natural, my lord—the condition of her Grace is amply sufficient to account for it. Your Highness may be quite easy.”

And, indeed, this seemed to his Highness a very sensible way of accounting for it. But when he attended more closely to the tears of the duchess, and the way she behaved towards himself, it seemed as if there was some secret pressing upon her mind. Once, indeed, she went so far as to say, somewhat enigmatically, “Alas! now that my object is gained, I am made at once most happy and most miserable.”

One evening, when she would scarcely leave him for a moment, and when smiles and tears succeeded each other like sunshine and showers in April, he entreated her once more to explain her strange behaviour. He pressed her so closely that at last she said—

“Not now—you shall know every thing to-morrow.”

She led him to the supper-table, and, pouring out a cup of sparkling champagne, begged him to drown his anxiety and curiosity in a draught of wine.

* * * * *

His first thought when he awaked, was the secret the duchess had promised to reveal to him. But how great was his astonishment to find himself lying on a mattress in the old chamber, with the tattered tapestry, where he had been with the Chaldean! A little fire still burned in the stove. The old yager, with his faded uniform, was standing at the window, and had no sooner perceived the movement of the sleeper, than he hurried to the door and shouted—"Master Abubeker, he is awake!"

The Chaldean entered in a moment, and, going up to the mattress, enquired how he was.

"Not very well," replied Le Blond—"my head feels quite puzzled; but, for heaven's sake, tell me where I am, and what devilry you are playing with me now."

"Where should you be, my friend, but in Valerien des Anges?"

"Where is my castle; my wife, the Duchess de Melfi; my servants?"

The Chaldean burst into a laugh—"You haven't shaken off your dreams yet, I see; but let us have no more on't. Take a drop of this tincture—it will restore your strength, for it is no joke to lie insensible for more than three months. We have had an immense deal of trouble with you. Come, take a good gulp. The tincture will do you good."

Le Blond at first refused, but when the Chaldean declared he would answer no question till he had drank, he obeyed. The liquid flew through his blood like fire.

"Now, then," said Le Blond, "tell me where is the Duchess, my wife? I must go to her whatever may happen."

"Master Le Blond," replied Abubeker, drily, "you remember where you are, and the purpose of your coming? Don't be ridiculous, and speak like a fool. What the deuce do you mean by castles, and wives, and servants? I have a great deal more right to ask you about your behaviour in causing me such anxiety; for your trance was your own fault, by your having been guilty of some deceit or mental reservation. I warned you sufficiently before we came. Why did you behave so ill?"

"Don't play any more tricks upon me, Master Abubeker," said Le Blond,

haughtily; "where is my Chateau des Charmes—my wife, the Duchess de Melfi?"

The Chaldean thought for a while, and then shook his head.

"There is no Duchess de Melfi in France, and no Chateau des Charmes. How came you, a lace-merchant in Namur, to marry a princess—eh? think quietly for a moment, and such nonsense will get out of your head."

"But I have letters from the Duke of Orleans—the Duke de Guienne—the Duchess of Nemours, from—yes—from his Majesty himself."

"Have you—where are they then?" said Abubeker, with a short dry cough.

Le Blond looked round. There he lay on the mattress, dressed in the very clothes he had travelled in from Namur. He rubbed his eyes, and jumped up. The sun was just sinking. He paced thoughtfully through the room—stood still and searched his pockets, one after the other—but could discover no vestige of his ducal existence whatever.

"I wish to heaven you would tell me what the deuce has taken place! You don't wish to persuade me that I have been in a dream for a quarter of a year, when I know very well I have eaten, and drank, and slept, and waked, every day, as regularly as clock-work."

"And you, sir," replied the Chaldean, with evident indignation, "don't mean to persuade me to believe in your trumpery dreams? Think yourself what you please, whether duke or lace-man, but be thankful to me for awakening you from your trance."

"Thankful!—there is no great occasion for thankfulness, Master Abubeker, when one is transmogrified from a duke into a dealer of silks and lace."

"Well, sir, I will argue with you no longer," said the Chaldean, quietly; "but my time is precious; the carriage is at the door, and we must back to Namur. Please to follow me."

"By no manner of means; not an inch from this spot. The Chateau des Charmes, and my wife, can't be far from this."

"If such is your opinion, Master Le Blond, you may stay here in this wood. For my part, I am off to Namur. Farewell."

The Chaldean seemed really to be

going. Le Blond thought it unadvisable to continue by himself in an unknown part of the country. He accordingly shouted to him, when he had already got to the door.

"Ho! stop, Abubeker; what's become of the treasure we were to lift?"

"We will speak of that in the car-

riage, when you have come to your senses a little more."

Le Blond said nothing, and followed the Chaldean. The carriage was ready drawn up, with servants before and behind. They got in, and in an instant were in full trot through the forest.

SEPARATION.

Le Blond was deep in meditation, and Abubeker had apparently no inclination to disturb him. The extraordinary rapidity of their course seemed to lull the old gentleman to sleep. The disenchanted duke, however, made two sensible observations from the swiftness of their progress. One was, that the treasure, if it was in the carriage, could not be very heavy; and the second was, that his companion must have his enchantments and disenchantments perfectly at his command, for at every station horses were ready stationed, as if the travellers had been expected.

"About the treasure, Master Abubeker, how have you got on? Did we lift it?"

"To be sure we did," answered the Chaldean, half asleep; "it isn't quite so much as we expected, owing to your trance, but quite enough to make you comfortable as long as you live."

"How much?"

"Can't say."

"Is it here?"

"Certainly," said the Chaldean, yawning, "but, with your leave, I am terribly tired. I shall be obliged to you to let me have an hour or two's snooze. You can determine, in the mean-time, what you will do with the money."

"That's determined on already. As soon as I get the money, I will search through every inch of France, till I find my chateau and wife."

"The surest method, my friend, to make your money disappear from the chest; for your good genius did not bestow it on you to be lavished away upon a dream. I am sorry for the trouble I have given you, for already your absurd resolution has made a portion of it disappear—you should use the rest wisely."

"And what do you mean by 'wisely,' if I may ask?"

"You love the daughter of General what's his name, in Namur."

"Ah!" said Le Blond, "tis no longer to be thought of. I am married to another—nay, in a few months I shall be a father!"

"Hush!" shouted Abubeker, "and trouble me no more with your ridiculous dream. You will lose the whole treasure. That foolish sentence has swept off a good lot of it already; if you go on, I tell you, you will ruin yourself—and, hark ye, sir, you will ruin *me*."

The last words were uttered in a tone that made Le Blond silent. The man had always been a riddle to him; he was now an object of suspicion. He began to think the Chaldean had played him a trick, but by no means put him in the way of a treasure. Only he could not comprehend the object of so expensive a hoax. His residence also at Charmes—that, he was well persuaded, was neither hoax nor dream.

When morning dawned, the carriage stopped for a change of horses at a small house near a bridge, and the Chaldean yawned mightily, but seemed to compose himself again to sleep. Le Blond could keep silence no longer, but nudged his neighbour.

"Come, be a little open with me, Abubeker. Do you persist in saying I have been asleep all this time, and that I never?"

The Chaldean whistled as if to prevent his hearing what was said; but Le Blond persevered.

"Listen to me, Abubeker—you shall never persuade me, for I am in a condition to prove what I say: I have irresistible evidence that I was really in Charmes; that I was really the husband of the duchess, and"—

But Abubeker broke in on him in a voice of thunder—"Again? how often have you to be warned, young man?"

he continued, grasping his hand, and looking sternly. "You have already lost a great part of the fortune you had won; see that you lose not all. Listen to me once and for ever. *Forget your dream.* Let not a syllable of your idiotical fancy pass your lips, neither to me nor to any living soul—write it not, draw it not, let it be buried as in the tomb; on these conditions you will see me again, and be fortunate; if not"——

An impressive look finished the sentence, and the Chaldean opened the door of the carriage and leapt out. At the same moment, a strong broad-shouldered man tumbled in, and sat down unceremoniously at the young man's side, and the carriage rattled over the bridge.

Monsieur Le Blond was astonished at the new incident, and still more so when his new companion pulled a pistol from his breast, and said, with a dubious sort of smile, "'Tis loaded, and never fails." He then drew forth a prodigious knife, and, remarking it was very sharp, begged Le Blond to try the edge of it with his finger.

"I haven't the least wish," said the bewildered Le Blond, "and believe it on your word. But why all these preparations?"

"On the first noise you make," replied the man, quietly,—*"on the first movement you show, I shall have the honour to stick this knife between your ribs, or send a bullet through your brain. I am sorry we must live on such peremptory terms; and for your own sake, I must beg you to let me tie a handkerchief over your eyes, till I tell you to open them again."*

"But why?" enquired Le Blond.

"Because you are my prisoner, sir," answered his ferocious companion; "do you consent to be blindfolded, or"——

He placed the point of the knife within a few inches of Le Blond's breast.

In a situation of that kind submission is unavoidable. The bandage was tied round so scientifically that not a glimmer of daylight could be perceived. How long the journey lasted it is impossible to tell. Le Blond himself couldn't even guess. He waked and slept, and dreamt and waked again. His greatest anxiety was to know what was to be done with him—where they were carrying him. But on these points his companion gave him no information.

AS YOU WERE!

The carriage suddenly stopped, and Le Blond was ordered to descend. Visions of sharp knives and loaded pistols passed in quick succession before his closed eyes. The carriage in the mean time rolled off, leaving him standing blindfolded, afraid to make any motion towards removing the bandage, in case of the threat of his growling companion being carried into execution. At last, on hearing no noise he slowly lifted the handkerchief; but as to seeing any thing around him, he might just as well have kept it on. It was pitch dark, as if the night had been built of black marble. Le Blond thought he had gone blind, but as he turned himself round he saw certain lights flickering before him, which he could not doubt proceeded from the windows of a house. On looking closer he recognised the well-known scene. He was standing before the house of the President of the Court, in front of his own little wareroom of

silks and laces. The doors were closed. The clock struck twelve. Not a vestige was to be seen of carriage, or Chaldean, or man with the sharp knife! After much knocking, the door was at last opened by his gaping domestic; the carpet-bag carried into the back parlour, which appeared in precisely the same condition—not a chair moved, not a table disturbed—as when he left it; and, silent and meditating many things, the weary traveller betook himself to his couch, not without some vague hopes of awakening once more in the *Chateau des Charmes*. But in the morning he found himself just where he was; and, on coolly reflecting over all matters, and calculating his gains by the journey, which consisted of nothing but the five thousand livres the Chaldean had given him the night before they started, he came to the conclusion that he must once more betake himself to trade, and

forget, as much as possible, the interlude in which he had been a performer. But when trade is once lost, it is difficult for even the handsomest youth in Flanders to recover it all of a sudden. The slacker, however, was his employment, the more earnestly he gazed out of the back window at the jasmin bower, and watched for the appearance of Jacqueline. But no Jacqueline appeared. He was constantly in the arbour musing over his former happiness; and, the more he mused, the more the image of the Duchess de Melfi disappeared from his heart. It had been but a temporary falling away—a portion, perhaps, of the enchantment cast over him. And, again, he had no thought, no wish, no heart, but for Jacqueline. He began the Italian grammar once more; for he found, on making enquiry after General de Fano, that he had left Namur several weeks before, with his whole family, probably on his return to Naples. This news completed his misery. He cursed his bad luck; he cursed his poverty; and, above all, he cursed the Chaldean. The latter, indeed, he considered it a Christian duty to hate and detest, for he had not the slightest doubt that he was the devil. Whether it was that all this cursing had a good effect on his constitution, or that time brought its usual soothing influence, and mitigated the sorrow it could not altogether cure, we must candidly confess that Le Blond in six weeks looked handsomer than ever, and had almost got over every thing except his love for Jacqueline. That, indeed, grew warmer every day; for, in cases like that,

“Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

And an incident happened about this time that fed him with fresh hopes.

One morning a letter was presented him, addressed to “Monsieur de Blond de Laure.” Street, house, and number—every thing was correct, except the “de” before the Blond; and the addition at the end. He opened the letter, and the contents were still more surprising than the superscription. It was a petition from a certain “Martin Crispin, steward and overseer of the barony of De Laure,” begging to be retained in the service of the new proprietor, and referring for testimonials to the nobleman who had

just sold it. He said he applied to him, as he had been advised to do by Monsieur Valerien des Anges, who had purchased it for him, and who would shortly send him the deeds that were necessary for his signature. The experience of the last few months had made Le Blond more cautious than before. He said nothing on the subject of his letter, but waited patiently till the promised documents should arrive. And even when, at the end of eight days, a thick packet made its appearance, and on being opened displayed sundry skins of parchment, and various signatures and acquaintances of persons whose names he had never heard of, he was still uncertain whether to take any notice of the incident. And yet there was every appearance of reality about it; but not more so, he thought again, than about his wife the Duchess de Melfi, or even about the Chaldean; and he was completely puzzled what to do. The letters were dated from “De Laure, near Gaillac, in the Government of Languedoc.” A gazetteer convinced him of the existence of Gaillac; but better authority than a gazetteer had convinced him of the existence of the duchess; and, in short, in this state of perplexity, he took the very sensible resolution of consulting his landlord, the President. That official, a good-natured, pompous man, perused the documents with great care. At the end of the first page he called him Monsieur de Blond, and begged him to be seated; and when he had folded up the papers he shook him very kindly by the hand, called him his good friend De Laure, and asked him to meet a few neighbours that day at dinner at his house. But Monsieur de Blond de Laure had no time to eat dinners with stately Presidents of the Sovereign Court. He conveyed all his goods and chattels, silks, bobbinets, and laces to the church of St Mary of Cologne, to make petticoats for the nine thousand virgins, and was off, in about an hour after his interview with the official, as fast as six horses would carry him, to the Government of Languedoc, and city of Gaillac. There could be no longer any doubt that he was the person intended by “De Laure,” for, in addition to all the other evidence which had satisfied the legal mind of the President, he had picked up a slip of paper, on which was written, “Monsieur,—Here you have the

treasure we talked of converted into a splendid and valuable estate. Enjoy it with *silence*, and farewell. ABUBEKER."

Now that he was lord of something more than a handsome person and a few bales of silk, he resolved to search the world over till he found General

de Fano, and begged of him the hand of his daughter. And when a man has plenty of money, it is astonishing how much easier it is to find a general of division, with a beautiful daughter, however far away from one, than to find a needle in a bottle of straw, though just under one's nose.

ABUBEKER AGAIN.

His journey was without any adventure worth recording, till one evening when he had entered the province of Languedoc, and was ascending the hill on which the town of Alby is situated, he encountered one which promised to cast all former incidents into the shade. The hill was so steep that he had left the carriage, in order to walk up and enjoy at the same time the cool air of the evening and the splendid view. By a short cut he had attained a part of the hill to which the carriage had to toil by a long and tedious round, when he was startled from his reverie by the wheels of a carriage coming down in the opposite direction, at so prodigious a pace that he could barely jump to one side to avoid being run over. The glance he caught inside, as he stood on a heap of stones while the vehicle rushed past, had nearly converted him into a statue of horror and surprise. Earnestly bending her ear to catch the whispers of the Chaldean, sat a female, whom the beating of his heart immediately revealed to him to be Jacqueline. The loved—the lost!—and in company with the enemy of mankind! He rushed after them as fast as he could; but his motionlessness had given them a few minutes' start. He was forced, besides, to go the roundabout way, for fear of missing his carriage; and when at last he reached that ponderous machine, and had succeeded in turning it the other way, the carriage he was in pursuit of was nowhere to be seen; but whether lost in the defiles of the mountain, or evanished into thin air, he could not at that moment determine. A party of horsemen now galloped rapidly past; but turned back when they had got fairly in his front, while one of them asked if he had seen a carriage in which were a gentleman and a lady.

"Yes!" exclaimed Le Blond; and was about to ask a number of questions when he was interrupted by the stranger, who seemed overwhelmed with anguish.

"Did the lady scream?"

"By no means," replied Le Blond—"she rather"—

"Was she gagged?"

"No, no—she was listen"—

"Was she making no effort to escape from the villain that ran away with her?"

"Ran away with her!" exclaimed Le Blond, and sank back into the carriage with a groan. Before he had recovered his voice, the horsemen had galloped on. On reaching the town where he had changed horses, he could hear nothing of the fugitives. Further pursuit was useless. He went into every coffee-room, in hopes of some discovery; and to a public concert for the same purpose, but all in vain. The weariest and saddest man that night that went to bed in Languedoc was Monsieur de Blond de Laure. At day-break, he was disturbed by a rustling at his curtains, and standing beside his bed between two of his servants, who had lighted him into the room, was the long figure of the Chaldean. Le Blond bit his finger, to discover whether he was awake—Abubeker smiled, and motioned the servants to retire.

"Monsieur Le Blond," he said, "I promised to see you once more."

"I am glad to see you," stammered Le Blond, "but, Master Abu—"

"Hush!—that is no longer my name. In France, my name is Monsieur Valerien des Anges. What I promised I have done!—and, now," he added, in his usual tone, "I go to Iceland to pulverise the philosopher's stone at the flames of Hecla."

"Very good," replied Le Blond—"but let me ask a single question. Is

it necessary that Mademoiselle de Fano should assist at the pulverising."

"Nonsense!"

"'Tis no nonsense, sir," cried Le Blond—"I tell you, you have carried off the lady I adore! and by the heavens above!"

"I carried her off—why should I do such folly? I am married already to one of the Fays of Caucasus. But to business—your fortune is now made—enjoy it wisely, and forget how you acquired it. One word of tittle tattle, and you die—a bird shall carry it, though you whisper it to the priest; the sword shall find you though you are bending at the altar. You understand me?"

"And Jacqueline?" enquired Le Blond.

"Is here. Have patience, and accept the invitation that will be sent to you to-day. Farewell. Be silent and happy." Abubeker disappeared.

About noon, somebody enquired for Monsieur de Laure, and a stately-mannered gentleman came into the room, where our hero had long been expecting something to take place, and presented an invitation to him to dine with the Archbishop of Alby. The invitation was accepted in mute admiration at the talents of the Chaldean; and even the court of an archbishop presented no difficulties to Le Blond, who, having been a duke so long, though only in a dream, enacted nothing so naturally as the bearing of a grandee.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

When his Grace's carriage, which out of compliment had been sent for him, had deposited him in the courtyard of the palace, he was conducted by several attendants into the episcopal gardens. The Archbishop, who was walking there, attended by a number of gentlemen, received him courteously, and presented him to the others as the new proprietor of De Laure. All expressed regret at the sudden and unavoidable absence of his friend Monsieur Valerien des Anges.

"We must get better acquainted," said a noble-looking old gentleman, a little lame of one leg, "for we are now neighbours in the country. I am General de Fano, and my daughter tells me she had the pleasure of knowing you in Namur."

Le Blond grew red as scarlet, and then pale.

The General observed his confusion with a sly laugh.

"Give me your arm, De Laure," he said, familiarly, "and I'll present you to her. She is yonder in the arbour, and knows already you are here."

Le Blond quivered with emotion.

"Ah, General," he said, "I wish my friend Valerien des Anges, since

he has told you so much, had told you all—that my heart—my soul!"

"Well, man, he *has* told me all about it, and I hope he told you in return, that since you are recommended to me by those whom I consider it an honour to obey, I feel myself proud to own you as my son. Come, she expects us—gently, gently, man; you forget my damaged knee. Well, then, run on, for these things are better said in private."

Why should we say more? That Le Blond was presented to the Archbishop's guests as the bridegroom of Jacqueline—that in company with the General and his daughter he took possession of his new estate; that the marriage was splendid, and that the finest of it all was the tear that glittered in Jacqueline's eyes, as she fell upon his neck when the ceremony was over, and they were left for one moment by themselves, and whispered in the well known tones of other days—"Io amo—Io amo!" He cast himself at her feet. "Egli ama!" she exclaimed, as she raised him; and then, flinging themselves into each other's arms, they whispered, "Noi amamo! noi amamo!—we love! we love!"

CHRISTOPHER IN HIS CAVE.

"ONE of those heavenly days that cannot die!" So saith Wordsworth, while "his heart rejoiced in nature's joy," as saith Burns—and in these few syllables you feel how happy at the time were both poets. But not happier than you and we have often been and are now, though poets we may not be truly called, except according to the sense in which all human beings are poets who love dearly their mother earth. And are you sure you understand the feeling in Wordsworth's beautiful line? Is it that the day itself is too divine to die, and that the sun will never bring himself to set on it; or that the memory of it must needs be immortal?

Alas! how many heavenly days "seeming immortal in their depth of rest" have died and been forgotten! Treacherous and ungrateful is our memory even of bliss that overflowed our being as light our habitation. Our spirit's deepest intercommunion with nature has no place in her records—blanks are there that ought to have been painted with imperishable imagery, and steeped in sentiment fresh as the morning on life's golden hills. Yet there is mercy in this dispensation—for who can bear to behold the light of bliss re-*arising* from the past on the ghastlier gloom of present misery? The phantoms that will not come when we call on them to comfort us, are too often at our side when in our anguish we could almost pray that they might be reburied in oblivion. Such hauntings as these are not as if they were visionary—they come and go like forms and shapes still imbued with life. Shall we vainly stretch out our arms to embrace and hold them fast, or as vainly seek to entrench ourselves by thoughts of this world against their visitation? The soul in its sickness knows not whether it be the duty of love to resign itself to indifference or to despair. Shall it enjoy life, they being dead! Shall the survivors, for yet a little while, walk in other companionship out into the day, and let the sunbeams settle on their heads as they used to do, or cover them with dust and ashes, and show to those in heaven that love for them is now to be expressed by remorse and penitence!

Christopher in his Cave! and he makes, we assure you, a very pretty hermit. Our beard is not so long as that goat's hanging on the cliff. In Christian countries, Recluses shave, and are attentive to their toilet. We even wear not spectacles, for we have come to enjoy the haze our decaying eyesight gives to all objects in nature, nor envy yours, but bless it, that sees them for ever effulgent. World-sick? Yea, streets are not the channels of the streams we love, whose flowings are in the soul. Earth-sick? Nay—filial shall we be to the last—and bless her as she takes us back into her bosom. Life-sick? Oh! say it not—for God is good—and grief gracious; and sorrow consecrates the path of fading and faded flowers—yet some among them, O wo! and bliss is me! brighter so help us heaven than ever—that leadeth to the grave.

And where is our Cave? Hush—for we must not "prate of its whereabouts"—were we to do so, it would dissolve. But this much we may reveal—it is in the Highlands. That is a wide word, and will not break the spell. The interior is cool in these the Dog-days—nor would it be otherwise if Sirius himself were panting at its mouth. Yet perfectly dry—though one wonders how without moisture of some kind or other the moss roof and walls, in their infinite varieties of colouring, can be so freshly beautiful. 'Tis but some four paces wide—some six long—and the key-stone of the arch little higher than our heads—the roof at no place beyond touch of the long nail or claw on our middle finger. In a niche facing the light we are reposing on a couch covered with the furs of fox, wild-cat, and otter—a root-wreathed table, with slate-slab fair as any marble, we ever and anon—leaning on our elbow—keep writing away at—as now—soliloquizing *pennæ susurru*—of which the whole wide world will be listening delighted, in a week or so—for sound travels slowly through such a solitude—to the echo. Friend of our soul! would thou wert here—for the first time in thy life to *hear silence*.

What! you are eyeing that other table in shadow. That brightest of

crystal would seem empty to an inexperienced eye—to yours full to the stopper—of Glenlivet. They who placed it there were far from supposing that we were likely to imbibe the dimidium of a gallon—but 'tis an old saving superstition of the mountains that to place before a solitary man a vessel in which spirits are, yet fill it not, is fatal. Ay—wheaten bread of whitest grain—though grown in the regions of heather. No need of the Po for Parmesan. The meadows here overflow with milk as with honey. Field-strawberries redden the rocks—and these basket-fulls by fairy hands were gathered, ere a dew-drop had of itself vanished—though 'tis a wonder, even to ourselves, where can have grown those glorious grapes, pale and purple, in piled-up clusters—all for Christopher in his Cave—the Sardapalus that he is—yet abstemious as that old Roman at his Turnip Feast.

A Library, too, we declare—and well-selected—for there is the face of Maga—these six vols. are manifestly Moxon's edition of Wordsworth—there is no mistaking Pickering's Shakspeare by Campbell—and here, on the table before us, Milton, a mighty mass of ore from the gold mines, and beside him—an ALBUM. In their own handwriting page after page of poetry by the great poets and the good! Creations of the pencil too—landscapes belonging to all the loveliest lands on earth and the most magnificent—by amateurs who are artists indeed—and by famous artists proud to leave some relic of their genius in the Book of Beauty, laid here by Beauty's hands, to charm in his solitude an old man's eyes!

And what volume is this, annual-like in its primrose-coloured boards, if boards they be, so delicate in their seeming, and with lily-leaves that look as if they were fragrant—and fragrant must they be, if ever breathed over have they been by the lips of her who placed them for the perusal of Christopher in his Cave. "POEMS OF MANY YEARS by Richard Monkton Milnes;" the name is not unfamiliar, nor yet is it familiar to our ear—thirty years ago and upwards we heard a man of the name of Milnes speak in Parliament in surpassing style—this may not be the same—no—no—for he, if extant, must be as ancient as ourselves—and poetry may flow into—but not out of

the heart of one who is half-way down the hill of life. "Tis thou—!" What voice gave that whisper? What thine, thou restless wren, that fifty times at least within these two or three hours we have been sitting here, hast been borne leaf-like out and in our Cave, and only now been perceived by us to have all the while been occupied—in bringing food to a voracious nestful that will soon exchange the twilight of this cave for that of the umbrage of the many-gladed woods?

Time was we pounced on a book the instant we saw it on the board, like osprey on fish showing its back upon the billow—with a clutch as sure, and maw as ravenous—shrinking over it as we tore it piece-meal. In our sacred hunger no bones of a book made we then—we swallowed it guts and all—and, lighter from the repast, upsoared in circles, and then shot straight as an arrow, "to prey in distant isles." Now we leisurely alight beside it, like an old sick sea-eagle as we are, and mumble at a leaf or two as if with our teeth we had lost our appetite, and our stomach were in sympathy with our gums. Often do we crawl away from our quarry without tasting it—without so much as knowing whether it be fish, flesh, or fowl—and keep sitting disconsolately for hours together on a stone or stump like a mere bunch of feathers. O Audubon! no more shalt thou behold us—a Speck in the Sun—no more shalt thou hear us—a Cry in the Cloud.

"Poems of Many Years!" 'Tis something to lie here—be assured, O Volume! for the Lady whom all those mountains love is herself a poet—and no book that is not poetry would she place for chance of perusal by Christopher in his Cave. The still study—the busy parlour—the bachelier's serene—the mirthful drawing-room—are one and all fit places for the perusal of poetry; but fitter the wood, the grove, the glen—fittest—and already we begin to feel the inspiration—such a Cave as this—in the heart of inland peace—yet visited—if we mistake not—by the voice of the sea.

Let us hold converse, then, with this brother in the spirit, whom we may never see in the flesh—and let this pretty pen of ours, plucked from a stockdove's wing, and nibbed by Genevieve, cease its prattling, while we recite to ourselves—*ad aperturam*

libri—one lay to test the worth of all
—to assure Christopher in his Cave
whether Mr Milnes be or be not a
Poet.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

“ Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of Hours as they go by :

“ For every man’s weak self, alas !
Makes him to see them, while they pass
As through a dim or tinted glass :

“ But if in earnest care you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

“ Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content :

“ And more,—though, free from seeming
harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from Pleasure’s charm,—

“ If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,—

“ Of something from your being’s chain
Broke off, nor to be linkt again
By all mere Memory can retain,—

“ Upon your heart this truth may rise,—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices Man’s just destinies :

“ So should we live, that every Hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power ;

“ That every Thought and every Deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need ;

“ Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ
Is to develope, not destroy,
Far better than a barren Joy.”

Sweet—serious—solemn—wise and
good.

’Tis pleasant in a Cave to glance,
with ever and anon a pausing eye,
over a volume like this, of which one
by-heart-gotten strain easily persuades
us that the rest must be trustworthy
to our memory—to glance over it
without absolutely reading it, yet all
the while feeling the breath, and seeing
the glow of its beauty—just as it is
pleasant in a room, in like manner, to
glance over an array of ladies fair, not
one of whom we have looked on long

enough to love, yet nothing doubting
that had we ever so many hearts we
could give them all away among the
virgin apparitions.

Or, if this simile do not satisfy, let
us tell you that we like to look at a
Volume as at a Valley—discerning
not one feature of the scene distinctly,
but feeling its spirit as surely as if we
distinctly discerned them all—so that,
when our dreamy eyes come to settle
down upon it, every object occupies
the very place we expected to find it
in, and is of the very character and
kind we thought it to be, only lovelier
in their neighbourhood, because now all
understood, and forming in themselves
a little world where beauty has reduced
them all into order, and order is the
expression of peace!

Nay, if we still must strive to make
clear our meaning, have you never
sat in a boat on a lake before known
to you but by name, and, unwilling all
at once to look steadily on what is
nevertheless filling your breast with
delight, kept even your hands at times
over your eyes, and at others glanced
stealthily around, almost as if afraid
to lapse into the magical world among
whose shadows you were sailing, till,
taking courage as it were from the
glimpses of beauty that made them-
selves be seen whether you would or
no—perhaps from some other fairy
pinnacle passing by meteorous with
its cloud of sail—or bird floating away
undisturbedly among the reeds, too
happy to fly from its own bay where
there was every thing to love and no-
thing to fear—you have at last de-
livered up your whole soul to the
scene, and in one minute have become
almost as well acquainted with its
character as if you had lived for years
on its banks, and have added to the
domain of memory, never more to
fade, a lovelier vision than Imagina-
tion’s self could have created in the
world of Dreams!

This comes of soliloquizing criticism
on Poetry, with a pen plucked from
the wing of a stockdove, and nibbed
by Genevieve, in a Highland Cave.
Pardon our prolixity—and read—

THE LONG-AGO.

“ Eyes which can but ill define
Shapes that rise about and near,
Through the far horizon’s line
Stretch a vision free and clear :
Memories feeble to retrace
Yesterday’s immediate flow,

Find a dear familiar face
In each hour of Long-ago.

" Follow you no farther than
Down the slopes of old renown;
Knightly forms without disdain,
Sainted heads without a frown;
Fing'ring of thought and hand
Chivalrous, a glorious array,
More from every age and land
To the praise of Long-ago.

" As the heart of childhood brings
A wealth of stored joy,
So its still unmeasured springs
Such as heart can never dry;
So, a school of the prime
Spirits, wandering to and fro,
Revisit the nation's time
In the peace of Long-ago.

" You, and Hope's religious fire,
Whom it burns no longer, leaves
Ashes of hapless Desire
On the altar it devotes;
For the heart that kills the Past
Still is a full illusive glow,
Even where it is cast
On the ruins of Long-ago.

" Many a growth of pain and care,
Grown old in the present hour,
Yields, when once transplanted there,
Happier root or parent flower;
Thoughts that hardly flourish here,
Fruitful when transplanted to blow,
Hence, in better atmosphere
In the world of Long-ago.

" On the deep-sea's bottom shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Hath left lost and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

" Toils we're weary love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Thro' the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

" Now the crown of evil dawns,
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Tho' for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong,—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the Future has its Heaven,
And the Past its Long-ago."

A green old age is the most loving season of life, for almost all other passions are then dead or dying, of the mind, no more at the mercy of a troubled heart, compres the little pleasures, their gratification can never yield now we know what it could at any time long ago, and lets them rest. Envy is the worst distemper or embitterer of man's declining years—but it does not deserve the name of a passion—and is a disease, not of the poor in spirit—for they are blessed—but of the mean, and then they indeed are cursed. For our own parts we know Envy but as we have studied it in others—and never felt it except towards the wise and good—and then 'twas a longing desire to be like them, painful only when our hearts almost died within us to think that might never be, and that all our loftiest aspirations were in vain! Our envy of Genius is of a nature so noble that it knows no happiness like that of guarding from mildew the laurels on the brows of the Muses' Sons. What a dear kind soul of a critic is old Christopher North! Watering the flowers of poetry, and removing the weeds that might choke them—letting in the sunshine upon them and fencing them from the blast; proclaiming where the gardens grow, and leading boys and virgins into the pleasant alleys—teaching hearts to love and eyes to see their beauty, and classifying, by the attributes it has pleased nature to bestow on the various orders, the plants of Paradise—this is our occupation—and the happiness of witnessing them all growing in the light of admiration is our reward. How many will be induced to read this volume by the specimens now selected by us in our Cave! How harmoniously they combine—rather selecting themselves—forming themselves to us by force of fine affinities—families of kindred emotions that come flocking of their own accord to our feet.

THE FRUIT OF VIOLETS.

" No, tho' all the winds that lie
In the circle of the sky
Trace him out and pray and moan,
Each in its most plaintive tone,—
No, tho' Earth be split with sighs,
And all the kings that reign
Over Nature's mysteries
Be our faithfulest allies,
All—all is vain!

They may follow on his track,
But He never will come back,
Never again !

" Youth is gone away,
Cruel cruel Youth,
Full of gentleness and ruth
Did we think him all his stay ;
How had he the heart to wreak
Such a wo on us so weak,
He that was so tender-meek ?
How could he be made to learn
To find pleasure in our pain ?
Could he leave us, to return
Never again !

" Bow your heads very low,
Solemn-measured be your paces,
Gathered up in grief your faces,
Sing sad music as ye go ;
In disordered handfals strew
Strips of cypress, sprigs of rue ;
In your hands be borne the bloom,
Whose long petals once and only
Look from their pale-leavèd tomb
In the darkness lonely ;
Let the nightshade's beaded coral
Fall in melancholy moral
Your wan brows around,
While in very scorn ye fling
The amaranth upon the ground
As an unbelievèd thing ;
What care we for its fair tale
Of beauties that can never fail,
Glories that can never wane ?
No such blooms are on the track
He has past, who will come back
Never again !

" Alas, we know not how he went,
We knew not he was going,
For had our tears once found a vent,
We had stayed him with their flowing.
It was as an earthquake, when
We awoke and found him gone,
We were miserable men,
We were hopeless, every one !
Yes, he must have gone away
In his guise of every day,
In his common dress, the same
Perfect face and perfect frame ;
For in feature, for in limb,
Who could be compared to him ?
Firm his step, as one who knows
He is free, where'er he goes,
And withal as light of spring
At the arrow from the string ;
His impassioned eye had got
Fire which the sun has not ;
Silk to feel, and gold to see,
Fell his tresses full and free,
Like the morning mists that glide
Soft adown the mountain's side ;
Most delicious 'twas to hear
When his voice was trilling clear,

As a silver-hearted bell,
Or to follow its low swell,
When, as dreamy winds that stray
Fainting 'mid Æolian chords,
Inner music seemed to play
Symphony to all his words ;
In his hand was poised a spear,
Deftly poised, as to appear
Resting of its proper will,—
Thus a merry hunter still,
And engarlanded with bay,
Must our Youth have gone away,
Tho' we half remember now,
He had borne some little while
Something mournful in his smile—
Something serious on his brow :
Gentle Heart, perhaps he knew
The cruel deed he was about to do !
Now, between us all and Him
There are rising mountains dim,
Forests of uncouneted trees,
Spaces of unmeasured seas ;
Think, with Him how gay of yore
We made sunshine out of shade,—
Think with Him how light we bore
All the burden sorrow laid ;
All went happily about Him,—
How shall we toil on without Him ?
How without his cheering eye
Constant strength embreathing ever ?
How without Him standing by
Aiding every hard endeavour ?
For when faintness or disease
Had usurped upon our knees,
If he deigned our lips to kiss
With those living lips of his,
We were lightened of our pain,
We were up and hale again :—
Now, without one blessing glance
From his rose-lit countenance,
We shall die, deserted men,—
And not see him, even then !
We are cold, very cold,—
All our blood is drying old,
And a terrible heart-dearth
Reigns for us in heaven and earth :
Forth we stretch our chilly fingers
In poor effort to attain
Tepid embers, where still lingers
Some preserving warmth, in vain.
Oh ! if Love, the Sister dear
Of Youth that we have lost,
Come not in swift pity here,
Come not, with a host
Of Affections, strong and kind,
To hold up our sinking mind,
If She will not, of her grace,
Take her Brother's holy place,
And be to us, at least a part
Of what he was, in Life and Heart,
The faintness that is on our breath
Can have no other end but Death."

We read these lines without fearing
to let all their pathos fall upon our

spirits—for into its depths should that pathos sink, it will find there a repose it cannot disturb, or a trouble it cannot allay. The truths they tell have been so long familiar there, that we seem to hear but our own voice again giving utterance to thoughts that for many years have lain silent, but alive, in their cells—like slumberers awakened at midnight by solemn music, lifting up their heads for a while to listen, and then laying them down to relapse into the same dreams that had possessed their sleep. But ye who are still young—yet have begun to experience how sad it is and mournful exceedingly to regret, perhaps to weep over, the passing away and the past, because that something *was* that never more *may be*—ponder ye on the strain, and lay the moral, the religious lesson it teaches within your hearts. So may the sadness sanctify—and the Spirits that God sends to minister unto us children of the dust, find you willing to be comforted, when Youth has left you, heedless if to despair—for Angel though he seem, he is not of heaven—but of heaven are they, and therefore immortal.

Now receive into your hearts, O Youths!—undivided by any commentary of ours—these three strains potent in the peace they breathe—and verily, even in this noisy world the peaceful are the strong. The first, it is true, speaks of change, decay, and trouble—and the second is saddened by the melancholy which imagination often carries into the heart—but the third is elevating and ennobling—and the three, thus read as one, leave the spirit calm, and prepared to face the future in the confidence of love and truth.

TO MY BROTHER.

"Six years, six cycles of dead hours,
Six falls of leaves, six births of flowers,
It is not that, you know full well,
That makes my fluttering bosom swell,
'Tis not the memory of lost Time,
Since last I heard that matin chime,
That brings to sense a sleeping sorrow,
To bid this long-left scene good-morrow—
It is the curse to feel as men,
And be not now, as we were then.
The snowy down on yonder hill
Through thousand summers glistens
still,—
You stream will ne'er to time surrender
Its rapid path of diamond splendour,—

You orb, but now who swept the East,
With train of ruby and amethyst,
Rides on, unweariedly as ever,
O'er frowning rock, and glittering river;
Those trees, I own, are somewhat higher,
The ivy round the village spire
In pillars-clustering heat has grown,—
We cannot call that cot our own,—
But what has changed in this sweet glen
As we from what our hearts were then?
Say you, the glow of hope is bright,
And if it be a meteor light,
That hurtles through the thick'ning sky,
'Tis wise to catch it ere it die?
Tell you me, 'tis a joy to feel
Our toil increase a fellow's weal?
That, 'mid these fainting, fading, howers,
There linger still some amaranth flowers,
And honest will, and honest prayer,
Will find them lurking every where?—
Say on, I can but add, Amen,—
We are not now as we were then.

"Oh, Brother! when I gaze upon
These tombs of little blisses gone,—
When, through the dense and steamy air,
Which we with men are wont to share,
A breeze of distant youth has stole
In freshness on my fevered soul,—
I feel like one who long has lain
With madness gathering in his brain,
And, bursting from the strong distress,
Wakes to a terrible consciousness.
Then blame you, that my pulse beat now,
Blame you the agony on my brow?
There *was*, when fear was all a stranger,
Ere knowledge showed the way to danger—
When love was firm—when faith was sure,
And head and heart alike secure;—
But now, . . . Remember you a flower
Which we with care, from sun and
shower,—

It was our mother's,—loved to guard,
And how we joyed in our reward,
When first we watcht its bloom appear,
When it was old so many a year;
And how we heard, with tearful eye,
The good old gardener's prophecy,—
For he was deep in nature's lore,—
That that bright plant would bloom no
more?
The flowers fell off,—the stalk was gathered,—
The root grew dry,—the lank leaves withered,—
And, sad to lose its only pride,
The poor Agave sunk and died:
Our one, our only bloom is gone,
But, Brother, still we linger on.

"Between the cradle and the shroud,
If chance, amid the pilgrim crowd,
Though strange the time and strange the
place,
We light on some familiar face,

Once loved and known, as friend knows
 friend,
 In whom a thousand memories blend,
 Which whilom slumbered dull and dim,
 But rise in light and cling to him ;
 Though not a trait of old as wont,
 Though care has knit the ample front,
 And vice unstrung the well-toned frame,
 Still something,—*something* is the same.
 But if we ever hope to find
 Some traces in that life-worn mind
 Of its pure self, its simple being,
 Such as it was, when, unforeseeing,
 We thought that Nature's laws would fail,
 Ere Sin could make its boldness quail ;
 Such as it was, ere sensuous things
 Had clipt the bird of Eden's wings,
 Ere stifled groan and secret sigh
 Replaced the tear so soon brushed by,—
 'Tis vain,—alas, for human shame !
 There nothing, *nothing* is the same.

" O that the painter's fav'rite scheme
 Were not alone a painter's dream !
 O that the Paradise he feigns,
 Where Innocence with Childhood reigns,
 And cherub forms and infant guise
 Inclose the heart divinely wise,
 Were not alone a Poet's creed,—
 No symbol,—but a truth indeed !
 That all this circling life might close
 Its wearied course where first it rose,
 And that our second life must be
 A new, eternal, infancy,
 Keeping the bliss we lose as men,
 To be for aye as we were then !"

THE FRIENDSHIP FLOWER.

" When first the Friendship-flower is
 planted
 Within the garden of your soul,

Little of care or thought are wanted
 To guard its beauty fresh and whole ;
 But when the one empassioned age
 Has full revealed the magic bloom,
 A wise and holy tutelage
 Alone can shun the open tomb.

" It is not Absence you should dread,—
 For Absence is the very air
 In which, if sound at root, the heart
 Shall wave most wonderful and fair ;
 With sympathies of joy and sorrow
 Fed, as with morn and even dews,
 Ideal colouring it may borrow
 Richer than ever earthly hues.

" But oft the plant, whose leaves unsere
 Refresh the desert, hardly brooks
 The common-peopled atmosphere
 Of daily thoughts and words and looks ;
 It trembles at the brushing wings
 Of many a careless fashion-fly,
 And strange suspicions aim their stings
 To taint it as they wanton by,

" Rare is the heart to bear a flower,
 That must not wholly fall and fade,
 Where alien feelings, hour by hour,
 Spring up, beset, and overshadow ;
 Better, a child of care and toil,
 To glorify some needy spot,
 Than in a glad redundant soil
 To pine neglected and forgot.

" Yet when, at last, by human slight,
 Or close of their permitted day,
 From the sweet world of life and light
 Such fine creations lapse away,—
 Bury the relics that retain
 Sick odours of departed pride,—
 Hoard as ye will your memory's gain,
 But let them perish where they died."

FAMILIAR LOVE.

" We read together, reading the same book,
 Our heads bent forward in a half embrace,
 So that each shade that either spirit took
 Was straight reflected in the other's face ;
 We read, not silent, nor aloud, but each
 Followed the eye that passed the page along,
 With a low murmuring sound, that was not speech.
 Yet with so much monotony,
 In its half slumbering harmony,
 You might not call it song ;
 More like a bee, that in the noon rejoices,
 Than any customary mood of human voices.

" Then if some wayward or disputed sense
 Made cease awhile that music, and brought on
 A strife of gracious-worded difference,
 Too light to hurt our souls' dear unison,

We had experience of a blissful state,
In which our powers of thought stood separate,
Each, in its own high freedom, set apart,
But both close folded in one loving heart;
So that we seemed, without conceit, to be
Both one and two in our identity.

" We prayed together, praying the same prayer,
Indistinct that prayed did seem, to be aware,
Approach the other in a sudden air,
Beside far away, beneath a vacant throne,
Beseeching the knower to arise and sit
Within the story which encompassed it:
And when, as yet, the Vision stood beside,
And led the way through the upper hyaline,
Stuffing its beauty round the glorified,
Which, while on earth, had seemed enough divine,
The beauty of the Spirit-Bride,
Which filled the rapid Florentine.

" The depth of human reason must become
As deep as is the holy human heart,
Ere aught in written phrases can impart
The might and meaning of that ecstasy
To those low souls, who hold the mystery
Of the unseen universe for dark and dumb.

" But we were mortal still, and when again
We raised our bended knees, I do not say
That our descending spirits felt no pain
To meet the dimness of an earthly day;
Yet not as those disheartened, and the more
Debased, the higher that they rose before,
But, from the exaltation of that hour,
Out of God's choicest treasury, bringing down
New virtue to sustain all ill,—new power
To braid Life's thorns into a regal crown,
We past into the outer world, to prove
The strength miraculous of united Love."

Strange that with all our love of nature, and of art, we never were a Painter. True that in boyhood we were no contemptible hand at a Lion or a Tiger—and sketches by us of such cats springing or preparing to spring in keelavine, dashed off some fifty or sixty years ago, might well make Edwin Landseer stare. Even yet we are a sort of Salvator Rosa at a savage scene, and our black-lead pencil heaps up confused shatterings of rocks, and flings a mountainous region into convulsions, as if an earthquake heaved, *in a way that is no canny*, making people shudder as if something had gone wrong with this planet of ours, and creation were falling back into chaos. But we love scenes of beautiful repose too profoundly ever to dream of "transferring them to canvass." Such employment would be felt by us to be desecration—

though we look with delight on the work when done by others—the picture without the process—the product of genius, without thought of its mortal instruments. We work in words, and words are, in good truth, images, feelings, thoughts; and of these the outer world as well as the inner is composed, let materialists say what they will. Prose is poetry—we have proved *that* to the satisfaction of all mankind. Look! we beseech you—how the little Loch seems to rise up with its tall heronry—a central isle—and all its sylvan braes, till it lies almost on a level with the floor of our Cave, from which in three minutes we could hobble on our crutch down the inclining greensward to the Bay of Waterlilies, and in that canoe be afloat among the Swans. All birches—not any other kind of tree—except the pines, on whose tops the large nests re-

pose—and here and there a still bird standing as if asleep. What a place for Roes!

Why, we are absolutely writing an article, and to fill a sheet how pleasant to have recourse again to such a man as Milnes! Thus—

THE MEN OF OLD.

“ I know not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow :
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of Time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

“ Still is it true, and over true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness,
The world has since foregone,—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone !
With rights, tho’ not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed, as far as known,—
With will by no reverse unmanned,—
With pulse of even tone,—
They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more,
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

“ To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run ;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

“ Man now his Virtue’s diadem
Puts on and proudly wears,
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to
them,

Like instincts, unawares :
Blending their souls’ sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds,
As noble boys at play.—

“ And what if Nature’s fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
To watch the misery there,—
For that their love but flowed more
fast,
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they
cast
Into the evil sea.

“ A man’s best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet :
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire,—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh Desire.

“ But, Brothers, who up Reason’s hill
Advance with hopeful cheer,—
O ! loiter not, those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear ;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below.”

Think not that we should have wearied of our own company in this Cave, had we been without a material book. In our mind is a library of other substance—and we are always in a state of *clairvoyance*. We have been reading Milnes now with the palm of our hand—but that is merely because the volume happens to be on the table—we see through Shakspeare, and Milton, and Spenser, and Wordsworth, in the niche yonder—nor need they be there—for with shut eyes we can read *in to ourselves* the Paradise Lost, and the Excursion, and the Fairy Queen, and the Tempest, in editions out of print, and that we never saw—what think you of that, Dupotet? Doctors Elliotson and Lardner, pray hold your peace.

We tie our black silk neckerchief round our eyes—till we are as blind as a mole, a bat, or as an impostor—turn you up “Poems of many Years”—correct us if we err in a single syllable—and hearken to Christopher in his Cave—spiritually not animally magnetized—reading the “Lay of the Humble”—with his thumb!

THE LAY OF THE HUMBLE.

“ I have no comeliness of frame,
No pleasant range of feature ;
I am feeble, as when first I came
To earth, a weeping creature ;
My voice is low whene’er I speak,
And singing faint my song ;
But though thus cast among the weak,
I envy not the strong.

“ The trivial part in life I play
Can have so light a bearing
On other men, who, night or day,
For me are never caring ;

That, though I find not much to bless,
Nor food for exaltation,
I know that I am tempted less,—
And that is consolation.

"The beautiful! the noble blood!
I shrink as they pass by,—
Such power for evil or for good
Is flashing from each eye;
They are indeed the stewards of Heaven,
High-headed and strong-handed:
From those, to whom so much is given,
How much may be demanded!

" 'Tis true, I am hard-fisted,
Though few can be my foes,
Harsh words fall heavy on my head,
And unexpressed blows;
But then I think, 'had I been born,—
Hot spirit—sturdy frame—
And passion prompt to follow scorn,—
I might have done the same.'

"To me men are for what they are,
They wear no masks with me;
I never sickened at the jar
Of ill-tuned flattery;
I never mourned affections lent
In folly or in blindness;
The kindness that on me is spent
Is pure, unasking, kindness.

"And most of all, I never felt
The agonizing sense
Of seeing love from passion melt
Into indifference;
The fearful shame, that day by day
Burns onward, still to burn,
To have thrown your precious heart away,
And met this black return.

"I almost fancy that the more
I am cast out from men,
Nature has made me of her store
A worthier denizen;
As if it pleased her to caress
A plant grown up so wild,
As if the being parentless
Made me the more her child.

"Athwart my face when blushes pass
To be so poor and weak,
I fall unto the dewy grass,
And cool my fevered cheek;
And hear a music strangely made,
That you have never heard,
A sprite in every rustling blade,
That sings like any bird.

"My dreams are dreams of pleasantness,—
But yet I always run,
As to a father's morning kiss,
When rises the round sun;
I see the flowers on stalk and stem,
Light shrubs and poplars tall,

Enjoy the breeze,—I rock with them,
We're merry brothers all.

"I do remember well, when first
I saw the great blue sea,—
It was no stranger-face, that burst
In terror upon me;
My heart began, from the first glance,
His solemn pulse to follow,
I danced with every billow's dance,
And shouted to their hallo.

"The Lamb that at its mother's side
Reclines, a tremulous thing,
The Robin in cold winter-tide,
The Linnet in the Spring,
All seem to be of kin to me,
And love my slender hand,—
For we are bound, by God's decree,
In one defensive band.

"And children, who the worldly mind
And ways have not put on,
Are ever glad in me to find
A blithe companion:
And when for play they leave their homes,
Left to their own sweet glee,
They hear my step, and cry, 'He comes,
Our little friend,—'tis he.'

"Have you been out some starry night,
And found it joy to bend
Your eyes to one particular light,
Till it became a friend?
And then, so loved that glistering spot,
That, whether it were far
Or more or less, it mattered not,—
It still was your own star.

"Thus, and thus only, can you know,
How I, even scorned I,
Can live in love, tho' set so low,
And' my ladie-love so high;
Thus learn, that on this varied ball,
Whate'er can breathe and move,
The meanest, loneliest, thing of all—
Still owns its right to love.

"With no fair round of household cares
Will my lone hearth be blest,
Nor can the snow of my old hairs
Fall on a loving breast;
No darling pledge of spousal faith
Shall I be found possessing,
To whom a blessing with my breath
Would be a double blessing:

"But yet my love with sweets is rife,
With happiness it teems,
It beautifies my waking life,
And waits upon my dreams;
A shape that floats upon the night,
Like foam upon the sea,—
A voice of Seraphim,—a light
Of present Deity!

I hide me in the dark arcade,
When she walks forth alone,—
I feast upon her hair's rich braid —
Her half-unclasped zone :
I watch the flittings of her dress,
The bending boughs between,—
I trace her footstep's fairy press
On' the scarcely ruffled green.

" Oh deep delight ! the frail guitar
Trembles beneath her hand,
She sings a song she brought from far,
I cannot understand ;
Her voice is *always* as from heaven,
But yet I seem to hear
Its music best, when thus 'tis given
All music to my ear.

" She' has turned her tender eyes around
And seen me crouching there,
And smiles, just as that last full sound
Is fainting on the air ;
And now, I can go forth so proud,
And raise my head so tall—
My heart within me beats so loud,
And musical withal :—

" And there is summer all the while,
Mid-winter though it be,—
How should the universe not smile,
When she has smiled on me ?
For though that smile can nothing more
Than merest pity prove,
Yet pity, it was sung of yore,
Is not *so* far from love.

" From what a crowd of lovers' woes,
My weakness is exempt !
How far more fortunate than those
Who mark me for contempt !
No fear of rival happiness
My fervent glory smothers,
The zephyr fans me none the less
That it is bland to others.

" Thus without share in coin or land,
But well content to hold
The wealth of Nature in my hand,
One flail of virgin gold—
My Love above me like a sun—
My own bright thoughts my wings—
Thro' life I trust to flutter on,
As gay as aught that sings.

" One hour I own I dread—to die
Alone and unbefriended—
No soothing voice, no tearful eye—
But that must soon be ended ;
And then I shall receive my part
Of everlasting treasure,
In that just where each man's heart
Will be his only measure."

Worthy of ARCHÆUS himself—
whose " SEXTON'S DAUGHTER"—so

pure and so profound—has sunk and
is sinking into how many thoughtful
souls—how many loving hearts !

And now for lunch. Virgin honey
—we protest—clear as amber—but
embalming no bees, for 'twas sliced off
without injury to the wings of a single
worker. The first of the season we
have seen—a composite of the essence
of heather and of clover—in which
the flavour of the clover must prevail—
for the mountains are not yet empur-
pled. Such honey, such butter, and
such oat-cake make a delicious bite—
and how the taste improves on the
palate, qualified with a smack of the
Glenlivet ! Most considerate of hea-
ven's creatures ! Genevieve has left
on the salver a silver thimble—but a
little too wide for her delicatest fore-
finger—and ever and anon from it we
shall quaff the mountain-dew as Oberon
may be supposed to lay his lips to the
fox-glove bell, impatient for " his
morning." Ignoramuses gulp Glen-
livet from gaechs—the Cognoscenti
sip it from thimbles—thus—thus—thus
" health—happiness—and a husband
to Victoria, our gracious Queen !"

And now we shall be communica-
tive, and whisper into your ear a secret
about Christopher in his Cave. Twen-
ty years ago the Lord of the Castle
died—the Lady did not long survive
him—and till within a few summers
it stood silent as their tomb. The
sons and daughters were absent long
and distant far from their hereditary
home, and the heart of the Highlands
sighed for the return of the brave and
the beautiful. From Eastern climes
the Chief returned at last—in the
prime of manhood—rich and honoured
—for he had the gift of tongues, and
genius, and a commanding intellect,
and his wisdom imposed peace on the
native princes. The younger brother
had entered into the naval service—
fought at Algiers—and on voyage of
discovery circumnavigated the globe.
Herefor a while he has cast anchor—
ready at any hour to slip his cable—
and go to sea. The youngest is in
orders—and has come to the Castle
for a month " from the beautiful fields
of England," and brought his bride.
And thou—the beloved of thy Father's
friend, and of thy Mother's—love-
liest of Christian ladies—what name
so blessed as thine among the moun-
tains—in hall, in hut, in shieling
—" mine own dear GENEVIEVE !"

Thou art betrothed,—and even now
thy stately lover is by thy side.
But in its happiness thy heart is
kind to the old man who kissed thine
eye—the day thy father was himself,
and told thee that Heaven would hard-
ly suffer such a day to pass, and it
was who introduced us here. Thereat this
his Grace—*For this purpose I was
brought—*—and so by heart in this place
an hour and more, with her hand in
his—and left him here to his medita-
tion—*—* going away, and thence—*—*
she reached the castle, to wave ad-
ieu so many short and cheerful farewells!

And he goes to his friends and to his friends' children, to the Great Falls—only by the River—or in the Forest. The late Floods have brought up the salmon in the upper reaches, and down our river, save along middle bit, the red deer bellies are not scarce.

'Twas feared the family would fall
into decay—and they were all
scattered after their parents' deaths.
But the brother of the late chieftain
was a faithful steward—and the fortunes
of the house were more than restored.
The Prince is in his palace.
Last night how beautiful the array in
that illumined hall! There sat Gene-
vieve, at her harp—her melodious lip
beyond the dark blue—and song, while
all was hush, lays of many lands, each
to its own native melody—but none—
so spake her tearful or kindling eyes
—so dear to the singer's soul as the
wild Gaelic airs breathed down by
tradition from the olden time that
first heard them in the wilderness, as
from the voice of one exulting for a
triumph, or of a weeper seeking by its
own music to solice her grief!

What other pretty book is this? "The Seraphim, and other Poems, by Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, a Translation of Proclus the Platonic Philosopher, an adventure for a Lady—implying a knowledge of Hebrew—or if not—of Greek. No common mind displays itself in this Preface pregnant with lofty thoughts. Yet is her heart humble within, and leaves her way into ours by these words:—'I assume no power of art, except that power of love towards it, which has remained with me from my childhood until now. In the power of such a love, and in the event of my life being prolonged, I would fain hope to write hereafter better verses; but I never can feel more intensely than at this moment—'

nor can it be needful that any should
—the sublimity of poetry, is the
—the responsibility of the poet.

We have read both of the volumes, and glanced it all through, not without criticism, but not solely to find blame, but far more with love and admiration. Is "Titanic" then, as is poetry and poetry—emotional devotion; but the awful Idea of the Poem—the Cause—into which it is kindled—and we almost with it unwritten. The gifted writer, as I thought then, and I thought lived after the incarnation and crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, he might have turned, if not in moral and intellectual, yet in poetic faith, from the solitude of Caucasus to the deeper desertness of that crowded Jerusalem where none had any pity; from the 'faded white flower' of the Titanic brow, to the 'sufferer's face' of Him who trampled on by its own beloved; from the glorying of him who gloried that he could not die, to the sublimer meekness of the Taster of death for every man; from the tower of the intellect, to the tower of the more awful silence, was the agony most dumb before the love! And I thought how, 'from the height of this great argument,' the scenery of the Prometheus would have dwarfed itself even in the eyes of its poet—how the fissure of his rocks and the innumerable smiles of his ocean would have closed and waned into blankness—and his demi-god stood confest, so human a conception as to fall below the aspiration of his own humanity. He would have turned from such to the rent rocks and darkened sun—rent and darkened by a sympathy thrilling through nature, but leaving man's heart untouched—to the multitudes, whose victim was their Saviour, to the Victim whose sustaining crucifixion, than man's unexampled agony, was not the Titanic 'I can revenge,' but the celestial 'I can forgive!'

The poems that follow are on subjects within the compass of her powers—there is beauty in them all—and some of them, we think, are altogether beautiful. From the "The Old Maid," "The Remnant of Mercy," and "The Child," compositions of considerable length, might be selected passages of deep pathos—especially from the last, in which the workings of a mother's love through all the phases of fear,

and hope, and despair, and heavenly consolation, are given with extraordinary power, while there is an originality in the whole cast and conception of the strain that beyond all dispute proves the possession of genius. But they are all disfigured by much imperfect and some bad writing—and the fair author is too often seen struggling in vain to give due expression to the feelings that beset her, and entangled in a web of words. “I would fain hope to write hereafter better verses”—and we do not fear that her hopes will not be fulfilled—for she “hath that within which passeth show,” but will, we predict, some day shine forth with conspicuous splendour.

Some of the shorter compositions are almost all we could desire—and let us murmur some of them to ourselves in our Cave.

MY DOVES.

“My little doves have left a nest
Upon an Indian tree,
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest
Or motion from the sea:
For, ever there, the sea-winds go
With sunlit paces, to and fro.

“The tropic flowers looked up to it,
The tropic stars looked down:
And there my little doves did sit,
With feathers softly brown,
And glittering-eyes that showed their right
To general Nature’s deep delight.

“And God them taught, at every close
Of water far, and wind
And lifted leaf, to interpose
Their chanting voices kind;
Interpreting that love must be
The meaning of the earth and sea.

“Fit ministers! Of living loves,
Their’s hath the calmest sound—
Their living voice the likeliest moves
To lifeless noises round—
In such sweet monotone as clings
To music of insensate things!

“My little doves were ta’en away
From that glad nest of theirs,
Across an ocean foaming aye,
And tempest-clouded airs.
My little doves!—who lately knew
The sky and wave, by warmth and blue!

“And now within the city prison,
In mist and chillness pent,
With sudden upward look they listen
For sounds of past content—

For lapse of water, swell of breeze,
Or nut-fruit falling from the trees!

“The stir without the glow of passion—
The triumph of the mart—
The gold and silver’s dreary clashing
With man’s metallic heart—
The wheeled pomp, the pauper tread—
These only sounds are heard instead.

“Yet still, as on my human hand
Their fearless heads they lean,
And almost seem to understand
What human musings mean—
(With such a plaintive gaze their eyne
Are fastened upwardly to mine!)

“Their chant is soft as on the nest,
Beneath the sunny sky:
For love that stirred it in their breast,
Remains undyingly,
And ’neath the city’s shade, can keep
The well of music clear and deep.

“And love that keeps the music, fills
With pastoral memories!
All echoings from out the hills,
All droppings from the skies,
All flowings from the wave and wind,
Remembered in their chant I find.

“So teach ye me the wisest part,
My little doves! to move
Along the city ways, with heart
Assured by holy love,
And vocal with such songs as own
A fountain to the world unknown.

“T’was hard to sing by Babel’s stream—
More hard, in Babel’s street!
But if the soulless creatures deem
Their music not unmeet
For unless walls—let us begin,
Who wear immortal wings, within!

“To me, fair memories belong
Of scenes that erst did bless;
For no regret—but present song,
And lasting thankfulness—
And very soon to break away,
Like types, in purer things than they!

“I will have hopes that cannot fade,
For flowers the valley yields—
I will have humble thoughts, instead
Of silent, dewy fields!
My spirit and my God shall be
My sea-ward hill, my boundless sea.”

Unambitious verses these—and happily the fair Elizabeth sets no great store by them—recurring in her day-dreams of fame to “The Seraphim.” But they will live in the memory of

many a gentle girl—and mothers will ask their daughters to recite them, that they may watch the workings of nature in the eyes loving innocence—and even fathers looking on and listening—

“ May from their eyelids wipe the tear
That sacred pity had engendered.”

Surely Poetesses (is there such a word?) are very happy, in spite of all the “natural sorrows, griefs, and pains,” to which their exquisitely sensitive being must be perpetually alive. Tighe suffered woman’s worst—wounded affections; nor was Helman without a like affliction—but she who died first had a cheerful genius, and fancy led her heart into lands of enchantment, where her human life was lulled in repose, and its woes must have often and long been forgotten in the midst of visionary bliss. That other Sweetest Singer had children round her knees, and sufficient happiness it must have been for her, in that long desertion, to see

“ How like a new existence to her heart
Uprose those living flowers beneath her
eyes,”

now flourishing, when she is gone, in the light of Heaven. Latitia Landon—a name not to be merged—is a joyous spirit not unacquainted with grief—her genius was invigorated by duty—now it is guarded by love—and in good time—may gentler suns shine again on her laurelled head—returning to us from the “far countrie,” that may even now be inspiring into her startled imagination the beauty of “a New Song.”

And our Elizabeth—she too is happy—though in her happiness she loveth to veil with a melancholy haze the brightness of her childhood—and of her maidenhood—but the clouds we raise we can ourselves dispel—and far away yet beyond the horizon are those that may gather round the decline of her life.

THE DESERTED GARDEN.

“ I mind me in the days departed,
How often underneath the sun,
With childish bounds I used to run
To a garden long deserted.

“ The beds and walks were vanished quite;
And wheresoe’er had fallen the spade,
The greenest grasses Nature led,
To sanctify her right.

“ I called it my wilderness,
For no one entered there but I.
The sheep looked in, the grass I cut,
And passed nevertheless.

“ The trees were interwoven wist,
And spread their boughs enough about
To keep both sheep and shepherd out,
But not a happy child.

“ Adventurous joy it was for me!
I crept beneath the boughs, and found
A circle smooth of mossy ground
Beneath a poplar tree.

“ Old garden rose-trees hedged it in—
Bedropt with roses waxen-white,
Well satisfied with dew and light,
And careless to be seen.

“ Long years ago it might befall,
When all the garden flowers were trim,
The grave old gardener prided him
On these the most of all;

“ And Lady stately overmuch,
Who moved with a silken noise,
Blushed near them, dreaming of the voice
That likened her to such!

“ And these to make a diadem,
She may have often plucked and twined;
Half smiling as it came to mind,
That few would look at them.

“ Oh! little thought that Lady proud,
A child would watch her fair white rose,
When buried lay her whiter brows,
And silk was changed for shroud!—

“ Nor thought that gardener, full of scorns
For men unlearn’d and simple phrase,
A child would bring it all its praise,
By creeping through the thorns:

“ To me upon my low moss seat,
Though never a dream the roses sent
Of science or love’s compliment,
I ween they smelt as sweet.

“ Nor ever a grief was mine, to see
The trace of human step departed—
Because the garden was deserted,
The blyther place for me!

“ Friends, blame me not! a narrow ken
Hath childhood ’twixt the sun and sward!
We draw the moral afterward—
We feel the gladness then!

“ And gladdest hours for me did glide
In silence at the rose-tree wall:
A thrush made gladness musical
Upon the other side.

"Nor he nor I did e'er incline
To mar or pluck the blossoms white—
How should I know but that they might
Lead lives as glad as mine?"

"To make my hermit-home complete,
I brought clear water from the spring
Praised in its own low murmuring,—
And cresses glossy wet.

"And so, I thought my likeness grew
(Without the melancholy tale)
To gentle hermit of the dale,
And Angelina too!

"For oft I read within my nook
Such minstrel stories! till the breeze
Made sounds poetic in the trees,—
And then I shut the book.

"If I shut this wherein I write,
I hear no more the wind athwart
Those trees!—nor feel that childish heart
Delighting in delight!

"My childhood from my life is parted;
My footstep from the moss which drew
Its fairy circle round: anew
The garden is deserted!

"Another thrush may there rehearse
The madrigals which sweetest are—
No more for me!—myself afar
Do sing a sadder verse!—

"Ah me! ah me! when erst I lay
In that child's-nest so greenly wrought,
I laughed to myself and thought
'The time will pass away!'

"I laughed still, and did not fear
But that, whene'er was past away
The childish time, some happier play
My womanhood would cheer

"I knew the time would pass away—
And yet beside the rose-tree wall,
Dear God!—how seldom, if at all,
I looked up to pray!

"The time is past—and now that grows
The cypress high among the trees,
And I behold white sepulchres
As well as the white rose—

"When wiser, meeker thoughts are given,
And I have learnt to lift my face,
Remembering earth's greenest place
The colour draws from heaven—

"It something saith for earthly pain,
But more for Heavenly promise free,
That I who was, would shrink to be
That happy child again."

"Has not love," says Elizabeth in her Preface, "a deeper mystery than wisdom, and a more ineffable lustre than power? I believe it has. I venture to believe those beautiful and often-quoted words, 'God is Love,' to be even less an expression of condescension towards the finite, than an assertion of essential dignity in Him, who is infinite." To illustrate that attribute she wrote "The Seraphim." But there is nothing in that poem so affecting as the following simple lines. They cannot be read without bringing to mind the sum of all consolation, "Come unto me all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THE SLEEP.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
'He giveth His beloved, sleep?'

"What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

"What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved—
A little dust, to overweep—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

"'Sleep, soft beloved!' we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away,
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
'He giveth His beloved, sleep!'

"O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delfed gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved, sleep!

"His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

"Yea! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,

In such a rest His heart to keep ;
But angels say—and through the world
I ween their *horses' snaffle is heard*—
'He giveth His beloved, sleep!'

"For me my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
Who giveth His beloved, sleep!

"And friends!—*dear friends!*—when it
shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep—
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall—
'*He giveth His beloved, sleep!*'"

Cowper has found at last the best of biographers in Southey; and Southey—should he see them—and surely he will—though we think he has somewhere said that he seldom reads the verses of the day—will not withhold his praise from the affecting and beautiful lines on Cowper's Grave. Had they been anonymous, we should have attributed them to Caroline Bowles.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

"It is a place where poets crowned
May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying—
Yet let the grief and humbleness,
As low as silence, languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

"O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hope-less hand was clinging!
O men! this man, in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling!

"And now, what time ye all may read
Through *imaging* tears his story—
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory—
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted—

"He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration:

Not ever shall he be in pain,
By wisdom, *no! by wisdom*,
Named softly, as the household name
Of *our Father, God Father*—"

"With sadness *that is* *in* *the* *heart*
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God whose heaven hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness-cloud,
Toward His love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along
Where breath and bird could find
him;

"And wrought within his shattered brain,
Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars,
Harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass,
His own did calmly number;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

"The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became
Beside him, true and loving!—
And timid hares were drawn from woods
To share his home caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes
With silvan tendernesses.

"But while, in blindness he remained
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy desolate!—
Nor many nor nature satisfy,
When only God created!

"Like a sick child that knoweth not
His mother while she blesses,
And droppeth on his burning brow
The coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around—
'My mother! where's my mother.'
As if such tender words and looks
Could come from any other!

"The fever gone, with leaps of heart
He sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love,
Th' unwearied love she bore him!
Thus, woke the poet from the dream
His life's long fever gave him,
Beneath these deep pathetic eyes
Which closed in death, to save him!

"Thus *oh! not thus!* no type of earth
Could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant
Of seraphs, round him-breaking—

Or felt the new immortal throb
Of soul from body parted ;
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew
‘ *My Saviour ! not deserted !*’

“ Deserted ! who hath dreamt that when
The cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim’s hidden face
No love was manifested ?
What frantic hands outstretched have e’er
Th’ atoning drops averted—
What tears have washed them from the
soul—
That *one* should be deserted ?

“ Deserted ! God could separate
From His own essence rather :
And Adam’s sins *have* swept between
The righteous Son and Father—
Yea ! once, Immanuel’s orphaned cry,
His universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless,
‘ My God, I am forsaken !’

“ It went up from the Holy’s lips
Amid his lost creation,
That of the lost, no son should use
Those words of desolation ;
That earth’s worst frenzies, marring hope,
Should mar not hope’s fruition ;
And I, on Cowper’s grave, should see
His rapture, in a vision !”

More to the mind than to the eye
—or rather to some perception be-
longing to all the senses—is manifest-
ed the change that steals over nature
towards the to-fall of the day—such
change as is now going on among the
mountains, and informs us, who have
been taking no heed of time, of the
very hour, which we could name
within a few minutes as surely as if
there were a clock to look at in the
niche above our head. Is that the
murmur of insects or of the sea ?
That hoarser noise, till now inaudible,
is of the cataract behind the Castle,
and it tells of Cliffs.

The small Loch is smaller in sha-
dow—has lost much of its expression

—and ceased almost to be beautiful ;
but the solemnity of the mountain-
ranges, lying far and wide in the blue
haze that precedes the twilight, at-
tracts the eyes of a spirit desirous of
the calm momentarily settling deeper and
deeper on them all—the uniting calm
of earth and heaven.

Strange and sad to say—but it is
the truth—seldom during all this long
lonely day—only then when writing
down a few words concerning them—
have we thought of them whom we
visited in the Castle—last time we were
there—and who so soon afterwards
were dust ! To-night we shall go to
the Old Burial Place, and sit by their
Tomb.

Like subterranean music the noise
of the Bagpipe comes from the Castle
to our Cave. That oldest of Celts—
no raven can be his contemporary—
is now strutting like a Turkey-cock
with his tail up, to and fro on the es-
planade—blowing out from below his
elbow “ The Gathering of the Clans ”
—for the Yacht is coming up the Loch
goose-winged before the wind, and
Donald is saluting the advent of his
Chieftain, on his return from a victo-
rious expedition into the Forest against
the King of the Red-Deer. And there
goes the Gong—struck by the Hindu.
An hour to dinner-time—and we must
descend to our toilet—for there is to
be a brilliant company this evening at
the Castle, and we shall show them in
full fig a Lowland Gentleman of the
Old School.

Ha ! Heaven bless thee ! and hath
our own Genevieve come again to the
Cave to tend our steps down the dell
and across the bridges ? A kiss—not
on thy lips—but on thy forehead—
ample and serene ! Ay—let us
wreath our arm in thine—and

“ Like Morning brought by Night,”
shall be our entrance into the Home
of thy Fathers.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXV. SEPTEMBER, 1838. Vol. XLIV.

Contents.

	PAGE
CHRISTOPHER AMONG THE MOUNTAINS,	285
THE RECIPROCITY AND COLONIAL SYSTEMS,	317
LEGENDARY LORE. LAND AND SEA,	335
WHIG-RADICAL CORRUPTION,	345
MEMORANDA OF OUR VILLAGE, AND ITS FOUNDERS,	358
LETTERS OF AN ATTACHÉ,	369
LOVE AND GEOLOGY,	386
SOPHOCLES—TRACHINIL,	400
LINES, SUGGESTED BY A POEM CALLED THE “ FLIGHT OF YOUTH,”	401
CORONATION SONNETS,	402
THE SENTIMENT OF FAMILY ANTIQUITY,	403
THE ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES. TRANSLATED BY MR CHAPMAN,	408

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH :

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications post paid may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXV. SEPTEMBER, 1838.

VOL. XLIV.

CHRISTOPHER AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

FORGIVE us, thou most beautiful of Mornings! for having overslept the assignation hour, and allowed thee to remain all by thy self in the solitude, wondering why thy worshipper could prefer to thy presence the fairest phantoms that ever visited a dream. And thou hast forgiven us—for not clouds of displeasure these that have settled on thy forehead—the unreproaching light of thy countenance is upon us—a loving murmur steals into our heart from thine—and pure and holy as a child's, or an angel's, Daughter of Heaven! is thy breath.

In the spirit of that invocation we look around us, and as the Idea of Morning dies, sufficient for our happiness is "the light of common day"—the imagery of common earth. There has been rain during the night—enough, and no more, to enliven the burn, and to brighten its banks—the mists are ascending composedly, with promise of gentle weather—and the sun, so mild that we can look him in the face with unwinking eyes, gives assurance, that as he has risen, so will he reign, and so will he set in peace.

Yestreen we came into this glen at gloaming,—and rather felt than saw that it was beautiful—we lay down at dark, and let the moon and stars canopy our sleep. Therefore it is almost altogether new to us; yet so congenial its quiet to the longings of our heart, that all at once it is familiar to us as if we had been sojourning here

for many days—as if this cottage were indeed our dwelling-place—and we had retired hither to await the closing of our life. Were we never here before—in the olden and golden time? Those dips in the summits of the mountains seem to recall from oblivion memories of a morning all the same as this, enjoyed by us with a different joy, almost as if then we were a different being, joy then the very element in which we drew our breath, satisfied now to live in the atmosphere of sadness often thickened with grief. 'Tis thus that there grows a confusion among the past times in the dormitory—call it not the burial-place—overshadowed by sweet or solemn imagery—in the inland regions of our soul; nor can we question the recollections as they rise—being ghosts, they are silent—their coming and their going alike a mystery—but sometimes—as now—they are happy hauntings—and age is almost gladdened into illusion of returning youth.

'Tis a lovely little glen as in all the Highlands—yet we know not that a painter would see in it the subject of a picture—for the sprinklings of young trees seem to have been sown capriciously by nature, and there seems no reason why on that hillside, and not on any other, should survive the remains of an old wood. Among the multitude of knolls a few are eminent with rocks and shrubs, but there is no central assemblage, and the green will-

derness wantons in such disorder that you might believe the pools there to be, not belonging as they are to the same running water, but each itself a small separate lakelet fed by its own spring. True, that above its home-hills there are mountains—and these are cliffs on which the eagle might not disdain to build—but the range wheels away in its grandeur to face a loftier region, of which we see here but the summits swimming in the distant clouds.

God bless this hut! and have its inmates in his holy keeping! They are but few—an aged couple—and their grandchild—a pretty creature and a good—and happy as a bird. Four or five hours' sleep is all we need. This night it was deep—and our thoughts, refreshed by its dew, have unfolded themselves of their own accord, along with the flowers around our feet. Ha! thou art up and singing, thou human Fairy! Start not at the Figure sitting beside the well—'tis he who read the Chapter—and knelt along with thee and them at the Evening-Prayer.

Set down thy pitcher, my child, and let us have a look at thy happiness—for though thou mayst wonder at our words, and think us a strange old man, coming and going, once and for ever, to thee and thine a shadow and no more, yet lean thy head towards us that we may lay our hands on it and bless it—and promise, as thou art growing up here, sometimes to think of the voice that spake to thee by the Birk-tree-well. Love, fear, and serve God as the Bible teaches—and whatever happens thee, quake not, but put thy trust in Heaven.

Nay—weep not, though we know that thy father is dead, and that thou hast neither sister nor brother. Smile—laugh—sing—as thou wert doing a minute ago—as thou hast done for many a morning—and shall do for many a morning more on thy way to the well—in the woods—on the braes—in the house—often all by thyself when the old people are out of doors not far off—or when sometimes they have for a whole day been from home out of the glen. Forget not our words—and no evil can befall thee that may not, weak as thou art, be borne—and nothing wicked that is allowed to walk the earth, will ever be able to hurt a hair on thy head.

My stars! what a lovely little ani-

mal! A tame fawn, by all that is wild—kneeling down—to drink—no—no—at its lady's feet. The colley caught it—thou sayest—on the edge of the Auld wood—and by the time its wounds were cured, it seemed to have forgot its mother, and soon learnt to follow thee about to far-off places quite out of sight of this—and to play gamesome tricks like a creature born among human dwellings. What! it dances like a kid—does it—and sometimes you put a garland of wild flowers round its neck—and pursue it like a huntress, as it pretends to be making its escape into the forest!

Look, child, here is a pretty green purse for you, that opens and shuts with a spring—so—and in it there is a gold coin, called a sovereign, and a crooked sixpence. Don't blush—that was a graceful curtsy. Keep the crooked sixpence for good luck, and you never will want. With the yellow fellow buy a Sunday gown and a pair of Sunday shoes, and what else you like; and now—you two lead the way—try a race to the door—and old Christopher North will carry the pitcher—balancing it on his head—thus—ha! The Fawn has it, and, by a neck, has beat Camilla.

We shall breakfast ere we go—and breakfast well too,—for this is a poor man's, not a pauper's hut, and Heaven still grants his prayer—"give us this day our daily bread." Sweeter—richer bannocks o' barley-meal never met the mouth of mortal man—nor more delicious butter. "We salt it, sir, for a friend in Glasgow—but now and then we take a bite of the fresh—let me put another spoonful of sugar into your tea, sir—do oblige us a', sir, by eatin' as many eggs as you ha'e a mind to, for our hens are gran' layers—you'll maybe find the mutton-ham no that bad, though I've kent it fatter—and, as you ha'e a long walk afore you, excuse me, sir, for being sae bauld as to suggest a glass o' speerit in your neist cup. The gudeman is temperate, and he's been sae a' his life—but we keep it for a cordial—and that bottle—to be sure it's a gae big ane—and would thole replenishing—has lasted us syne the New Year."

So presseth us to take care of number one the gude-wife, while the gudeman, busy as ourselves, eyes her with a well-pleased face, but saith nothing, and the bonnie wee bit lassie sits on

her stool at the window wi' her coggie, ready to do any service at a look, and supping little or nothing, out of bashfulness in presence of Christopher North, who she believes is a good, and thinks may, perhaps, be some great man. Our third bannock has had the gooseberry jam laid on it thick by "the gude-wife's ain haun',"—and we suspect at that last wide bite we have smeared the corners of our mouth—but it will only be making matters worse to attempt licking it off with our tongue. Pussie! thou hast a cunning look—purring on our knee—and though those glass een o' thine are blinking at the cream on the saucer—with which thou jalousest we intend to let thee wet thy whiskers,—we fear thou mak'st no bones of the poor birdies in the brake, and that many an unlucky leveret has lost its wits at the spring of such a tiger. Cats are queer creatures, and have an instinctive liking to Warlocks.

And these two old people have survived all their children—sons and daughters! Last night they told us the story of their life—and they told it as calmly as if they had been telling of the trials of some other pair. Perhaps, in our sympathy, though we said but little, they felt a strength that was not always theirs—perhaps it was a relief from silent sorrow to speak to one who was a stranger to them, and yet, as they might think, a brother in affliction—but the evening prayer assured us that there is in this hut a Christian composure, far beyond the need of our pity, and sent from a region far beyond the stars.

There cannot be a cleaner cottage. Tidiness, it is pleasant to know, has for a good many years past been establishing itself in Scotland among the minor domestic virtues. Once established it will never decay, for it must be felt to brighten more than could be imagined by our fathers, the whole aspect of life. No need for any other household fairy to sweep this floor. An orderly creature we have seen she is, from all her movements out and in doors—though the guest of but a night. They told us that they had known what are called better days—and were once in a thriving way of business in a town. But they were born and bred in the country; and their manners, not rustic but rural, breathe of its serene

and simple spirit—at once Lowland and Highland—to us a pleasant union, not without a certain charm of grace.

What loose leaves are these lying on the Bible? A few odd numbers of the *SCOTTISH CHRISTIAN HERALD*. We shall take care, our friends, that all the Numbers for 1836 and 1837, bound in two large volumes, shall, ere many weeks elapse, be lying for you at the Manse. The excellent editor is a friend of ours—and henceforth you shall be subscribers to the work.

Well entitled is he to say—"Literature, science, subjects of general interest, philanthropic and benevolent schemes, all viewed under a purely religious aspect, and mingled with discussions upon the evidences, and doctrines, and duties of our most holy faith, have imparted to our pages a rich and varied interest which has gained access for this little work to many a Christian home, and, we have reason to believe, to many a Christian heart."

The circulation of this cheap Christian periodical—sixteen double-columned beautifully printed royal octavo pages, for three-halfpence—is very great—some tens of thousands—and it has often made us happy to see it in solitary places. It is adapted for perusal on week-days as well as Sabbath—for there is a permitted difference in the rest that the labourer enjoys after work from that which ought to pervade all the hours of the seventh day. The names of upwards of a hundred contributors are found among our clergy—the sermons and discourses would fill several volumes printed in the usual form—so would original papers on subjects belonging to the moral or social nature of man; and the extracts, which occupy but a limited portion of its pages, are selected with judgment from a wide range of knowledge. Let us read aloud to you, our worthy friends, a small sacred Poem, which we have by heart. Christian, keep your eye on the page, and if we go wrong do not fear to set us right. Have you many psalms and hymns by heart? But we need not ask—for

"Piety is sweet to infant minds,"

what they love they remember—and then how easy—how happy—to get things by heart! Happiest of all—the things held holy on earth as in heaven

—because appertaining here to Eternal Life.

TO THE SCOTTISH CHRISTIAN HERALD.
BY THE REV. DUNCAN GRANT, A.M.,
MINISTER OF FORRES.

“Beauteous on our heath-clad mountains,
May our HERALD’s feet appear ;
Sweet, by silver lakes and fountains,
May his voice be to our ear.
Let the tenants of our rocks,
Shepherds watching o’er their flocks,
Village swain and peasant boy,
Thee salute with songs of joy !

“CHRISTIAN HERALD ! spread the story
Of Redemption’s wondrous plan ;
’Tis Jehovah’s brightest glory,
’Tis his highest gift to man ;
Angels on their harps of gold,
Love its glories to unfold ;
Heralds who its influence wield,
Make the waste a fruitful field.

“To the fount of mercy soaring,
On the wings of faith and love ;
And the depths of grace exploring,
By the light shed from above ;
Show us whence life’s waters flow,
And where trees of blessing grow,
Bearing fruit of heavenly bloom,
Breathing Eden’s rich perfume.

“Love to God and man expressing,
In thy course of mercy speed ;
Lead to springs of joy and blessing,
And with heavenly manna feed
Scotland’s children high and low,
Till the Lord they truly know,
As to us our fathers told,
He was known by them of old.

“To the young, in season vernal,
Jesus in his grace disclose ;
As the tree of life eternal,
’Neath whose shade they may repose,
Shielded from the noontide ray,
And from ev’ning’s tribes of prey ;
And refresh’d with fruits of love,
And with music from above.

“CHRISTIAN HERALD ! may the blessing
Of the Highest thee attend,
That, this chiefest boon possessing,
Thou may’st prove thy country’s friend :
Tend to make our land assume
Something of its former bloom,
When the dews of heaven were seen
Sparkling on its pictures green,

“When the voice of warm devotion
To the throne of God arose—
Mighty as the sound of ocean,
Calm as nature in repose ;—

Sweeter, than when Araby
Perfume breathes from flow’r and tree,
Rising ’bove the shining sphere,
To Jehovah’s list’ning ear.”

You have heard of Mungo Park, we daresay, Christian? What! Your mother says he was a cousin of hers—and that she was born in the Forest—the Forest of Ettrick—and that she knew the Shepherd! These verses here we remember having read two years ago—and we shall now refresh our memory by a perusal aloud. Stand between our knees, child, and hold the paper well up.

ON MUNGO PARK’S FINDING A TUFT OF
GREEN MOSS IN THE AFRICAN DESERT.

“The sun had reached his mid-day height,
And poured down floods of burning light
On Afric’s barren land ;
No cloudy veil obscured the sky,
And the hot breeze that struggled by
Was filled with glowing sand.

“No mighty rock upreared its head
To bless the wanderer with its shade
In all the weary plain ;
No palm-trees with refreshing green
To glad the dazzled eye were seen,
But one wide sandy main

“Dauntless and daring was the mind
That left all home-born joys behind
These deserts to explore—
To trace the mighty Niger’s course,
And find it bubbling from its source
In wilds untrod before.

“And ah! shall we less daring show,
Who nobler ends and motives know
Than ever heroes dream—
Who seek to lead the savage mind
The precious fountain-head to find
Whence flows salvation’s stream?

“Let peril, nakedness and sword,
Hot barren lands, and despot’s word
Our burning zeal oppose—
Yet, Martyn-like, we’ll lift the voice,
Bidding the wilderness rejoice
And blossom as the rose.

“Sad, faint and weary on the sand
Our traveller sat him down ; his hand
Covered his burning head,
Above, beneath, behind, around—
No resting for the eye he found ;
All nature seemed as dead.

“One tiny tuft of moss alone,
Mantling with freshest green a stone,
Fixed his delighted gaze—

Through bursting tears of joy he smiled,
And while he raised the tendril wild
His lips o'erflowed with praise.

" Oh, shall not He who keeps thee green,
Here in the waste, unknown, unseen—
Thy fellow exile save ?
He who commands the dew to feed
Thy gentle flower, can surely lead
Me from a scorching grave !"

" The heaven-sent plant new hope inspi-
red—
New courage all his bosom fired,
And bore him safe along ;
Till with the evening's cooling shade
He slept within the verdant glade,
Lulled by the negro's song.

" Thus, we in this world's wilderness,
Where sin and sorrow—guilt—distress
Seem undisturbed to reign—
May faint because we feel alone,
With none to strike our favourite tone,
And join our homeward strain.

" Yet, often in the bleakest wild
Of this dark world, some heaven-born
child,
Expectant of the skies,
Amid the low and vicious crowd,
Or in the dwellings of the proud,
Meets our admiring eyes.

" From gazing on the tender flower,
We lift our eye to him whose power
Hath all its beauty given ;

Who, in this atmosphere of death,
Hath given it life, and form, and breath,
And brilliant hues of heaven.

" Our drooping faith, revived by sight,
Anew her pinion plumes for flight,
New hope distends the breast,
With joy we mount on eagle wing,
With bolder tone our anthem sing,
And seek the pilgrim's rest."

R. McCh—, *Lambert*. The cler-
gyman ? The verses are beautiful—
we wrote some ourselves many years
ago on the same incident—but not
nearly so good as these—and they
have utterly faded from our memory
—all but some broken images—two
or three lines—and here and there a
few floating words.

It is time we were going—but we
wish to hear how thy voice sounds,
Christian, when it reads. Read these
lines—they are by the same writer—
first "into yourself"—and then to us.
They contain mysteries above your
comprehension—and ours—and all
men's ; for they speak of the infinite
goodness and mercy of God—but
though thou hast committed in thy
short life no sins—or but small—to-
wards thy fellow-creatures—how
couldst thou ?—then knowest we are all
sinful—in His eyes—and then know-
est on whose merits is the reliance of
our hope of Heaven.

" I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load,
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkēnu was nothing to me.

" I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure, and John's simple page ;
But ev'n when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree,
Jehovah Tsidkēnu seemed nothing to me.

" Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over his soul :
Yet thought not that *my* sins had nailed to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkēnu—'twas nothing to me.

" But when free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die ;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see—
Jehovah Tsidkēnu my Saviour must be.

" My terrors all vanished before the sweet name ;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain so copious and free,—
Jehovah Tsidkēnu is all things to me.

" Jehovah Tsidkēnu, my treasure and boast,
Jehovah Tsidkēnu, I ne'er can be lost.

In Thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and shield.

"Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This 'Watchword' shall rally my faltering breath;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkēnu my death-song shall be."

Three minutes from seven by your house clock—she gives a clear warning—and three minutes from seven by our watch—rather curious their coincidence to such a nicety—and when she has struck—we must take up our staff and go. Thank thee, bonnie Christian, we had forgot our wallet. There, in with the bannocks and the ham and the eggs—that chicken is really too bad, friends—you must take us for a sad glutton.

"Zicketty, dicketty, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
Down the mouse ran,
Zicketty, dicketty, dock."

Come closer, dear Christian, and let us put this to your ear. What a pretty face of wonder! 'Tis a repeater. Good people—you have work to do in the hay-field—let us part—God bless you—good by—farewell.

Half-an-hour since we parted—and we cannot help being a little sad—and fear we were not so kind to the old people—so considerate—as we ought to have been—and, perhaps, though pleased with us just now, they may say to one another before evening that we were too merry for our years. Nonsense. We were all merry together—and what's the use of wearing a long face, at all times, like a Methodist minister? A Methodist minister! Why, John Wesley was facetious, and Whitfield humorous—yet were their hearts fountains of tears—and ours is not a rock—if it be, 'tis the Rock of Horeb.

It has long been well known to the whole world that we are a sad egotist—yet our egotism, so far from being a detraction from our attraction, seems to be the very soul of it, making it impossible in nature for any reasonable being to come within its sphere, without being drawn by sweet compulsion to the old wizard's heart. He is so *humane*! Only look at him for a few minutes, and liking becomes love—love becomes veneration. And all this even before he has opened his lips—by the mere power of his ogles and his temples. In his large mild

blue eyes is written not only his nature, but miraculously, in German text, his very name, Christopher North. Mrs Gentle was the first to discover it; though we remember having been asked more than once in our youth by an alarmed virgin on whom we happened at the time to be looking tender, "if we were aware that there was something preternatural in our eyes?" Christopher is conspicuous in our right eye—North in our left—and when we wish to be incog., we either draw their fringed curtains, or, nun-like, keep the tell-tale orbs fixed on the ground. Candour whispers us to confess, that some years ago a child was exhibited at sixpence with WILLIAM WOOD legible in its optics—having been affiliated, by ocular evidence, on a gentleman of that name, who, with his dying breath, disowned the soft impeachment. But in that case nature had written a vile scrawl—in ours her hand is firm, and goes off with a flourish.

Our egotism accompanies us into solitude—nay, is even more life-permeating there than in the hum of men. There the stocks and stones are more impressible than those we sometimes stumble on in human society, and moulded at our will, take what shape we choose to give them; the trees follow our footsteps, though our lips be mute, and we have left at home our fiddle—more potent we in our reality than the fabled Orpheus. Be hushed, ye streams, and listen unto Christopher! Be chained, ye clouds, and attentive unto North! And at our bidding silent the cataract on the cliff—the thunder on the sky. The sea beholds us on the shore—and his one huge frown transformed into a multitudinous smile, he turns flowing affectionately towards us along the golden sands, and in a fluctuating hinderance of lovely foam-wreaths envelopes our feet!

Proud was that pool, even now, to reflect OUR IMAGE. Do you recollect that picture in the *Excursion*—so much admired by Wordsworth—of the Ram and the Shadow of the Ram?

" Thus having reached a bridge, that overarched
 The hasty rivulet, where it lay becalmed
 In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
 A twofold image ; on a grassy bank
 A snow-white Ram, and in the crystal flood
 Another and the same ! Most beautiful
 On the green turf, with his imperial front
 Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
 The breathing creature stood ; as beautiful
 Beneath him, showed his shadowy counterpart.
 Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
 And each seem'd centre of his own fair world.
 Antipodes unconscious of each other,
 Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
 Blended in perfect stillness to our sight.
 Ah ! what a pity were it to disperse
 Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,
 And yet a breath can do it."

Oh ! that the Solitary, and the Pedlar, and the Poet, and the Priest and his Lady, were here to see a sight more glorious far than that illustrious and visionary Ram. Two Christopher Norths—as Highland chieftains—in the Royal Tarnan—one burning in the air—the other in the water—two stationary meteors, each seeming native to its own element. This setting the heather, that the linn on fire—this a-blaze with war, that tempered into truce—while the Sun, astonished at the spectacle, nor knowing the refulgent substance from the resplendent shadow, bids the clouds lie still in heaven, and the winds all hold their breath, that exulting nature may be permitted for a little while to enjoy the miracle she unawares has wrought—alas ! gone as she gazes, and gone for ever ? Our bonnet has tumbled into the Pool—and Christopher—like the Ram in the Excursion—stands shorn of his beams—no better worth looking at than the late Laird of Macnab.

Now, since the truth must be told, that was but a flight of Fancy—and our apparel is more like that of a Lowland Quaker than a Highland chief. 'Tis all of a smelly brown—an excellent colour for hiding the dirt. Single-breasted our coatee—and we are in shorts. Were our name to be imposed by our hat, it would be Sir Cloudesly Shovel. On our back a wallet—and in our hand a pole. And thus, not without occasional alarm to the cattle, though we hurry no man's, we go stalking along the sward and swinging across the stream, and leaping over the quagmires—by no means unlike that extraordinary pedestrian who has been accompanying us for the last

half hour, far overhead up by yonder, as if he meant mischief ; but he will find that we are up to a trick or two, and not easily to be done brown by a native, a Cockney of Cloud-Land, a long-legged awkward fellow with a head like a dragon, and proud of his red plush, in that country called thunder-and-lightning breeches, hot very, one should think, in such sultry weather—but confound us if he has not this moment stript them off, and be not pursuing his journey in *purs naturalibus*—yes, as naked as the minute he was born !

We cannot help flattering ourselves—if indeed it be flattery—that though no relative of his, we have a look of the Pedlar—as he is painted by the hand of a great master in the aforesaid Poem.

" A man of reverend age,
 But stout and hale, for travel unimpaired."

An hour or two ago,

" Here was he seen upon the cottages-
 bench,
 Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep ;
 An iron-pointed staff lay at his side."

Again—any one who had chanced to meet us yesterday on our way to the mountains, might have said,

" Him had I marked the day before—
 alone,
 And stationed in the public way, with face
 Turned to the sun then setting, while that
 staff
 Afforded to the figure of the man,
 Detained for contemplation or repose,
 Graceful support." &c.

And again—and even more characteristically—

" Plain was his garb :

Such as might suit a rustic sire, prepared
For Sabbath duties ; yet he was a man
Whom no one could have passed without
remark.

Active and nervous was his gait ; his limbs
And his whole figure breathed intelli-
gence.

Time had compressed the freshness of his
cheeks

Into a narrower circle of deep red,
But had not tamed his eye, that under
brows,

Shaggy and grey, had meanings, which it
brought

From years of youth ; whilst, like a being
made

Of many beings, he had wondrous skill
To blend with knowledge of the years to
come,

Human, or such as lie beyond the grave."

In our intellectual characters, we
indulge the pleasing hope, that there
are some striking points of resemblance,
on which, however, our modesty will
not permit us to dwell—and in our
acquirements, more particularly in
Plane and Spherical Trigonometry.

" While yet he lingered in the rudiments
Of science, and among her simplest laws,
His triangles—they were the stars of
Heaven.

The silent stars ! oft did he take delight
To measure the altitude of some tall
crag,

That is the eagle's birthplace," &c.

So it was with us. Give us but a
base and a quadrant—and when a
student in Jemmy Millar's class, we
could have given you the altitude of
any steeple in Glasgow or the Gor-
bals.

Like the Pedlar, in a small party of
friends, though not proud of the ac-
complishment, we have been prevailed
on to give a song—" The Flowers of
the Forest," " Roy's Wife," or " Auld
Langsyne"—

" At request would sing
Old songs, the product of his native
hills ;

A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,
Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed
As cool refreshing water, by the care
Of the industrious husbandman, diffused
Through a parch'd meadow-field in time
of drought."

Our natural disposition, too, is as
amiable as that of the " Vagrant Mer-
chant."

" And surely never did there live on
earth

A man of kindlier nature. The rough
sports

And teasing ways of children vexed not
him :

Indulgent listener was he to the tongue
Of garrulous age ; nor did the sick man's
tale,

To his fraternal sympathy addressed,
Obtain reluctant hearing."

Who can read the following lines, and
not think of Christopher North ?

" Birds and beasts,

And the mute fish, that glances in the
stream,

And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
The fowl domestic, and the household
dog—

In his capacious mind he loved them all."

True that our love of

" The mute fish, that glances in the
stream,"

is not incompatible with the practice
of the " angler's silent trade," or
with the pleasure of " filling our pan-
niers." The Pedlar, too, we have
reason to know, was, like his poet and
ourselves—a craftsman, and for love
beat the molecatcher at busking a
batch of May-flies. The question
whether Lascelles himself were his
master at a green dragon,

" The harmless reptile coiling in the sun,"

we are not so sure about, having once
been bit by an adder, whom, in our
simplicity, we mistook for a slow-worm
—the very day, by the by, on which we
were poisoned by a dish of toadstools,
by our own hand gathered for mush-
rooms. But we have long given over
chasing butterflies, and feel, as the
Pedlar did, that they are beautiful
creatures, and that 'tis a sin, between
finger and thumb, to compress their
mealy wings. The household dog we
do, indeed, dearly love, though, when
old Surly looks suspicious, we pru-
dently keep out of the reach of his
chain. As for " the domestic fowl,"
we breed scores every spring, solely
for the delight of seeing them at their
walks,

" Among the rural villages and farms ;"

and though game to the back-bone,
they are all allowed to wear the spurs
nature gave them—to crow unclipped,
challenging but the echoes ; nor is
the sward, like the *sod*, ever reddened

with their heroic blood, for hateful to our ears the war-song,

“ Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory ! ”

’Tis our way to pass from gay to grave matter, and often from a jocular to a serious view of the same subject—it being natural to us—and having become habitual from writing occasionally in *Blackwood’s Magazine*. All the world knows our admiration of Wordsworth, and admits that we have done almost as much as Jeffrey to make his poetry popular among the “ educated circles.” But we are not a nation of idolators, and worship neither graven image nor man that is born of a woman. We may seem to have treated the Pedlar with insufficient respect in that playful parallel between him and ourselves ; but there you are wrong again, for we desire thereby to do him honour. We wish now to say a few words on the wisdom of making such a personage the chief character in the *Excursion*.

He is described as endowed by nature with a great intellect, a noble imagination, a profound soul, and a tender heart. It will not be said that nature keeps these her noblest gifts for human beings born in this or that condition of life : she gives them to her favourites—for so, in the highest sense, they are to whom such gifts befall ; and not unfrequently, in an obscure place, of one of the *Fortunate*

“ The fulgent head
Star-bright appears.”

Wordsworth appropriately places the birth of such a being in a humble dwelling in the Highlands of Scotland.

“ Among the hills of Athol he was born ;
Where on a small hereditary farm,
An unproductive slip of barren ground,
His parents, with their numerous offspring
dwelt ;
A virtuous household, though exceeding
poor.”

His childhood was nurtured at home in Christian love and truth—and acquired other knowledge at a winter school—for in summer he “ tended cattle on the hill ”—

“ That stood
Sole building on a mountain’s dreary
edge.”

And the influence of such education and occupation among such natural objects. Wordsworth expounds in some as fine poetry as ever issued from the cells of philosophic thought,

“ So the foundations of his mind were
laid.”

The boy had small need of books—

“ For many a tale
Traditional, round the mountains hung,
And many a legend, peopling the dark
woods,

Nourished Imagination in her growth,
And gave the mind that apprehensive
power

By which she is made quick to recognise
The moral properties and scope of things.”

But in the Manse there were books—and he read

“ What’e’r the minister’s old shelf supplied,

The life and death of martyrs, who sustained,

With will inflexible, those fearful pangs,
Triumphantly displayed in records left
Of persecution and the Covenant.”

Can you not believe that by the time he was as old as you were when you used to ride to the races on a poney, by the side of your sire the squire, this boy was your equal in knowledge, though you had a private tutor all to yourself, and were then a promising lad, as indeed you are now after the lapse of a quarter of a century ? True, as yet he “ had small Latin, and no Greek ; ” but the elements of these languages are best learned—trust us—by slow degrees—the mind rejoicing in the consciousness of its growing faculties—during leisure hours from other studies—as they were by the Athol adolescent. A Scholar—in your sense of the word—he might not be called, even when he had reached his seventeenth year, though probably he would have puzzled you in Livy and Virgil—nor of English poetry had he read much—the less the better for such a mind—at that age, and in that condition—for

“ Accumulated feelings pressed his heart
With still increasing weight : he was o’er-
powered

By nature, by the turbulence subdued
Of his own mind, by mystery and hope,
And the first virgin passion of a soul
Communing with the glorious Universe.”

But he had read Poetry—ay, the same Poetry that Wordsworth's self read at the same age—and

"Among the hills
He gazed upon that mighty Orb of Sun,
The divine Milton."

Thus endowed, and thus instructed,
"By Nature, that did never yet betray
The heart that loved her,"
the youth was "greater than he knew,"
yet that there was something great in,
as well as about him, he felt—

"Thus daily thirsting in that lonesome
life,"

for some diviner communication than
had yet been vouchsafed to him by the
Giver and Inspirer of his restless
Being.

"In dreams, in study, and in ardent
thought,
Thus was he reared; much wanting to
assist
The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,
And every moral feeling of his soul
Strengthened and braced, by breathing in
content
The keen, the wholesome air of poverty,
And drinking from the well of homely
life."

You have read, our bright, bold neo-
phyte, for we cut the Squire, the Song
at the feast of Brougham Castle, upon
the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the
Shepherd, to the estates and honours
of his ancestors.

"Who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock's side, a shepherd boy?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be He that hither came
In secret, like a smother'd flame?
For whom such thoughtful tears were
shed,
For shelter and a poor man's bread!"

The same noble boy whom his high-
born mother in disastrous days, had
confided when an infant to the care of
a peasant. Yet there he is no longer
safe—and

"The Boy must part from Mosedale's
groves,
And leave Blencathera's rugged coves,
And quit the flowers that summer brings
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear."

Sir Launcelot Throlkeld shelters
him till again he is free to set his foot
on the mountains.

"Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill:
His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien;
Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Hath he, a child of strength and state."

So lives he till he is restored—

"Glad were the vales, and every cottage
hearth;
The shepherd-lord was honoured more
and more;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he
bore!"

Now mark—that Poem has been de-
clared by one and all of the "Poets
of Britain" to be equal to any thing in
the language; and its greatness lies in
the perfect truth of the profound philo-
sophy which so poetically delineates
the education of the naturally noble
character of Clifford. Does he sink
in our esteem because at the feast of
the Restoration he turns a deaf ear to
the fervent harper who sings,

"Happy day and happy hour,
When our shepherd in his power,
Mounted, mailed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored,
Like a re-appearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war?"

No—his generous nature is true to its
generous nurture; and now deeply
imbued with the goodness he had too
long loved in others ever to forget

"The silence that is amid the starry
hills,"

appears noblest when showing himself
faithful in his own hall to the "huts
where poor men lie;" while we know
not, at the close, which life the Poet
has most glorified—the humble or the
high—whether the Lord did the shep-
herd more ennobled, or the shepherd
the Lord.

Now, we ask, is there any essential
difference between what Wordsworth
thus records of the high-born shep-
herd-Lord, and what he records of the
low-born youth in the *Excursion*?
None. They are both educated among
the hills; and according to the nature
of their own souls and that of their
education, is the progressive growth
and ultimate formation of their char-
acter. Both are exalted beings—be-
cause both are wise and good—but to
his own coeval he has given, besides
eloquence and genius,

"The vision and the faculty divine,"

That,

"When years had brought the philosophic mind,"

he might walk through the dominions of the Intellect and the Imagination, a Sage and a Teacher.

But as yet he is in his eighteenth year, and

"Is summoned to select the course
Of humble industry that promise best
To yield him no unworthy maintenance."

For a season he taught a village school, which many a fine, high, and noble spirit has done and is doing; but he was impatient of the hills he loved, and

"That stern yet kindly spirit, who constrains

The Savoyard to quit his native rocks,
The free-born Swiss to leave his narrow vales

(Spirit attached to regions mountainous
Like their own steadfast clouds), did now impel

His restless mind to look abroad with hope."

It had become his duty to choose a profession—a trade—a calling. He was not a gentleman, mind ye, and had probably never so much as heard a rumour of the existence of a silver fork: he had been born with a wooden spoon in his mouth,—and lived, partly from choice, and partly from necessity, on a vegetable diet. He had not ten pounds in the world he could call his own; but he could borrow fifty, for his father's son was to be trusted to that amount by any family that chanced to have it among the Athol hills—therefore he resolved on "a hard service," which

"Gained merited respect in simpler times;

When squire, and priest, and they who round them dwelt

In rustic sequestration, all dependent
Upon the PEDLAR's toil, supplied their wants,

Or pleased their fancies with the ware he brought."

Could Alfred have ceased to be Alfred had he lived twenty years in the hut where he spoiled the bannocks? Would Gustavus have ceased to be Gustavus had he been doomed to dree an ignoble life in the obscurest nook in Dalecarlia? Were princes and peers in our day degraded by working, in their expatriation,

with head or hand for bread? Are the Polish patriots degraded by working at eighteen-pence a day, without victuals, on embankments of railroads?

"At the risk of giving a shock to the prejudices of artificial society, I have ever been ready to pay homage to the aristocracy of nature, under a conviction that vigorous human-heartedness is the constituent principle of true taste." These are Wordsworth's own words, and deserve letters of gold. He has given many a shock to the prejudices of artificial society; and in ten thousand cases, where the heart of such society was happily sound at the core, notwithstanding the rotten kitchen-stuff with which it was encrusted, the shocks have killed the prejudices; and men and women, encouraged to consult their own breasts, have heard responses there to the truths uttered in music by the high-souled Bard, assuring them of an existence there of capacities of pure delight, of which they had had either but a faint suspicion, or, because "of the world's dread laugh," feared to indulge, and nearly let die.

Mr Wordsworth quotes from Heron's *Scotland* an interesting passage illustrative of the life led in our country at that time by that class of persons from whom he has chosen one—not, mind you, imaginary, though for purposes of imagination—adding that "his own personal knowledge emboldened him to draw the portrait." In that passage Heron says, "As they wander, each alone, through thinly inhabited districts, they form habits of reflection and of sublime contemplation," and that with all their qualifications, no wonder they should contribute much to polish the roughness and soften the rusticity of our peasantry. In North America," says he, "travelling merchants from the settlements have done and continue to do much more towards civilizing the Indian natives than all the missionaries, Papist or Protestant, who have ever been sent among them;" and, speaking again of Scotland, he says, "it is not more than twenty or thirty years, since a young man going from any part of Scotland to England for the purpose to carry the pack, was considered as going to lead the life, and acquire the fortune, of a gentleman. When, after twenty years' absence, in that honourable line of employment, he returned with

his acquisitions to his native country, he was regarded as a gentleman to all intents and purposes." We have ourselves known gentlemen who had carried the pack—one of them a man of great talents and acquirements—who lived in his old age in the highest circles of society. Nobody troubled their head about his birth and parent-

age—for he was then very rich—but you could not sit ten minutes in his company without feeling that he was "one of God Almighty's gentlemen," belonging to the "aristocracy of Nature."

Look then on the PEDLAR—and be grateful to Wordsworth.

" From his native hills
He wandered far ; much did he see of men,
Their manners, their enjoyments, and pursuits,
Their passions and their feelings ; chiefly those
Essential and eternal in the heart,
That, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life,
Exist more simple in their elements,
And speak a plainer language. In the woods
A lone enthusiast, and among the fields,
Itinerant in his labour, he had passed
The better portion of his time ; and there
Spontaneously had his affections thriven
Amid the beauties of the year, the peace
And liberty of nature ; there he kept
In solitude and solitary thought
His mind in a just equipoise of love.
Serene it was, unclouded with the cares
Of ordinary life ; unvexed, unwarped
By painful bondage. In his steady course,
No piteous revolutions had he felt,
No wild varieties of joy and grief
Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
His heart lay open ; and, by nature tuned
And constant disposition of his thoughts
To sympathy with man, he was alive
To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,
And all that was endured ; for in himself
Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
He had no painful pressure from without,
That made him turn aside from wretchedness,
With coward fears. He could afford to suffer
With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came
That in our best experience he was rich,
And in the wisdom of our daily life.
For hence, minutely, in his coming rounds,
He had observed the progress and decay
Of many minds, of minds and bodies too ;
The history of many families ;
How they had prospered ; how they were o'erthrown,
By passion or mischance ; or such misrule
Among the unthinking masters of the earth
As makes the nations groan."

What was to hinder such a man—thus born and thus bred—with such a youth and such a prime—from being in his old age worthy of walking among the mountains with Wordsworth, and descanting

" On man, on nature, and on human Life ? "

And remember he was a *Scotsman*—a compatriot of CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

What would you rather have had the Sage in the *Excursion* to have been ? The Senior Fellow of a College ? A Head ? A retired Judge ? An Ex-Lord-Chancellor ? A Nabob ? A Banker ? A Millionaire ? or, at once to condescend on individuals, Natus Consumere Fruges, Esquire ? or the Honourable Custos Rotulorum ?

Look into life and watch the growth of the soul. Men are not what they

seem to the outward eye—mere machines moving about in customary occupations—productive labourers of food and wearing apparel—slaves from morn to night at task-work set them by the Wealth of Nations. They are the Children of God. The soul never sleeps—not even when its wearied body is heard snoring by people living in the next street. All the souls now in this world are for ever awake; and this life, believe us, though in moral sadness it has often been rightly called so, is no dream. In a dream we have no will of our own, no power over ourselves; ourselves are not felt to be ourselves: our familiar friends seem strangers from some far off country; the dead are alive, yet we wonder not; the laws of the physical world are suspended, or changed, or confused by our phantasy; Intellect, Imagination, the Moral Sense, Affection, Passion, are not possessed by us in the same way we possess them out of that mystery: were Life a Dream, or like a Dream, it would never lead to Heaven.

Again, then, we say to you, look into life and watch the growth of the soul. In a world where the ear cannot listen without hearing the clank of chains, the soul may yet be free as if it already inhabited the skies. For its Maker gave it LIBERTY OF CHOICE OF GOOD OR OF EVIL.—and if it has chosen the good it is a King. All its faculties are then fed on their appropriate food provided for them in nature. The soul then knows where the necessities and the luxuries of its life grow, and how they may be gathered—in a still sunny region inaccessible to blight—“no mildewed ear blasting his wholesome brother.”

“And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the Hills of God.”

Go read the EXCURSION then—venerate the PEDLAR—pity the SOLITARY—respect the PRIEST, and love the POET.

So charmed have we been with the sound of our own voice—of all sounds on earth the sweetest surely to our ears—and, therefore, we so dearly love the monologue, and from the dialogue turn averse, impatient of him yeelped the interlocutor, who,

like a shallow brook, will keep prattling and bubbling on between the still deep pools of our discourse, which nature feeds with frequent waterfalls;—so charmed have we been with the sound of our own voice, that, scarcely conscious the while of more than a gentle ascent along the sloping sward of a rural Sabbath day's journey, we perceive now that we must have achieved a Highland league—five miles—of rough up-hill work, and are standing tiptoe on the mountain-top. True that his altitude is not very great—somewhere, we should suppose, between two and three thousand—far higher than the Pentlands—somewhat higher than the Ochils—a middle-sized Grampian. Great painters and poets know that power lies not in mere measureable bulk. Atlas, it is true, is a giant, and he has need to be so, supporting the globe. So is Andes; but his strength has never been put to proof, as he carries but clouds. The Cordilleras—but we must not be personal—so suffice it to say, that soul, not size, equally in mountains and in men, is and inspires the true sublime. Mont Blanc might be as big again; but what then, if without his glaciers?

These mountains are neither immense nor enormous—nor are there any such in the British Isles. Look for a few of the highest on Riddell's ingenious Scale—in Scotland, Ben-nevis, Helvellyn in England, in Ireland the Reeks; and, in print, they are mere molehills to Chimborazo. But in nature they are the hills of the Eagle. And think ye not that an Eagle is as familiar with the sky as a Condor? That Vulture—for Vulture he is—flies league-high—the Golden Eagle is satisfied to poise himself but a mile above the loch, which, judged by the rapidity of its long river's flow, may be a thousand feet or more above the level of the sea. From that height methinks the Bird-Royal, with the golden eye, can see the rising and the setting sun, and his march on the meridian, without a telescope. If ever he fly by night—and we think we have seen a shadow passing the stars that was on the wing of life—he must be a rare astronomer.

“High from the summit of a craggy cliff
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frown
On utmost Kilda's shore, whose lonely race

Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
 The Royal Eagle rears his vigorous young,
 Strong-pounced, and burning with paternal fire.
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat
 For ages of his empire ; which in peace
 Unstained he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles."

Would to Heaven we had written these lines and the following ! Which are the nobler, Thomson's or Campbell's ?

" Not such

Was this proud bird ; he clove the adverse storm,
 And cuffed it with his wings. He stopped his flight
 As easily as the Arab reins his steed,
 And stood at pleasure 'neath Heaven's zenith, like
 A lamp suspended from its azure dome.
 Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay
 Like molehills, and her streams like lucid threads.
 Then downward, faster than a falling star,
 He neared the earth, until his shape distinct
 Was blackly shadowed on the sunny ground :
 And deeper terror hushed the wilderness,
 To hear his nearer whoop. Then, up again
 He soared and wheeled. There was an air of scorn
 In all his movements,—whether he threw round
 His crested head to look behind him, or
 Lay vertical and sportively displayed
 The inside whiteness of his wing declined,
 In gyres and undulations full of grace,
 An object beautifying Heaven itself.

" He—reckless who was victor, and above
 The hearing of their guns—saw fleets engaged
 In flaming combat. It was nought to him
 What carnage, Moor or Christian, strewed their decks.
 But if his intellect had matched his wings,
 Methinks he would have scorned man's vaunted power
 To plough the deep ; his pinions bore him down
 To Algiers the warlike, or the coral groves
 That blush beneath the green of Bona's waves ;
 And traversed in an hour a wider space
 Than yonder gallant ship, with all her sails
 Wooing the winds, can cross from morn till eve.
 His bright eyes were his compass, earth his chart,
 His talons anchored on the stormiest cliff,
 And on the very light-house rock he perched
 When winds churned white the waves."

We, too, are an Eagle, and therefore proud of you our Scottish mountains, as you are of Us. Stretch yourself up to your full height as we now do to ours—and let " Andes, giant of the Western Star," but dare to look at us and we will tear the " meteor standard to the winds unfurled," from his cloudy hands. There you stand—and were you to rear your summits much higher into heaven you would alarm the hidden stars.

Yet we have seen you higher—but it was in storm. In calm like this, you do well to look beautiful—your solemn

altitude suits the sunny season, and the peaceful sky. But when the thunder at mid-day would hide your heads in a night of cloud, you thrust them through the blackness, and show them to the glens, crowned with fire.

Then are they a sea of mountains ! No—they are mountains in a sea. And what a sea ! Waves of water, when at the prodigious, are never higher than the foretop of a man-of-war. Waves of vapour—they alone are ever seen flying mountains high—but they dash, they howl not—and in their silent ascension, all held toge-

ther by the same spirit, but perpetually changing its beautiful array, where order seems ever and anon to come in among disorder, there is a grandeur that settles down in the soul of youthful poet roaming in delirium among the mountain glooms, and "pacifies the fever of his heart."

Call not now these vapours waves; for motion, movement there is none among the ledges, and ridges, and roads, and avenues, and galleries, and groves, and houses, and churches, and castles, and fairy palaces—all framed of mist. Far up among and above that wondrous region through which you hear voices of waterfalls deepening the silence, behold hundreds of mountain-tops—blue, purple, violet—for the sun is shining straight on some and askant on others—and on those not at all; nor can the shepherd at your side, though he has lived there all his life, till after long pondering, tell you the names of those most familiar to him; for they seem to have all interchanged sites and altitudes, and "Black Ben-hum, the Eagle-Breeder" himself looks so serenely in his rainbow, that you might almost mistake him for Ben Loucy, or the Hill of Hinds.

Have you not seen sunsets in which the mountains were embedded in masses of clouds all burning and blazing—yes, blazing—with unimaginable mixtures of all the colours that ever were born—intensifying into a glory that absolutely became insupportable to the soul as insufferable to the eyes—and that left the eyes for hours after you had retreated from the supernatural scene, even when shut, all filled with floating films of cross-lights, cutting the sky-imagery into gorgeous fragments,—and were not the mountains of such sunsets, whether they were of land or of cloud, sufficiently vast for your utmost capacities and

powers of delight and joy, longing to commune with the Region thou feltest to be in very truth Heaven—nor could the spirit, entranced in admiration, conceive at that moment any Heaven beyond—while the senses themselves seemed to have had given them a revelation that, as it was created, could be felt but by your own immortal soul?

Let us not be afraid—we are in no danger of getting metaphysical—that disease is either sudden or lingering death to the sense of the mighty in nature. It elevates the soul to be in the body near the sky—at once on earth and in Heaven. In the body? Yes—we feel at once fettered and free. In Time we wear our fetters, and heavy though they be, and painfully rivetted on, seldom do we welcome Death coming to strike them off—but groan at sight of the executioner. In eternity we believe that all is spiritual—and in that belief, which doubt sometimes shakes but to prove its foundation lies rooted far down below all earthquakes, endurable is the sound of dust to dust. Poets speak of the spirit, while yet in the flesh, blending, mingling, being absorbed in the great forms of the outward universe, and they speak as if such absorption were celestial and divine. But is not this a material creed? Let it be described, as it is by Wordsworth, as one of the many moods of Imagination in which there is no blame; not, as it is by Byron, as the utmost height to which she can aspire. Let Imagination beware how she seeks to glorify the objects of the senses, and having glorified them, to elevate them into a kindred being with our own, exalting them that we may claim with them that kindred being, as if we belonged to them and not they to us, forgetting that they are made to perish, we to live for ever!

"Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake,
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake;—
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict or bear?"

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture; I can see

Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
 Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

“ And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life ;
 I look upon the peopled desert past,
 As on a place of agony and strife,
 Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
 To act and suffer, but remount at last
 With a fresh pinion ; which I feel to spring,
 Though young, yet waxing vigorous, as the blast
 Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
 Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

“ And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
 From what it hates in this degraded form,
 Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
 Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
 When elements to elements conform,
 And dust is as it should be, shall I not
 Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm ?
 The bodiless thought ? the Spirit of each spot ?
 Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot ?

“ Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them ?
 Is not the love of these deep in my heart
 With a pure passion ? should I not contemn
 All objects, if compared with these ? and stem
 A tide of suffering rather than forego
 Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
 Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
 Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow ?”

Has not the tongue of fame proclaimed these, and others such as these, to be glorious verses flowing from the fount of inspiration ? Yet satisfied have they not our soul here breathing undisturbedly on the mountain-top. The first stanza, methinks, is of little worth. What says it ? That 'tis better to “love earth only for its earthly sake,” “than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict or bear.” Is that a revelation from a great poet's heart ? A stale truism unadorned with one grace of speech.

“ Is it not better, then, to be alone ”—

“ Is it not better *thus our lives to wear*.”

“ Repetitions wearisome of sense” are these—“most tolerable and not to be endured.” The image of the lake as a nursing mother, and of the Rhone as a froward infant, is irreconcilable with nature, dead or alive—and is neither more nor less than absolute nonsense. Then how feeble throughout the expression ! “A mother who *doth make a fair* but froward infant *her own care !*” “Kissing its cries

away *as these awake ! !*” Poor expletives, not permissible even in the wet-nurse school of prose. Then how childish for his lordship, in the very stanza in which, with affected passion, which is always inconsistent, he exclaims,

“ Is it not better, then, to be alone,
 And love Earth only for its earthly sake ?”

How childish in his lordship to illustrate the sincerity and depth of *that* love, by such maudlin drivel about *another* love, which he was desirous to show he despised, or regarded with disgust ?

The second stanza is a mere hubbub of words. He says—

“ I live not in myself, but I become
 Portion of that around me ; and to me
High mountains are a feeling ”——

Bah ! If you become a portion of that around you, you become a portion of the high mountains—and thus incorporated with them, how can *they* be to you a *feeling* ? “But the hum of human cities *torture*” is here imperti-

ment—except to prove that as that hum is outward to you, so are those high mountains, and therefore the “feeling” as much *caused* by them as the “torment” by the human cities. But you would make impletious believe that you were “portion of that around you”—if the very cause of the effects that you are at once a cause and an effect—in good truth, feeling, like Polonius, “how this effect defective comes by cause.” You say, “I can see *nothing* to loathe in nature!” and *that* the very moment you have been telling us that, through intensity of love, you have “become portion of that around you.” Imagine a lover in his mistress’s arms in a paroxysm of passion, gasping, lyreaching at last this climax of bliss-expressive speech, “I can see nothing to loathe in thee!” “Save to be a link reluctant in a fleshly chain” loses more and more of the little meaning it seems to have at first the longer you look at it. “Class’d among creatures, when the soul can flee,” is worse than nonsense—it is folly; for are not they to whom it is here said to flee “creatures”—the sky, the peak, the sea, and the stars? “Mingle, and *not* at *times*,” concludes the long-mouthed bluster with an infant’s cry.

In the next stanza the poet begins with repeating himself—

“And thus I am absorbed, and all is life.”

The immediate effect of this absorption is the vivid remembrance of all his past human life! Had he been absorbed, there would have been everlasting oblivion of that troubled dream. But to be absorbed is one thing, and to say you are is another; and worse still, he speaks in poor repetition of “re-mounting at last with a *fresh opinion*,” “and a *delighted view*,” an image by no means new, and destructive of the thought of absorption.

In the third stanza there is nothing about either absorption or wings, but after some ugly raving, we are presented with that very intelligible line,

“When elements to elements conform,”

in which conformation the poet asks,

—“Shall I not

Feel all I see less dazzling and more warlike?”

We shall not presume to say how that may be—but on the first blush of

the matter we do not see why the spirits’ perception and motion, when elements to elements conform, should be “less dazzling and more warlike” than during the mortal life.

“The battle that he thus is warring on”

is a part of the very; and the Alexander “does not forth conquering, and to conquer.”

In the fourth stanza, he returns to the *pet* fancy that he and his soul are a part of the mountains, waves, and skies, and they of him and his soul.

“Elements to elements conform.”

If so, what more would he have

“But the less of this world in my heart?”

What a poor question!

is surely an unnecessary question—ill-voiced after all the preceding talk about blending, and mingling, and absorption, and so forth. “If compared with these” is dull, heavy, and forced; “rather than force such feeling,” even more so; and to force so such feelings “for the lord and worldly phlegm” of people.

“Gazing upon the glorious elements,
As one dreamt of years.”

would, indeed, at one shameful timidity in the heart of a man-mountain.

The truth is, and we will speak it, that Byron, with all his abuse of Wordsworth, knew that he was a great poet, and felt that in all the poetry in which he speaks of nature

“He was stirred
With subtle truthfulness, like a man inspired.”

that he touched the forms of inanimate nature with Promethean fire, not stolen from, but bestowed by Heaven, and that ‘twas among the rights, privileges, and duties of his vocation

“To penetrate
Under the silence of things.”

Some people have said that Wordsworth is, or was a Pantheist, and lines from his “River Wye” have been quoted, supposed by them to shadow forth this creed. Such people should not read poetry at all, but occupy themselves in overlooking their accounts. If you, we speak of him as a poet—a Theist, or a Pantheist,

or a Deist, as he happened to be in the mood—or as this no-belief or that seemed best suited for a series of stanzas to astonish the natives. We have seen what he made by trying to “mingle with the universe.” In one of the most admired passages in the third book of the *Childe*, throughout the whole of which he is haunted by Wordsworth, whom he would, all in vain, hate and imitate—while declaring that he has delivered himself up, soul and body, to the feeling of the infinite, the supersensual, and the spiritual, sympathizes with the early Persian in making

“His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth o’ergazing mountains,”

and exclaims,

“Come and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or
Greek,
With nature’s realms of worship, earth
and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe
thy prayer;”

even in that very mood of ecstacy, rapt and inspired beyond this “visible diurnal sphere” by the more glorious aspects itself assumes, he destroys our delusion, and lets us into the secret of his own—or rather into that of his deception—by a single blow that jars all the nerves in our body—

“Oh! night,

And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous
strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, *as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman!!!*”

There are some fine and noble things in these same stanzas, but mixed with baser matter, and that, too, at the very moment when the soul in its emotion of grandeur was desiring nothing but the truth.

“Far along,

From peak to peak, the rattling crags
among,

Leaps the live thunder”

is glorious; but, alas! how could the same man who said *that* say

“And now the *glee*

Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-
mirth,

*As if they did rejoice o’er a young earth-
quake’s birth!!!*”

Now turn to Wordsworth—not on account of any similarity of style, for there is none, between him and Byron—nor yet on account of much similarity between the objects dealt with, for there is little, except that they are in both cases objects of nature—but on account of the manifest but unsuccessful straining, in the stanzas we have been reading, after the spirit of the communion which Wordsworth holds in his poetry with all outward things.

“These beauteous forms,

Through a long absence, have not been to me

As is a landscape to a blind man’s eye :

But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din

Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,

In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;

And passing even into my purer mind,

With tranquil restoration :—feelings, too,

Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,

As have no slight or trivial influence

On that best portion of a good man’s life,

His little, nameless, unremembered acts

Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,

To them I may have owed another gift

Of aspect more sublime ; that blesses most

In which the burthen of the mystery,

In which the heavy and the weary weight

Of all this unintelligible world,

Is lighten’d :—that serene and blessed mood,

In which the affections gently lead us on—

Until the breath of this corporeal frame,

And even the motion of our human blood

Almost suspended, we are laid asleep

In body, and become a living soul .

While with an eye made quiet by the power

Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

“ If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight : when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Has hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sile of Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again :
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts,
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills.

“ When like a roe

I bounded o’er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led : more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then

The recesses pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad varied moments all gone by
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.

“ That time is past.

And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts
Have followed ; for such loss I would believe
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, but of amplest power
To soften and subdue.

“ And I have felt

A passion that disturbed me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interposed,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting sun,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and on the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects and all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise,
In nature and the language of the sense,

The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being."

What divine exaltation, and what divine composure ! Poetry, Philosophy, Religion. And clear as light—harmonious as music—the perfectly beautiful language of the Revelation !

Or turn to that glorious passage in the Excursion—but the mountains all wear an unusual hush, and we shall give it utterance to glorify the gloom.

" Such was the Boy—but for the growing youth
What soul was his, when from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light ! he looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces could he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank
The spectacle : sensation, soul and form
All melted into him ; they swallowed up
His animal being ; in them did he live,
And by them did he live ; they were his life
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request ;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him ; it was blessedness and love !
A herdsman on the lonely mountain top,
Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
Was his existence oftentimes *possessed*.
O then how beautiful, how bright appeared
The written promise ! Early had he learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die ;
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.
All things, responsive to the writing, there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving ; infinite ;
There littleness was not ; the least of things
Seemed infinite ; and then his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe,—he saw
What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive ! Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place ; yet was his heart
Lowly ; for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,
And whence they flowed ; and from them he acquired
Wisdom, which works through patience ; thence he learned,
In oft recurring hours of sober thought,
To look on nature with a humble heart,
Self-questioned where it did not understand,
And with a superstitious eye of love."

People say that, of all poets, Byron alone has fitly sung the sea. Let us recite the celebrated close of Childe Harold.

" Oh ! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race
And, hating no one, love but only her !

Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a being?—Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot.
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot

“ There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar.
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I stand
From all I may be, or have been of you,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne’er express, yet can not all conceal.

“ Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore :—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man’s ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unkenn’d, uncoffin’d, and unknown.

“ His steps are not upon thy patas,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth’s destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send’st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay,

“ The armaments which thunder strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yest of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada’s pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

“ Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since : their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage : their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves’ play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation’s dawn beheld, thou tellest now,

“ Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty’s form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed— in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Iceing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving :—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible : even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

" And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here."

What connexion of thought or feeling is there between the first and the second of these stanzas? None. Nay, though manifestly supposed by the poet to be embued with one and the same spirit, they cut each other's throats. In the first he loughs and prays for a friend of his soul—a female—to sip with him in the desert the goblet of delight; in the second he declares there is no happiness like that of mingling with the universe.

" With one fair spirit for my minister."

It would seem she were not to be human, for with her he yearns to live, that "he might forget all the human race." Yet while fancying such an one as he desires, he asks

" Do I err

In deeming *such inhabit many a spot,*
Though with them to converse *can rarely*
be our lot?"

He asks the elements if they can accord him such a being—the elements "in whose ennobling stir he feels himself exalted"—though we see no high exaltation in such an apostrophe—and we shall believe, therefore, that "the one fair spirit" is a child of their own—but in what is to lie her ministry? Will her sex protect her? Why has the fair spirit sex? Is he too to be a spirit in the desert? Ah! no. A man. So it is only a new version of the old story—the impassioned poet is still flesh and blood—and the child of the elements, aerial as she seems, or of illumined tears, or lambent fire that burns not, will be found after all to have a taint of earth.

Setting aside its inconsistency with what precedes it, there is not in the second stanza much power either of thought or expression.

" *There is society where none intrudes,*

By the deep sea, and music in its roar,"
is the repetition, for the tenth or twentieth time in the poem, of a sentiment that pleased Cicero, Plutarch, Bacon, and many other wise men, and must

therefore be a natural and pleasing one; but here it reminds one of Paul Pry. "And music in its roar" is an irrelevant and impertinent fact. "From these our interviews" is far from poetical—and it is paying Nature but a poor compliment to say "I love her the more." "To mingle with the universe" we have had rather too often—it is strong, but far from original; and never was there such an impotent conclusion as

" and feel

What I can ne'er express, *yet cannot all*
conceal!"

But what think ye, Mountains, of the Address to the Ocean? What! not one among you that has got the courage to speak out? You all look as if ye were deaf and dumb. Clap your hands then, in sign of praise—and Thou with the coronet of clouds, unking thyself in homage to the great Poet of the Sea.

Not a word will one of them utter—'tis their Siesta—and every mother's son of them is asleep. Like horses they seldom lie down, and prefer to dream on their feet. But we must awaken them—HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!—Well, it was worth while coming here, all the way from Auld Reekie, for sake of that circular series of echoes. Another yet—like the smothered laughter of a Fairy, far far away, hiding herself in a hillock—so sweet and wild it was—so musical with the voice of some mysterious kind of life!

If Cruachan will not criticise, Christopher must—and what then, we ask ourselves, and you most attentive audience of Clouds, who, judging from the enlightened gloom on your faces, have made up your minds to follow our lecture with thunders of applause—what then, thou beautiful but broken Sky who look'st somewhat restless and as if thou wast given to change—what then, O Sun who hast such an eye for nature—and what, O Nature, who lovest all things and hast them given thee into thy holy keeping—what

then, we ask you, do you think of the Poetry you have been listening to from our lips—is it worthy or not of Byron and of the Sea?

Why, this silence is mortifying—and looks as if mountains, clouds, sky, sun, and nature were unaware of our very existence. We begin now to believe that there is no material world. *'Tis a very eye.* A twil'isting, wailing—and shall therefore continue to take his lordship into our own hands, and trouble him with a few remarks. He prayed to be the "Spirit of each spot"—who knows but that his prayer has been granted, and that he may not be now at our elbow.

Let us clear our voice. Hem! hem! hem!—The one, great, leading, pervading, prevalent idea of the Address is—is it not—that of man's impotence on the ocean contrasted with his power on the earth? On the earth his will triumphs and he is a king—on the ocean it is nought—and he is a slave.

Good. 'Tis a one-sided view of the question—but justifiable in an Address. And as the simpler the subject is, the easier too—and if powerfully handled, the grander—we demand the perfection of words. A great poet in a great mood undertakes a great theme, and in the light and gloom, the calm and storm of a great idea to show it to the world that her heart may quake. He must speak like a man when he is likeliest an angel.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!"

is spirited and sonorous—and that is well—but it is nothing more—and the initial line should have been a nobler burst. "Deep and dark blue" are epithets that can neither be much praised nor blamed—to our mind they had been better away—for the images they suggest, if not in dissonance, are not in consonance with the thoughts that follow them—and seem not to suggest them—but to stand by themselves as idle images—or rather forms of speech.

"Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain."

In vain? That is—without injuring thee? But they were not seeking to do so—nor can imagination conceive how they could—and if that be not the poet's meaning, what is it? Ten thousand fleets sweeping over the deep

dark-blue ocean it may not be easy to picture to oneself—but he who can, will have glorious conceptions of the power of man on the amplitude of the sea. The poet's meaning now becomes obscure—and he says with triumph marks the earth with ruin," but not well "his control stops with the shore." That is possible—and does not feel. How could he mark the sea with ruin? There is nothing there to ruin—and there can be no contrast.

"I gazed upon a purple mountain side,
And saw the sun's red rays
Gild the sea."

Could you that picture? What can be gazed upon before his own eye, by his own soul, he yet speaks of his deeds "on the eastern plain." To a poet inspired that had been impossible—but "the vision and the faculty divine" were not with him—and he was merely imitating voices.

"So, that green sea,
A sea of clouds, and clouds of saffron red."

is hard to scan, and full of confusion. To exclude any meaning from the words you must alter them, but 'tis hardly worth the pains. You frown—tell us then what you understand by "a shadow of man's ray ere save his own?"

"Like a drop of rain
He sinks into the deep."

to please you, we shall say is good—though we hardly think so—few wrecks on wrecks are shown to our imagination, and thousands of creatures perish—"man" here means men—if not, how unimpassioned the tale of his doom—but "a drop of rain"—one single drop—was never yet seen by itself sinking into the depths of the sea—and further, be assured by us O Neophyte! with Byron in thy breast, that "with bubbling green" sea-larks to be there, for a drop of rain melts silently in a moment, and since it is said that "like a drop of rain he sinks," erase the words from your copy, and for rhyme have reason.

"Wind and waves, that sweep over thee,
And sweep over thee."

What! do we not know what that line? Yes—erase it. The poet is not singing a lament for sailors drowned at sea. He is singing the sea's wrath to man. The sea bids the ship go down—and down she goes—he wastes no thought on the crew—nor on their

wives and sweethearts. What can it possibly be to him that they sink

"Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown?"

But to cut the matter short—or to take the bull by the horns—the line as it stands, viewing it as an expression of human sympathy and sorrow in the poet's heart forgetting the sea in the sailors, is an ambitious failure. 'Tis a cold accumulation of melancholy circumstances which were all inevitable—of which the opposites were impossible—debarred by nature and fate. "There is no pathos in it—"not a bit." It is absurd—it is ludicrous—yes—it makes us laugh—though, rather than laugh at misery, human or brute, we would choose to pass all our life in the Cave of Trophœnius. "Without a grave"—who was to dig it? Show us sexton, spade, sod. As on dry land no man ever yet was drowned—so at sea no man ever yet was buried but in the water—that is first—till the sea perhaps stamps him into the sand. Notwithstanding all that, all men speak of the sailor's grave—though, were they to ask themselves what they meant, they would probably answer—fish. "Uncoffined"—why the carpenter had other work during all this stormy *homebound* voyage than to get up coffins for the crew. The last thing he did was to cut away her masts. But she was water-logged, and would not right—blew up without powder which by that time was mire—and then was sucked into the jaws of the Old One—like Jonah into the whale's belly. Uncoffined, indeed! Why the whole four hundred men were in blue jackets—most of them sober enough in all conscience—but not a few drunk as blazes—some capering about stark mad—and one delirious Jacky Tar dancing a hornpipe on the quarter-deck, maugre the remonstrances of the Chaplain. "Unknell'd"—who was to toll the bell? Davy Jones—and he did toll it—the ship's bell—a very Paganini ringing a full peal on its single self—and with most miraculous organ multiplying triple-bobs, and bob-majors—in mockery of the funeral—as if it were a marriage—and strange must it have been to the ears of the more tenacious of life and timber among the sinking crew to hear below all that booming, and above it the

well-known music from the steeples in both towns—both Devonport and Plymouth—welcoming the old Frigate safe back again to the quiet Tamar.

To return—

"His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him."

Why, you said all that and more not two minutes ago. Had you tried it a third time, we do not doubt you might have still farther diluted it. But what means "his steps are not upon thy paths?" We fear it must be taken literally, and, in that case, it is poor stuff. Figuratively it is not true; for "his steps *are* upon thy paths," while "ten thousand fleets sweep over thee." The half-angry, half-scornful rising of the sea against the "vile strength man wields for earth's destruction" may pass for good—very fine to those who love falsettoes. But the stanza, as it grows inhuman, ceases to be English, and as it grows impious, ceases to be grammatical; and we ask forgiveness of all Cockneys, alive or dead, whom we have ever calumniated, on the score of their sins having been outsinued till they appear to be "frailties that lean to virtue's side," by

"Thou dashest him to earth—there let him LAY!!"

Then follow some strong lines about the Armaments, which you are at liberty to admire as much as you please, especially

"And monarchs tremble in their capitals;"

but pray take notice that they but set in a somewhat different point of view what was said in the preceding stanza about the sea's disposing of "the vile strength he wields for earth's destruction."

"These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yest of waves,"

is mere repetition. "A drop of rain" and "the snowy flake" is but the same image; and "yst of waves" is no improvement on Shakespeare's "yesty waves," "THAT SWALLOW NAVIGATION UP"—Heaven! earth! and sea! what an awful expression!

The stanza about Assyria, Greece, Rome, and Carthage reads grandly at

first sight—and grand let it be; but pray do you distinctly understand the meaning of

^a They were considered free while they were free.

To our ear the words have no meaning at all--nor have these so much as the writer thought.

It is divided up roughly to results.

"These empires have decayed"—that is all that is really said—and 'tis enough. "Not so thut!" on which the whole hangs, is unsubstantial—and therefore the whole sinks into nothing. Earth's empires have fallen, and the Poet laments or rejoices over their fall. But there were no empires on the sea to fall—nothing but winds and waves. Where, then, the contrast? Nowhere. As well might he have turned to Zidura and, because the Great Desert remains unchanged, have glorified it. He ye Babylon.

“I have written so much for you, they are all
gone.”

consequently, and a most important

"and as I walked down below, their robes were."

1. The first four are the same.

Let us be reverent, for now the poet speaks of God.

¹⁰ Theorem 1.3 was also obtained, although the L^p - L^q estimates are not in the form

Chlorophyll *a* and *b* contents

We fear the tradition is violent from all that death and destruction to this physico-theological view of the ocean as a mirror of Deity; and we can have no reluctance in saying that those words are rash, and will not bear reflection. Intellect comprehends them not—Imagination disowns them—they are *mad*, perhaps *evil*; and all that follows, to “dark hovering” inclusive, is full of noise & not fire—“significant nothing.” “Boundless, endless, and sublime” is labored writing, and fails to make us see in the ocean “the image of Eternity”—of such Eternity as is meant here,—nor reconciles us to its being called “the throne of the Invisible.”

* Lo! the poor India, whose native mind

See God in clouds, and hears him in the wind.

are far finer and more subtle than the lines than those; and that the poet did not nor knew the measure of his own awful words is proved by the ignorant atheism of

The conditions of the deposit are:

the assertion, in the case of the "Invisible," that would have created the "play of tension." It slips softly in, too, between a line with which it has no connection, being immediately preceded by "the throne of the Invisible," and immediately followed by

Oleyster, then, cost for, the
thrombs, alone.

all of which epithets might have been spared, as all they denote had been expressed before, and the poet is obliged for the sake of sound, not sense, though, after all, the music of the close is not magnificent.

The concluding stanza seems to be a general favourite, and is often quoted—nor is it uninteresting, a characteristic of the poet's youth. But it comes worse than awkwardly upon the heels of its predecessors, and is very poorly written; nor could we ever see the grandeur of "and laid my hand upon thy name," though we never could fail to see the absurdity of "as *I do here*," his Lordship being at the moment on shipboard, where, in his "joy of youthful sports" we presume he was swimming—occasionally on his back—and, we are willing to believe, "borne like thy bubbles on-ward" fairly out of his depth, and without blades.

"Verbal criticism," quoth I, "What do you at this time of day dare to tell us that great poets need care nothing about their language, that in its implication genius vents its emotions in impassioned words which it is impious to criticize, and which it is our sacred duty and our delight to accept as they fall from the lips of an oracle?"

And they have refused to admit thy bust into Westminster Hall! Alas! poor Byron! has it come to that at last! *Tu quoque caducas*. Alas! vanity. And why such exclusion? Because one of the greatest of England's poets reviled the Christian faith, and believed not in the immortality of the soul. Therefore, after death, there must not be set up in that House of

Fame, which is a Religious Temple, an image of the Scosler. We heard one with a loud voice cry—where there was none to answer him—"This world knows nothing of what Byron thought about the next—the friends with whom he walked here knew not if he be-

lieved in a hereafter—the great poet, perhaps, had not made up his mind on the subject,—it matters not—up with him beside Milton."

We think on a sublime passage in Pollok's *Course of Time*.

"Take one example, to our purpose quite.

A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had and fame, beyond desire,
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life,
Yet, not content with ancestral name,
Or to be known because his fathers were ;
He on this height hereditary stood,
And gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step. Above him seemed
Alone the mount of song, the lofty seat
Of canonized bards ; and thitherward,
By nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth he bent his eagle eye.
No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read ;
What sage to hear, he heard ; what scenes to see,
He saw. And first in rambling schoolboy days
Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
And maids, as dew-drops pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur filled, and melody and love.
Then travel came, and took him where he wished.
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp ;
And mused alone on ancient mountain-brows ;
And mused on battle-fields, where valour fought
In other days ; and mused on ruins gray
With years ; and drank from old and fabulous wells ;
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked ;
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave
Of Ocean mused, and on the desert waste.
The heavens and earth of every country saw,
Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.
He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart.
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles ;
He, from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought : and proudly stooped, as though
He scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks :
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend ;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed ;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung

His evening song beneath his feet, commenced.
 Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his story were
 Rocks, mountains, meteors, sea, and winds, and storm;
 His brothers, young or brothers, whom he scorned
 As equals deemed. — All passions of all men,
 The wild and tame, the gentle and severe,
 All thoughts, all actions, scorned and pruned.
 All crosses, all sorrows, Time, Eternity,
 All that was hated, and all that was dear.
 All that was hoped, all that was feared, by none.
 He trod about, contemptuous, withered leaves,
 Then smiling, looked upon the wreck he made
 With terror now he found the power of blood,
 And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
 Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself.
 But back to his soul retired, alone,
 Dark, silent, proud,azing contemptuously
 On happy and pious prostrate at his feet.
 So Ocean from the plains, his waves had late
 To desolation swept, retired in pride,
 Faulting in the glory of his might,
 And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

“As some fierce wind of tremendous size,
 To which the stars did reverence as it pass’d,
 So he, through hearing and through fancy, took
 His flights sublime, and on the loftiest top
 Of Fame’s dread mountain sat; not soiled and worn,
 As if he from the earth had laboured up;
 But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
 He looked, while down from higher regions came
 And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.

“The nations, great, and wondered men in and praise!
 Critics before him fell in humble plight,
 Confounded fell, and made debasing signs
 To catch his eye, and stretched and swelled themselves
 To bursting rich, to utter bulky words
 Of admiration vast: and many, too,
 Many that aimed to imitate his flight,
 With weaker wings, ineffectually fluttering made
 And gave abundant sport to after days.

“Great with the world’s gaze, and wondered much,
 And praised: and many called his evil good.
 Wits wrote in favour of his wickedness;
 And kings to do him honour took delight.
 Thus, full of titles, flattery, honour, fame,
 Beyond desire, beyond ambition, full,
 He died! — Laid out what he of wretchedness,
 Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
 Of fame, drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts
 That common millics might have quenched: then died
 Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
 His godless, Nature, wanted, enhanced, enjoyed,
 Fell from his arms, abhorred: his passions died,
 Died all but dreary, solitary pride;
 And all his sympathies he being died,
 As some ill-guided bark, well-built and tall,
 Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,
 And then retiring, left it there to rot
 And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven.
 So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
 And cast ashore from pleasure’s boisterous surge,
 A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,

Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul,
 A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,—
 Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth.
 His groanings filled the land his numbers filled ;
 And yet he seemed ashamed to groan. Poor man !
 Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help."

Where's the Sun? We know not in what airt to look for him, for we take it that we have been lying under this rock in a reverie for some hours, and who knows but it may now be afternoon. It is almost dark enough for evening—and if it be not far on in the day, then we shall have thunder. One o'clock. Usually the brightest hour of all the twelve—but any thing but bright at this moment—can there be an eclipse going on—an earthquake at his toilette—or merely a brewing of storm? Let us consult our almanac. No eclipse set down for to-day—the old earthquake dwells in the neighbourhood of Comrie, and has never been known to journey thus far north—besides he has for some years been bed-ridden; argal there is about to be a storm. What a fool of a land-tortoise were we to crawl up to the top of a mountain when we might have taken our choice of half-a-dozen glens with cottages in them every other mile, and a village at the end of each with a comfortable Change-house! And up which of its sides was it that we crawled? Not this one—for it is as steep as a church—and we never in our life peeped over the brink of an uglier abyss. Ay, Mister Merlin, 'tis wise of you to be flying home into your crevice—put your head below your wing, and do cease that cry.—Croak! croak! croak! Where is the sooty sinner? We hear he is on the wing—but he either sees or smells us, probably both, and the horrid gurgles in his throat is choked by some cloud.—Surely that was the sugling of wings! A Bird! alighting within fifty yards of us—and from his mode of folding his wings—an Eagle! This is too much—within fifty yards of an Eagle on his own mountain top. Is he blind? Age darkens even an Eagle's eyes—but he is not old—for his plumage is perfect—and we see the glare of his far-keepers as he turns his head over his shoulder and regards his eyrie on the cliff. We would not shoot him for a thousand a year for life. Not old—how do we know that? Because he is a creature who is young at a hundred—so says Audubon—and

Swainson—and our brother James—and all shepherds. Little suspects he who is lying so near him with a long pole. Our snuffy suit is of a colour with the storm-stained granite—and if he walks this way he shall get a buffet. And he is walking this way—his head up, and his tail down—not hopping like a filthy raven—but one foot before the other—like a man—like a King. We do not altogether like it—it is rather alarming—he may not be an Eagle after all—but something worse—"Hurra! ye Sky-scraper! Christopher is upon you! take that, and that, and that"—all one tumbling scream, there he goes over the edge of the cliff. Dashed to death—but impossible for us to get the body. Whew! dashed to death indeed! There he wheels, all on fire, round the thunder-gloom. Is it electric matter in the atmosphere—or fear and wrath that illumine his wings?

We wish we were safe down. There is no wind here yet—none to speak of—but there is wind enough, to all appearance, in the region towards the west. The main body of the clouds is falling back on the reserve—and observing that movement the right wing deploys—as for the left it is broken, and its retreat will soon be a flight. Fear is contagious—the whole army has fallen into irremediable disorder—has abandoned its commanding position—and in an hour will be self-driven into the sea. We call that a Panic.

Glory be to the corps that covers the retreat. We see now the cause of that retrograde movement. In the north-west, "far off its coming shone," and "in numbers without number numberless," lo! the adverse Host! Thrown out in front the beautiful rifle brigade comes fleetly on, extending in open order along the vast plain between the aerial Pine-mountains to yon Fire-cliffs. The enemy marches in masses—the space between the divisions now widening and now narrowing—and as sure as we are alive we hear the sound of trumpets. The routed army has rallied and re-appears—and, hark, on the

extreme left a canonade. Never before had the Unholy Alliance a finer park of artillery—and now its fire opens from the great battery in the centre, and the hurly-burly is general far and wide over the whole field of battle.

All this may be very fine—but these lead drops dancing on our hat tell us to take up our pole and be off, for that by and by the waters will be in flood, and we may have to pass a night on the mountain. Down we go.

We do not call this the same side of the mountain we crawled up? If we do, we lie. There, all was purple, except what was green—and we were happy to be a heathered legged body, occasionally skipping like a grasshopper on turf. Here, all rocks save stones. Get out of the way, ye ptarmigans. We hate shingle from the bottom of our—oh! dear! oh! dear! but *it's* is painful—sliddering on shingle away down what is any thing but a level and plane feet foremost—accompanied with rattling delirious but railroad speed—every twenty yards or so dislodging a stone as big as oneself, who instantly joins the procession, and there they go hopping and jumping along with us, some before, some at each side, and, we shudder to think of it, some behind—well somersettèd over our head, thou Grey Wackè—but mercy on us, and forgive us our sins, for if this lasts, in another minute we are all at the bottom of that pond of pitch.

Here we are—sitting! How we were brought to assume this rather uneasy posture we do not pretend to say. We confine ourselves to the fact. Sitting! beside a Tarn. Our escape appears to have been little less than miraculous, and must have been mainly owing, under Providence, to our pole. Who's laughing? 'Tis you, you old Witch, in hood and cloak, crouching on the cliff, as if you were warning your hands at the fire. Hold your tongue—and you may sit there to all eternity if you choose—you cloud ridden hag! No—there will be a blow-up some day—as there evidently has been here before now—but no more Geology—from the tarn, who is a 'tarnation deep 'un, runs a rill, and he offers to be our guide down to the Low Country.

Why, this does not look like the same day. No gloom here—but a green serenity—not so poetical per-

haps, but, in a human light, far preferable to a "brown horror." No sulphureous smell—the air is balmy. No sultriness—look out the circulating medium! In our youth, when we had wings on our feet—and were a feathered Mercury—Cherub we never were nor Caudillo &c.—bydying, in our weather-wisdom, from glen to glen, we have made one day a whole week—with, at the end, a sabbath. For all over the really mountainous region of the Highlands, every glen has its own indescribable kind of day—all vaguely comprehended under the One Day that may happen to be uppermost—and Lowland meteorologists, meeting in the evening after a long absence—having, perhaps, parted that morning—on comparing notes lose their temper, and have been even known to proceed to extremities in defence of facts well-established of a most contradictory and irreconcilable nature.

Here is an angler fishing with the fly. In the glen beyond that range he would have used the minnow—and in the huge hollow behind our friends to the South-east, he might just as well try the bare hook—though it is not universally true that trouts don't rise when there is thunder. Let us see how he throws. What a cable! Flies! Tufts of heather. Hollo, you there; friend, what sport? What sport we say? No answer; are you deaf? Dumb? He flourishes his flail and is mute. Let us try what a whack on the back may elicit. Down he flings it, and staring on us with a pair of most extraordinary eyes, and a beard like a goat, is off like a shot. Alas! we have frightened the wretch out of his few poor wits, and he may kill himself among the rocks. He is indeed an idiot—deaf and dumb. We remember seeing him near this very spot forty years ago—and he was not young then—they often live to extreme old age. No wonder he was terrified—for we are duly sensible of the *outré tout ensemble* we must have suddenly exhibited in the glimmer that visits those weak red eyes—he is an albino. That whack was rash, to say the least of it—our pole was too much for him—but we hear him whining—and moaning—and, good God! there he is on his knees with hands claspt in supplication—"dinna kill me—dinna kill me—I am silly—I am silly—and folk say I am auld—auld—and."

The harmless creature is convinced we are not going to kill him—takes from our hand what he calls his fishing rod and tackle—and laughs like an owl. “Only meat—only meat—only meat?” “Yes, innocent, there is some meat in this wallet, and you and I shall have our dinner.” “Ho! ho! ho! ho! a smelled, a smelled! A can say the Lord’s Prayer.” “What’s your name, my man?” “Daft Dooggy the Haveril.” “Sit down, Dugald.”

A sad mystery all this—a few drops

of water on the brain will do it—so wise physicians say, and we believe it. For all that, the brain is not the soul. He takes the food with a kind of howl,—and carries it away to some distance, muttering “a aye eats by mysel!” He is saying grace! And now he is eating like an animal. ’Tis a saying of old, “Their lives are hidden with God!”

Let us read a page of Pollock. Here is a sublime passage.

“Wisdom took up her harp, and stood in place
Of frequent concourse, stood in every gate,
By every way, and walked in every street;
And, lifting up her voice, proclaimed: ‘Be wise,
Ye fools! be of an understanding heart;
Forsake the wicked, come not near his house,
Pass by, make haste, depart and turn away.
Me follow, me, whose ways are pleasantness,
Whose paths are peace, whose end is perfect joy.’
The seasons came and went, and went and came,
To teach men gratitude; and as they passed,
Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else
Had stolen unheeded by. The gentle flowers
Retired, and stooping o’er the wilderness,
Talked of humility, and peace, and love.
The dews came down unseen at evening-tide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.
With arm in arm the forest rose on high,
And lesson gave of brotherly regard.
And, on the rugged mountain-brow exposed,
Bearing the blast alone, the ancient oak
Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still
To courage in distress exhorted loud.
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the breeze,
Attuned the heart to melody and love.
Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
Essential love! and from her glorious bow
Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God
Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,
She whispered to Revenge, Forgive, forgive.
The Sun rejoicing round the earth, announced
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
The Moon awoke, and from her maiden face,
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,
And with her virgin stars walked in the heavens,
Walked nightly there, conversing, as she walked,
Of purity, and holiness, and God.
In dreams and visions, sleep instructed much.
Day uttered speech to day, and night to night
Taught knowledge. Silence had a tongue; the grave,
The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each
A tongue that ever said, Man! think of God!
Think of thyself! think of eternity!—
Fear God, the thunders said, Fear God, the waves.
Fear God, the lightning of the storm replied.
Fear God, deep loudly answered back to deep:
And, in the temples of the Holy One,
Messiah’s messengers, the faithful few,
Faithful ’mong many false, the Bible opened,

And cried, Repent ! repent ye sons of men !
 Believe, be saved ; and reasoned awfully
 Of temperance, righteousness, and judgment soon
 To come, of ever-during life and death :
 And chosen bands from age to age awake
 The sacred Lyre, and full of fury sing
 Numbers of righteous holiness poured
 And God omnipotent, when mercy failed,
 Made bare his holy arm, and with the stroke
 Of vengeance smote ; the fountains of the deep
 Broke up, heavens windows opened, and sent on men
 A flood of wrath, sent plague and famine forth ;
 With earthquake rocked the world beneath, with storm
 Above laid cities waste, and turned set lands
 To barrenness, and with the sword of war
 In fury marched, and gave them blood to drink.
 Angels remonstrated, Mercy beseeched,
 Heaven smiled and frowned, Hell groaned, Time fled, Death shook
 His dart, and threatened to make repentance vain.

Yes it is sublime.

We leave the harmless—not unhappy
 wretch—and refreshed by the fowl,
 pursue our journey down the glen.
 There ought to be a kirk not far off,
 but, perhaps, it has been pulled down
 —yet we hope not—let kirks that need
 repairing be repaired—but 'tis a sin
 to pull one down—at all events let the
 new be always built on the old founda-
 tions. 'There it is—and the Plane-
 Trees. Why should we know it again
 even to the very size of the slates !
 They are the same slates—their colour
 is the same—the roof neither more nor
 less weather-stained than it was forty
 years ago.

After a time old buildings undergo
 no perceptible change—any more than
 old trees. And when they have be-
 gun to feel the touch of decay, it is
 long before they look melancholy—
 while they still continue to be used,
 they cannot help looking cheerful—
 and even dilapidation itself is painful
 only when felt to be lifeless !

But there we Three sat on the
 Church-yard wall ! The wittiest of
 the witty—the wildest of the wild—the
 brightest of the bright—and the bold-
 est of the bold—he was, within a
 month, drowned at sea.—How genies
 shone o'er thy fine features, yet how
 pale thou ever wast ! thou who satst then
 by the Sailor's side, and listened to his
 sallies with a mournful smile—friend !
 dearest to our soul ! loving us far
 better than we deserved ; for though
 faultless thou, yet tolerant of all our
 frailties—and in those days of hope
 from thy lips how elevating was praise !
 Yet seldom do we think of thee !
 For months—years—not at all—not

once—sometimes not even when by
 some chance we hear your name—it
 meets our eyes written on books that
 once belonged to you and that you
 gave us—and of you it recalls no
 image. Yet we sank down to the floor
 on hearing thou wast dead—ungrateful
 to thy memory for many years we
 were not—but it faded away till we for-
 got thee utterly, and we have never
 visited thy grave !

It would seem that many men *desire*
 to doubt the Immortality of the Soul.
 Why—why ? Argue the question as
 low as you choose—yet you cannot be
 brought to a conviction of its mortal-
 ity. Let the natural persuasion of a
 man's mind be that in this world he
 perishes, then this world is all to him,
 his Reason gives him over to sense
 and passion. Let the persuasion, the
 hope, the mere desire of his mind
 be to the belief in worlds of future
 life, and all his higher mind becomes
 moral together. We are not to con-
 ceive of it merely as a belief to be de-
 liberately, and with calculation, act-
 ed upon ; but as a belief infusing itself
 into all our thoughts and feelings.
 How different are my affections if they
 are towards flowers, which the blast of
 death will wither, or towards spirits
 which are but beginning to live in my
 sight, but are gathering good and evil
 here, for a life I cannot measure. We
 urge the morality of the question not
 as if we spoke to men who held vice to
 be their interest, and who are to be
 dragged back from it by violence ; but to
 men as beings holding virtue to be their
 highest interest, but feeling how weak
 their nobler moods are against the
 force of their passions, and wishing

for every assistance to the pursuit of their higher destination. To those who wish to feel their nature rise, not to feel it sink, this belief, in any degree in which they can find reason to embrace it, is an immense blessing. In all morality the disposition to believe is half the belief, and the strong inducements of opinion, to all good men, arise out of their own life. It is much to be able to say to the sceptic, "The great reason of your disbelief is not the force of the arguments on which you seem to yourself to rest your convictions, but the inaptitude of your mind for a better belief; and that inaptitude arises from habits and states of mind, which, when they are distinctly exposed to you, you yourself acknowledge to be condemnable." Take first out of the mind every thing that is an actual obstruction to the belief—obtain perfect suspense—and let then the arguments weigh. Surely, if morality means any thing, it is much to say in favour of any belief, that the state of morality necessarily produces it.

Singular that we have not heard a shot the whole day. The Duke must have given them a jubilee. But we have traversed the dominions of more Dukes than one—since seven in the morning—it is now, we should say, seven in the evening—yet not a single sportsman have we seen. Birds enough—along our Pole we occasionally took a vizey at an old cock—and our Wallet would have been crammed had it all the pouts we covered—but we have had the day and the desert all to ourselves—and only once imagined—but did not mention it—that we saw a Deer. Not a human being, indeed, of any sort, but poor Dugald, has crossed our way—so not a soul had we to talk to but our own shadow. On some occasions it was not easy to look at him without laughing—leaping side by side with us on his Pole—in a style beyond the grotesque—sometimes suddenly shrinking into a droich of a broad-backed bandy—and then as suddenly dwindling himself out into a Daddy-Long-Legs, striding as if he had discovered the longitude. You may not believe it, but we saw

him on the top of a mountain, when we were walking in the glen. How he got there it is not for us to say—but there he was—and he took his stance with such an air of independence, that it was some time before we could believe our eyes that it was him—but our suspicions having been awakened by a Lord Burleigh shake of the head—an unconscious practice of ours—as we believe on the authority of friends who have seen us in earnest conversation with ourselves—we detected him by waving our hat round our head—when, taken off his guard and relapsing into his servitude, the magnanimous hero performed the same evolution with a dexterity equal to any inhabitant of the Broeken.

There is a disturbance! Bang they go, barrel after barrel, to the tune of ten or twenty—and then what a burst of bagpipes! A Shooting Lodge so near the Old Kirk! And pray why not? We hope it is a Shooting-Lodge—or, at any rate, a Tent.

A Tent—and of the most magnificent description—fit to hold a troop. We like to see things done in style—and this is bang up to the mark. Ay—there he is—in his native dress—his name—

"Well do we know, but may not tell;"

but 'tis that of a warlike clan—and he is their Chieftain. Those noble looking men around him are Southrons—they have too much fine sense to mount the tartan—and we think we see One on whom Victoria is thought to have looked sweet at her Coronation.

"Our honoured Mr North, have you dropt from heaven in among us?" "We have." "How did you travel, our dear Christopher?" "In a balloon." "Where's your ballast—our beloved Kit?" "On our back." "God bless you—are you well?" "Toll-loh." "You must stay with us a week?" "Two." "Give us your hand on that?" "Both." "You have not dined?" "No." "Stir your stumps, ye villains—and let the tables be spread for

'OUR GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, AND FRIEND.'

THE RECIPROCITY AND COLONIAL SYSTEMS.

Two different principles have governed this country in their foreign and colonial relations, from the earliest time when it became a considerable maritime power, down to these days. The first originated with the Long Parliament and the bold sagacious policy of the Protector Cromwell; the last took its rise amidst the liberal ideas and enlarged philanthropy which arose in this country after the glorious termination of the French Revolutionary war. The first system, which endured for 170 years, reared up the greatest, the most extensive, and the most powerful maritime and colonial empire that ever existed on the face of the earth. The last has been in operation only for fifteen years, and it has already not only brought imminent danger upon the extremities of our colonial dominion, but weakened to an alarming degree the maritime resources by which the authority of the parent state is to be supported and maintained.

The two systems have now at length fairly come into collision. The interests of our foreign trade and our colonial possessions have for long been decidedly at variance, and the mongrel system of policy generated between them cannot much longer be maintained. We must make our election between the two systems. Either we must trust to our colonies, and consider them as the main stay of our national strength, or we must throw them overboard, and rely on the reciprocity system to maintain an extensive commercial intercourse with foreign and independent nations. It is quite impossible we can maintain the advantages of both systems. Either we must give up our colonies and trust to the good-will and interests of foreign nations for our trade, or we must adhere to our colonies, and, relying on the efficient protection, equitable rule, and mutual interchange of good deeds which they receive from us, become comparatively indifferent to the competition, the jealousy, or the hostility of the rest of the world.

It is utterly impossible, we repeat, to enjoy at once the advantages of both systems. The colonial system

is founded upon the principle, that our own industry, whether at home or abroad, is to obtain a decided preference over that of other nations; and that in the benefits arising from the mutual interchange of productions from distant parts of our own empire with each other, we shall find a sufficient compensation for the commercial rivalry or jealous hostility of other states. The reciprocity system is founded on the principle, that the great thing to be considered is, where the commodities which we require can be purchased cheapest; that if they can be got at a lower rate from other states than our own trans-marine possessions, no hesitation whatever should be felt in preferring the cheap merchant in foreign states; and that there is in reality no danger in such a proceeding, inasmuch as the principle common to all nations of buying wherever they can cheapest, and selling dearest, will necessarily lead all states to the great commercial emporium of the world, if no undue restrictions are imposed upon its foreign trade; and that foreign hostility or jealousy need not be apprehended as long as we can attract the ships of all nations to our harbours by the durable bond of their common interests. We shall consider in the sequel which of these two systems is the better founded. At present the material point to observe is, that the policy of the state must, in the main, be founded on the preference given to your own people, or the free admission of strangers, but that it is impossible to reconcile both; for no great colonial empire will continue its allegiance to the parent state, unless, in return for their subjection to the rule of a distant power, its members receive substantial advantages which would be lost by its overthrow.

The vital point which separates these two systems is, whether the ruling power in the dominant state be the *producers* or the *consumers*. The producers, whether of grain, of butcher meat, of manufactures, or of shipping, strenuously maintain that the great object of Government should be to give encouragement to your own industry, and prevent the rivalry or competi-

tion of foreign states from encroaching upon or injuring your domestic farmers and manufacturers. Under this system, and by these ideas, the commercial policy of the country has been conducted for 170 years before 1820. The object of legislation in all its branches was to secure to their own subjects the benefit of their own trade and manufactures and consumption, and to shut out as much as possible the competition of foreign states. As it was evident, however, that the inhabitants of the British islands, taken by themselves, could not keep pace with the necessity for a vent arising from the extension of our manufactures, it became a leading object with Government to plant colonies in many different parts of the world, and to bend all the national efforts towards the increase of that colonial empire, and the conquest of those similar establishments of our enemies which might interfere with their progress. The leading efforts of the British Cabinet during all the wars of the last century were to enlarge and protect our colonial empire. Towards this object the bulk, both of the naval and military resources of the nation, were constantly directed, and for this end continental operations were almost uniformly starved and neglected. Lord Chatham successfully prosecuted this system through all the glories of the Seven Years' War; Lord North strove, under darker auspices, to prevent it from being subverted during the disastrous contest against American independence; and Mr Pitt re-asserted the same principles during the Revolutionary war, and reared up the greatest colonial empire that was ever witnessed upon earth.

To cement and secure this immense dominion, two principles were early adopted and steadily acted upon by the British Government. The first of these was to maintain, by the utmost exertions of the national resources, a great and powerful navy, capable at all times of striking terror into our enemies, and affording a permanent and effectual protection to the most distant possessions of our colonial empire. Being well aware that this indispensable object could not be gained without the greatest possible

attention to the support of our maritime power, they not only at all times devoted a large portion of the public resources to the maintenance and increase of the royal navy, but, by a steady system of policy, endeavoured to give our own seamen an advantage over those of foreign nations in the supply of the home market. It was on this principle that the celebrated Navigation Laws of England were founded, the leading objects of which were to secure to our own ships and seamen exclusively the trade with our colonies, and between our colonies and foreign states, and to give greater advantages to our own sailors than those of other nations enjoyed, by imposing a heavier duty on goods brought in foreign vessels than in those which were built in our own harbours and navigated by our own seamen. And also, in many instances, to allow smaller drawbacks upon articles exported in foreign than those exported in British ships. Whatever objections may be stated on theory to this system, there can be no question that experience had demonstrated its practical expedience, as it had raised the British naval and colonial powers in no very long period, from inconsiderable beginnings, to an unparalleled state of grandeur and power, and laid the foundation for the inevitable spread of the British race and language through every quarter of the habitable globe.

The reciprocity system is founded upon principles diametrically the reverse of these. The principle on which it rests is, that, however advantageous such a restrictive system might have been when other nations chose to submit to it, it necessarily became detrimental as soon as foreign states resolved to assert their independence, and threatened us with measures of retaliation; and that the moment the resolution to adopt such measures was seriously entertained and acted upon by other states, there was no alternative but to embrace a genuine fair reciprocity system, or to submit to see ourselves excluded from the commerce of the greater part of the civilized world.

Mr Porter,* in his late valuable statistical publication, thus explains

* Porter's Progress of the Nation, II. p. 162.

the Reciprocity Acts (4 Geo. IV. c. 77, and 5 Geo. IV. c. 1). "These acts authorized his Majesty, by Order in Council, to permit the importation and exportation of goods in foreign vessels, on payment of the same duties as were chargeable when imported in British vessels, in favour of all such countries as should not levy discriminating duties upon goods imported into those countries in British vessels; and further, to levy upon the vessels of such countries, when frequenting British ports, the same tonnage-duties as are chargeable on British vessels. A power was, on the other hand, given to the Crown by these Acts of Parliament, to impose additional duties upon goods and shipping against any countries which should levy higher duties in the case of the employment of British vessels in the trade with those countries. The concessions thus made met with only a feeble opposition, the principal act having passed the Commons by a majority of 5 to 1.

"Under the authority of these Acts of Parliament, reciprocity treaties have been concluded with the following countries, *viz*—

	Concluded in
Prussia,	1824
Hanover,	1824
Denmark,	1824
Oldenburg,	1824
Mecklenburg,	1825
Bremen,	1825
Hamburg,	1825
Lubeck,	1825
States of Rio de la Plata,	1825
Colombia,	1825
France,	1826
Sweden and Norway,	1826
Mexico,	1826
Brazil,	1827
Austria,	1829*

In order to illustrate the magnitude of the change thus made, we shall subjoin the following statement by the same author, of the principles of the restrictive system, so far as the Navigation Laws were concerned, and the state necessity which it was conceived rendered it necessary to abandon them:—

"The part of our restrictive system which was viewed with the greatest favour among all classes, was embodied in the measure generally known

under the name of the Navigation Act. The foundation of this act was laid during the Protectorate, and the system was perfected by the 12th Charles II. chap. 18. This act provided that no merchandise of either Asia, Africa, or America should be imported into Great Britain in any but English built ships, navigated by an English commander, and having at least three-fourths of their crew English. Besides this exclusive right imparted to British shipping, discriminating duties were imposed, so that goods which might still be imported in foreign ships from Europe, were in that case more highly taxed than if imported under the English flag. The system here described continued to be steadily and pertinaciously maintained during more than 160 years, and was looked upon as a monument of wisdom and prudence, to which was mainly attributable the degree of commercial greatness to which we had attained."

"The earliest deviation from the Navigation Act that was sanctioned by Parliament, arose out of the treaty with the United States of America in 1815. The States, soon after the establishment of their independence, had passed a navigation law in favour of their shipping, similar in all its main provisions to the English law; and it affords an instructive lesson, that the practical carrying out of this restrictive system to its fullest extent by the two nations was found to be so unproductive of all good effect as to call for its abandonment. By this treaty the ships of the two countries were placed reciprocally upon the same footing in the ports of England and the United States, and all discriminating duties chargeable upon the goods which they conveyed were mutually repealed. It adds greatly to the value of this concession, that it was made by no disciple of free-trade doctrines, but was forced by the very consequences of the system itself, from a Government opposed to all change in the direction of relaxation. From that moment it was easy to foretell the abandonment of all the most effective parts of our long-cherished system of protection, since every country that desired to remove the disadvantages under which we had placed its ship-

ping had it thenceforward in its power, by adopting our plans in the spirit of retaliation, to compel us to a relaxation of our code. It is worthy of remark, that amidst all the complaints that have been made by British shipowners of the abandonment of their interests by their Government, it has never been attempted to question the propriety of the American treaty, nor to complain of its results.*

Such were the expectations and predictions of the supporters of the reciprocity system. Let us enquire now, how far "Experience, the great test of truth," has established their principles or justified their anticipations.

Let us first enquire what has been the effect of the reciprocity system upon the *maritime* strength and resources of the empire, and then examine whether or not these effects have been counterbalanced by the increase of foreign trade and commerce with the countries with whom reciprocity treaties have been concluded.

One of Mr Porter's Tables exhibits the growth of our foreign trade and shipping for every year from 1801 till the close of 1822, being the period when the change of policy was introduced, and from it it appears that during the period of twenty-two years, when the old system was in operation, the progress of *our own shipping* had been *rapid* beyond all precedent in this or any other state, the *foreign shipping* employed in conducting our trade had been *altogether stationary*, or rather declining. During that period the British ships and tonnage had about doubled, while the foreign ships and tonnage had *declined*, viz. from 5497 ships and 780,000 tons, to 4069 ships and 582,000 tons. Another table again shows the progress of British and foreign shipping from the year 1823, when the reciprocity system came into operation, to the close of 1836, and it shows that during the twelve years that the present reciprocity system has continued, the British shipping has increased only from 11,733 vessels and 179,700 tons to 14,347 vessels and 2,500,000 tons, while the foreign shipping outwards has increased from 563,000 to 1,035,000 tons. It is clear to demonstration, therefore, that under the reciprocity system, notwithstand-

ing, as we shall immediately see, the prodigious growth of our colonial trade during the same period, the relative proportion of foreign and British shipping employed in carrying on our trade has been totally changed; that the former has doubled, while the latter has only augmented hardly more than a fourth; that of the 3,500,000 tons now employed in conducting British trade, no less than 1,000,000 belong to foreigners; and that if the same relative proportion shall continue between them for twelve years longer, the quantity of foreign shipping employed in conducting our own trade will be *equal to that of the whole British empire*; in other words, we shall have nursed up in our own harbours, a foreign maritime force equal to our own.

In order still farther to illustrate this important point of the stationary condition of the British commercial navy, we refer to two tables, showing the number of ships belonging to the United Kingdom and its dependencies, in Europe and our colonies, from 1803 down to the commencement of the reciprocity system in 1822, and from that period down to the present time. From these tables, which every intelligent reader must see to be of incalculable importance, three things are evident.

1. That, under the navigation law system, the British shipping in Europe *increased*, in twenty years, from 18,000 to 21,000 ships; that is, by a sixth.

2. That, under the reciprocity system, the British ships *declined*, in twelve years, from 21,042 to 20,388, being nearly a tenth.

3. That the loss thus experienced in the reciprocity system, in Europe, was counterbalanced, and more than counterbalanced, by the extraordinary growth in our colonial trade, during the same period, to which the reciprocity system did not apply, as it was exclusively reserved, on the principle of the navigation laws, to ourselves, the vessels engaged in that trade having increased, during these twelve years only, from 3500 to 5432, and their tonnage from 230,000 to 442,000. It is not difficult, in these circumstances, to see in what quarter the

* Porter's Progress of the Nation, II. 159, 160.

real strength and future hopes of the British empire are to be found.

The same result is shown by another Table, exhibiting the proportions in which the British and foreign seamen are employed in the trade with Prussia, Denmark, France, Sweden, and Norway, with whom reciprocity treaties have been concluded.

It distinctly appears that, under the reciprocity system, the trade with the Baltic States, Prussia, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark has, for the most part, fallen into the hands of foreigners. And, as an illustration of the way in which the foreign shipping has grown up, so as to overshadow the British, we refer to another

Table, showing the progress of the trade of these countries, from 1322 to 1831, by which the relative progress of the British and foreign trade with those countries where reciprocity treaties have been concluded is clearly demonstrated, and which is calculated to shake the nerves of even the most ardent supporters of the reciprocity system. Under the operation of the reciprocity system, the British ships employed in the trade with Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Prussia have declined; and the foreign shipping employed in the trade between these countries and Great Britain has increased as follows:—

British declined with Prussia from 539 ships to 270
Denmark, 57 ships to 16
Norway, 168 ships to 15
Sweden, 123 ships to 66

Prussian ships, with Great Britain, increased from 258 to 903
Danish, 44 to 624
Norwegian, 558 to 785
Swedish, 71 to 250

And thus much for the reciprocity system on the interests of our maritime force in our intercourse with the Baltic trade.

There is one country with whom, under the reciprocity system, commenced in 1816, that system has been attended with remarkable advantages, and that is the United States of North America. The example of the effect of this system with that country is fre-

quently referred to, by the reciprocity partisans, as the strongest proof of the justice of their principles; but, in reality, it is the strongest confirmation of those which we are now supporting.

The following Table exhibits the progress of foreign trade between Great Britain and the United States, both in British and American bottoms, from the year 1822 to 1836.

Tonnages.							
Years.	British.			Foreign.			
	United States.	Ships.	Tons.	Men.	Ships.	Tons.	Men.
1822		138	37,385	1,770	500	156,054	6,866
1823		237	63,606	2,998	509	165,609	7,121
1824		157	44,094	3,166	460	153,475	6,451
1825		133	38,943	1,843	599	196,803	8,487
1826		158	47,711	2,245	448	151,765	6,595
1827		238	73,204	3,424	646	217,535	9,447
1828		256	80,158	3,646	372	158,174	6,049
1829		192	61,343	2,773	450	162,327	7,052
1830		197	65,130	2,948	609	211,166	9,185
1831		289	91,787	4,204	633	229,869	9,807
1832		284	95,203	4,251	452	167,359	7,161
1836		226	86,383	3,575	524	226,483	7,799

Thus, under the reciprocity system with that country, the trade has increased between 1822 and 1836, from 138 ships to 226; while the American has increased only from 500 to 542. And the British tonnage swelled from 37,385 to 86,383, while the American tonnage has increased only from 156,054 to 226,483.

This result, however, so far from being a proof that the reciprocity system, in its application to the trade of Great Britain with the old states of the world, is founded on just principles, demonstrates diametrically the reverse. The reciprocity system has proved of advantage to the British shipping in the intercourse with America, because labour and all the articles employed in the building of ships are so much dearer in America than in Great Britain that the British shipowners can carry on the trade at a cheaper rate than the American, and, therefore, under an equal system of duties, the British shipping has gained the advantage. There cannot be a doubt of the expediency of that system in its application to countries where ship-building and navigation are more expensive than they are in this, and, therefore, Mr

Huskisson acted perfectly wisely in concluding a treaty with America on such terms. But the real point of doubt is, not whether such a system is expedient with countries where ship-building is *dearer*, but whether it is expedient with countries where ship-building is *cheaper* than in Great Britain. And, with reference to that point, it is clear that the fact that the reciprocity system has worked to the prejudice of America, which builds ships dearer than England, is founded exactly upon the same principle in proving that it is prejudicial to England, in her intercourse with the Baltic powers, where it is cheaper.

The following table demonstrates that in sixteen years, from 1820 to 1836, the reciprocity system has proved highly prejudicial to British shipping, and highly advantageous to foreign, in conducting the British commerce; and that if the same system is continued for sixteen years longer, it will, in spite of all the prodigious increase in the British trade with their colonial possessions, render the foreign shipping superior to the British even in conducting our own trade.

Centesimal Proportions of British and Foreign Tonnage employed in the Import and Export Trades respectively of the United Kingdom in each year from 1820 to 1836.

ENTERED INWARDS.			CLEARED OUTWARDS.	
Years.	British.	Foreign.	British.	Foreign.
1820	78.84	21.16	78.15	21.85
1821	80.14	19.86	79.50	20.50
1822	78.00	22.00	77.08	22.92
1823	74.21	25.09	73.29	26.71
1824	70.29	29.71	68.94	31.06
1825	69.12	30.88	66.45	33.55
1826	73.75	26.25	71.50	28.50
1827	73.51	26.49	71.08	28.92
1828	76.74	23.26	76.74	23.26
1829	75.46	24.54	73.85	26.15
1830	74.18	25.82	73.48	26.52
1831	73.02	26.98	71.97	28.03
1832	77.35	22.65	77.39	22.61
1833	74.13	25.87	74.73	25.27
1834	73.37	26.63	72.91	27.09
1835	73.85	26.15	72.77	27.23
1836	71.41	28.59	70.97	29.03

Thus it appears that while in 1820 the British tonnage employed in carrying on the British trade was four times the foreign, in 1830 it bore to it only the proportion of 70 to 30, or about 2½ to 1.

But then, say the advocates for the reciprocity system, although the British maritime interests undoubtedly have suffered from such a system, yet the British commerce has been revived and reanimated by that change, and what has been gained by our manufacturers and merchants in that respect is much more than what has been lost by our ship-builders.

Even if the fact were as is now stated, we should demur, in the strongest terms, to the expedience of sacrificing, in any degree whatever, our maritime to our manufacturing interests. What renders the shipping interest of such incalculable importance to a commercial state is not merely that it constitutes the sinews and basis of its naval strength and national independence, but constitutes the sole bulwark for the protection even of the commercial and manufacturing interests, which are so unhappily sometimes considered as of superior importance. Admitting that as long as universal peace prevails foreign commerce can be easily carried on by a maritime state which has lost its naval superiority, and is compelled to trust in great part to foreign shipping for production of its commercial intercourse, what is to become of the trade of such a state when, in its own defence, it is forced into a serious war, and it is threatened with blockade in its own harbours by the combined forces of foreign maritime powers? What the better would Great Britain be of all its foreign trade carried on in foreign vessels if, in consequence of the magnitude of the navy which had thus been reared up in foreign states, it found itself blockaded in its own harbours, and foreign fleets of war lying across the Thames, the Mersey, and the Clyde? The very magnitude of its foreign commerce would, when such a catastrophe occurred, prove the most serious of all embarrassments, because it would have reared up many millions of useless mouths, whose sufferings and turbulence, upon the destruction of their only means of subsistence, would render all attempts at prolonging resistance utterly hopeless.

In a word, the magnitude of a commercial nation's foreign commerce, and the multitude of its manufactures, so far from being an element of strength, is, in fact, nothing but a source of weakness, if unaccompanied by a proportional naval power. It is liable, by a single reverse at sea, to be blockaded in its harbours, and to lose in a few weeks the fruits of centuries of conquest. The condition of a great insular and commercial state, which has come to depend in great part upon foreign shipping for the conduct of its commerce, is precisely similar to that of a fortified town, which abounds with inhabitants and unwarlike mouths, which has little to rely upon but foreign mercenaries for the defence of its ramparts, and the recall of whom by the powers to whom they belong would necessarily leave it entirely defenceless. The blockade and capture of Athens by Lysander, after the fatal defeat of Egospotamos, proves on how unstable a basis the safety of every commercial state is founded where the dominion of the seas does not rest upon a great and indestructible naval power.

But let us come a little closer to the point, and examine whether the assertion of the great extension of our foreign commerce by means of the reciprocity system, and with the countries with whom reciprocity treaties have been concluded, is in reality well founded.

Keeping in view that the reciprocity treaties hitherto concluded have been with Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, France, America, Brazil, and Columbia, we refer to the table exhibiting the progress of the exports to these countries from 1827 to 1836.

This table is in the highest degree instructive. From it it appears that the export trade to Prussia, for the increase of which Mr Huskisson, in 1823, was content to repeal the navigation laws of England, the bulwark of our national strength, has *declined*, in ten years before 1836, from L.174,000 to L.160,000; that with Denmark has *declined* from L.104,000 to L.91,000; while that of Germany has remained *perfectly stationary* through the whole period. The trade with France is the only one which has evidently increased, but that is the result entirely of the equalization of the duties on wine; and accordingly that

of Portugal has fallen off in nearly a similar proportion; while the trade with the United States of America, under the reciprocity system, has, upon the whole, remained nearly stationary, or *rather declined*. The great exports of 1835 and 1836 to that country were entirely fictitious, and the result of the joint-stock mania there, during these years, which led to the terrible commercial crisis of 1837, when the exports of Great Britain to the United States sunk to L.3,500,000.

But what is still more curious, it appears from another table that the trade with the countries with whom we have concluded *no* reciprocity treaties, but with whom we still deal on the old restrictive system, and that with our own colonies, which is entirely and rigidly confined to ourselves, has increased *much faster* than that with the reciprocity countries; and that in truth it is the vast increase of our trade with those countries, who are out of the reciprocity pale, which has compensated all the evils arising even to commerce itself, from the adoption of that system with the other states. From this table it is manifest that our trade with distant quarters of the world with whom we have *no* reciprocity treaties, such as Spain, Italy, Turkey; and our own colonies, as Australia, the Canadas, the East Indies, &c., has *doubled*, and in some instances *tripled*, during the very years that our trade with the countries with whom we had concluded reciprocity treaties was stationary or had declined, affording thus a striking contrast to the miserable and languid state of our trade with the Baltic powers, to preserve or increase which we sacrificed the old and powerful bulwark of our navigation laws.

From the Parliamentary returns it appears also that our trade both with northern and southern Europe has declined under the influence of the reciprocity system; and is considerably less in the five years preceding 1836 than it was in the five years preceding 1819. So clear is this decrease in our foreign trade to Europe, during the working of the reciprocity system, that Mr Porter, although a strenuous advocate for its principles, makes the

following candid admission as to the falling off of our foreign trade, from the commencement of the present century, down to this time, with the exception of the two years of inordinate commercial activity of 1835 and 1836.

“If the following table is taken in this way, as the test of the progress of our foreign trade, during the present century, it will be seen that little or none has been made—that, in fact, if we except the last two years (1835 and 1836), the amount of our foreign trade has not been equal to that which was carried on during some of the years when we were at war with nearly all Europe, nor to that of the first five years of peace that followed. The average annual exports of British produce and manufactures in the decenary period from 1801 to 1810 amounted to L.40,737,970. In the next ten years, from 1811 to 1820, the annual average was L.41,454,461; from 1821 to 1830 the annual average *fell* to L.36,597,623. Since that time the amount has been progressively advancing, and, in 1836, exceeded by L.1,765,543 the amount in 1815, the first year of the peace, which, with the exception of 1836, was the greatest year of export trade, judging from the value of the shipments, that this country has ever seen.”*

“That part of our commerce which, being carried on with the rich and civilized inhabitants of European nations, should present the greatest field for extension, will be seen to have fallen off under this aspect in a remarkable degree. The average annual exports to the whole of Europe were *less in value by nearly twenty per cent in the five years from 1832 to 1836, than they were in the five years that followed the close of the war*, and it affords strong evidence of the unsatisfactory footing upon which our trading regulations with Europe are established; that our exports to the United States of America, which, with their population of only twelve millions, are removed to a distance from us of 3000 miles across the Atlantic, have amounted to *more than one-half of the value of our shipments to the whole of Europe*, with a population *fifteen times as great* as that of the

* Porter, II., p. 100.

United States of America, and with an abundance of productions suited to our wants which they are naturally desirous of exchanging for the products of our mines and looms."*

Thus it distinctly appears, both from the Parliamentary returns and the admissions of the most able and well informed advocates for the reciprocity system, that the anticipated and promised extension of our foreign trade, from the adoption of that system, has not taken place; that so far from it, our trade has rapidly and signally declined, during the last five-and-twenty years, with the old states of Europe, fifteen of which have been spent under the reciprocity system; and, therefore, that we have gratuitously inflicted a severe wound upon our own maritime interests, without having purchased thereby any equivalent advantage, either for our foreign trade or our home manufactures.

Nevertheless, it is certain that our foreign trade and intercourse with all the world has upon the whole increased, and in many quarters most rapidly, during the last twenty years.

Where, then, it may be asked, have the British merchants found a compensation, as they unquestionably must

have done, for the decline of their trade with the old state of Europe? The answer to this is to be found in the prodigious simultaneous increase of our colonial trade. It is there that the real strength of Great Britain is to be found. It is there that an antidote has been silently prepared for all the errors of our modern commercial policy; and it is by confounding the growth of our distant colonies, and the immense trade which has sprung up from their influence, with the effects of the Reciprocity System in our intercourse with the European states, that its advocates have been able to conceal from the world the real tendency of their system. The number of ships built for the United Kingdom and its possessions in Europe, is just about the same as it was twenty-five years ago, while that for the trade to the colonies has, during the same period, nearly quadrupled.

An examination of the quarters of the world in which our trade has increased, demonstrates clearly that it is in our intercourse with our own colonies that the compensation for the decline of our trade with Europe itself has been found.

From Mr Porter's Tables it appears that from 1802 to 1835, the trade of Great Britain with Europe has declined from 65 per cent to 48 per cent.

With the British colonies in

18 to 26

America, has increased from

With the United States of America, has increased from

6 to 9

And that with India has increased from

3½ to 5

It is perfectly clear, therefore, that the reciprocity system has had no tendency to check the serious decay which is going forward in our European trade, while the restrictive system, which is still applied with undiminished force to our colonies, at least in their intercourse with the parent state, has had as little effect in checking the rapid and astonishing growth, both of our shipping and foreign trade, with those distant parts of the empire. Nothing but the most obstinate adherence to theory, and the most perverse blindness to facts, can enable any person to resist the conclusion

that it is in our intercourse with our colonies that the real sinews of British strength are to be found; that the reciprocity system is wholly unable to preserve our European trade from decay, while it is utterly ruinous to our shipping interests employed in commerce with these countries; and therefore that our true interest is to be found in cultivating, with the most assiduous care, our colonial dependencies, in our intercourse with whom we employ only our own shipping, and in our commercial intercourse with which we experience the benefit of a trade sharing in the rapid extension and

* Porter, II., p. 101.

unchecked growth of these vigorous offshoots of the empire.

Let us now direct the attention of our readers to the following important facts regarding our trade with Canada, and our other North Ame-

rican possessions, whose situation has now become of such overwhelming interest from the manifest dangers, from foreign and domestic enemies, with which they are threatened:—

Comparative view of the British shipping, employed in the trade of each of the British North American colonies in the year 1836.

CLEARED OUTWARDS.							
Colonies.	Belonging to the United Kingdom.		Belonging to the British possessions beyond seas.			Total.	
	No.	Tons.	No.	Tons.	No.	Tons.	Men.
Canada,	1065	334,369	61	40,682	1326	375,051	15,986
New Brunswick,	550	154,295	2443	210,229	2993	364,524	16,814
Nova Scotia,	112	22,073	5094	316,375	4621	338,748	17,841
Newfoundland,	358	52,487	431	41,525	789	94,012	5,473
	2085	563,224	7444	609,111	9729	1,172,335	56,116

And the value of the trade with these important possessions may be judged of by the following

Table, showing the comparative view of the trade of the United Kingdom, with the Canadas and the other British North American Colonies, in the year 1836.

Colonies.	Official value of Imports.	Official value of Exports.			Declared value of British Exports.
		British.	Foreign and Colonial.	Total.	
	£	£	£	£	£
Canada,	633,575	2,338,861	350,646	2,739,507	1,539,153
New Brunswick,	249,442	710,006	133,162	843,168	553,864
Nova Scotia,	57,970	393,382	50,045	443,427	292,322
Cape Breton,					
Prince Edward's Island,	195,860	343,322	56,171	399,493	297,823
Newfoundland,					
Coast of Labrador,	26,313	35,260	5,76	41,381	49,129
Settlements of Hudson's Bay Company.					
Total.	1,163,160	3,871,191	595,785	4,466,976	2,732,291

Lastly, the rapid growth of this trade may be judged of by the following Table showing the trade of the United Kingdom with the Canadas alone, from 1827 to 1836.

Years.	Official value of imports from the United States.	Official value of Exports to the United States.			Declared value of British Exports to the Canadians.
		British.	Foreign and Colonial.	Total.	
1827	468,700	794,687	155,853	950,490	617,709
1828	460,000	1,000,225	180,000	1,248,283	787,289
1829	460,402	1,000,470	190,046	1,117,422	709,141
1830	600,202	1,000,201	181,819	1,570,020	997,502
1831	702,015	1,740,047	172,242	1,922,089	1,136,819
1832	700,000	1,000,110	215,831	2,078,949	1,173,587
1833	700,000	1,789,877	310,000	2,400,211	1,171,565
1834	610,000	1,171,540	168,085	1,339,629	799,912
1835	620,000	1,042,176	285,355	1,327,531	1,184,085
1836	600,000	2,088,851	350,000	2,739,507	1,539,153

Thus, while our trade with Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, to increase which we have sacrificed the navigation laws, and inflicted a grievous wound upon our maritime strength, has either *decreased*, or been altogether stationary for the last two years, that with our North American colonies has *tripled* during the same period, and now employs no less than 560,000 tons of our shipping; more than a fifth part of the whole British shipping employed in our foreign trade to every part of the world.

And here arises a most important observation, decisive as to the difference upon our maritime strength between the trade carried on under the reciprocity system, and in the most favourable circumstances, with a foreign country, and that maintained with our own colonies.

The trade with the United States of America, it has been seen, takes off about eleven millions of our manufactures, but in doing so employs only 86,000 tons of our shipping, the remaining 266,000 being carried on in American bottoms.

The trade with Canada takes off only L.2,700,000 worth of our manufactures, but in doing so gives employment to no less than 560,000 tons of our shipping, besides 560,000 tons employed in the course of trade by Canada itself.

Now, the trade to our North American colonies has tripled within the last ten years. If it goes on at the same rate in the next ten, and draws after it a similar increase of British

tonnage, the exports to those possessions in 1848 will be no less than L.8,100,000, and give employment to upwards of 1,560,000 tons of shipping; upwards of a half, in all probability, of the whole British shipping employed in our foreign trade at that period—the whole British tonnage at present employed being 2,400,000 tons.

Nothing can more clearly illustrate the vital difference between the importance of the colonial trade and that conducted with an independent foreign state. It is so great, indeed, as to appear almost miraculous, and to demonstrate, beyond the possibility of doubt, that no reliance can be placed on foreign trade with independent states, as a foundation for maritime strength, but that the empire of the seas is for ever destined to the possessor of the most extensive and powerful colonial dominions.

There is nothing peculiar in the situation of the Canadas which has given rise to this extraordinary proof of the superior efficacy of colonial trade to that of foreign independent states, both in encouraging domestic industry and forming a nursery for naval strength. At the opposite extremity of the globe, in Australia, a progress still more wonderful and gratifying has taken place, sufficient to demonstrate that if ignorance or infatuation does not make us throw away our advantages, Great Britain still possesses the means of maintaining her maritime supremacy and station among the nations of the earth.

Table showing the progress of the British trade and tonnage, with New Holland, from 1820 to 1836.

Years.	Tons.	Value of Exports.	Years.	Tons.	Value of Exports.
1820	1,291	£124,232	1829	8,970	£310,681
1821	1,349	132,698	1830	8,668	314,677
1822	1,706	160,450	1831	11,875	398,471
1823	3,883	197,236	1832	12,231	466,238
1824	3,986	220,347	1833	14,679	558,372
1825	3,971	278,306	1834	17,234	716,014
1826	7,582	262,932	1835	16,900	696,345
1827	5,439	339,958	1836	19,195	835,637
1828	6,707	443,839			

Thus it appears that while the tonnage employed in the trade with Australia has increased in the last sixteen years from 1,291 to 19,195 tons, or about sixteen-fold, the value of the exports has increased from L.124,232 to L.835,637, or about seven-fold.

If the same proportion should continue for the next ten years, in the year 1848 the tonnage employed in the trade with Australia will be 300,000 tons; and the value of the exports to that colony between five and six millions sterling.

And if it should continue for the next twenty years, the tonnage in 1858 will be, even on the most moderate computation, 1,500,000 tons, and the value of the exports above twenty millions sterling.

Startling and extravagant as these results will probably appear to almost all our readers, they are no more than a fair application to the future of the experience of the past—the only safe and sound principle on which political, equally with physical reasoning, can be founded; and if they appear, as they really do, chimerical, it is only because the elements of national strength and greatness, involved in the progress of a great colonial empire, greatly exceed any thing which even the imagination of the most ardent speculator can venture to suggest.

And if it be said that, long before such halcyon days can arrive, Canada and Australia will have thrown off their connexion with the mother state, and declared themselves independent, the answer is obvious. By so doing, they will indeed deprive us of that great and extraordinary advantage to our maritime strength which arises from the possession of flourishing colonial

dominions; but they cannot deprive us of that dependence upon our trade and shipping which is necessarily inherent in all infant and rising states, whether colonial or independent. With such states, even after they have emancipated themselves, the reciprocity system cannot fail to be advantageous to Great Britain, because their interests are necessarily wound up with the growth of agriculture and the rural manufactures; and therefore it neither can be their interest, nor will they possess the power, to attempt to rival the parent state, either in the finer manufactures or in maritime exertion. The United States of America, it has been seen, notwithstanding their great ambition for a naval force, and their having been for more than half a century independent, are not yet able to compete with Great Britain in the carrying on of their own trade, and accordingly British shipping is continually making greater advances over the American in the conduct of the commercial intercourse between the two countries. The same must be the case, in a still greater degree, with our colonies in North America and Australia, because they are behind America in the career of civilisation, and therefore must be for a longer period dependent upon the mother country both for the supply of their manufactures and the carrying on of their trade.

The details, which have now been given will explain how the reciprocity advocates have for so long a period succeeded in blinding the people of this country to the real tendency of the policy of the commercial system which has been pursued for the last fifteen years. And how it happened that, amidst the constant complaints of the ship-owners, their interests were declining and

almost destroyed, and their property ruined by the operation of that system, the President of the Board of Trade was always able to meet them by Parliamentary Returns, which showed that the trade and shipping of the empire, taken as a whole, was, notwithstanding, on the increase. It was evidently by confounding together the exports to our colonies with the exports to the reciprocity countries, that the official advocates of the new system were so long able to mystify and delude the world. They constantly told us that our exports were increasing, and our tonnage getting larger every year, but they did not tell us, what was nevertheless the case, that the countries with whom our trade was increasing were our own colonies or distant states, with whom we have no reciprocity treaties, and that the countries with whom it was diminishing were the European nations in our neighbourhood with whom we had concluded reciprocity treaties, and to propitiate whom we have been content to sacrifice three-fourths of our shipping employed in the Baltic trade. It is by separating the great mass of our export trade and foreign tonnage into its component parts, and showing in what quarters it has increased, and in what diminished, that the real tendency of the system which we have been pursuing is brought to light; and it is distinctly made to appear that the reciprocity advocates have succeeded in bolstering up their system solely by concealing its effects upon us in the countries with whom it has been carried into execution, under the cover of the vast increase with those to whom it has *not* been applied, or who stand in the situation of colonies to the mother country.

And, what is not a little singular, and perhaps unparalleled in such investigations, the reciprocity advocates have succeeded with a large portion of the public in maintaining the credit of their system, and decrying the value of our colonial trade, solely in consequence of the effect of the great increase of that very colonial trade in concealing the operation of their favourite reciprocity principles.

It is a mistake to say that these results demonstrate that practical experience is at variance with principle in this particular. There is in reality no contradiction between them. Mr

Huskisson's principles were quite well founded in the abstract, and on the supposition that the prices of different commodities were the same in all countries, and that all were to enter the field of commercial regulation with hands unfettered—with hearts unimpassioned—and without any great vested interests already existing which depended on the continuance of the former system of trade. But his grand error consisted in this, that he overlooked the paramount necessity in all countries of attending to the national security and defence in preference to the national wealth. The vast difference in the cost of producing the same article in different countries, and the consequent necessity of protecting by fiscal regulations those branches of industry, if essential to the national independence, which are conducted at a disadvantage—and the absolute necessity of getting some compensation in return for a reciprocity concession, not by a reciprocity in regard to that one article, but in regard to some other article in which the disadvantage lies on the side of the country to whom the concession is made.

Nothing can be clearer than that the national defence and independence is of more importance than the mere growth of any particular branch of trade or manufacture. The considerations already urged on this subject are so obvious and important as to render it perfectly unnecessary to enlarge farther upon it. It is no doubt a very good thing to be rich, but it is also a very good thing to be independent. It is an advantage to have wealth, if we also possess the means of defending it; but if we are destitute of that security it will rather prove a curse, by alluring rival or hostile nations to encroach upon or plunder our possessions. No country in reality is in so dangerous and precarious a state as one which has a vast foreign trade and no adequate means of defence; because its wealth exposes it to violence which it has not the means of resisting.

The two grand articles in the trade of which it is of paramount importance that a maritime state should, at all hazards, maintain its superiority, are grain and shipping. The former is necessary for the subsistence of its people—the latter is an essential element in its national defence and inde-

pendence. It is in vain to say that a free trade can ever, consistently with the national security, be maintained in either of these articles. If we are dependent on foreign supplies for grain, we cannot maintain even the shadow of independence; because foreign nations can at any moment, by simply closing their harbours, reduce our people to desperation, and our Government to submission. If we have not a powerful navy, we are equally liable to be subverted by having our harbours blockaded, and our foreign manufactures converted into a source of the most ruinous weakness, by being suddenly deprived of all vent for their industry. A great commercial state, therefore, that would maintain its independence, must, at all hazards, and even, if necessary, at the sacrifice of part of its wealth, preserve itself from falling into a state of dependence upon either foreign grain or foreign shipping. If it does not do so it is liable to have all its wealth at any moment wrested from it by the mere stoppage of the foreign supplies, or vent for produce on which it depended, and the resources on which it mainly relied for the subsistence of its people turned into the certain instrument of its subjugation.

In considering the application of the reciprocity system also, it seems to be equally material to keep in view the essential distinction between the price at which different commodities can be reared in different countries, and not to run away with the idea that we have got a real reciprocity for our people, or entered into a commercial treaty on equal terms with our neighbours, merely because we have agreed to admit some particular articles of manufacture on the same terms with them. Every thing depends upon the relative price at which that article can be reared in the two countries. If the article can be reared cheaper abroad than at home, it is a perfect delusion to say, that we have entered into a fair reciprocity treaty, because we admit that article on the same terms with them. Real reciprocity consists not in admitting the *same* article into our ports on the same terms on which our neighbours receive ours, but in obtaining admittance for a *corresponding article* on our side in which we have a corresponding advantage over them. Unless this is

done, reciprocity is a perfect mockery, because it is all on our side. For example, France produces abundance of wine in admirable quality, and England produces iron and cotton goods in similar quantity and quality. Real reciprocity would consist in a commercial treaty, whereby, in consideration of the wines of France being admitted into England at a low duty, the iron and cotton goods of England should be admitted at a low duty into France. There would be no reciprocity in France saying to England, we will admit your wines on the same terms on which you admit ours; or in England saying to France, we will admit your cotton goods on the same terms on which you admit ours. The simple answer to such a proposal would be, that the cotton manufactures of France would be ruined by the superior capital and skill of those of England, and that the sour wines of England would be immediately extinguished by the claret and Champagne of France. In like manner, there would be no reciprocity in Poland or Prussia proclaiming a free trade in corn, or an interchange of equal duties with England; because that is an article in which we never can compete with them, from the weight of the national debt and the higher price of labour in this country; or in England proclaiming a free trade in cotton goods with Prussia, because that is an article in which they never can compete with us, from our extraordinary manufacturing advantages. But there would be a very real reciprocity in a treaty of this description:—We will take *your grain* at a moderate duty, provided you take *our cottons* at as moderate a duty. In support of such a treaty, we might say with justice—“Nature has given you the power of raising grain at two-thirds of the price at which we can do it, in consequence of the superior cheapness of your labour and abundance of your harvests, and she has given us the means of producing cotton goods and cutlery at two-thirds of the price that you can, in consequence of the superior richness of our coal mines and excellence of our machinery. Let us then conclude a commercial treaty founded on a just appreciation of our relative situations. Do you consent to encourage our manufactures, and we will consent to encourage your farmers;

and let us mutually admit the goods in which nature has given a superiority to the one and the other, on the same terms." Such a proposal might be dangerous to national independence or to the home trade, by depressing our agricultural interest, but it would at least be a fair reciprocity, and unobjectionable on the footing of commercial dealing. But it would obviously be a perfect mockery at equality for England to say to Prussia, "We are dealing with you on the footing of reciprocity, because we admit your cotton goods on the same terms on which you admit ours;" or for Poland to say to England, "We are dealing with Great Britain on the footing of reciprocity, because we admit English grain into our harbours on the same terms on which they admit Polish." It is quite evident that in both these cases the country admitting and acting on such false principles would gratuitously inflict a serious evil upon itself, without any equivalent whatever, and that, running away with the name of reciprocity without the reality, it would in a very short time, without any return whatever, consign a valuable portion of its industry to destruction.

Now this is just what we have done by deluding ourselves with the name of reciprocity without the reality in our maritime intercourse with foreign powers. Every one knows that the Baltic powers can carry on ship-building far cheaper than England, for this plain reason, that the materials of ships—timber, cordage, hemp and tar—are produced by nature on the shores of the Baltic, in countries where labour is not half so dear as in the British isles. On the other hand, cotton goods and iron of all sorts can be manufactured far cheaper in Great Britain than either in France or the Baltic states, in consequence of the accumulation of capital and great skill in machinery in this country, and the incalculable advantage of our coal mines. *Real* reciprocity, then, would have consisted in a treaty, whereby, in consideration of our admitting *their* shipping into *our* harbours on as favourable terms as *they* admitted *ours* into theirs, they consented to receive *our* cotton goods into *their* ports on the same terms as we received *their* cotton fabrics into

ours. No person can doubt that although such a system might have been hurtful to our maritime interests, and dangerous to our national superiority, yet it would, with reference merely to national wealth, be a fair reciprocity treaty, and would in the end communicate upon the whole an equal and reciprocal benefit to the staple and natural branches of industry of both countries. But, instead of this, what have we done under the reciprocity system? We contented ourselves with issuing a proclamation, in which we said that we would admit Prussian, Danish, and Swedish shipping into our harbours on the same terms on which they received ours. We never thought of making a stipulation in return for the boon thus conferred on their shipping, in which they had the natural advantage over us, that they should concede to us a similar boon for iron and cotton goods, where we had a natural advantage over them. That would have been *real* reciprocity, but we contented ourselves with *nominal* reciprocity, which was on our own side only. The consequence has been, that the Baltic shipowners gained the incalculable advantage of obtaining a competition on equal terms with the British shipping interest in the carrying on the intercourse between the Baltic shores and the British harbours, and sweeping off to themselves three-fourths of that valuable traffic, while the British manufacturers were not enabled in return to sell one pound worth more of their articles in the Baltic ports than before.

But this is not all. Not content with giving us no commercial advantage whatever, in return for this huge boon to their shipping interest, the continental nations have done just the reverse; and Prussia, in particular, to propitiate whom the navigation laws—that is, the nursery for our seamen—were sacrificed, has, in return, organized the celebrated *Prussian commercial league*, by which more than the half of Germany has been arrayed in decided hostility to our manufacturing industry. We have repeatedly, in this Miscellany, drawn the attention of our readers to the importance of the subject of this Prussian commercial league; and it is sufficient to observe at present, that, by this celebra-

ted confederacy, the German states, containing *twenty-six millions of inhabitants*, have been combined in a league, founded on the principle of commercial hostility to England, and that the duties imposed throughout the whole extent of the league, on all goods of British manufacture, are so heavy, being practically from forty to fifty per cent on the prime cost, that they in reality amount to a *total prohibition*. In like manner, we have made similar concessions to Portugal and Belgium, but met with nothing in return but increased duties on goods of British manufacture, in so much that the exports to Portugal, which, in 1827, were L.1,400,000, fell, till, in 1836, they averaged L.1,085,000; and those to Belgium, which in the same year amounted to above a million, had fallen, in 1836, to L.839,276. While, on the other hand, the trade with Holland, which, in 1827, even including that with Belgium, with whom we have *no reciprocity treaty*, was only L.2,104,000, had risen, in 1836, with Holland alone to L.2,509,000.* In short, to whatever side we turn in Continental Europe, it will be found that our concessions by reciprocity treaties, which have so deeply affected our maritime interests, have been met by nothing in return from the continental nations, but increased duties or restrictive prohibitions, and that we have maintained or encouraged our trade almost exclusively with those nations with whom we have made no such arrangements.

The principle on which this increased hostility to British manufactures has every where followed all attempts on our part to establish a more enlarged trade is founded, is very obvious. Foreign nations think, and perhaps with reason, that we have in the old age of our national existence adopted the liberal or reciprocity system, because we thought that we had established such a superiority over other nations by the extent of our capital, and the skill of our manufactures, that we could now without risk throw down the fences of our prohibition, and proclaim an equal trade with all nations. They argue in this manner against our reciprocity advocates:—"It is very well for you

who have arrived at the summit of manufacturing greatness to commence the throwing down of prohibitions, and proclaim the liberal principle of the freedom of trade. When we have arrived at a similar elevation, and can adopt the change with as much safety, we will with pleasure follow your example. In the mean-time, you must allow us to imitate the restrictive system under which, during 170 years, your manufactures were elevated to greatness. When our capital is as large—our coal-mines as extensive—our skill in machinery and manufactures as great as yours—we will be very happy to meet you on terms of equality and a reciprocal trade. Till that period arrives it would be utter madness in us to admit your manufactured goods on the like terms on which you admit ours. The very fact of your now proclaiming the reciprocity system is the most decisive evidence of the immense benefit which you have so long reaped from the restrictive. We are very happy you admit our ships on the same terms as we admit yours, but the fact of your having been driven to such a concession only shows the more clearly how expedient it is that we should follow out, with additional rigour, that prohibitory policy from which you appear to be now willing to recede. Sparta could with safety dispense with walls round its capital city, but wo to the state of Peloponnesus, which, because the Spartan youth were adequate to the defence of their country, should deem the security of walls or ramparts unnecessary for the maintenance of *its* national independence."

We do not say that this reasoning is well founded, nor do we assert the reverse; we mention it as a fact merely, that this is the reasoning which foreign nations employ, and on which their Governments act, and that, in the present state of the world, it is perfectly chimerical to suppose that our reciprocity concessions will ever be met by any other return, or ever in consequence be any thing else but a gratuitous and uncompensated injury to the most important branches of our national industry.

The reciprocity advocates, however,

* Porter, II., 104.

are not without an answer even to this powerful argument, founded on the absence of any return whatever for our maritime concessions in the commercial policy of any other state. They say, although it may be desirable, if possible, to effect diplomatic arrangements, whereby the favourable admission of our manufactures might be secured in return for the favourable concessions made on our side to foreign shipping; yet, whether this advantage is gained or not, a substantial benefit accrues to British industry, by the increased importation of goods from foreign countries. The great thing, they contend, is, to increase our *importations*. If that can be effected, the growth of our exports must be corresponding; and the vivifying effect to British industry must be felt from one quarter or another. We do not, it is said, get the foreign goods we import for nothing. We must pay for them, either in our own manufactures, or in money, and in either case the benefit is the same, although in the latter it is more circuitous to our domestic industry; for the money which buys foreign goods can be acquired only by us by the sale of our own produce.

We admit that this argument is plausible, and seemingly satisfactory, but, upon a closer examination, its fallacy is very apparent. It is quite true that we must purchase the money with which we pay for our foreign imports, by the disposal, some way, of our British manufactures; but it is not the less true, that if a *real* reciprocity system was entered into with the European states; that is to say, if we compelled them, in return for the advantages we held out to their shipping and industry, to give corresponding advantages to our branches of industry, in which they stand at a disadvantage to us, the export of our manufactures, and the consequent encouragement to our industry would be far greater than it now is; for this plain reason, that we would ship our exports, and the produce of our industry, not only to the countries from which we buy our money, but to the countries also from whom we purchase our imports. For example, if at present we send 5,000,000 of our manufactures to South America, with which we purchase dollars to a similar amount, and then send these dollars

to France, Prussia, and the other reciprocity countries with a view to purchase their industry, we gain in return for the purchase of 10,000,000 worth of their produce; that is, of 5,000,000 worth of dollars from South America, and 5,000,000 worth of produce from Europe, *only five millions worth of our own manufactures off our hands*; whereas, if we had stipulated for similar advantages to our cotton goods, in return for the advantages conferred by us upon foreign shipping, we would have been enabled to sell *ten* millions worth of our manufactures, viz. 5,000,000 to South America, in exchange for the bullion, and 5,000,000 worth to Prussia and the other reciprocity countries, in exchange for their goods. The difference, therefore, in this case would be nothing short of 5,000,000 lost to our manufactures in the foreign markets. In the one case, we would engage in a real interchange of commodities, both with South America and Europe; in the other, the intercourse is real only with South America; and in the intercourse with Europe we are nothing more than carriers, who effect a commercial intercourse, not with themselves, but with the South American and the German states.

This argument appears to us perfectly decisive. It is quite evident that, to justify commercial arrangements with any particular country, we must be able to show that under those arrangements, standing by themselves, a reciprocal benefit flows to the inhabitants of both. It is no answer to the objection, that these advantages, so far as domestic industry is concerned, are wholly on one side, to say that, with the other countries, at the same time commercial intercourse is carried on in which *real* reciprocal advantages are obtained, and that we carry the goods of the one foreign country to the other. There is, no doubt, some return for such a transaction, because the *carrying* trade is attended with certain advantages; but there is not nearly so great an advantage as there would be, if our own goods were exported to *both* countries, and we gained in the intercourse with both, not only the profit of carriers, but also that of producers. If I ask Lord John to dinner, and he asks me in return, there is a real reciprocity of acts of hospitality; but if I ask him, and he never

asks me in return, it is quite illusory to say that I gain an equal advantage, because I frequently dine with *Mr Thomas*, as well as he with me. The answer is obvious. It is, no doubt, an advantage to have the honour of his lordship's company at dinner at your own house, and to dine as often with *Mr Thomas* as he dines with you; but it would be much better, if you could so arrange matters, that, in addition to your equal social intercourse with *Mr Thomas*, you had the benefit, at the same time, of as many dinners from Lord John as you give to him. And this is precisely the state of the case with the reciprocity system.

Although, however, we think it perfectly clear that the reciprocity system has had the most pernicious effects upon our maritime interests, and that experience has now demonstrated that in its leading principle of giving gratuitous concessions to the shipping interests of the European states, without stipulating for any corresponding advantages to our commercial industry, it is proved to have been founded upon entirely erroneous principles, yet we neither assert that *Mr Huskisson's* principles were entirely erroneous, nor advocate a return, even in the particulars in which we had gone astray, to the whole extent of the restrictive system.

There were two points on which *Mr Huskisson's* principles were clearly well founded. The first was that of lowering or taking off altogether the duties on foreign raw produce, such as silk, on which important British manufacture was to be exerted. The second was that of opening up a free commercial intercourse between our colonies and the commercial colonies of other states, reserving only the home trade to the mother country to its own shipping. The first of these was essential to the growth of our domestic manufactures on those articles of foreign produce which we could not raise for ourselves; and the second was equally indispensable to promote the growth of our colonies in the distant parts of our empire with which not only our national wealth, but existence, is inseparably wound up. The real error in *Mr Huskisson's* principles, and which has been attended with such disastrous effect, was the

departure from our navigation laws, and, above all, the deceitful principle of admitting foreign shipping into our harbours for the same duties as they admit ours, without stipulating for a corresponding advantage to some of the staple articles of our industry in return.

Nothing seems clearer than that it would be perfectly reasonable and just that we should now say to the reciprocity countries with whom we have concluded reciprocity treaties—

"Fifteen years ago we made great concessions in your favour on foreign shipping, which have had the effect of quadrupling your tonnage in the British trade, and reducing our own to nearly a fourth-part of its amount before that period. We did so in the firm belief that our concession in an article so indispensable to our national security as our shipping interest would be immediately followed by a corresponding concession on your part to some of the staple branches of our industry. Have you made any similar concession to us in return for this great advantage? On the contrary, you have gone on loading our manufactures with additional burdens to protect your own, until at length you have reduced our exports to your states to a perfect trifle. We cannot submit any longer to such a state of matters. Let us understand each other. We must have either commercial war, or commercial peace. You have no right to reproach us for the corn laws any more than we have right to reproach you for your standing army. The one is as indispensable to our national independence as the other is to yours. We insist, then, upon a real reciprocal advantage in return for our repeal of the navigation laws. Select the article of our staple manufactures which you are willing to admit into your ports upon favourable terms, in return for the concession we have granted to your shipping. If you do not, we will re-enact the navigation laws, and you will soon find that your shipping will dwindle away to a half of its present amount. We are quite willing to have either war or peace, but not such a mongrel system as gives you all the advantages of peace, and throws upon us all the evils of war."

LEGENDARY LORE. BY ARCH. L.

No. IV.

LAND AND SEA.

CHAPTER I.

JANE MARTIN was the only daughter of a yeoman living in the village of Meadham, not far from the southern coast of England. The place was divided from the sea by a low range of hills, and the fields of pasture and of corn were surrounded by extensive woods. These, together with the small collection of cottages and the village church, presented a prospect of tranquillity and beauty.

Jane was the heiress of a cottage and a few fields, and, without these advantages, had beauty enough to attract more than one rustic lover. But none of them could win her affections. Her mother had died early, but had left on her daughter's mind a tinge of her own imaginative character. Her father was possessed of some books, which he was fond of reading, and delighted to put in her hands. But he saw that there was mixed up in her disposition a strong portion of the irregular and fantastic strain, which the old man used to say she must have had from her mother, who always, he would add, had been a sort of fairy body, rather than of common flesh and blood like himself. Whatever touch of superstition Jane could light on in his books of history or travels, or in the belief and stories of her neighbours, had for her a powerful charm. Dreams, and prophecies, and accounts of ghosts and visions, filled her with awe. When she was about fifteen, and was taken by her father to hear the preaching of a wandering Methodist, a man of coarse but fervid eloquence, the descriptions in which he rioted of the bodily torments of the lost, and the never-ending delights of heaven, were for her an exquisite, unimagined contrast to the calm morality and grave devotion of the parish church. The effect of this evening, for the sermon was delivered after nightfall in a dimly-lighted barn, was so overpowering, that she seemed for some days in a restless fever, and at last was actually seized with illness. She rose, how-

ever, from her bed apparently strong and fresh as before. Her beauty had lost nothing of its attractiveness, and had gained something in expression. But she did not look formed for happiness. The sensitive and excitable movement of her face, and the quick and striking dilation of the pupils in her large light eyes, conveyed the notion of a mind too early disturbed, and too little under the government of any settled principles of action, for the hope of usefulness and peace. But, surrounded as was this countenance with pale brown hair, and supported by a figure of healthy, youthful elasticity, the whole picture of the girl had an affecting sweetness.

Her favourite reading was an old collection of voyages and travels, filled with records of gainful and warlike adventurers, their intercourse with foreign cities and savage tribes, crimes, sufferings, wonders, and superstitions—on these she mused at every moment which she could save from the care of her household affairs and of the dairy and garden. She knew nothing of the world except within a circle of four or five miles around her father's house, and all beyond presented itself to her mind as made up of sparkling seas and spicy islands, gorgeous towns, and beautiful and heroic men—ships so light and gay as might sail among the clouds, and cargoes of gold and fruits as glittering as those summer clouds themselves. But, alas! though within seven miles of the coast, she had never seen the sea; and the wish to behold that unknown, boundless miracle of nature, became, when she had grown out of childhood, the strongest feeling of her mind. Her mother, she knew, was the daughter of a seaman, and had spent her unmarried life at Southport, a town and harbour distant some twenty miles from Meadham, where her father had found his future bride. Now the long-buried mother, whose grave was in the churchyard, and met her eyes

every Sunday, appeared to her in her dreams as wearing some indistinct sea shape, as treading lightly on the waves, and beckoning her to come to that new and delightful region. The thought was too precious to be spoken of to her father, and the girl cherished it till she half persuaded herself that something more than fancy had shaped the image. For months she turned the wish over and over till it grew into a project. The notion of some unaccountable good to be derived from looking on the sea—of some magical beauty clothing the great element—and of some mystery connected with the moment of her success in the enterprise, fastened on her imagination with no less strength than would on many minds the hope of mounting from earth to one of the heavenly bodies. The plan, however, seemed almost impracticable. Her father was growing old, a little peevish at any opposition to his will, and more and more settled in his daily round of habits. He was impatient at his daughter's absence, except when he visited his fields and gave directions to his one labourer, a business which seldom occupied more than an hour at a time. The old man was kind and sagacious. His slightest peculiarities were dear to her, and no image she had ever seen with her bodily eyes was to her so agreeable as that of the grey-headed and weather-beaten face; but often while she sat beside him and supplied his little wants, or answered his few and simple observations, her thoughts would wander away to the restless boundless sea, with all its shores and ships; and the little world around her, for which alone she had outwardly lived, and which alone she knew, seemed poor and small, compared with the dazzling and amazing world of which she knew nothing. She naturally avoided to express her feelings, which she was aware were stronger and more unusual than her father, or indeed any of her acquaintance, could understand or would approve. But the books which he found her reading, and the questions which she sometimes ventured to ask as to the seaport town which he had visited in his earlier life, in part betrayed her. One day during such a conversation he suddenly exclaimed, "Heaven help thee! the sea seems always running in thy head! I should not wonder if the first idle

sailor that comes wandering here catches thy foolish fancy, and carries thee off from all our honest country fellows. But take care, Jane—they are an unsteady, spendthrift, drunken set. At best, their trade keeps them many a long month in every year away from their wives and children. Don't marry a sailor, Jane, don't marry a sailor, or thy old father will break his heart."

This advice was not very likely to change the current of Jane's thoughts. Her longing to look upon the sea grew rather the stronger; but to gratify it was not easy. The summit, indeed, of the hills which bounded that inland country was not further off than two hours' walking; but this was through unfrequented paths and lonely sheep-tracks up the downs. The village lay on no line of traffic with the coast, and to undertake an expedition to the shore without some purpose of business would have sounded among her neighbours like setting off on a crusade or a pilgrimage. She shrank from owning her beloved secret even to her father, and nothing, therefore, remained but to plan a clandestine excursion. This was possible only at night. A ramble of the kind, however, had nothing very alarming for a country girl. The imaginative apprehensions, which alone presented themselves to the mind of Jane, added to the charm, by enhancing the dignity of her enterprise. Spirits, she thought, must needs be peculiarly her attendants on the most momentous occasion of her whole life, which had now reached the mature age of eighteen.

The moon was shining in the summer sky when she crept through her chamber-window and sprang lightly on the ground. Had any one seen her, it must have seemed, from the excitement of her look and manner under the homeliness of her dark dress, that she was bent on a different kind of meeting from that which she really meditated. She traversed the little garden, and went on by well-known paths which led her away from the village, and under the shade of hedges and coppices. Rapidly and with beating heart she walked through quiet fields of corn, and began to think that she was now escaping all danger of interruption. In an hour she reached the less cultivated and less populous tract that divided the plain from the

upland. Here she heard from behind her the church clock, which she knew so well, striking midnight. The path was no longer familiar to her, but she knew the direction she had to take, and her task increased in seriousness and interest the more completely she appeared engaged in it. The downs arose grim and grey before her, and, after exploring for a few minutes, she struck into the path that climbed their sides, and felt that she had entered on a new world. But she began to be a little fatigued, and mounted the hills with less quickness than she crossed the valley. Still she met no human being. The moon was rising above her head and displayed her road, and she thought that she perceived the fresh sea-breeze blowing down from the heights upon her face. As she drew nearer and nearer to this aerial summit, which she had so often looked at almost with tears, she could hardly believe the reality of her own happiness. In spite of her weariness, her heart was borne up with wings. She paused for a moment a few yards below the top of the ascent, and then ran headlong on—and stopped.

There lay the sea beneath her, one sheet of indistinct grey and moonshine, with the dark land running off on either side. In the obscurity an angelic vision moved along, with the moon glancing on its white face; it must be—could it be?—a ship! She felt how deep were her own emotions at the aspect of immense and unknown power,

though she could not have explained the cause. The excitement of her mind did not fail after its first rise, but varied and prolonged itself during her minuter examination of all that lay before her. The moonbeams shifted slowly as the luminary journeyed on and stooped towards the horizon. Here and there the stars were faintly reflected in the gauze-veiled mirror. The ship passed on in silent ghostliness, and disappeared, while the weak murmur of the waters on the shore beneath came to her as if whispering a secret which she vainly strained her ear to catch. She stood charmed to the spot, until the first glimpses of the early dawn began to mingle with the gleams of night. And now she drank in with a mighty insatiable thirst each moment of the great unfolding vision. The brightening clouds—the strengthening breeze—the cold sad sparkling of the sea under the eye of day—the colouring of the landscape, and the starting into clearness of many vessels—all these were memorable events to Jane. But the weariness of the body and the exhaustion of the over-excited mind compelled her to rest, and by the increasing light she saw, a few yards beneath her, a small hollow in the hill, marked by an old thorn-tree which shaded a few large stones. On one of them she sat and watched the scene before her, till, in spite of her efforts, her eyes closed against the light, and her head drooped sideways against the bank.

CHAPTER II.

Jane had lost all consciousness, and was recalled from sleep only by a voice, at which she started, and the first object that caught her eyes was a young man, who stood before her with the broad sunshine streaming like a glory round his face, and with a figure so graceful and an attitude of surprise so lively, that Jane, in the midst of her fear, could not but think him the most beautiful object she had ever seen. It was a young sailor, who had taken off his hat to enjoy the air while climbing up the steep cliffs, and whose exclamation on seeing the sleeping girl had disturbed the dreams of her native village and her cottage hearth.

“No offence, I hope, young wo-

man; but I could not help calling out when I found you here, where I expected only the old thorn-tree.”

“Oh, no,” she answered, “it is my fault—that is, I believe I have been asleep, and it is very wrong.”

“Well, I do not see much harm, unless you had fallen asleep when it was your watch on deck, and you’re hardly a sailor yet. But, if I may make so bold, it must be something out of the way that brings you here at this hour of the morning. The sun is not above half an hour up. I have been this way pretty well at all hours, and I never found any one here yet but an old shepherd, and perhaps sometimes of an evening a pair of sweethearts; and you are none of the

neighbours—I know them, young and old, for three miles round.”

Then came the explanation of Jane's adventure; and in telling it slightly as she did, there was to her own feelings a strain of extravagance in it, which she had never perceived until now, when she was compelled to speak of it. The stranger was full of wonder, but he thought, from her look and manner, she must be telling the truth. His determination to find out how this was gained strength, perhaps, from his sense of her personal charms; for the rounded active figure and the soft face, with her bright eyes, and long pale hair curling from under her bonnet, were not lost on one who, in his voyages, had seen many a pretty maiden, but never a prettier than Jane Martin. He immediately proposed, as he had no business that could not wait, to take care of her back to her father's. She refused, with a deep blush and downcast look; and, wishing him a good morning, had turned to go, but her steps faltered, partly, doubtless, from fatigue. In a moment the young sailor was at her side, and insisted that she was too weak to return without his help. The arrangement was soon made; and at four o'clock in the morning the pair set off on their walk, which, according to Jane's design, ought to have ended about the same hour.

The road, however, was now down hill. She had succeeded in the greatest aim she had ever conceived, and her companion's arm was of much assistance. Jane discovered, in the first half-hour of their acquaintance, that he was the son of a fisherman's widow, living in a cottage at the foot of the cliff. He had early gone to sea, and now, at the age of twenty-two, had risen to be second mate of a merchantman, in which he had made a voyage to the Mediterranean. He had been, on returning to England, on a visit to his mother, and had set out that morning to walk across the country to Southport, where he hoped again to obtain employment, and perhaps in a better situation than his last. After several other questions and replies, “How,” she said, “do you pass the hours when there is nothing to be done in the ship?”

“I read or sing, or think of my friends at home; and I fancy that, some day or other, there may be some

one on shore, younger and prettier than my poor mother, who may remember me when I am away, as I should remember her.”

If Jane had been a lady she would hardly have answered,—“Well, when I have nothing to do, I mostly think of the sea, and how men pass their lives upon it, and what sights they have to look at.”

“And all this though you have no friend a sailor—no brother or cousin, or lad that you used to play with when you were both children?”

She blushed, and said, “No—no one. My mother's father was a sailor, and I have read of many more in books, but I never saw one to speak to before.”

“And have you never thought if you would like to have a friend who had made many a voyage? Would it not be pleasant to be able to fancy that one you knew was on the wide waves, and thinking of you while you would be remembering him?—some one whose return you would look for, and who would bring you new stories every trip of all he had fallen in with, and perhaps some pretty trifles, and gowns and lace, from foreign parts?”

It was with a low deep longing voice that she answered,—“Oh, that would be too much happiness!” Then she hung her head, and hid her face from him, but leaned the more clingingly on his arm. In truth she was almost overpowered by fatigue and want of sleep, and they were now at last within a stone's-throw of her father's door. She turned from the lane they were walking in, and passed over a stile into one of his fields; and when they reached the orchard behind the cottage she begged William to remain at its little gate while she went forward, for she did not know in what state she might find her father on account of her absence. He remained leaning on the gate for a few seconds, till startled by a woman's scream, when he hurried in, and, pushing through a passage which contained three or four persons, all in confusion, he found himself in the old man's bedroom. There were several neighbours round the bed, on which he lay apparently insensible, and Jane stood supporting herself by one of the bedposts, and with her eyes fixed on his face. William went to her side, and saw the closed eyes gradually open, and the

father begin to see. The first objects he beheld were his daughter, and the young man standing by her in his sailor's dress. He looked at them long and sadly, and at last muttered, "I was sure it would be so."

Jane now hoped that she might be left alone with her father, who was used to her attendance, and specially requested William, as he was a stranger, to stay in the outer-room till she could go and speak to him. Reluctantly, and shaking their heads, the neighbours went away. The father was still very feeble, and it was only after long delay, broken by floods of tears from her, that she could communicate to him the story of her own proceedings, and could learn what he had to tell. On getting up, and not finding her in the house, he had hurried about his own premises; and still missing her, had alarmed the neighbours nearest him, and sent in different directions to look for her. But on two or three of the messengers returning without any tidings, he had fainted away, and a crowd had gathered round him, as he lay on his bed, the moment before Jane arrived. In an hour he felt sufficiently strong to rise; and he and his daughter went to rejoin the sailor, and offered him breakfast, of which they partook with him. But his fresh and lively look was very different from the stern sadness of the father, and from Jane's deep and confused dejection. He was not, however, discouraged from speaking, nor she from listening. Even the old man relaxed into civility before he took his leave.

It was not many days till he came again, and Jane soon learned that he had put off his journey to Southport. Thenceforth they met frequently; and in the summer evenings he was seen walking about the quiet country lanes with Jane leaning on his arm. It was, therefore, no surprise to the village, when the banns were read in the church for the marriage of Jane Martin and William Laurence. With slow gestures and thoughtful eyes her father gave her to her husband. They returned to live with him; and, in the first glad flush of their love, the old man died. His death was a shock to Jane, but not a lasting grief. She loved William too fully and entirely to feel any gap in her life while she possessed him; and though she would

have been ready to toil for her father's comfort, had he lived, his death was far from overpowering her. Nay—though it is a severe trial—she felt relieved from his silent forebodings, and seemed to belong more entirely to William, now that all other claims on her had ceased.

Not long after this William's mother was taken ill, and he was sent for to see her. She died before his return, and both were now deprived of all they had much loved beyond each other. In a few weeks it became necessary for William to go again to his former home, in order to sell the furniture and let the cottage, and Jane proposed to accompany him. She rejoiced in the thought of again seeing the place where they had first met, and of knowing more familiarly that ocean which she had obtained so insufficient a glimpse of. They went thither, and took up their abode in the sea-side cottage. All about it spoke of maritime occupation. The house was partly constructed of wreck. The paling around the puny garden was of the broken and pitchy boarding of boats, and the shingle lay driven in barren heaps against it. Within a stone's-throw two or three fishing-boats were drawn up on the beach, and the children of the fishers' families played along the shore. Within the cottage there was great want of many of the inland comforts Jane had been used to, but there were a few articles of transmarine curiosity, brought home by William, such as uncut coral and pinkhearted shells.

Through the greater part of the day the husband and wife were busy in their household affairs, examining and arranging their new possessions. But in the evening they felt themselves more at liberty, and they strolled together along the shore. Jane knew not what it was that attracted her, but she had an obscure notion of a wonderful and friendly power in the sea, as if its movements had been the beatings of a mighty paternal breast on which she could lay her head. She walked along the outermost line of foam, and every wave that broke delighted her, while at intervals she turned and stood, and looked over the waters with vague but deep emotion. A child who has been gazing at a lovely scene till it almost loses it to its own, would not be more gratified by

seeing it suddenly drop from the skies into his lap.

"Jane," said William, "you seem as much pleased as a child with a new toy; yet the sea is not to be joked with. Though there is only a little ripple on it now, I have seen a swell that frightened the best seaman on board; and many a hundred—ay, many a thousand ships, with all their crews, have gone to the bottom, smooth as you may think it atop. I must tell you some stories of shipwrecks, that you may not fancy it all plain sailing, and may be willing to go back home, away from the surf."

"You need not," said Jane; "I heard plenty such stories from my mother, and I have not forgotten one of them. Besides, the woman with the green hair, who appeared to my grandfather, is dreadful enough."

"The woman with the green hair!" said William, suddenly. "Who saw that? who told you of it?"

"My grandfather saw it twice, and my mother told me of it. He used to make voyages to Holland and Germany, I think, for I remember my mother showing me the places in our old map. Once he had not long left the port, somewhere abroad, when the fog began to thicken round him, and the wind, at the same time, to rise. The sailors wanted him to turn back, but he would not, for he was a very bold and obstinate man. The weather grew worse and worse; and at last, when he had just refused the advice of all on board to go back into harbour, he saw a figure rise out of the water on the side nearest the wind, and float in the air against the fog, close to the mast. She put out her hands, as if to push him and his ship back, and he noticed her so well that he could describe her as he could any of his friends. She was young and handsome, in a long grey dress, with pale green hair hanging down over her neck. My grandfather would not heed, and that night his ship was dashed upon the shore, and he lost every thing he had; all his crew were drowned, and he was thrown upon the beach himself, almost a corpse."

"Well," said William, "was that all? did he ever see her again?"

"Yes. For some years after this he made successful voyages, and he spoke to his family of the sight he had seen as of something strange and re-

markable, but not as if it had been of any real importance. My mother had heard him describe the figure so often, that she said she felt as if she had seen it herself. After she had been married for some months, she went with her husband to pay her father a visit, before he should sail on what he intended should be his last voyage. He had laid out most of his property in a cargo for the vessel, and expected to make a great deal of money by it. The evening before he was to sail, he was returning from the harbour to the house he lived in, a mile or two out of Southport. The way lay along the sea-side, and it was a beautiful summer evening, with a slight sunny mist spread over the water. After he had got clear of the town, he turned round to look at the masts of his ship, which were plain enough to be seen, and he noticed an odd movement, with some faint lines in the sunshine, above the water. It grew clearer and clearer, till he saw that it was the woman with the green hair. He could have thought it not an hour since he last saw her, so exactly was she the same, except that now a weak yellow brightness from the sun fell over her grey dress and pale green hair. She waved her hand and looked at him, so that he understood well enough that she warned him not to go back to the ship. At first, he owned, he was dreadfully frightened, but as she did not cease her warnings, he turned his head from her and proceeded on his way. He did not dare look back again till he had struck into a path that led down a hollow, so that the sea was hidden from him. There was then no appearance of the figure. He came home much changed in his manner, and his face and voice were very sad when he told his wife and daughter what had happened to him. But he could not afford to give up his voyage; and, besides, he would not have borne to be laughed at by his friends, as he must have been had he staid on shore for such a reason."

"And what came of it?"

"My mother never saw him after the next morning, when he went to sea. He was washed overboard and drowned before the eyes of his crew. I was born three or four months after, and my mother was so affected by her loss, and by the story of the green-haired woman, that she thought the

impression made on her had given me the same kind of features and look as those of the appearance described by my grandfather. My hair, indeed, has never that I know of been green."

William was long silent, and at last he said, "Jane, I must tell you what I am thinking of. I heard this story told by an old sailor of Southport, who said he had sailed in the ship, the master of which was lost as you have just related, though I had no notion that he was your grandfather. But I have seen the green-haired woman twice myself. I was in the Mediterranean, and was the mate keeping watch on deck. The night was cloudy, but every now and then we had a good glimpse of moonshine. The moon, however, was hidden when I happened to be looking towards the larboard bow, and I saw, right abreast of the foremast, hanging against the clouds, the sort of figure you spoke of, with her green hair falling about her. Her body and dress seemed much the colour of the clouds behind, so that I could not make out her shape, but just then a flash of moonshine came, and I saw her as plain as I see you. She seemed, as you said, to be signing to us to change our course. I called one of the seamen to try if he could notice any thing in the direction in which I saw her, but at the moment of his turning his head she disappeared. I tried to think no more of it, and an hour after a Greek pirate came up and boarded us with a dozen men; we had to fight for it hand to hand, and lost three lives before we got rid of the scoundrels, and I got a wound in my shoulder that I feel even yet. Now, it is strange that the course the figure signed to us to steer, would, as we found the next day, have taken us clear away from the pirate into the midst of the British squadron of men-of-war. But there is something more curious than this. You say your mother thought you had taken after the build of the figure from her hearing it spoken of by her father; now, when I saw you the first time that morning up yonder at the lover's

seat, the first thing that struck me was—Well that girl is the likeliest I ever saw to the green-haired woman. Your hair even had a little greenish look, though that, perhaps, was from the shade of the old thorn-tree above you. I have never since been able to get it out of my head that you and she are somehow sisters, though I never saw two sisters so much alike.

Jane laughed, not very heartily, and owned it was strange that he as well as her mother should have noticed the likeness. "But you spoke," she said, "of seeing this figure twice. How did it happen the second time?"

"Oh! that was much less remarkable. My old captain made my fortune by promoting me to be a mate, and getting me some education. Soon afterwards he gave up the ship, and as he was walking home from the town, I went half-a-mile or so with him to bid him good by; I was thanking him for his kindness, when he said he wanted no thanks, but he would be glad if I would promise him one thing, and this was, that if ever, by any chance, he went to sea again, I would sail with him. I was looking up in his face, and was saying, Yes, when I saw over his shoulder, above a clump of trees on the top of the down where it looks along the sea, the same figure of the green-haired woman. It was bright sunshine, and I saw her quite plainly. She was frowning and making signs to me as if to prevent me from promising; but I was not to be stopped so easily, and I gave the old man my word I would go with him immediately on his letting me know, unless I should have taken a berth in another ship beforehand."

"And would you go now, that you are married?"

"To be sure I would—I must. Why, what harm should happen to you when I am away? And we should be all the better pleased with each other on my return after a four or five months' voyage. But I don't think there is much chance of it, for the old man has made his fortune, and is not likely to spend it."

CHAPTER III.

The husband and wife returned in a few days from the sea-coast to their inland farm, and time passed on quietly

with them until their son was born. Young Richard, for so he was named, after his maternal grandfather, was a

new happiness to both the parents. William, too, had grown tolerably familiar with rural occupations, and was pleased with the cultivation of his land. It was now again midsummer, and the village, with its fields and trees, looked as beautiful as when Jane set out on her first expedition to the sea. But how different were now her feelings! It seemed to her as if in some mysterious way she had, in William, married the sea itself, and her restless fancies were all quieted. But this calm was not to last. It was a bright July evening, and William had come in from the fields, and was sitting down to his meal with his wife, who was preparing the table, while he danced the child upon his knee, when the postman came to the door with a letter, which, from the rarity of the occurrence, startled them as if it had been a gunshot fired into the room. The father turned pale when he saw the handwriting, and laid the child on the floor. It was, as he expected, a letter from his old captain, saying that he had lost his fortune by an unsuccessful speculation, and was now about to embark again on a voyage to Brazil, in which he claimed William's promised help as chief mate of the ship. He saw at once that he must go. Jane spent the evening and most of the night in weeping, while he endeavoured to explain to her his wishes as to her mode of life in his absence, and the measures she should take for the management of the farm, which, with her active rural habits, did not promise to be a very difficult business. The next morning, at day-break, he started from Meadham, on his way to Southport, and Jane and her child were left to cheer each other as they might.

The autumn and winter passed on, and with the spring she had the hope of again seeing her husband. But not so was it to be. The spring brightened into summer, but William came not with the leaves and crops. The summer advanced to maturity, but the husband of Jane did not come to reap his harvest. She could no longer endure the sight of Meadham, and as the sea-side cottage was now again untenanted, she resolved to remove thither, as if, in being nearer the sea, she should be nearer to William. She intrusted her farm to a labourer on whom she could rely, and

went with her child to live upon the strange and inhospitable shore. For some weeks she would spend hours in looking over the sea, and watching every vessel; but she grew weary of this habit, and devoted herself to her son. He was growing into a vigorous and lively child, and his likeness to his father perpetually reminded her of the husband she had lost. Her talk with the boy related almost entirely to the life and exploits of seamen, and she seemed to devote him from his infancy to the task of one day following and recovering his parent. Nothing gave her so much pleasure as to see him mingle with the fishermen and their children, and so partly prepare himself for his future life. Once, indeed, she returned to Meadham for a few days, in order to arrange the affairs of the farm, and took Richard with her. But the delight with which he beheld the inland cultivation, the large trees, the green and yellow fields, and the comparative comfort and spaciousness of the farm-house, so alarmed his mother, that she never let him return there for more than a few hours. Gradually he came to consider the sea as his inevitable destination, and to share in her superstition that if he but sailed on a distant voyage, he could not fail to find his father. He was about eight years old when he begged to be allowed to accompany one of the fishermen in his voyage to Southport (where was the market for his fish) and back to the fishing village—an expedition which would last in all probability only a day. He departed in all the joyousness of childhood, and his mother, who had clothed him in a new dress, like that of a full-grown seaman, and not like that of a fisherman, saw the boat set sail with her son on board, as happily as if he had been going to his wedding. But while her eyes were still fixed on it, and before it had gained twenty yards from the beach, she discovered, sitting beside the mast, and as it were pushing the child towards the land, the grey figure of a woman with long green hair. She could not be mistaken; it was distinctly visible against the dark red sail; Jane sank back on the shingle, pointing towards it with her outstretched hand. After a long delay, she found strength to regain her home, and spent the whole day at the win-

dow which overlooked the sea, with her eyes fixed on the point of the headland round which the fishing-boat would first come in sight. It was a clear and glowing evening close upon sunset, when the dark sail crept into view, and looked a spot of blood in the bright and glassy expanse lighted up by the sun, now setting behind the down from which Jane had first beheld the sea. She now watched the boat that bore her only child—she hardly observed any of the other sails that glided over the waters, most of them at a greater distance than the one she eyed so fixedly. Among these was a square rigged vessel coming from the north into the bay, with coals for the neighbouring population, and pressing on, anxious to save the tide for unloading, so as to leave the unprotected beach on the following morning. Jane knew nothing of this, but as she continued to observe the boat while it drew on, and the ship advanced in a converging line, and both were hardly now more than a mile away from her, by some mismanagement on both sides, the boat was run down. It upset on the instant, and Jane could distinguish one of the two men who were in it clinging to a rope flung from the ship. What became of the other lives she could not see. But for her the event was enough. Connected with her husband's history, and the appearance in the morning, the accident spoke plainly to her mind. After the first horror, she sat motionless with stiffened eyes, till the ship took the ground, when, perhaps, with some miserable revival of hope, she ran out of the house towards it. The first person she met was the rescued fisherman, who shook his head and dropped his hand before she reached him—she sat down on the beach, stooped her forehead on her knees, and asked him no questions. Before an hour some of the neighbouring women had gathered round her. At last one of them ventured to address her, and taking courage from her silence, lifted her up in her arms; she made no resistance, but walked quickly to her home. Only on their attempting to lay her on her bed she turned fiercely away, and sat down at the window from which she had witnessed the destruction of the boat.

The women found they could make

no change in her determination, for she only answered them by requests that they would leave her to herself. They at last complied, and she remained alone at her open lattice in the deepening twilight. There ~~she~~ it was to be seen the line of coast to the right, with the black ship lying at a quarter of a mile from her, beset with men and waggons engaged in unloading the coals. The shore beyond stretched away in a dark line terminated by the headland, round which she had seen the boat disappear in the morning and again return scarcely two hours ago; she fixed her eyes upon the water between this promontory and her, and saw them far in the night gradually brighten beneath the moon. It was after midnight when she discerned, in this trembling radiance, a hazy speck hovering above the waves, and as she gazed more earnestly, it became the woman with the preter-human hair, who was again distinctly marked, and looking mournfully at her. A dark mass seemed rolling before her in the water, and as she and it drew close to the shore, the expression of the sea-woman's face became so piteous, that Jane got up and went to the edge of the water, where, driven at that instant on the shingle, lay the body of her son. She lifted it from the waves, and sat down on the beach with the cold and heavy corpse upon her knees; it was dressed in the new blue clothes which she had made for him with so much pleasure after the model of those worn by his father. The water from them covered her with moisture, over which at last the warm tears fell down, while she felt the dead unresisting limbs and looked on the pale face and staring eyes. The dark brown hair, indeed, still hung about the forehead, dripping with the brine, and showing none of the curls which she had so often handled. All else seemed changed, but by long gazing she could still recognise, in the moonshine, the fair boyish features, and lips that never more would smile on her. She could not bear the horny stare of the eyes, and she gently closed the lids before she lifted the body, and walked with it to her home. When there, she called for no help of her neighbours, but laid it on the little grass-plot, while she went and struck a light. She again lifted the burthen and laid it on her own bed, in which her boy had always

slept. She took off the clothes, washed away the sand and salt, stretched him, as if in sleep, where he had been used to lie, and then threw herself beside the senseless clay, and pressed it to her bosom. Passionate grief, and floods of tears followed, and then again she lay exhausted and helpless, till her returning strength broke out anew in bursts of misery; at last she was motionless as the corpse itself, and almost equally lifeless. And while in this state, with her moveless arms hanging round the body, a stranger, in the first grey of the dawn, entered the house, the door of which was unfastened, and saw by the sickly expiring light, the spectacle of the mother and her dead child. At first he started and shuddered, but soon began to gaze steadily on the pair, till, gathering conviction, he exclaimed, "Jane, Jane, can this be you?"

She raised herself slowly and silently in the bed from beside her child, and looked at the speaker. A minute passed before she cried aloud, "William, I have killed our boy." It was indeed William, returned a broken and haggard man. They spent the following hours in such melancholy

talk as became their condition. Jane learned that her husband's vessel had been wrecked on the coast of South America; that he and one or two others had escaped, but had been long detained in the interior, partly by the whites, partly among the Indians; had made several unsuccessful attempts to reach Europe, and only now, after eight years' absence, had arrived in England in a vessel from Monte Video. He had landed at Southport, and hastened to the fishing village, which was hardly out of his road to Meadham, and where he expected to hear some intelligence of his wife and child.

The corpse was borne in its coffin on the shoulders of the fishermen along the path to Meadham, for the cart-road went many miles round. William and Jane walked together behind the bearers up the down, and past the lover's seat where they had first met, and along the whole track on which that summer morning she had been supported by his arm while returning to her father's house. His hair was now grey, but hers was white as snow.

WHIG-RADICAL CORRUPTION.

"In closing this article (on the Influence of the Crown), it ought not to be omitted that when we say the influence of the Crown is increased, it by no means follows that the influence of the King is equally augmented; indeed, it may be directly the reverse. A Minister, especially if he has been long in office, may have so engaged and corrupted the great proprietors of boroughs; may have so distributed honours, and ribands, and offices; may have so obliged the principal Members of the House of Commons by providing for their principal friends and relations in the Customs, the Excise, or the Colonies; may have so fettered every public man of weight and influence by the ties of private interest, that at last they shall be enabled to say to their Sovereign, 'however pernicious our measures may be, and however unpopular our persons, you must maintain us in power, for we alone can command a majority in the House of Commons, though our conduct and our acts are offensive to the country, and disgusting to your Majesty.'"*—*Lord John Russell's *Essay on the English Government and Constitution*, London, 1823. Page 427.

A HISTORY of the Whig party since the famous coalition between Mr Fox and Lord North, would be one of the most amusing productions in the whole catalogue of English political narratives. In days of yore when Mr Pitt, long before the commencement of the French war, endeavoured to increase the trade with France, how loudly did Mr Fox declare that country "the natural enemy" of England! When Mr Pitt went on in the execution of his plans of economical reform, how boldly did the Whigs attack him, and how mournfully they lamented the sad decay of Ministerial patronage, and the abolition of private jobbing in the public loans! When Mr Pitt was, in his early days, a reformer, Mr Fox, Lord Rockingham, Mr Burke, and many more, openly stood up not only against "the bill and the whole bill," but against even the slightest amendment of the representative system. More recently the Whig friends of liberty hailed joyfully the despotism of Napoleon, and ridiculed the absurd attempts of the Duke of Wellington to emancipate degraded Spain; and more lately still Lord John Russell, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, Lord Glenelg, and a majority of the rest of the present Cabinet, denounced nearly every single measure—whether of church spoliation or Irish "justice"—which they have subsequently been the instruments of carrying through Parliament. Honest Lord Althorp once candidly avowed, when pressed to repeal the house and window taxes, that he could not do so as a Minister, though for party purposes he had endeavoured to effect that object while in opposition. We need not, then,

marvel to find that the men who now rule this country are quite unscrupulous as to consistency, and quite deprived of all power of recollecting their past opinions and proceedings. For instance, if Lord Althorp could thus factiously act, we cannot be surprised to find that the extravagant Whigs of 1806 became, a dozen years afterwards, when the loaves and fishes were in other hands, great sticklers for economy; nor can we wonder if again these rigid economists of twenty years back, have now become the authors of corruption, and the humble imitators of Walpole's extensive profligacy. But if at these things there be little cause to marvel, it must be owned that the Conservatives have some right to complain of them, when it is remembered that all the odium heaped upon the Duke of Wellington Government during the reform mania, was nothing but the effect of the artful hypocrisy of designing men pretending to a purity they never intended to practise. It is to be hoped that the people now know how complete the delusion was under which they then acted. It is high time that honest men should acknowledge that the Reform Bill was intended for nothing but securing the supremacy of the Whig oligarchy; and that all the clamour about Tory corruption was designed for nothing but to blind the people while the hungry tribe of Whig-Radicals fattened on the hard-won money of the poor. If, however, this acknowledgment be still withheld, we will undertake to extort it from every man who seeks only the ascertainment of the truth; we undertake to prove that, under the Whigs since

1830, patronage has been more increased and more scandalously abused, and that the public money has been more lavishly and suspiciously squandered, than at any period during the past fifty years. Of course we do not mean to commence a crusade, like the Radicals, on the prerogatives of the crown, or to picture in exaggerated colours the influence and corruptions of the Court. We leave these themes to others, confining ourselves to the point contained in our extract from Lord John Russell's book—namely, the aggrandisement of Ministerial power as distinguished from, or, perhaps, opposed to, the just authority and influence of the Sovereign. It will be no difficult matter to show that the Whigs have struggled for an *imperium in imperio*, and that they have recently, as oftentimes they did a hundred years ago, endeavoured to close round the monarch on every side, so that neither the wishes of the people, nor the advice of the ablest statesmen, can find access or acceptance. Lord Chatham first struck down this great conspiracy, and trampled on the Newcastle and the other "great Whig families" then dominant in the country. His illustrious son struck the second blow after the notorious India bill; and from that time till 1830 the Whig party languished in distress, and crippled by the lasting operation of merited popular distrust. But from 1830 till the present time no effort or no energy has been spared to consolidate the faction's strength; no exertion or display of ingenuity has been wanting; no scruples have stood in the way. In 1834 so much success had attended this system, that when the late king dismissed the first Melbourne Ministry, the Whigs resolved on *revenge*, and determined to force themselves back into his Council. This, also, will be no matter of surprise when we have accomplished the proof we have undertaken of the augmented corruption of the present Ministers.

In 1822 Lord Brougham brought forward in the House of Commons a resolution to the following effect:—"That the influence now possessed by the Crown is unnecessary for maintaining its constitutional prerogatives, destructive of the independence of Parliament, and inconsistent with the well government of the realm." It was alleged, in support of this resolu-

tion, that there were then 87 placemen in the House of Commons, but in order to make up that number there were included all King's Sergeants and King's Counsel, and others holding honorary offices on both sides of the House; so that, in fact, the real number of placemen directly or indirectly under the influence of the crown, or in receipt of pay, was reduced to 47. Now, without further preface, we will enumerate the persons in the House of Commons—the reformed House of Commons—who are similarly situated at present, mentioning only those in the actual receipt of salaries, and under the direct influence and command of the Administration:—

Sir Charles Adam, Lord of the Admiralty.

Sir George Anson, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance.

Colonel Anson, Storekeeper of the Ordnance.

Nicholas Ball, Attorney-General of Ireland.

Francis F. Baring, Secretary to the Treasury.

G. C. Berkeley, Lord of the Admiralty.

Charles Buller, Member of Lord Durham's Canada Council.

G. S. Byng, Comptroller of the Household.

Sir John Campbell, Attorney-General.

W. F. Cowper, Secretary of Lord Melbourne.

William Curry, Prime Sergeant of Ireland.

Lord Dalmeny, Lord of the Admiralty.

T. S. Duncombe, attached to Lord Durham's Mission.

Edward Ellice, junr., Secretary to Lord Durham.

Cutlar Ferguson, Judge-Advocate General.

Robert Gordon, Secretary to Board of Control.

Sir George Grey, Under Secretary to the Colonial Department.

Sir John Hobhouse, President of Board of Control.

Edward Horsman, Scotch Church Commissioner.

Lord Howick, Secretary at War.

H. Labouchere, Master of the Mint.

James Loch, Arbitrator for Government under the Railway Bill.

Dr Lushington, Judge in Ecclesiastical Courts.
 Fox Maule, Under Secretary for Home Department.
 Lord Morpeth, Secretary for Ireland.
 J. A. Murray, Lord Advocate.
 R. Lynch, Master in Chancery.
 M. O'Ferrall, Lord of the Treasury.
 Lord A. Paget, Equerry to the Queen.
 Lord Palmerston, Foreign Secretary.
 John Parker, Lord of the Treasury.
 Sir H. Parnell, Paymaster-General.
 Captain Pechell, Equerry to the Queen.
 Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer.
 Henry Rich, Equerry to the Queen.
 Sir Robert Rolfe, Solicitor-General.
 Lord John Russell, Secretary for Home Department.
 Lord Seymour, Lord of the Treasury.
 Richard Shield, Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital.
 Hon. R. J. Smith, Lord of the Treasury.
 Robert Vernon Smith, Secretary to the Board of Control.
 Edward John Stanley, Secretary of the Treasury.
 Doctor Stock, Judge of Irish Admiralty Court.
 J. C. F. Strangways, Under Secretary of Foreign Department.
 Robert Steuart, Lord of the Treasury.
 Earl of Surrey, Treasurer of the Household.
 C. P. Thompson, President of the Board of Trade.
 Sir E. Troubridge, Lord of the Admiralty.
 Sir Richard H. Vivian, Master-General of the Ordnance.
 Major Vivian, Aide-de-camp to Ditto.
 Charles Wood, Secretary to the Admiralty.

Here then are fifty, exclusive of minor commissioners, as Mr Wrightson, Mr Duckworth, Mr Maule, &c.; and of persons who have held offices, as Sir Edward Codrington, Sir Charles Grey, &c., though at present unemployed. But still these are by no means all who have felt the benefit of Government patronage in these days of purity and reform; and, therefore, we will proceed to name a few more who have solid reasons for voting black white to keep Whig-Radicals in office. The following members have

been selected for honourable notice in the different modes we have mentioned—

R. M. Bellew, created a Baronet.
 E. G. Bulwer, ditto.
 J. R. Carnac, ditto.
 S. Crompton, ditto.
 J. Duke, knighted.
 J. Dunlop, created a Baronet.
 J. Edwards, ditto.
 H. Fleetwood, ditto.
 Lord Dundas, gazetted Lord-Lieutenant of the North Riding.
 J. Guest, created a Baronet.
 R. Ferguson, gazetted Lord-Lieutenant of Fifeshire.
 B. Hall, created a Baronet.
 R. Howard, ditto.
 C. Jephson, ditto.
 Roderick Macleod, created Lord-Lieutenant of Cromarty.
 R. B. Phillips, created a Baronet.
 D. Roche, ditto.
 J. Seale, ditto.
 Matthew Wood, ditto.
 E. De Lacy Evans, made a K.C.B.

Again, the following members have retired from Parliament and received their reward for past services. Some have kindly resigned their seats to make way for others—a Lord John Russell, or a Palmerston for instance—and have in return received a suitable acknowledgment of their magnanimous self-denial:—

Mr Stewart Mackenzie, appointed Governor of Ceylon.
 Mr Hanbury Tracy, elevated to the Peerage.
 Mr Tracy Leigh, gazetted Lord-Lieutenant of Monmouthshire.
 Mr Carew, elevated to the Peerage.
 Sergeant Wolfe, Chief Baron of Exchequer in Ireland.
 Sergeant O'Loughlin, Master of the Rolls in Ireland.
 Mr Western, elevated to the Peerage.
 Sir J. Wrottesley, ditto.
 Mr Hanbury Bateman, ditto.
 Mr Methuen, ditto.
 Mr Ponsonby, ditto.
 Mr Coke, ditto.
 Mr Portman, ditto.
 Mr Littleton, ditto.
 Mr Pepys, ditto.
 Mr Denman, ditto.
 Sir A. L. Hay, appointed Governor of Bermuda.
 Mr R. Grant, appointed Governor of Bombay.

Mr Kennedy, appointed Chief Commissioner at Cuba.
 Mr O'Dwyer, Stipendiary Magistrate in Ireland.
 Mr Fitzsimon, Clerk of the Irish Hanaper Office.
 Lord Belfast, appointed Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen.
 Dr Bowring, appointed Foreign Agent to the Foreign Office.
 Mr H. L. Bulwer, Secretary of Legation at Constantinople.
 Mr Brady, Solicitor-General of Ireland.
 Mr Crompton, Judge in Ireland.
 Mr Perrin, Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland.
 Mr Blamire, appointed Tithe Commissioner for England.
 Mr D. Browne, elevated to the Irish Peerage.
 Mr Lefevre, appointed Poor Law Commissioner.
 Colonel Fox, appointed Clerk of the Ordnance.
 Sir John Newport, appointed Controller of the Exchequer.
 Admiral Elliot, appointed Admiral on African Station.

Of this tribe we could easily discover dozens more, but it is unnecessary; the specimens above will show that many a pure and patriotic member in the House of Commons, who has not *hitherto* deigned to take place or pay, may nevertheless have some pleasures of hope to console him for his rigid independence. Others who have nothing given to themselves, who probably also expect nothing, are sufficiently enchained to the Ministry by the employments or honours enjoyed by their relatives. At the risk of fatiguing our readers we subjoin a few of these gentlemen, with a designation of their mode of indirect dependence on the Government.

Lord Acheson.—His father created an English Peer by the Whigs.
 Mr Baines.—His son made Recorder of Hull.
 Mr H. Berkeley, brother to a Lord of the Admiralty, and to a new Whig peer.
 Mr C. Berkeley, ditto.
 Lord Brabazon.—His father created a Peer by the Whigs.
 Lord Clements, ditto.
 Mr Ponsonby, ditto.

Lord Duncan.—His father created an Earl by the Whigs.
 Lord Dundas, ditto.
 Hon. Mr Dundas, ditto.
 Lord Leveson, ditto.
 Hon. Mr Moreton, ditto.
 Lord Worsley, ditto.
 Lord Ebrington.—His nephew (Lord King) made an Earl by the Whigs.
 Mr Lambton.—His brother made an Earl by the Whigs.
 Mr Mildmay.—His brother-in-law made a Peer by the Whigs.
 Mr G. Byng.—His brother created a Peer by the Whigs.
 Mr Brodie.—His brother created a Baronet by the Whigs.
 Mr Craig.—His father ditto.
 Sir W. Clayton.—His brother ditto.
 Mr O'Callaghan.—His father created a Peer by the Whigs.
 Mr J. Westenra, ditto.
 Colonel Westenra, ditto.
 Lord A. Conyngham, brother to the Lord Chamberlain.
 Mr Denison, uncle to ditto.
 Mr J. E. Elliot, brother to the First Lord of the Admiralty.
 Lord Melgund, son to ditto.
 Mr E. Ellice, father to Lord Durham's Secretary.
 Mr Evans, brother-in-law of Sir H. Parnell.
 Sir R. Ferguson, brother to the new Lord-Lieutenant of Fife.
 Lord Fitzalan, son to the Treasurer of the Household.
 Mr Fitzsimon, brother to the Clerk of the Hanaper Office.
 Mr O'Connell, brother to the new Governor of New South Wales, &c. &c.
 Mr M. O'Connell, son of the former Mr O'Connell.
 Mr J. O'Connell, ditto.
 Mr M. J. O'Connell, nephew of the member for Dublin.
 Mr Maurice O'Connell, son of ditto.
 Lord B. Grosvenor.—His father made a Marquis by the Whigs.
 Mr Cavendish.—His grandfather made an Earl by the Whigs.
 Mr Hobhouse, brother of the President of Board of Control.
 Mr Hurt, brother of the new Governor of South Australia.
 Sir C. Lemon, brother-in-law of Lord Lansdowne.
 Mr J. Ponsonby, son of the Lord Privy Seal.
 Mr Lefevre, brother of the Poor-Law Commissioner.

Mr G. R. Philips, his father, made a baronet by the Whigs.

Mr J. Power, stepson of Mr Shiel of Greenwich.

Lord Russell, nephew of Lord J. Russell.

Lord C. Russell, brother of ditto.

Lord Shelburne, son of Lord Lansdowne.

Sir Wm. Somerville, brother-in-law of the Lord Chamberlain.

Mr W. O. Stanley, brother of the Secretary to the Treasury.

Mr Villiers, brother of the Ambassador at Madrid.

Mr J. H. Vivian, brother of the Master General of the Ordnance.

Besides these individuals, a more diligent search would discover fully fifty more whose relatives have potent motives for supporting Whig-Radical Government. Many members have sons in the navy, and a glance at the navy list will show how these gentlemen prosper; others have connexions in the army, and even there they are not quite unheeded.* Some have brothers or cousins in the Church, and if so, stray deaneries or bishopricks may fall to their lot as they did to Doctor Denison Bishop of Salisbury, Doctor Stanley of Norwich, and Dr Howard, dean of Litchfield, who were well represented in Parliament; like Dr Longley, Bishop of Ripon, brother-in-law of Sir Henry Parnell; Dr Allen, Bishop of Ely, tutor of Lord Althorp; and Dr Otter, Bishop of Chichester, the father-in-law of a Liberal member for Derby. Other members may happen to have friends in the colonies, or relations who have no peculiar dislike to visiting remote settlements. If so, dozens of places are constantly to be had in every quarter of the globe. There is something good ready for every one who

wants; just as in the child's game of "open your mouth, and shut your eyes, and see what God will send you." But certainly the shutting the eyes is the main point in the Whig proceeding.

With such lists before them as we have here produced, how does it happen that no jealous Whig opponent of the influence of the Crown now makes a motion like Lord Brougham's? There is more provocation than ever, more corruption, and there are more placemen in Parliament. But, in truth, the influence of the crown is not increased; nothing is augmented but the public expenditure, and the influence of the Whig-Radical faction. We find among the votes of the current year, charges which clearly denote the creation of a very large number of new places throughout the country. In Ireland, there is a charge of L.66,700 for the expenses of criminal prosecutions, the chief part of which goes in the payment of salaries, and not a small number of those entirely new ones. In England, there is an item of L.54,000 a-year for Poor-Law Commissioners, all which is spent in the payment of newly created officers. Further on, we find L.14,700 a-year for Slave Commissioners who enjoy almost absolute sinecures; L.9055 a-year for the new Superintendents of Factories; L.6000 for new Inspectors of Prisons; L.5000 a-year for the Steam Navigation from Egypt to India; L.5100 for the Criminal Law Commissioners; L.4213 for the Record Commissioners; L.4000 for the Scotch Church Commission; L.2500 for the Ecclesiastical Commission; L.4010 for the Hand-loom Weavers' Commission; L.700 for the Irish Charity Commission; L.7000 for the Irish Boundary Survey; and L.12,700 for the Irish Railway Commission.

* The Whigs are accustomed to pretend, that as Lord Hill is now at the head of the army, they are deprived of the patronage connected with it. But on looking at the army list, we find the following Whig members of the two Houses of Parliament in the nominal and sinecure command of regiments, besides the enjoyment of pay, pensions, and red ribands; Sir Hussey Vivian, M.P., the Marquis of Anglesea, Lord William Bentinck, M.P., Earl of Ludlow, Lord Lynedoch, Earl of Edingham, Lord Stafford, Lord Howden, Sir William Anson, M.P., and Sir R. Ferguson, M.P.; and in the list of the other generals commanding regiments, there are the approved Whig names of the Hon. Sir William Lumley, Hon. Sir H. Grey, Sir E. Blackeney, Sir Rufane Donkin, Hon. Sir E. Paget, Hon. Sir A. Duff, Hon. Sir R. W. O'Callaghan, Sir F. Adam, Sir F. Wetherall, and Sir Richard Bourke. In this respect, therefore, the Whigs, to say the least, have no cause of complaint, particularly when it is remembered how marvelously others among their friends advance in lower ranks of the army.

All these charges are entirely new, and all, with very many more that might be named, go to the payment of new placemen. We find an annual grant in the estimates of this year of L.50,000 for the purposes of Irish Board of Education; in 1836, the sum voted was only L.35,000. Another charge of a peculiar nature is L.13,000 for Law Expenses, which appear to have increased L.3000 in a single year; while Lord Palmerston's official charge is an increase of L10,000 on the charge of two years back. The expenses of Canada are increased exactly L.500,000, while the grant to the church in that colony is *reduced* by about three thousand pounds. Some of the usual miscellaneous estimates against which the Whigs used formerly most loudly to protest, are now under their superintendence raised to an extraordinary height. The Consular department for 1838, is L.107,993; the repairs of palaces, gardens, and public buildings, L.74,986; the convict establishment in New South Wales L.235,000; the charge for printing L.197,796. Many other charges to which Mr Hume and the rest of the Whig-Radicals used to object altogether, are continued by the present ministers, contrary to their repeated professions and promises. What has induced them of late to acknowledge the propriety of a grant of L.35,900 a-year for secret service money; and what has caused their opposition to cease to that large vote of nearly 70,000 a-year to Irish charities which the much abused Tories used regularly to obtain? These miscellaneous estimates have been rapidly on the increase from the day Lord Melbourne came into office, and have placed immense means in the hands of the Ministry for corrupt purposes. They have increased, because the influence and patronage of the Government has been widely extended under all sorts of pretences, and in every possible direction.

In the colonial department, Lord Glenelg has the patronage derived from the new magisterial system in the West Indies to which L.69,000 is annually voted; he has the appointment of the managers of the L.30,000 a-year voted for negro education; the patronage of a few snug foreign jobs like the Malta commission; the appointment of the new chaplains and

schoolmasters to New South Wales and Canada; the appointment of placemen in all new settlements, as South Australia, Graham's Town, New Zealand, &c., the management of the emigrant agencies, for which Parliament votes nearly L.2000 a-year, and the patronage of the whole establishment at St Helena, which the Government of this country has recently taken from the hands of the East India Company. All this patronage is new, and now for the first time enjoyed by a colonial secretary, in addition to the patronage of the West Indies, Canada, New South Wales, and all our other colonies as before.

At home, the Whigs have had an increase of patronage to an immense extent from their Factory, Poor Law, Municipal Corporations, Registration, Tithe, Prisons, India Charter, Bankruptcy, Imprisonment for Debt, Irish Constabulary, Irish Poor Law, Criminal Court, and Real Property Acts. The system of centralization has been carried out to a very great extent, and at every step of its progress fresh patronage has been thrown into the hands of the Government. In Ireland especially, jobbing of the grossest description has been carried on, and in all parts of the United Kingdom money has been squandered on commissions of heterogeneous characters. Not content with his share of this patronage, the Marquis of Normanby has thought proper to assume the office of appointing the Sheriffs at his own discretion, in direct contravention of the law. Revising barristers, commissioners, either hand-loom or educational, or ecclesiastical, or municipal, or boundary; inspectors of prisons; superintendents of factories; assistant poor-law commissioners; registrars of marriages and deaths; paid recorders; official assignees, now appear in every corner of the country, and increase and multiply with alarming rapidity. Next year we are to have a rural constabulary force, with some thousands of new places, and, if possible, a new mode of managing counties, and a complete tribe of stipendiary magistrates. So numerous indeed are the placemen in these pure, no-patronage days, that, as Mr Sydney Smith sagely declares, the onus of proving he is not one now rests upon every honest man; and seriously, this is not so very much exaggerated, when it is considered that

in addition to all these new places, the Customs and Excise still remain with their 16,000 places. In olden times, ministries were quite content with these sources of patronage, and with the army, navy, and colonies; but now things are quite altered; commissions, and all the other new places we have named, have sprung up to keep these liberal and enlightened reformers in office. At the present moment our army is larger than it has been for years; our navy employed is very much augmented; and yet neither nor both satisfy the Whig-Radicals; they go on creating place after place, and with a sinking revenue increasing considerably the public expenditure.

The patronage of a ministry consists not, however, principally in places, however important—for honours, peerages, promotions, and ribands remain to be noticed. The Whigs are very fond of charging upon Mr Pitt and his party the heinous offence of having so increased the peerage between 1780 and 1823, that it was augmented in that time from 225 to 378 persons. Lord John Russell, in the essay from which we have quoted our motto, makes a great point of this matter. Now, we admit 150 peers is a large number to have been created in forty years; but, at the same time, it is but fair to add that the period to which we allude, though comparatively short, was the era during which this country made greater strides than she had ever accomplished before, and during which her opulence and grandeur rose to an unexampled pitch. Three hundred and seventy-eight peers, in 1823, bore a less proportion to the number of influential proprietors in the country, than two hundred and twenty-five did in 1780. Moreover, it must be remembered, when Lord John Russell brings forward this charge, that several of these new peerages were Whig creations, prior to 1784, when Mr Pitt came into office, and, in 1806, when all the talents reigned; and

also, secondly, of the number of elevations during the glorious forty years, a very large number were made for public services, without any, the slightest reference to political opinions. Such was the case with the peerages of Nelson, Collingwood, St Vincent, Duncan, Wellington, Combermere, Lynedoch, Abercromby, Beresford, Hill, Hutchinson, Rodney, Hood, Keith, Gardner, Gambier, Exmouth, and many more. Taking these circumstances into account, it will be found that, during the sway of the Tories, from 1784 till the time the Whigs came in separately in 1830, the number of peerages made, with a view to political purposes, was singularly small and limited. What, then, shall be said of the Whig-Radicals, who, after deploring the increase of 150 peers in *forty* years, although scarcely fifty were elevated for mere Parliamentary purposes, have not allowed *eight* years, since 1830, to pass without creating upwards of *sixty* new peerages for their partisans? On looking over a list of the Whigs in the House of Lords, who do not altogether number more than 140 (minors included), we find the following connected with the Administration, or bound to it by important obligations. We beg our readers to notice that these are exclusive of peers who have relatives in the Ministry, as the Dukes of Bedford and Norfolk, the Marquis of Anglesea, Lords Roseberry, Seaford, Bessborough, and Carlisle; and to remember also the vast influence of many of the noblemen whom we shall mention—an influence, in the lower House, far more important and more destructive of the independence of Parliament, than their own votes in the House of Lords.

Placemen.

Earl of Albemarle, Master of the Horse.
Duke of Argyle, Lord Steward.
Lord Auckland, Governor of India.
Lord Byron, Lord in Waiting.*

* In bewailing the influence of the Crown, Lord John Russell mourns the sad fate of a Lord of the Bedchamber, dismissed by the Ministry, in 1822, for his vote on the Malt Tax. What will he say now, having been a member of the Cabinets that dismissed Lord Howe from his office of Chamberlain to the Queen, and Lord Charles Fitzroy from his place of Treasurer of the Household, for no greater offence? It is to be regretted that his lordship ever became an author: he has done damage to no one but his publishers and himself.

Marquis of Conyngham, Lord Chamberlain.
 Lord Cottenham, Lord Chancellor.
 Earl of Durham, Dictator of Canada.
 Earl of Errol, Master of the Buckhounds.
 Lord Erskine, Ambassador to Saxony.
 Lord Falkland, Lord in Waiting.
 Lord Foley, Captain of Gentlemen at Arms.
 Lord Gardner, Lord in Waiting.
 Earl Granville, Ambassador to France.
 Marquis of Headfort, Lord in Waiting.
 Lord Holland, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.
 Lord Howard De Walden, Ambassador to Lisbon.
 Earl of Ilchester, Captain of Gentlemen Pensioners.
 Marquis of Lansdowne, President of the Council.
 Duke of Leinster, Chief Commissioner of Irish Education.
 Earl of Litchfield, Postmaster-General.
 Viscount Duncannon, Lord Privy Seal.
 Viscount Melbourne, First Lord of the Treasury.
 Earl of Minto, First Lord of the Admiralty.
 Marquis of Normanby, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
 Lord Plunkett, Lord Chancellor of Ireland.
 Lord Ponsonby, Ambassador to Turkey.
 Viscount Torrington, Lord in Waiting.
 Marquis of Winchester, Groom of the Stole.

The fifty members we mentioned in the House of Commons as being placemen, only divided among them about L.120,000 a-year; but here are no more than twenty-eight "pure old Whigs," who receive the small sum annually of L.180,000! Who will doubt the zeal of these noble lords in favour of the existing government? In addition to these twenty-eight persons, the following members of the right reverend bench in England have to thank the Whigs for their elevation. The

Bishops Durham, Chichester, Salisbury, Hereford, Norwich, Litchfield, Ripon, and Ely. These also can have no great hostility to the Melbourne Government. Here, therefore, are thirty-six Whig-enlightened Liberals accounted for; the subjoined lists will go far to make up the sum total of Whig-Radicalism in the House of Lords.

Whig-Radicals who have received promotion in the peerage since 1830:

Marquis of Ailsa.
 Marquis of Breadalbane.
 Earl of Camperdown.
 Duke of Cleveland.
 Earl of Ducie.
 Earl Granville.
 Earl of Zetland.
 Earl of Durham.
 Earl of Effingham.
 Earl of Lovelace.
 Earl of Litchfield.*
 Duke of Sutherland.
 Marquis of Westminster.
 Earl of Yarborough.

Whig-Radicals who have been elevated to the British peerage by the Whigs. Some of these had Irish peerages before.

Lord Bateman.
 Lord Belhaven.
 Lord Brougham.
 Earl Bruce.
 Earl of Darlington.
 Lord Carew.
 Earl of Charlemont.
 Lord Cloncurry.
 Lord Cottenham.
 Lord de Manley.
 Lord Denman.
 Lord Dinorben.
 Lord Duncannon.
 Lord Falkland.
 Earl of Fingal.
 Lord Glenelg.
 Lord Godolphin.
 Earl of Gosford.
 Lord Hatherton.
 Marquis of Headfort.
 Lord Howden.
 Earl of Kintore.
 Lord Kinnaird.

* One or two peers are mentioned twice, first as placemen, and afterwards as having received promotions in the peerage, or elevation to it. But this is merely done for convenience' sake, and only shows that there are some held by a double bond—both of interest and gratitude.

Lord Langdale.
 Lord Lismore.
 Earl of Leicester.
 Earl of Leitrim.
 Lord Lovat.
 Earl of Ludlow.
 Earl of Meath.
 Lord Methven.
 Lord Mostyn.
 Lord Panmure.
 Lord Poltimore.
 Lord Portman.
 Earl of Ranfurly.
 Marquis of Queensberry.
 Lord Rossmore.
 Duke of Roxburghe.
 Earl of Sefton.
 Lord Segrave.
 Lord Strafford.
 Lord Sudeley.
 Earl of Uxbridge.
 Marquis of Tavistock.
 Lord Western.
 Lord Wrottesley.
 Lord Vane.

Dukes of Somerset and North, and the Earl of Carlisle, have their sons in the Ministry, and thereby are bound indirectly to assist it, and are interested in its preservation.

Dukes.

SOMERSET.	NORTH.
Sutherland.	Argyle.
Leinster.	

Marquisses.

Lansdowne.	Headfort.
Conyngname.	Clanricarde.
Tavistocke.	

Earls.

Effingham.	Albemarle.
Fingal.	SCARBOROUGH.
Charlemont.	Camperdown.
Minto.	Lovelace.
Meath.	CARLISLE.
Gosford.	Ilchester.
THANET.	Ducie.
Uxbridge.	CRAVEN.

Barons.

Melbourne.	Stafford.
Lismore.	Methuen.
Falkland.	Sudeley.
Langdale.	Mostyn.
Montfort.	SAYE AND SELL.
Foley.	Brougham.
Cottenham.	Hatherton.
De Mauley.	Plunkett.
Gardner.	VERNON.
Holland.	Wrottesley.
Glenelg.	SEAFORD.
Poltimore.	LILFORD.
Howden.	Bishop.
Carew.	Hereford.
Vaux.	

To these we might add the Duke of Leeds, Earl Cadogan, and the Earl of Derby, who were elevated to the peerage previously to their accession to their present dignities; and when to these we add also all the Papist peers in Parliament, who are indeed the natural allies of the present Ministry, and the minors, there remain very few Whig noblemen who can be considered independent in their support of Lord Melbourne's cabinet. Still fewer are those giving a zealous or constant support to it who can be considered unfettered. Some may allow the premier the sanction of their names and do no more, others may remain neutral, and hesitate to declare for the other side; but we repeat, few, very few, are those who are at once zealous and independent. We will illustrate this fact by one instance of recent occurrence. On the 3d of August, the House of Lords divided on Lord Fitzgerald's amendment to the Irish Tithe Bill. The number of Conservatives was seventy-eight, of Whigs thirty-seven, and there paired off in favour of the minority seventeen; making a total of fifty-four in favour of the Melbourne Ministry. The following is the list of them; those who are not placemen and have not received their peerages from the Whigs we print in capitals; there remain only nine independent men; and even of these the

Here, then, are fifty-four noblemen voting on an important question, and only nine of them are not dependent for favours or place; only six even of that number being completely free! How earnestly desirous these Whigs have proved themselves not to swamp or degenerate the peerage! How chary of using "the influence of the Crown!" They have *only* made sixty peers in eight years; they have *only* pitchforked that moderate number to swell their miserable minority. We question much if without those sixty men in buckram, their largest minority, on the most important divisions in the Upper House, would be forty; and we own, when we consider the vast

machinery and means of corruption now in use, and in unscrupulous hands, we feel that the House of Lords has a high title to credit; seeing that despite all temptation to tergiversation and to submission to the Whigs, the independent unpaid Conservative majority, so far from dwindling away, is increasing year by year. Whatever may be done in the House of Commons by baronetcies, ribands, commissions, peerages, exorbitant estimates, domestic or colonial jobs, and augmented patronage, we cannot but rejoice, then, that we have yet a bulwark, and a remnant of an independent Parliament; and, therefore, though a minister like Lord Melbourne may be enabled to realize Lord John Russell's portrait, and compel the Sovereign to retain him by holding *in terrorem* the threat of a factious majority in the House of Commons—ready one year to sanction and the next to abandon an appropriation clause—there is at present no prospect of the same threat being employed with reference to any man's power in the House of Lords. But that this prospect continues to us, is no fault of Lord Melbourne's, and is no oversight of the Whig party. Both have done their best to extend corruption into the Upper House, but hitherto they have signally failed. It only remains for the people of the country to counteract the insidious and more successful attacks on the independence of the House of Commons, by watching narrowly every job; by rejecting every perpetrator at the poll; and by adding contempt to rejection in the case of every member who has sold his vote for a baronetcy, or his silence for a brother's promotion. Such men there may be, even in the Reformed Parliament; such men there must be, for we can never believe that independent or honest men would go down night after night to the House of Commons to cheer a demagogue like O'Connell, or to support a Ministry that tempts the scorn of Europe. We can believe this of none but the venal, and, therefore, when we discover Whig-radical corruption, we easily account for its necessity, while we heartily despise the Ministers who will stoop to hold office on such mean and trembling grounds, that nothing but venality can uphold, and none but the selfish defend them. Still more heartily do we

despise these puppets of statesmen when we find them, with an hypocrisy only equal to their avarice, pretend to a superiority of public virtue, and keep more honourable men than themselves out of office, under the fraudulent pretext that in so doing they are saving the country from unprincipled and corrupt rulers. Like Judas, they keep the bag, and they keep it for themselves. And these, forsooth, are the men who prated about "the influence of the Crown," who deplored the increase of the peerage, and who bragged that they would carry on Government on pure principles, without patronage! These, too, are the Liberals, the men of purity and economy, the reformers of abuses, the opponents of corruption, speculation and intrigue. They have descended gradually downwards till they can exist only by purchasing the smiles of a mendicant at the expense of the patronage of Ireland, and by widening the circle of Ministerial influence through every artifice the most corrupt Minister of ancient days invented or employed. To this have they come at last, with all their fine professions; their essays on English Government; their motions in the 'Edinburgh Review'; their motions on the influence of the Crown; and their calculations of the extent of patronage fresh in the recollection of the people they have deluded. Yet what care they for the memory of the past or the shame of the present hour, so long as they can cling to places and pocket pay? They have deluded the nation, but even more to that nation's disgrace than their own. What excuse has any man for allowing himself to be duped by a Palmerston, taken in by a Melbourne, or entrapped by a Glenelg?

But then, perhaps, we may hear some Whig, blinded to all sense by party spirit, and ignorant of all necessary information, put in here a claim for mitigation of censure, by asserting that if hundreds of offices have been created (as no one will ever deny), many have been abolished. It is sometimes the pleasure of Whig journals to prate boldly about reductions and retrenchments, and so forth. Now we are quite content to take the issue on this point, and to enquire into these boasted and patriotic proceedings. We hear of reductions made by the Whigs. We ask, what have they re-

duced? The yeomanry, of which they had not the patronage. But what have they increased? The army, the navy, the legal situations, the commissions, and some of the public offices of which they have the control; and not content with this, they have made new modes of employing partisans, as we have before described, in every part of the country. We hear of retrenchments. We ask, what they have retrenched? Certainly not the public expenditure; perhaps their own duties. Of the expenditure it is only needful to say, that for the year 1838 it will be nearly fifty-three millions; just about four millions more than for the year 1835. We have no hesitation whatever in declaring that the expense of carrying on the Government at this present moment, independently, of course, of the charge for interest on the National Debt, is considerably more than in 1822 when a motion was brought forward impeaching the Liverpool administration. Lord Londonderry then stated that expense to be £18,000,000 per annum; a sum less than is at present yearly devoted to our establishments. If the Whigs have neglected to retrench this enormous charge, they have failed not from want of good examples. Mr Pitt abolished 416 places, with salaries of £275,748, and all these unconnected with the collection of the revenue, while he created only 197, with salaries of £77,000.* In the revenue department, though compelled to increase taxation with the progress of the war, and so to extend also the number of places in the excise and customs, he yet, with a rigid hand, curtailed every unnecessary expense, and abolished in the salt department alone five hundred places. How does it happen that the Reforming Ministers we are now blessed with have not attempted to do likewise? Lord John Russell enumerates under the following several heads the various means of exerting crown influence.†

- I. The Collection of the Revenue.
- II. The Civil List and the Subordinate Offices of Civil Government.
- III. The Colonies.
- IV. The Army, Navy, Ordnance, &c.

V. The Law.

VI. The Church.

VII. The Influence of Honours.

All these things still exist, and are still used by the Government for their political and party purposes. If they afforded such ground for jealousy and suspicion in 1822, how does it happen that now, when each several department is increased in its operation on the independence of Parliament, when there are more placemen than ever, that we hear no murmur from the Constitutional Whigs, and catch no whisper of regret or anxiety? How does it happen that we find in the Navy List the names of young persons, in command of vessels, who are notorious for nothing but relationship to Whig partisans? Among the most recent promotions we find the Hon. Henry Keppell, Edward Stanley, the Hon. Joseph Denman, the Hon. Byron Cary, the Hon. Frederick Pelham, the Hon. Dudley Pelham, Thomas Eden, Adam Camperdown Duncan, Granville Lock, William Henry Quin, Robert Otway, Lord Francis Russell, George Elliot, Lord Henry Russell, the Hon. Edward Howard, the Hon. Edward Plunkett, Edward Troubridge, the Hon. Charles Elliot, the Hon. Admiral Elliot, and very many more Twysdens, D'Eyncourts, Pagets, Beauchers, Carnes, Codringtons, Greys, &c. &c.—whose names alone sufficiently and satisfactorily account for the display of Ministerial interest in their welfare. On glancing at the list of flag-officers employed, we find only twelve, and of that small number the following approved Whigs:—

- Lord Amelius Beauclerk, uncle of the Duke of St Albans.
 Sir Robert Otway, uncle of the Member for Tipperary.
 Sir Charles Paget, brother of Lord Anglesea.
 Sir John Ommanney, the defeated Whig candidate for Hampshire.
 Hon. George Elliot, brother of Lord Minto.
 Hon. D. Bouverie, brother of the Earl of Radnor.

Among the commanders of the ships

* Rose on the influence of the Crown.

† Lord John Russell on English Government, p. 111.

in commission, are a few equally distinguished by Whig names, and favoured by Whig connexions. We merely select a few of the most glaring specimens:—

Britannia, 120 guns, Captain Dundas.
Britomart, 10 guns, Lieut. Owen Stanley.

Champion, 18 guns, Commander G. King.

Charybdis, 3 guns, Hon. Robert Gore.
Cleopatra, 26 guns, Hon. George Grey.

Columbine, 16 guns, George Elliot.

Comus, 18 guns, Hon. P. P. Cary.

Conway, 28 guns, Captain Bethune.

Griffon, 3 guns, Lieut. D' Urban.

Harlequin, 16 guns, Commander Lord F. Russell.

Hastings, 74 guns, Captain Loch.

Howe, 120 guns, Captain Paget.

Lynx, 3 guns, Lieut. Broadhead.

Magicienne, 24 guns, Captain G. St John Mildmay.

Pearl, 20 guns, Lord Clarence Paget.

Rodney, 92 guns, Captain Hyde Parker.

Rover, 18 guns, Commander Eden.

Royal Adelaide, 104 guns, Sir William Elliott.

Royalist, 10 guns, Hon. E. Plunkett.

Russell, 74 guns, Sir Wm. Dillon.

San Josef, 110 guns, Charles Seale.

Seylla, 16 guns, Hon. Joseph Denman.

Talbot, 28 guns, Captain Codrington.

Tweed, 20 guns, Hon. F. Pelham.

Wasp, 16 guns, Hon. D. Pelham.

Wolf, 10 guns, Edward Stanley.

Wolverine, 16 guns, Hon. E. Howard.

The promotion of most of these fortunate and Liberal gentlemen has been singularly rapid, and their employment almost constant and unceasing. The vessels they command form no inconsiderable portion of the whole naval force in commission; and if so, how few ships remain for the veterans who fought for their country before many of these "honourables" were born! Truly, Lord Minto has "reformed" the naval service in a peculiar and effectual manner; he has introduced a degree of patronage and favouritism never attempted before; a system which, if it had been acted on during the war, would have consigned the bulwarks of the nation to inexperienced hands, and probably

have ruined not only the service, but the cause it was required to defend. It was not by such a system the unfriended Nelsons, Collingwoods, and Rodneys, gained the opportunities of winning fame. But *tempora mutantur*; we now play at war on the coast of Spain, and it requires no heroes to win bloodless victories. Nelson was not more fitted to conquer at Trafalgar, or Wellington at Waterloo, than any defeated Whig candidate is now at Barcelona, or General Evans at Fontarabia and Irun. An attack on a Sardinian schooner, or a grand movement against a few Carlist guerrillas, is all that is expected nowadays from our navy and our legions; it is perfectly right, therefore, that Ministers should prove that they consider that any one can execute tasks so mighty and important.

We might proceed to examine in detail other departments, but we refrain from doing so. We have mentioned enough to call attention to the subject of Whig-Radical corruption, and we trust that another Session of Parliament will not be allowed to pass without the extortion from the Ministry of a complete list of all the new places created since 1830, the persons filling them, and the salaries apportioned to each. It will be found by such returns, that under the pretence of extending the system of centralization, the amount of Government patronage has been augmented more than in any preceding eight years during the whole history of the country. It will be seen that every charge formerly levelled by the Whigs for factious purposes, and with fraudulent professions against their political opponents, applies now with redoubled force to themselves, and strikes them severely with a back-handed blow. For instance, it used to be the Whig practice to select certain families for invidious notice, and hold them up to public odium, by representing them as fastened on numerous places, and gorging with ill-gotten gains. But we ask if ever a family thus made the object of vituperation, displayed a nepotism and grasping selfishness equal to the Whig families of Grey, Elliot, Adam, or Ponsonby? A list of the Greys in places once went the round of the papers, and even now, though Dr Grey, Bishop of Hereford, is dead, and Earl Grey and Mr Ed-

ward Ellice have retired from office, makes a tolerable appearance. We may mention as specimens of these patriots, Viscount Howick, Secretary at War; Hon. Colonel Grey, commanding 71st Regiment; Hon. John Grey, Rector of the rich royal living of Wooler; Hon. Frederick Grey, Under-Secretary of the War Department; Sir George Grey, Under-Secretary in the Colonial Department; Hon. Francis Grey, Rector, with a valuable living; Hon. Harry Grey, Aide-de-camp in Ireland; Hon. Sir Henry Grey, General, and Colonel of a regiment in the army; Mr Charles Wood, (son-in-law of Lord Grey) Secretary of the Admiralty; Mr F. T. Baring, (married a niece of Lord Grey) Secretary to the Treasury; Earl of Durham, (son-in-law of Lord Grey) Governor of Canada; Lord Ponsonby, (brother-in-law of Lord Grey) Ambassador to Constantinople; Mr E. Ellice, jun., (nephew of Lord Grey) Secretary of Lord Durham, &c. &c. We believe the Elliots make a still better show; nor are the Howards, Russells, and Abercrombies quite forgotten. The judges they have made, after all their fine promises of rewarding merit, and merit only, are those on the bench who have had least practice as counsel, and are least learned and efficient as interpreters of the law; we refer to the Williamsses and Coltmans, whose political principles were their sole ostensible recommendations. In the Church, they have dispensed their patronage among the bishops in a manner to which we have already alluded, and, not content with this, have sought out as recipients of other favours only anti-churchrate agitators, such as Dr Joynes of Rochester, and Dr Knox of Tunbridge, of pamphleteering and political dinner-speaking notoriety. And then in the colonies they send a Lord Durham to Canada, with Messrs Charles and Arthur Bulwer, Thomas Turtton, Thomas Duncombe, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield; and to New South Wales, Sir Maurice O'Connell, a fit and proper instrument for carrying out that infidel system of education which is adopted to please the Roman Catholic emigrants, and against which, the excellent Bishop Broughton has in vain protested. To India they have sent Lord Elphinstone, the youthful cornet of Life Guards, as Governor of the

important settlement of Madras; and with exquisite discrimination, while appointing these notable personages, have displayed their judgment and discretion, by recalling Sir John Colborne, who saved Lower Canada, Sir Francis Head, who saved the Upper Province, Sir Peregrine Maitland, who will not (scrupulous man!) commit the trifling offence against God of sanctioning idolatry in India, and Sir Benjamin D'Urban from the Cape of Good Hope. With a Lord Glenelg at home, and only such governors abroad as exactly suit his Lordship's purposes and views, and have not more vigour about them than he considers necessary, who will say our colonies are not secure, and are not certain to flourish?

With more materials in our possession, a much stronger case than we have here made out, (although this statement is perhaps amply sufficient,) might easily be produced against the Whigs. But in truth, it is not easy to discover all their sinuous windings and all their extended and increasing corruption. It would be desirable to be able to ascertain the exact number of Roman Catholic chaplains and schoolmasters now paid by the British Government in India and the other colonies. Their number is not small, nor their influence insignificant. The publication, too, of such a return as we have suggested, of all the newly created places, would also be beneficial; but in the absence of the necessary documents from whence information on this subject can be gained, we are left more to generalities and conjectures than we could desire. Still enough remains, and enough we hope has been stated in this paper to prove that the Whig party have long been striving to strengthen themselves by the unscrupulous abuse of patronage, and even by the extension of Ministerial influence in every possible direction. It is natural to a weak Government that it should be tempted to the use of arts a strong one can neglect, and an honest one would despise. And in proportion to the increasing weakness of its position, and the experienced failure of former intrigues, must be the increased temptation to fresh and extended corruption. The Melbourne Ministry, then, which hitherto has been tottering in increasing imbecility; which never enjoyed

public respect, and therefore had no inducement to struggle to retain it; which has found session after session end in greater weakness, trick after trick issue in new disappointment, must now in its decline and approaching fall, in its distress rising to despair, be peculiarly tempted to preserve its contemptible existence by bartering places for votes, and honours for neutrality or submission. It is highly to the honour of the age, that this wretched and unscrupulous Ministry, notwithstanding all its false professions and misused patronage, is now sinking lower and lower in influence, and is dependent for its permitted power on the condescension or contempt of its opponents. The fact proves that we are sound in core, though many may have been converted

by corruption. Peerages may have been thrown away, but still the county members are more and more, year after year, against the Ministry; baronetcies, places, and favours are lavishly offered, but the petty majority in the House of Commons is fast dwindling away at each successive casual election. We feel convinced that nothing remains to do but for the Conservatives to continue firm and united, exposing not only the imbecility, but also the frauds of the Cabinet. It will then be known through the length and breadth of the land that these pseudo patriots who have promised so much and performed so little, have gained power only to abuse it, and have held it long only to deprive the country of the services of honest men and able statesmen.

MEMORANDA OF THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF OUR VILLAGE,
AND OF ITS FOUNDERS.

THE time has been when even Our Village had not an existence, and when those parts which are now covered with dwellings, showing all the varieties of brick and mortar, and exemplifying all the vagaries that can enter into the brains of a country architect, was nothing more than a sandy desert, unmarked in the map of our county, and scarcely trodden by human foot.

As one of the means of peopling a district, it pleased Providence to plant one Adonijah Shufflebotham, a rat-catcher by trade, and a thief by practice, in the near neighbourhood of what is now Our Village.

By the exercise of his twofold profession, Adonijah managed to accumulate a sum of about some forty pounds, and being bit with the mania of living in a house of his own, and still bearing in mind one part of his trade, he stole a piece of land from the waste—made some bricks—and erected what he called a mansion: that is to say, a dwelling, consisting of two rooms on the ground floor, each seven feet by nine, with similar rooms above, and sundry conveniences for depositing his traps, and the other paraphernalia of his profession.

Here Adonijah sojourned in the de-

sert for a length of time, in all the dignity given to man by seclusion, and here were given to the world sundry little rat-catchers, destined in the course of time to become prosperous men and women, and the ornaments of Our Village.

Year after year rolled on, and Adonijah continued blessed and in peace. He was the only rat-catcher of a considerable district. His family was young and obedient, and he had what he called a house of his own; and as what he could not obtain by rat-catching, he helped out with thieving, want and he were strangers, and nobody could be more happy than Adonijah.

But unmixed happiness is not for man, even though a dweller in a desert, and Adonijah the rat-catcher met with something as disagreeable as ratsbane, in the person of one Ichabod Wragg, a dweller in the neighbouring forest.

It chanced that Ichabod Wragg heard of the comfortable doings of Adonijah, and was moved by envy thereat. He was a big powerful man, of dark and scowling countenance, by trade an itinerant tinker, and, if tradition tells true, a greater thief than Adonijah.

He strolled one day to the neighbourhood of Adonijah—saw his house and his homestead—glowered like an ogre at the sight—and swore that he too would have a house, and live like Adonijah in the wilderness.

His first care was to erect his house, and in the true spirit of an Englishman he determined, that although he was about to become Adonijah's neighbour, he would have a house as diametrically opposite to that of Adonijah as it was possible to make it. He accordingly planned it to have an opposite aspect—as Adonijah's house was plain in front, he determined to have a bow—and as the original house had but two stories, he resolved to have three.

In this determined spirit of opposition, he prevailed upon some tradesmen from a distance to erect him his house; but the same tradition that sets down Ichabod as a thief, also states, that those tradesmen sorely repented their undertaking, for that Ichabod, amongst his other villainies, was villain enough to accept of their materials and their labour without condescending for one moment to recollect so trifling an affair as payment.

The two houses of Adonijah Shuffelebotham and Ichabod Wragg were the seedlings of Our Village, and the opposition evinced in their structure has descended to our times, for no man ever thinks of building a house like his neighbour.

Their very locality displayed opposition, and as houses began to be erected, and roads made past the old original structures, that locality served to give names to the roads; and to the present day the streets leading by them are called the Higher and the Lower Streets.

For some time matters went on pretty comfortably betwixt Adonijah and Ichabod—they were pretty equally matched—their trades did not interfere with each other—and, which was perhaps the strongest incentive to peace, they were a couple of rogues, and they knew it.

At length the devil, who sometimes uses contemptible instruments to effect his ends, prompted an unlucky pig, belonging to Ichabod Wragg, to treat himself to a dinner on a couple of lively ducklings belonging to Adonijah Shuffelebotham.

Adonijah went out of his house just in time to behold the unfortunate

swine of his neighbour in the act of tickling his gums with the last fragment of the second duckling, and being moved to wrath at the sight, he smote the gourmand so fiercely on the head with his staff, that he resigned his savoury mouthful, and uttering an ungrateful and inharmonious grunt, resigned at the same time his mortal life.

The pig in question was Ichabod's only grunter; and as the loss of a pig, when a man has only one to lose, is a matter of some moment, Ichabod did not entertain the most lively feelings of gratitude towards his neighbour Adonijah for the morning's display of his prowess. Ichabod and Adonijah met—fell out—shook fists at each other—swore more than a little, and almost fought, but the before-mentioned mutual knowledge which they had of each other prevented actual violence for that time, and they parted, having first carefully sown the seeds of future animosity.

Ichabod, with a view to strengthen his interest, erected another house near his own, but of a different pattern and different dimensions, and imported a colony, consisting of a relative, his wife, and seven children, and thus was formed the rudiments of the Higher Street.

Adonijah, on his part, was not idle, for he stole more land from the waste, built a couple of houses, and planted allies in the shape of a stout brother-in-law, and a one-eyed cirony, a blacksmith, with a large family, from an adjoining county, and thus was laid the foundation of the Lower Street.

All this was very fair, and was no more than would be allowed to every prudent man; but Ichabod stretched a point—he married his sister, with a dowry of L.10, and a fifteen-year old cow, to a young rat-catcher from the next town, and set up his brother-in-law in a house that he built near his own, and thus added another link to the Higher Street.

Flesh and blood could not stand that.—It was bad enough that Ichabod himself, in the first instance, should obtrude upon the privacy of Adonijah—it was still worse that his pig should take a fancy to Adonijah's ducklings—but all that was not beyond forgiveness—but to bring a brother-in-law, and that brother-in-law a rat-catcher, into the neighbourhood, and under the

very nose of Adonijah, was too too much !!

A small spark suffices to ignite a large fire, and so it chanced with Adonijah ; for, happening to pass the house of Ichabod, a cock of the latter, perched upon a wall, stretched out his wings and his neck, and began to crow in such a tone that Adonijah regarded it as nothing less than a mortal defiance, and he accordingly gave way to his morbid feelings, and challenged Ichabod to joust *à l'outrance*.

The partisans on each side were mustered—a battle ensued—blood was shed—and after each man had pounded his neighbour to a jelly, they mutually parted, from sheer weariness and inability to carry on the war.

So very earnest had all parties been in their praiseworthy efforts to injure their neighbours, that sundry serious wounds and bruises were the consequence ; and as the domestic pharmacy of the place did not extend to the cure of such wounds and bruises, it became necessary to call in a leech from the next town. He came—he saw the colony a thriving one—he bought a bit of land—built a house, and located himself as an inhabitant of Our Village.

About the same period there was an importation of sundry other families—a wheel-wright—a half-starved tailor—a cobbler—and, finally, a pedlar furnished a house with the contents of his pack, and baptized it a shop ; whilst the Marquis of Granby, flaring over a doorway, indicated a public-house ; and a pole, striped red and white, showed where the rustics might be made decent on a Sunday morning for a penny a-piece.

The doctor, from a want of acquaintance with the small politics of the place, had pitched his tent in the Higher Street ; but it was impossible that such a thing could be overlooked by Adonijah, or that he and his faction could have faith in the curative powers of any medicament compounded in that situation. There was only one remedy for it, which was to import another doctor, and that was accordingly done, and the last importation was duly located in the Lower Street.

After the last mentioned affray the inhabitants of Our Village went on for some years in comparative peace—various feuds arose amongst them, it

is true—the cow of one would trespass upon the inclosure of another, and a horse would occasionally be found in a wrong pasture, and a thousand opportunities of quarrel arose, but the recollection of the former thorough thrashing, and its consequences, with the influence of the females, who found it their interest to keep the parties in something like moderation, preserved the village in a tolerable state of tranquillity.

In the mean-time all prospered, and Adonijah and Ichabod, with stealing a bit of land here, and buying a bit there, and making money in every way that could suggest itself to the minds of two accomplished scoundrels, became comparatively affluent.

The introduction of the doctors is marked as one of the great epochs in the history of Our Village, more especially since the descendant of one of them has been dubbed an M.D.

About the period when the second doctor was introduced, we succeeded in seducing a schoolmaster, one Habakkuk Snod by name, to become a dweller in Our Village ; and at the same time, the Government, in its bounty, provided us with an exciseman. The former was a worthy man, and a great acquisition ; we all earnestly prayed that the devil would fetch the latter at the first convenient opportunity, but as we were then a sinful generation, and had not a chapel in Our Village, our prayers were for a length of time offered up in vain.

Mean-while the apparent tranquillity was little more than skin deep, and was frequently interrupted by disputes about boundaries, fences, ways, and other questions to which property gives rise ; and the law of physical force being that with which all parties were best acquainted, it was very often appealed to, to the great disturbance of the public peace of Our Village—the great consumption of plasters and lotions—and the great profit and advantage of the two disciples of *Æsculapius*.

Time wrought various changes in the state of the rival parties ; various additions were made by births and the introduction of foreigners, and when the factions turned out to settle a dispute the display was really formidable.

At length, however, it became manifest that the faction of Ichabod Wragg

was gaining the ascendancy, and the consciousness of that fact had its natural effect on both sides. Did a Wragg sound the tocsin? out turned the whole clan Wragg, man, woman, and child, to the foray, stamping, shouting, and storming, like as many wild bulls. But not so the clan Shufflebotham; for, though they now and then provoked the fray, and dashed into the *mêlée* with the ardour and fierceness of former times, yet they oftener remained passive, and sometimes submitted to a jibe or a jeer from a Wragg without betraying any resentment.

Things had arrived at this point when one of the Wragg party, whilst amusing himself with shooting sparrows, took a false aim, and lodged the contents of his gun in the right eye of Adonijah Shufflebotham's favourite mare, and rendered her as blind as a mile-stone for life.

"Oh had he chosen some other game,
Or miss'd, as he was wont to do!"

The faction of Adonijah assembled on the occasion, grinding their teeth, and almost bursting with rage. True the mare was in her 29th year, and not of much value, but the insult was the same, and every Shufflebotham felt it to be so, and resolved to take ample revenge, each swearing he would kill and eat not less than three Wraggs to his own individual share.

A hostile meeting, preceded by such excitement, was sure to be a terrible one, and, accordingly, every one of either party turned out on the occasion, and the onslaught was dreadful.

After howling, and yelling, and swearing, and biting, and scratching, and kicking, and boxing, for some time, their animal powers became totally exhausted, and they mutually withdrew, but the faction of Adonijah Shufflebotham carried along with them the mortifying reflection that they were much worse beaten than their neighbours; and they consequently suffered under the compound affliction of a bruised body and a wounded mind.

The clan Shufflebotham, after their defeat, proceeded to hold a council, and a sad and a sorrowful one it was. The younger branches, smarting under their indignities, were for takingsavage measures, and they even talked of setting fire to the village and running away by the light; but Adonijah, who

had arrived at that period of life when a man usually feels more disposed to smoke the calumet of peace than to split his neighbour's head with a poker, urged them strongly to forbearance, at least for the present.

In an unlucky moment he suggested their calling in to their aid the wisdom of Habbakuk Snod, whose peaceful habits and feelings he thought might have the effect of stilling the stormy passions of the younger branches of his party.

Now Habbakuk was a man of information after a fashion of his own—he could write in three different characters—could cipher so perfectly that he could tell how many square inches of timber were contained in the head of a broom—knew some little of Latin, and having been twice at the county town in his youth, had claims of no ordinary magnitude to be considered a man of the world.

In an unlucky moment was Habbakuk sent for, and presently he came, moving his long slender figure through the atmosphere with the majesty and something the appearance of a finger-post, and the solemn regularity of a pendulum. He knew all about the fracas (for who did not know it in the village?) and his countenance was in consequence, and as a part of what he considered his duty, surcharged with a tenfold portion of gravity.

Habbakuk, as I have said, was a man of peace, but in an unlucky moment was he sent for, and in an unlucky hour did he give his advice, for he informed the clan Shufflebotham (a thing that their wildest dreams had never imagined) that there was a righter of wrongs and a redresser of grievances residing in almost every village in the kingdom, and that men of the world called such a being an attorney.

A new light burst upon Our Village by the announcement, or at all events upon that portion of it that formed the clan Shufflebotham—distant prospects of revenge, without the unpleasant accompaniments of broken heads and bloody noses, presented themselves to view, and Habbakuk Snod was despatched for the attorney.

In due time that solemn personage made his appearance; he heard the facts, coloured as highly as a sound thrashing and a wounded mind could induce men to colour facts. He talked of the mysterious powers of a

latitat, and used many hard phrases, each of which being, in the opinion of Adonijah, sufficiently potent to raise the devil, there was no possible room to doubt of success, and the attorney went away with instructions for some half-a-score of actions in his pocket.

The gentleman of the law had done more; he had noticed the locality and the capabilities of the place in a professional view, and in two months more we had a new house in the Lower Street, having on the door a highly polished brass plate, the first we had ever seen, engraven with the words, "Mr Brangle, attorney-at-law."

In due time a proper proportion of the Wragg faction received ominous papers, requiring their appearance before our Sovereign Lord the King at Westminster; but in the pride of their hearts they flung the papers to the wind, and said that the Shufflebothams, with Mr Brangle at their head, might all go to the devil, and welcome.

In a little time afterwards they received other papers, of a still more ominous description, charging each of them with having, on a day named, and at a place of which they had never previously heard, with twenty sticks, twenty staves, twenty stones, and twenty pairs of fists, made an assault on the persons of sundry of the Shufflebotham party, and them then and there beat, bruised, wounded, and ill treated, so that their lives were greatly despaired of, and with having then and there twenty shirts, twenty waistcoats, twenty coats, twenty pairs of breeches, twenty pairs of stockings, twenty pairs of shoes, twenty pairs of boots, and twenty hats, the property of each of the members of the Shufflebotham party, then and there cut, torn, rent, damaged, dirtied, defaced, and injured, against the peace of our Lord the King, his Crown and dignity, and to the great damage of the Shufflebothams.

The contents of those papers was a real astonisher, and as it was well known to every soul in the village that no one of the Shufflebothams had ever possessed a second coat to his back, it became matter of wonder and amazement as to what would follow next.

Their amazement produced alarm, and alarm enquiry, and another attorney became in request to defeat the

machinations of Mr Brangle; and very few weeks elapsed before we had another house in the Higher Street, with a brass plate twice as large as the former one, engraved with the cabalistic characters, "Jonathan Higgins, attorney and solicitor, and a master extraordinary in Chancery."

This formidable notification appeared to break the hearts of the Shufflebothams, but they had faith in Mr Brangle, and the lawsuits went on.

In the mean-time an incident of a more tender description occurred amongst the parties, which came, like an oasis in the desert, or a speck of sunshine in a cloudy sky, serving to soften and adorn the ruggedness of all around it.

Ichabod Wragg had a son, Nehemiah, who was the pride of the village—good-looking, good-tempered and gay, as is natural for a youth of twenty to be. He was at the head of every thing that occurred to promote the mirth and good fellowship of the place. Did the young people want a dance on the green? who to promote it but Nehemiah. Or did the people of Our Village come into collision with foreigners? who could lead them up like Nehemiah. He was the friend of the aged, and the glory of the young, and no man, woman, or child, was to be found in the village that had not a good word for Nehemiah Wragg; even the Shufflebothams could tolerate him.

Adonijah Shufflebotham had a daughter, Kesiah, a year younger than Nehemiah Wragg. She was beautiful as a nymph, and gentle as a lamb, and seemed in her mild loveliness like a stray bird of Paradise, when compared with her more rugged compeers.

It was not in the hearts of two such beings as Nehemiah and Kesiah to enter fully into the violent feelings of animosity that influenced their parents; and though Nehemiah turned out with his faction, it was observed that he declaimed bitterly against the proceeding, and always spoke leniently of the Shufflebothams.

Onemoonlight evening, shortly after the introduction of the attornies, one of those luckless maidens that are to be found in every village, who, having no business of their own, make it their study to know the business of every body else, was aware of two figures, a

male and female, walking not far from the house of Adonijah Shufflebotham.

She watched them closely.—she saw that the arm of the man gently encircled the waist of his companion, and that after walking for some time, he led her to the door of Adonijah, and there took leave of her with a chaste salute.

The next morning it was spread throughout Our Village that Nehemiah Wragg courted Kesiah Shufflebotham, and the astounding intelligence was conveyed forthwith to the ears of Ichabod.

An enquiry was the consequence; and Nehemiah, too proud and too honest to deny the truth, confessed that he loved Kesiah, and that his love was returned—but Ichabod had no sympathy with the feelings of youth; he drove his son from his presence in anger, and from that moment Nehemiah was lost to Our Village. Whither he was gone, or how disposed of, none knew—but all lamented his loss.

The gossip rumour, in like manner, conveyed the unpleasant information to the ears of Adonijah Shufflebotham, and with him it was attended with similar direful effects.

He furiously questioned his poor pale daughter; who, too simple and too innocent to make a denial, and too terrified to justify herself, sank down at his feet in a swoon—but the grey-headed man spurned her from him with a curse.

There were hearts in the village of softer material than that of Adonijah; and the stricken maid was received in the house of a neighbour, that she might abide the passing away of her father's wrath.

There her loss and her sense of utter helplessness became overwhelming, and were too much for her bodily powers to withstand, and sickness overtook her. She lingered for some time, apparently in a doubtful state whether she would continue here or quit this world for a better, where purity such as hers must needs be happy; but at length her youth and a good constitution prevailed, and she displayed slight symptoms of amendment; and the incident of her separation from Nehemiah, painful as it was to her, and, doubtless, also to him, became of happy consequences to the families of both.

Several months had elapsed and no

tidings had been received of Nehemiah, and he began, by common consent, to be ranked amongst the dead. His father bitterly lamented his loss, for in the secret corner of the old man's heart his name and lineaments were firmly graven—and often, and often, in his silent solitude did Ichabod accuse himself of the death of his son, and fervently wish that he were then the husband of Kesiah Shufflebotham.

Adonijah, also, had feelings of a similar tendency. He saw his daughter—his dear, his favourite daughter—silently suffering, not only disease, but that worst of anguish, the heart's utter hopelessness; and he heard on all hands, and could not help feeling it to be true, that his hard-hearted cruelty had helped to bring her to what she was; that, instead of being a support to her in her affliction, he had pressed the weight of sorrow with an unflinching hand upon her, and helped to bow her down to the dust.

We are strange creatures! That grey-headed man, although he bitterly repented his treatment of his daughter, and would have given half his wealth that it had been otherwise—although in secret his soul melted in tears of anguish for her, and he eagerly enquired, and eagerly watched her progress, yet he took her not to his bosom or to his home, but suffered her to remain in the house of the friend who first received her in her affliction!

As time progressed the gentle Kesiah slowly improved; and, too feeble to support herself, was led by her kind-hearted entertainer to sit in the sun for an hour in the middle of the day, on a grassy bank not far from the house. The hour was well-known to the young people of Our Village; and, daily as she sat there, she found herself surrounded by some or other of them, provided with a nosegay or a simple flower, or some other trifle that they knew would be acceptable to her.

An old man passed the spot several days together, and gazed at Kesiah with much earnestness, and with a look of feeling and of anguish. Again he passed, and he stopped some time to gaze upon her, and then passed on; but on the next day he came to see her, and, after looking upon her piteously for a little time, he rushed towards her, seized her hand—and, kissing it, sobbed out a blessing upon her. It was Ichabod Wragg!

The incident soon spread far and wide, and the blessing that Ichabod Wragg had bestowed upon Kesiah Shufflebotham was returned to him tenfold by the inhabitants of Our Village.

Adonijah also heard of it, and, in the first moment of disappointed selfishness, he felt as if Ichabod had invaded his right, and deprived him of some portion of the sympathy due to a suffering child; but a better feeling prevailed, and he became sensible that Ichabod had set him an example that it would be sinful not to follow. He soon afterwards found himself at the bedside of his daughter, and all was peace between them!

Adonijah and Ichabod daily paid their visits to the suffering Kesiah, and it was not long before they met together over the bed of sickness. At first the feeling was an awkward one on both sides. There was a remembrance of ancient wrongs and grievances, and a struggling with old prejudices and antipathies, and a frown darkened the countenances of the two men who for years had been opposed to each other. But all vanished as a dream when Ichabod, acting upon a better impulse than that of his reason's conviction, tendered the hand of peace to Adonijah.

Adonijah accepted the proffered hand, and whilst the two palms were united in something like friendly greeting, the two old sinners looked at each other with a shake of the head, and a leer in which there was much latent humour, and a look that implied that each was glad to see that his old opponent had at length discovered the error of his ways.

The reconciliation of Adonijah and Ichabod was followed by the reconciliation of their respective followers and friends. There was an end of the lawsuits; and all the sufferings and grievances sustained by the Shufflebotham party, and for the redress of which those lawsuits had been commenced, were entirely and for ever forgotten; and in proportion as the estrangement of the Shufflebothams and the Wraggs had been long and bitter, were their efforts to oblige and conciliate each other.

In the midst of these ebullitions of good feeling Kesiah slowly but gradually recruited, and as she became able to go out and mix somewhat with

her friends, she became to be regarded as the common property of both families, and had a home as well in the dwelling of Ichabod Wragg as in that of her father.

During these occurrences some seeds of religion had been sown, and had taken root amongst us. Some good and zealous men had made converts of a few in the village, and from a small beginning the feeling had spread until a meeting-house became necessary, and one had accordingly been erected.

Other men, favourable to the Established Church, had also exerted themselves, and procured the erection of a Chapel-of-Ease, and the work of religion and civilisation went hand in hand, and in a short time their humanizing effects became very visible in the altered and improved manners and habits of the people of Our Village. On none was their influence more perceptible than on the two elders.

Adonijah and Ichabod, now become as firm friends as they had formerly been enemies, united together to improve and enlarge Our Village, and at the same time to improve and enlarge their own fortunes, in which they became eminently successful.

They acquired considerable quantities of land by more honest means than those by which they acquired their first locations, and invited settlers from a distance; and being naturally shrewd energetic men, and possessed of a certain degree of influence as the patriarchs of the village, they succeeded in their object.

They wished to increase the size and importance of Our Village by the establishment of some manufacture, and having succeeded in discovering a bed of coal under some land they had purchased, they were not long in inducing manufacturers to settle there. A factory was built—a tide of population flowed in upon us—as a necessary consequence more houses were required; and the first factory appearing to prosper, others were erected, bringing an additional population, and calling for further erections of houses; and shops and inns became greatly in request, and Our Village very speedily began to assume the appearance of a bustling populous place.

Adonijah and Ichabod thus realized a considerable property from their speculations, and as Our Village flourished, the male part of the two fami-

lies became engaged in its trade, and shared in its prosperity, and although age was making serious inroads upon the two elders, and they began to wax feeble, yet they managed to preserve their influence even over the stranger part of our population, and no change of any importance was concluded on until it had received their sanction.

Thus matters proceeded for a period of six years or upwards after the reconciliation of the two families, and Our Village attained a great degree of prosperity.

At length we took it into our heads that we ought to have a fair and a market. In country places, especially places resembling Our Village, the creature of yesterday, legal forms of establishing a fair or a market are not much regarded, even if it ever occurs to any one that such things are necessary. In our case we were not sufficiently learned to be mystified, and so we called a meeting, and resolved, like men of business, that we would have an annual fair and a weekly market.

The project was nearly knocked on the head by some meddling fellow remarking, "That as people would bring produce and goods from a distance to our fairs and markets, we ought to have a Market-Hall and a Market-Place, which would cost money."

For a moment this threw us all a-back, but we recollected that some village, not more than thirty miles from us, had a Market-Place, and as we had individually resolved, before coming to the meeting, that we would have a fair and a market, and as we had collectively, at the meeting, resolved the same thing, we even put a good face on the matter, and, in a postscript to our resolutions, resolved that we would have a Market-Hall and a Market-Place; and to put the matter in a tangible shape, we forthwith commenced a subscription for the purpose.

Our subscription went on swimmingly, and the requisite amount was soon raised. A committee was formed to lay it out, under whose superintendence land was bought, and a proper hall and conveniences contracted to be built and fit for occupation in three months. The whole matter was pressed on with great energy, and a day appointed for opening the fair, which we determined should continue for a week.

We proceeded to give notice to all the world, by advertising in the public newspapers, and otherwise, that an annual fair and a weekly market would in future be held in Our Village, and that the first fair would commence on a given day, and continue a week; and to it we invited all farmers, clothiers, horse-dealers, drovers, and all others having cattle or goods of any description to dispose of or to buy; and all keepers of menageries, showmen, tumblers, fiddlers, dancers, jugglers, ballad-singers, hurdygurdy players, fire-eaters, and all others capable of making fun, or willing to be amused.

Great indeed were our anticipations, and fearful the bustle of preparation! Our Market-Hall was complete a full fortnight before the time, and it was with singular satisfaction that we listened to the enquiries of strangers about our fair, and heard their account of the great influx of tradesmen and visitors that would attend it.

As the important day approached our excitement became greater, until at length the majority of us were in a perfect fever of expectation; and when, two days previous to the day appointed for opening the fair, a waggon was announced as entering Our Village, laden with commodities for sale on the occasion, our ecstasy knew no bounds. The entire population turned out on the occasion, and amidst the shouts and acclamations of the adults, and the yells and screams of the juvenile part of our community, the waggon was conveyed to the ground upon which the fair was intended to be held, and there took up a position as important in our estimation as any occupied by an army on the eve of a serious battle.

The first waggon was speedily followed by others, and the workers in linen, and in woollen, and in silk, and in cotton, and in iron, and in brass, not lacking a bountiful supply of the children of Israel, cunning in works of gold, and of silver, and precious stones (or what they pretended were such, which to us was much the same thing), poured into Our Village, and also took up allotted positions on the ground appointed for the fair.

During the whole of that day and the day following, which was the one immediately preceding the fair, and during the nights of those two days, there was a continued stream of people entering Our Village, accompanied by

conveyances of all kinds, and laden with articles of all descriptions.

A goodly company of men from Yorkshire, knowing in horses and in beeves, also attended, and brought with them a variety of stock; and there came also, in odd-looking vehicles, goods of all sorts—tents for refreshments—artists in confectionary—establishments of millinery—toy-shops—shows for the old and the young—tumblers—rope-dancers—jugglers—fortune-tellers, and all those various nondescript trades, businesses, sights, and wonders, that constitute that omnium-gatherum a country fair.

They were all marshalled in due order on the ground appointed for the fair, and thence, until the following morning, all was breathless expectation, waiting anxiously for the moment when the fair was to be opened and the fun and the carnival to commence; and so absorbed we were in this to us important business, that no inhabitant of Our Village presumed on that anxious night to close the eyes in sleep.

On the morning of the fair crowds of strangers, dressed in their holiday clothes, entered Our Village, and an assemblage of those who usually took the lead amongst us, including Adonijah and Ichabod, having gone upon the ground and formally announced the commencement of the fair, its business, its pleasures, and its frolics were not long ere they burst forth in all their glory.

Silks and satins and gay ribbons were soon seen fluttering in the air. Stalls were covered with wares of all descriptions, exhibiting the glittering variety of a bazaar with the regularity of a shop. The various showmen announced their wonderful performances in right stentorian voices, and the yelling of wild beasts, mingled with the shouts of a delighted populace and the noise of drums, trumpets, bagpipes, cymbals, gongs, fiddles, fifes, and all the other instruments that are to be found at such an assemblage—some blown with the lungs of Boreas himself, and others beat with the hearty goodwill of a Cyclops—united in forming such a dinning and stupifying noise as had never been heard in Our Village before, and, as we verily believed, never in any other place out of the infernal regions.

The various shows and exhibitions gave wonderful satisfaction. The

people were almost tickled into convulsions at the freaks of Mister Punch, but there was a company of tumblers that secured to themselves the patronage of the public by the untiring grimaces, the singular antics, and the witty drollery of their Merryandrew. He had a good-humoured joke for every body, and, singular enough, his jokes were remarkably applicable to the persons to whom addressed, or of whom uttered; and when he said nothing he looked so irresistibly droll, and moved his body about with contortions so comic, that if the spectator had the smallest particle of fun in his composition, he could not resist his inclination to laugh and be amused.

Company crowded to the booth at which the good-natured Merryandrew exhibited, and the performance within must have been quite as satisfactory as the exhibition without, for every body came out delighted; and the excellence of the performance and the special drollery of the Merryandrew became an universal theme.

Thus closed the first day of our fair. Every body appeared satisfied. The sellers had met with good sale for their goods, and the purchasers were satisfied with their bargains. Those who attended for amusement expressed themselves highly gratified, and those who furnished the amusement appeared satisfied with the remuneration they had received; and on the morning of the second day people met with pleasant faces, and made their arrangements for again pursuing the business or the amusements of the fair.

Adonijah and Ichabod, after attending the ceremony of opening the fair, had retired from the bustle; but on the second day, having heard so good an account of the first, they agreed to walk through it together, and to take Kesiah betwixt them under their joint protection.

They accordingly went and viewed all its wonders—looked at the stores of goods arranged in beautiful and tasteful order, and admired and wondered at each thing they saw, and at the vast company collected together. They strolled on, gazing at this thing and at that, until they found themselves opposite to the booth where the facetious Merryandrew was amusing a delighted audience. There he was, in all the dignity of paint and tinsel,

twisting himself about in the most singularly droll evolutions, and exhibiting a face that defied gravity herself to maintain her stoic indifference, and dealing witticisms right and left that drew forth shouts of laughter from the assembled multitude.

Adonijah and Ichabod pressed through the crowd and got to the front, with Kesiah betwixt them linking an arm with each.

Wild were the antics and the jests of the Merryandrew, and wild were the delighted screams of the spectators; but he caught a glimpse of Kesiah and her companions—his mirth ceased—he rolled off the stage on which he stood, and knelt at the feet of the group. The facetious Merryandrew was the long lost Nehemiah Wragg!

It would be in vain to attempt to describe the scene that ensued. Kesiah sank down in a swoon, and her two aged companions were in little better condition. Some friends who were present conveyed the whole party away to the house of Adonijah; and the wonderful return of Nehemiah Wragg being soon spread through the village, all the relatives on both sides were soon assembled there to satisfy themselves of the truth of his reappearance.

Nehemiah had a long tale to tell—a long account to give of sufferings and privations, and a very small per contra account of enjoyments, during the time he had been away from Our Village.

He at first, it appeared, had travelled as far from his native home as his money would enable him to do without stopping. He then got work as a farm-labourer, which, after some time, he quitted, and entered into the service of a gentleman as groom. He remained in that capacity until his master died, after which he was reduced to great distress, and joined a company of strolling players—the whole party were taken into custody, and imprisoned as rogues and vagabonds; and after his liberation he had a narrow escape of being enlisted for a soldier, but instead of that got employment as a hand in a coasting vessel. There he remained some time, at very hard work and for very little wages, and was ultimately wrecked. Quitting the sea, he assumed the original occupation of his father, and traversed the

country as an itinerant tinker, and ultimately he joined the company with which he visited Our Village, to whom his wit and drollery rendered him a valuable acquisition, though his heart was frequently ready to burst with anguish when he appeared the very personification of mirth and jollity.

During the whole time of his absence he had heard no tidings of Kesiah nor of his own family, and knowing the implacable enmity that existed betwixt his father and Adonijah, he saw little chance that good would result from any enquiry he might institute. He had, therefore, remained silent, and striven with might and main to forget Our Village and all that it contained. But that might not be; for, in the midst of his hardships, and in the hour of his deepest distress, a figure was present to his fancy, and floating visions passed before him in his dreams, bearing comfort to him, and telling him of happiness to come, and that figure was always prominent in the scenes that were at those times pictured to his imagination, and always promoted and shared in the blessings that he in fancy enjoyed.

It cannot, therefore, be surprising that when Nehemiah, by an accident, heard of the rapid increase of Our Village, and of the fair intended to be holden there, he prevailed on his companions to travel a considerable distance out of their way to attend it; trusting, as he did, that he should have some opportunity to see Kesiah, and entertaining an undefined hope that something would occur favourable to his wishes. With what did occur the reader is acquainted.

The business of the fair progressed most satisfactorily to all parties, and even the company with whom Nehemiah came to the village, although they regretted the loss of their companion, did not suffer whilst with us from his abduction, for every individual of the village appeared to make it a point of conscience to visit the scene of Nehemiah's drolleries, and thus compensated to the company for the loss of his exertions.

At length the fair was at an end, and all parties were delighted. The sellers and buyers, and the whole tribe of amusers and amusees expressed their pleasure; and we were gratified because we had gained our great point of establishing a fair. A market fol-

lowed, as a matter of course; and a fair and a market there have been from that time to this, and are likely to continue.

The bustle and excitement of our great undertaking being over, the people of Our Village had leisure to think of something else, and they rushed almost in a body to congratulate Nehemiah and Kesiah. The two families of Shufflebotham and Wragg manfully came forward to take the stroller by the hand, and placed him in business with themselves, and an immediate marriage was concluded upon betwixt the two, who, it was well known, had long been united in heart.

And such a marriage it was! No nonsensical parade—no affected postponement—no driving away to spend some time out of the sight and hearing of their friends. No!—the Wednesday after the fair was named for the wedding, and publicly announced in the village, and we all thought that we had not only a right, but that it was our bounden duty to be present.

On the morning of the wedding Nehemiah and Kesiah walked to the altar, accompanied by every one of their respective families, and followed by the entire of Our Village, man, woman, and child, that was able to walk. We considered it a holiday, and we made it a feast.

After the ceremony we all accompanied them back to the house of Adonijah Shufflebotham, and there the whole multitude pronounced a loud and a fervent blessing upon them, and departed.

Such was their wedding, and they were blessed—blessed in their fortunes, for they have been prosperous—and in their family, for they have children, who are virtuous and prosperous also.

Adonijah Shufflebotham and Icha-

bod Wragg lived several years after that, and saw their children and their children's children flourishing about them, and at length sank into the grave, full of years, and carrying with them the respect and the reverence of their survivors—a proof that although a man may commence life in error, he may, by the Divine assistance, terminate it satisfactorily.

Nehemiah and Kesiah are still living, though life is with them getting into the sere and yellow leaf. Nehemiah has partly retired from active business, in order to make way for his sons.

In the mean-time the prosperity of the two families of Shufflebotham and Wragg has gone on increasing, and various intermarriages have taken place amongst them, so that they have, in more respects than one, become one united family.

The prosperity of Our Village has gone on in the same ratio, and many improvements have taken place. Our Village is made the centre of a parish by Act of Parliament, and we have only just escaped being made a borough.

Our trade and our manufactures have increased; we have lighted our streets with gas, and we intend to lay down a railway to connect us with some important place; but we cannot at present make up our minds as to the particular place with which we will be connected.

In the midst of our prosperity and our change there are very few now left who know any thing, even by tradition, of the origin of Our Village; and as the writer of this considers himself to be nearly the last possessed of that information, he has thus recorded it for the benefit and edification of the future generations who may become Our Village's inhabitants.

LETTERS OF AN ATTACHÉ.

THE CORONATION.

London, June 26.

MY DEAR APTHORPE,

I HAVE several hundred times repented of my promise to tell you all I shall have heard, felt, and understood during the London "glorious days" of June; so fortunate a companionship for our three "glorious days" of July. However, I at length have braced up my indolence for the task, and if you find it intolerable, ennuyant, detestable, &c., let yourself and your importunity bear the blame. In revenge, I *shall* tell you every thing as it occurred, every thing as I saw it, every thing that came before me, new, odd, or extravagant, in a scene which was new even to the English, and in a country where every thing was new to your very diligent, very devoted, and, at present, very much tired friend.

Cards for the ceremony of the young Queen's putting on the diadem had been sent to the ambassador for distribution among us. But, as it was left to our own choice to use them or not; as I had imbibed an alarming idea of sitting for twelve mortal hours in a cold cathedral, larger than Notre Dame, and as (you will own the final reason to be irresistible) I had been strongly tempted by the beautiful Lady B—— to solicit the ambassador for one of his tickets, and had failed, I was only too happy to lay mine at the lady's feet, and trust to my own in the streets for the day.

To acquaint my inexperience with the *locale*, I walked down the principal avenues which the programme marked for the procession a couple of days before. This was the 26th of June, the day first appointed for the ceremony. But the Tories, who assist the Cabinet in all cases of difficulty, and settle the affairs of the Government on all occasions at their will, assisted them on this, and ordered that they should postpone the procession till the 28th, thus saving them from one of the sullen and rainy days of the season, and appointing one of the finest in its stead. In Paris we have a good

deal of the advantages of an Opposition, but the English are our masters in politics still, and it will be long before ours can bespeak sunshine and settle the weather.

One of the things that struck me most on my first arrival in London was the immensity of the multitude, and its perpetual action. I involuntarily asked myself a hundred times, where do all these people come from? how do they exist? or what business is it that keeps them in this eternal movement? The idea of any one's hiring a couple of straw chairs and sitting down to look round him, in one of the streets, probably never came into the head of any individual of the million and a half who rush hourly along the tide of life in London. Even the coffeehouses have no idlers gaping round the doors, or sipping ices and lemonade within. All is done as a matter of business. There are even no idlers in the Parks, the Tuilleries and Champs Elysees of this monster-metropolis. There the passengers are as much in motion as every where else, and except at the hour when the world of fashion ride for an appetite before dinner, there is no promenade. Sunday makes a distinction, but then the Englishman walks, only because he has nothing to run after. In short, London is as unlike Paris as possible—a vast locomotive engine.

But for the week before the coronation the crowd was overwhelming; the provinces poured their flow into the capital, the coaches and diligences from the country were packed up with men, women, and children, like waggons with bales and boxes; they were huge beehives flying at the rate of ten miles an hour. Steam-boats, railroads, canals, all were in activity, and all pouring the country population into the streets. It was calculated that they added nearly half a million to the daily numbers of London.

Though it rained, blew, and gloomed with what Voltaire called the "usual

severity of the English summer," I amused myself for a while by looking at the progress of the preparations. The English are not so expert at turning cities inside out as we are. And Paris would have been converted into a city of bandboxes, or have exhibited a hundred palaces of lath, tapestry, and painted calico fit for as many Emperors; or have run up a dozen amphitheatres of Titus, with all their flags, embroidered canopies, and all the lions and tigers of the *Jardin des Plantes* gamboling in their arenas, before John Bull was able to disfigure one of his old brick-built streets. But it was done at last; and by the help of planks, enough to have stripped a Norwegian forest of all its pines, of vast quantities of canvass and calico, and of zealous carpentering for a week together, London began to look unlike itself, and like a Continental city on a fête day. This finery made it look odd, without making it look gay. The nature of the place predominated over the powers of the brush and the hammer.

Your friend Charles D. and I employed ourselves in imagining what the venerable city of *rost bif* and smoke most resembled in its new costume and its ancient gravity. He said that it was most like the Bœuf Gras, that most honest of beasts, and most capital specimen of its kind, covered from horn to hoof with ribbons and garlands, yet seeming utterly regardless of the honour, and going through the show with all the original seriousness of his character. Another suggestion was that of a company of the Banlieu preparing for a review in the Champ de Mars; the gentlemen of the trowel, the forge, and the milk-pail, adopting the sword, the sash, and the shako, and marching to the sound of trumpet and drum with the dignity of Sunday saviours of their country. Or, most questionable and flattering of all, our venerable and excellent acquaintance, Madame La Contesse, investing herself with the costume of that fairest of the fashionable, and most fashionable of the fair, that pride of ambassadors, Madame De Hon, and forgetting the fifty years interval between her and beauty, going to a fancy ball at the Tuilleries in silk-web draperies and silver wings, as *Psyche*. Such was our contrivance for escaping the recollection that we were walking

through some of the heaviest showers that I have seen even in this showery country.

Still the carpentering, the nailing up of canvass, and the torrents of rain went on with equal activity. The sulky-looking streets were rapidly transforming into the look of a vast booth at a vast fair, and it wanted nothing but the canals, we had water enough, and the masquers, to imagine ourselves a thousand miles from the huge city of London, and preparing for the carnival in the Piazza di San Marco, in Venice, the lovely, the delicious, and alas! the dying.

A large party at the hotel of the embassy. The Marshal's arrival has been the signal for throwing off that intolerable darkness which seems to be the etiquette of ambassadorship in this region of tempests. The people are, like their climate, calm, of the most overwhelming calmness, and to be roused by nothing but a war or a revolution. Since I have come here, the spirit of the season, or the country, had sunk me at least fifty degrees in the thermometer. The mercury rapidly approached zero. What was to be done, where a ball scarcely once a month, a drawing-room scarcely once a quarter, and the closed windows and doors of every embassy for six months in the year together, made life one long funeral procession? In Paris, under such circumstances, we should have an *emeute*, nothing else could restore the circulation of the blood. In Italy we should go upon the stage. In Vienna we should smoke opium and swallow sour-kroust. In Stamboul we should break into the Harem, or take the Grand Turk by the beard; any thing either to extinguish our sensibilities, or to stimulate them. But here the English are a provident nation. Till my residence at the embassy I did not perceive the use of their multitude of canals! But the Marshal's ambassadorship-extraordinary has promised us a change; saved your friend from the necessity of plunging himself and his crimes together into the bottom of one of those watery receptacles for *attachés* tired of life, and saved you from receiving as a last legacy my opera-glass, the payment of my debts, and the honour of discharging my pension to—, instead of these little despatches from the very

court of all the muses and graces, all presiding over the *beaux jours* of young queens.

“ Mais cette belle voix, et ces beaux yeux,
Sont à moi trop dangereux ;
Et je suis triste quand je prie
Bannissons la Melancholie ! ”

However, I am not one of the royal suitors.
Yours, &c.

“ And now to bed, to bed, to bed, —
Melanch. ”

June 28.

I went last night to see the “ Coronation.” This, too, twelve hours before its existence. But I hate to be taken by surprise in any thing, and as one of the suburb theatres exhibited all the glories of English royalty in advance, I ordered my cabriolet, and enjoyed its trumpets, drums, huzzas, and horses, by anticipation. Nothing could be more loyal and laughable. The house, perfectly *suburban*, a phrase which, as you have no such idea in Paris or any where else on the continent, implies at once showy and squalid, tremendous dancing, and sometimes very pretty figurantes actors; every thing that is outrageous, and audiences good-humoured a *Centraux*, grumbling only when they insist on the encore of some song, which would break the voices and the hearts of all the Italians on earth, and bursting out into laughter in the very depths of melodrama.

I went to bed with my eyes full of stage-lights, tinsel, and odd faces, and dreamed that I was ambassador-extraordinary on a mission to marry the daughter of the great Mogul by proxy to the Emperor of Mexico. A shower of diamonds was poured upon me by the magnificent father-in-law, and, choking with brilliancy, I woke, and found my valet standing, coffee in hand, by my bed-side, and shaking me from my slumber, to say that it was five in the morning, and all the world was up !

As it was not well to continue in rear of all the world, I rose, and after despatching the trivialities which make us fit to mingle in the presence of our fellow men, I went to look for the house of our friend D—, if, with its new gown and petticoat of calico, and mask of planks and paint, I should be able to recognise it again. My valet had told me truth, but he had not told me the whole truth. The day had begun with gloom, the gloom soon deepened into rain, and all

threatened wofully for the canvass-houses, and for the fair myriads who were so soon to take up their abode in them. But all London set the elements at defiance; all was in motion; the principal streets were a perpetual line of life, a gulf-stream of man, woman, and child, all hurrying in the same direction—towards the west. The movement was almost à *Corso*, with carriages crowding after each other and flying along, filled with women fashionably dressed; here and there an officer of rank enjoying the luxury of a whole vehicle to himself, and looking contemptuously enough on the pedestrians on the *trottoir*. But, except for the crowd, the streets looked as gloomy as the weather; the shops were all shut, and as the shops form all the show of London, and as they are shut only on Sundays, or on the days of Royal funerals, coronations being rare visitants, a stranger suddenly dropped on this globe of ours would have had only his choice of conjecturing that the middle of the week had suddenly jumped back to the beginning, or that there was a new *hiatus* in the House of Hanover.

But, when I reached the scene of the royal programme, the gloom was all past. Round me were the faces, the bonnets, the hats, and the clamours of at least a hundred thousand people. From the spot where the bronze statue of the first Charles looks down the vista, at whose end he lost his head, all before me was a sea of heads and all in full motion. Some taking their places on the scaffoldings raised in front of the houses; some mounting the posts of the gas lamps, which then bore the true illuminations of the age, whatever might be the state of their coats and breeches; some fixing themselves steadily in positions on the *trottoir*, with the desperate determination not to be unfixed for four or five solid hours; and others, like myself, elbowing their way through the mul-

titude to the houses where their places had been kept. Whatever Charles and his charger might have thought of the vista, to me it was remarkably lively. As far as the eye could glance all was a succession of waving banners, the flags of every nation, and of none, hung out from balconies; scaffold above scaffold, looking in the distance like vast tents, of every colour of the rainbow; the roofs of the houses crested with groups of gathering spectators, which, still rather scattered, and looking loungingly below, might at that distance have been taken for scattered statues. At that moment, too, a regiment of heavy cavalry entered the street, to take up its place in the procession; and the glitter of their brass helmets, their scarlet coats, and the prancing of their handsome horses, gave the mass exactly the relief which the eye of a painter would have desired. The sun, too, threw in an auspicious burst, and the long column of the cavalry under it looked like a stream of fire working its way through a stubborn and sullen-coloured soil.

We Frenchmen have heard so much of the buffalo spirit of John Bull, that I had prepared myself for a tough struggle. But I made my way with tolerable ease, neither fought, nor was challenged to the combat; was neither trampled to death, nor called a frog-eating villain for not having English for my mother tongue. On the contrary, I escaped without either proving my heroism or being forced to deny my country. Frenchman as I was I passed on, saw every thing that I wanted to see; went every where, during the day, where I wished to go, and preserved my limbs and my conscience entire, till I took them both with me to bed.

My first movement had all the precipitation of fear. D——'s house was at the bottom of the immense *cul de sac* before me. I feared for my place, my breakfast, and my corporeal existence. I plunged on accordingly. But I reached our friend's with such comparative ease that, like all who are alarmed without cause, on *getting rid* of my alarm, I adopted the perilous course of leaving my proper balcony, and again returning into the crowd, and seeing all that was to be seen before the arrival of the pageant.

Yet I had some compunctions on

the subject. You know D——'s hospitality. On this day it shone. His English father gave him the taste for *pieces de resistance*, solid masses of every thing eatable which distinguishes the native of this country. His French mother gave him the propensity to enjoy every thing enjoyable, which follows the native of ours every where, from Paris to Kamschatka. His house to-day was a complete refectory. Its tables would have made one of the fathers of the Chartreuse break his vow of eating nothing but pulse, or have satisfied the superb longings of a cardinal. They were piled with such luxuries as London can muster; I admit, not such as the Paris *cuisine* would produce to be proud of, but very well notwithstanding. We first had been summoned to breakfast. The English, it must be acknowledged, breakfast well. They even exhibit some taste in the arrangement. Other nations overload the table, or starve the sitters. In England there is the happy medium. Tea, coffee, toast, and eggs, with a few slices of ham, intermixed with wings of chickens, form the *juste milieu*. All beyond spoils the appetite, occupies attention, and degenerates into dinner. As for us, Frenchmen never breakfast, except where we take our chocolate in a *café*. As the ladies never make their appearance in the morning, and as we never do any thing without them, our mornings pass in picking our teeth, tying our neckcloths, and calculating when we are to dine. The formality of breakfasting is therefore out of the question.

At the tables was another feature equally novel to a Frenchman, and captivating to all the world. Between forty and fifty ladies, generally young, for the matrons had probably been scared by the prospect of an ultra-squeezing; generally pretty, all very handsomely costumed, and all in full smiles, sat down to the table. The gentlemen at first did themselves the honour of supplying those fair creatures with all that was necessary for their appetites, whose delicacy, fine and fashionable as it was, was not altogether proof against the singularity of rising at six o'clock instead of noon, and of inhaling the morning air instead of the midnight effluvia of the ball-

room. When the ladies had sipped and smiled to the extent of their inclinations, they retired, and the gentlemen took their places. In this happy alternation of indulgences we spent an hour or two, and if the English proverb is true, that "a good beginning is half the battle," a proverb, in my opinion, much superior to the tardiness of the old Roman saw, that "it is the *end* which crowns the mark," the gaiety of the morning's meal gave promise of a goodly day.

I am determined to say no more of the rain. But, once for all, I must say, that if the whole body of the London citizens had been one mighty glass tube, and the whole circulation within it quicksilver, the multitude could not have exhibited more susceptibility to every passing cloud. Half a million of eyes were turned every half minute upon the sky, and, as if to tantalize them, that sky was a perpetual succession of clouds and sunshine. Below me the street was lined with a detachment of the Foot Guards. The officers put on their blue cloaks, and made themselves ready for a winter campaign. A smart shower came down. The hubbub of the streets instantly subsided into silence. John Bull drew his hat across his brows, and awaited the deluge with the fortitude of one prepared to be drowned on the spot but not to be moved. To reward his constancy, I suppose, the face of the sky finally changed, the sun blazed forth, every countenance was lighted up along with it, and from that moment commenced a lovely day—a day made expressly for this national festivity.

I now sallied forth in good earnest, and directed my march to the Queen's palace, naturally the centre of all attraction. I found the Park in which it stands crowded; a detachment of artillery posted in view of the palace to fire salutes; bodies of cuirassiers at intervals, and the infantry of the Royal Guards under arms.

You have asked me what kind of monster is this palace? I have not now time to talk of it; but the descriptions which reached us in Paris were ridiculously *en caricature*. It is certainly not a planet among palaces, nor even a meteor. But it has merits much superior to any thing that I had been taught to expect. It is even a showy edifice, elegant in its con-

ception, and finished in its details. But its position is unfortunate. It touches a suburb filled with steam-engines and chimneys enough to blacken ten palaces. The Parthenon, in *its* site, would have worn a robe of soot in a week. The temple of Luxor would have looked like a colossal blacksmith's shop. The palace of Queen Victoria is, therefore, *any thing* but an emblem of her innocence. It is the atrabilious reverse of "Candidior nive," and has the look of one hackneyed in the ways, and those the most fuliginous ways, of the world. The plan, too, is no more fortunate than the position. It forms three sides of a square, the next deformity to four. The wings thus effect the purpose directly opposite to that of all other wings of earth, or air, if that be lightness. Those wings darken and depress. After all, the most graceful, as well as the noblest of all ornaments to a great palace is the colonnade. Connecting the outer buildings with the body of the edifice, they are the pen-feathers, the strength and decoration of the wing together. Whether smooth or fluted, whether surmounted with the severe beauty of the Ionic capital, or the luxuriance of the Composite, they are always a charm: and the chief fault of the palace of the young English Queen is, that it sacrifices this truly Greek spell to sullen magnitude and heavy solidity.

But the view in front is pretty and gentle; a sort of Tuilleries garden, but without the statues, but with what is infinitely more refreshing to the eye—a sheet of water, broken by one or two little islands; primitive spots, whose only inhabitants are waterfowl. The Englishman shows in every thing that he is born surrounded by the sea. Wherever he is surrounded by the land, he makes a mimic ocean, indulges his amphibious instincts by a pond in front, and fabricates a little St George's Channel at the bottom of his garden.

Far be it from me to decry our Tuilleries, the multitude of days which I have spent under its shades in that most delightful of all occupations, doing nothing; the quantity of newspaper lucubrations from the pens of all our *illuminati*, from Armand Carrel, down to the incarcerated editors of the Tribune, while I was imbibing the glorious science of politics at two sous a

day; and the half-million of black, brown, demi-brown, and blonde of the makers of human finery and soothers of human cares, who pour through the little groves in an uninterrupted stream of sportiveness, smiles, and short petticoats, have made it to me classic ground. Still it does not engross *all* the loveliness of the globe. Its marble heroes, rude as they may be, its stunted trees, its fishes gasping for water, its loungers gasping for air, and its philosophers gasping for news, revolutions, and young Napoleon, do not altogether supersede the velvet softness and showery green of even this English promenade, this quiet and cool water-giving quietness and coolness to every thing round it; the trees, which, young as they are, seem never to have worn the stays which make our French trees look so prodigiously well-behaved; all have a sense of Nature's having her own way that I am beginning to like. I almost doubt whether the spot would be much improved by a naked Meleager exhibiting his attitudes in the purest marble before an equally naked Atalanta, or even the three "Graces of Canova," as palpable as the most unhesitating chisel could make them, and revealing to the eyes of *La Nation Boutiquière* those Parian proportions which were once reserved for the *petits soupers* of Olympus.

But now trumpets and drums began to sound. The plot was evidently thickening, and I made my way to the esplanade in front of the palace; the display here was brilliant. A triumphal arch, exactly modelled on ours in the Place du Carousal, placed, with equal bad taste, as a gateway to the palace, and differing from it only in having cost twice the money, and being the repetition of an error, bore upon its summit the national flag, attended by sailors, its natural guardians. Oneither side were lofty scaffoldings, crowded with ladies, the palace roof had its share of spectators; and every eye was fixed on the portico from which the young sovereign was to descend.

One of the most remarkable features of the whole ceremonial was the presence of the Foreign Ambassadors. These functionaries abound at the English Court. They came flocking from every corner of the earth. Nations unheard of till within these half dozen years, and whose political con-

cerns consist in cutting off the heads of a whole dynasty when they grow tired of them with their heads on, fortunate for the national honour if they do not roast and eat them; republics whose existence began last month, and will close the next, all send diplomatists here to represent the high interests of their country, and cultivate their own by dining and dancing at Court and every where else that they can. But on this occasion *we*, always the masters of the ceremonies to the great *Salle de Danse* of Europe, *we*, *par excellence* the nation of gallantry, had the honour of setting the example of homage to the sex,—we resolved to send our oldest and baldest Marshal to dance before the pretty Queen Victoria.

Our gallantry, too, was of some service. The ambassadorial faculty chiefly consisting in two points, keeping secrets that every one knows, and religiously respecting ceremonies that all the world besides have exploded; the proposal that those solemn personages should go in the procession, produced a universal shudder. Etiquette was in despair, the whole body of *attachés* were ordered to prepare themselves for the last extremities, and their principals were ready to die, portfolio in hand, rather than to hazard this unheard of innovation. Old Soult had the merit of bringing them to their senses. Whether he used his old argument of the sabre and the cannon, that "ultima ratio" which the republicans learned so quickly from the kings, and the pupils handsomely paid back upon their teachers; or whether he appealed to such understandings as nature has given to Austrians, Prussians, Swedes, and Spaniards, are among the secrets of their function, and are to be kept in profound secrecy till any living man shall trouble himself about the matter. Probably he suggested that, as it was the purpose of their mission to be present at the performance in the metropolitan Cathedral, and as they could go by no other way than the streets, they might as well go along with her Majesty as without her. At all events, they came to the determination of joining the file, first mentally protesting against the breach of etiquette, and severally, as I am told, sending off couriers to enquire of their Courts, what was to be done in this formidable emergency,—

an emergency which was to be over before an answer of any kind could be received.

However, the gallant Marshal led the way on this occasion, as he had done on so many others, and the diplomatists-extraordinary ordered their equipages to follow the stream, a principle which is the essence of all success in diplomacy, as well as in all things of this life.

My next movement was to pass in review their equipages, drawn up in the Bird-Cage Walk, now a wide and public road, but once a retired path where Charles II., the brother of our St Germain's King, a hundred and fifty years ago, used to take his morning's promenade, attended by his courtiers and spaniels, two races of animals which, differing in the number of their legs, agreed in several capital points, the only exceptions of which I know any thing being that the spaniels, though they fondle, do not flatter; and though they may bite now and then, never betray.

The carriages were fully worth the trouble of looking at them. They were certainly superb affairs. John Bull is supposed to be the best of coach-makers and the worst of politicians; to be unequalled in building an equipage, and the worst in constructing a treaty, of any man in existence. But time seems to equalize all things; and as we have within these later years certainly arrived at the art of making the most ridiculous of possible treaties, we have almost reached him in the art of panels, harness, and hammer-cloths. The Marshal's carriage was a prodigiously glittering creation. A cornice of fretted and flowered silver a foot high surrounded its top. The solitary star of the Legion of Honour blazed on its blue panels; half extinguished every where else, it flashed from its blue escutcheon as from a sky. The Marshal had the good taste to allow no competitor to rival it, among the fifty orders which he had conquered or commanded from the trembling courts of the continent. His baton was the only additional emblem. But it was enough.

The other carriages were of Spanish and Portuguese, Austrian and Russian grandeeism. Inside sat uniforms of every conceivable embroidery, spangled with every conceivable order. The wearers were all but in-

visible. Moustache, whisker, and chin-tuft accomplished this object for their faces, and I was content with the privation.

As the time was approaching when the procession was to move, I returned to our friend's house. The streets had now assumed a new appearance. The moving crowd moved no longer, it had formed solid masses on the *trottoir*; the police force had taken their stand along the line in front of the masses; the troops were spread in front of the police; the space in the centre was gravelled over, and kept clear for the carriages; and what was infinitely more to the purpose, in the way of ornament, the ladies had taken their places in the balconies. This view was worth all that I had seen, and worth all the gilded carriages that I ever hope to see.

Let me pause a moment to recover my breath, and I shall give you my final opinion of the beauty of Englishwomen. They are the only women in the world who can venture to show their faces in daylight! Let this be said without any undue qualification of my homage for foreign beauty in general, and French beauty in particular.

* Quoi! — Neron est il amoureux?

Depuis un moment; mais pour toute ma vie,
J'aime mieux dis-je aimer: j'illolatre Junie."

But it was made for the light of chandeliers. Its poignancy, like gunpowder, sleeps until it is touched by flame. It is a fine picture, but the picture requires to be placed in the right position, to be shaded by draperies, and coloured by contrast, and a hundred other ingenuities, which amply exercise the taste and talents of the possessor. In fact, its finest effect is like every other fine thing in our country; it is theatrical. The scene must not be approached too near, nor glared on with too much light, nor dimmed with too little—but the lamps are essential, and then we have nothing to do but to gaze, and be—undone.

For an hour or two we had amused ourselves with the spectacle of the carriages conveying the nobility to the Cathedral. Next to the women, by far the finest things in England are the horses. The Duke of Northumberland's steeds, covered with blue ribbons, the Duke of Devonshire's,

the Duke of Buccleuch's, and a multitude of others, were superb animals. And the prices given for them are superb. An English gentleman, who seemed fully conversant with such matters, told me that the Duchess of Kent's horses cost each upwards of 8000 francs ! But those English nobles are the richest in the world. Many of them could buy a German principality, prince and all, and even their tenth class could swallow up a dozen of our majorats. This enormous opulence arises from two things, the possession of pedigree, and the absence of pride. Some of the noble families reach back to the Normans, and are like mighty rivers whose course is perpetually swelled by smaller rivers falling into their course. Those families gradually become the deposit of a succession of minor families. But when the English noble family decays in its exchequer, it seldom exhibits any scruple whatever, to recruit its losses by an alliance with the commercial classes. A handsome girl is not thought the worse of for bringing a couple of millions of francs in her hand. She gains her grand object, a title; the honest trader who has made her dower gains his grand object, the honour of having a peer for a son-in-law ; the peer gains his grand object, a sum sufficient to pay off the incumbrances of the family estate ; and the bargain thus pleases every body but the maiden aunts and the Herald's College, for whom nobody cares.

As I stood at one of the windows, looking down over a whole parterre of bonnets and beauties in front, at the endless stream of showy vehicles which carried the *élite* of England to the Abbey, I happened to say something implying a doubt of the Marshal's reception by the populace. "The higher ranks of your country," I observed to a solid-looking Englishman, who was uneasily standing on a bench to make the same experiment over my shoulders, for we were crowded like pigeons in a coop, "will doubtless treat him with the respect due to his rank, but the people in the streets, what will they do ?"

"I shall undertake to say," was the reply, "that they will treat him better than even the higher ranks, if he has the sense to prefer cordiality to ceremony."

"But he has fought against them so long."

"They like him the better for it. He has fought stoutly, and you cannot get nearer to John Bull's heart, than by showing that you have a stout heart of your own."

"But your newspapers are at this moment attacking his talents as a soldier, and discussing over again the battle of Thoulouse."

"Well, who can help them ? The newspapers don't care a pin's-head upon the subject, nor do the people. But newspapers are like those policemen before you, they flourish their staves to show that they can knock down upon occasion ; or, like the wild beasts in the Zoological Gardens, they roar to remind you of their existence, and show their teeth to tell you that they want something to eat. But, sir, with all respect for your country, I never met a Frenchman who could be persuaded that every peevish paragraph in a London newspaper was not a declaration of war, and that the writer was not a Secretary of State."

"But your graver publications, your Reviews, have taken up the subject, and angrily too."

"Well, and who can help the Reviews ? We have no censorship here, and every one who has an opinion may give it, and this very license breaks off the point of the sting. Who cares for an opinion, when it is only one of a million of opinions ? A man in a garret thinks your Marshal the greatest general that the sun ever shone upon. A man in a drawing-room, with a Turkey carpet, and an ormolu inkstand, thinks that he does not know a musket from a pocket-pistol. A man in a printing office to-day compares him to Marlborough and Turenne, next day he pronounces that he is not fit to carry their knapsacks. Who cares for all this ? Besides, to do the English papers justice, they did not begin. A pamphleteer on the other side of the water opened the ball, sank Wellington to the dust, and lifted Soult up to the skies. This put the match to the gun, and off it went."

"Yes, the beginning of the skirmish I allow to have been French. But the pamphleteer was so obscure, his reasons were so absurd, and the whole was so evidently the work of Jacobinism to sour the people of England

against the Marshal, and the Marshal against the people, that English sagacity should have seen through the scheme and despired it."

"Perhaps so; they certainly ought to have shown more temper than to care about such tricks. But the bulldog lives for fighting; show him the bull, and whether it is for sport or slaughter he flies at it. As for the battle of Thoulouse, the whole affair has been over nearly a quarter of a century; three-fourths of all men alive were born since and know nothing about it; the other fourth have forgotten it, excepting old women and lords of the bedchamber. We might as well abuse each other for the wars of the Edwards, or quarrel about the chivalry of Amadis de Gaul."

The trumpets of the squadrons leading the procession were now heard, and all eyes were turned to its entrance into the street. It looked as fine as plumes, cuirasses, chasseurs, and valets all over gilding, and carriages hung all over with chasseurs and valets, could look; it was an endless column of all kinds of brilliancy glittering under a cloudless sun. As the principal equipages passed, and were recognised, the populace gave them huzzas, more or less loud according to their favouritism. The Duchess of Kent, as the Queen's mother, shared largely in the huzzas. The Duke of Sussex, as her uncle, shared still more largely, his relationship and his radicalism combining. But among this moving panorama of princes, by far the most warmly applauded was Soult. My English friend looked at me with a face of triumph at the success of his prediction. "I told you how it would be," said he. "Yes," was my answer, "your nation knows how to pay the rights of hospitality."

"Not an atom of it," said this intractable Cicerone. "Do you think that these fellows below are for any thing of the kind? Not they; they are merely indulging in the national curiosity; and they are not the worse for that neither. Every man of them has heard of Soult, and every man is trying to get a sight of his weather-beaten face. They know him to be a brave old soldier, and they don't care a feather whether he fought against them or for them. To do them justice, they never think of the blow after the battle; and whether the affair is a

boxing-match or a campaign, no people on earth are more ready to shake hands when all is over, and say no more about it."

After this homely exposition of the soul of John Bull, how shall I rise to the description of the pomp within the Abbey. I shall not attempt the difficulty. I must leave it to your vivid imagination to conceive all that is conceivable on such subjects—the splendour, the loyalty, the embroidered robes of the Duchess of Sutherland, and the diamond stomacher of Prince Esterhazy, whose outer man on this day, I understand, has been valued by the authorities on such subjects at a quarter of a million sterling. Never was a noble so well worth running away with. Never was a prince whose value would be so vexatiously diminished by his returning to those times of simplicity when coats and waistcoats were unknown. However, he is a favourite here, for reasons less sparkling, perhaps, than his wardrobe, but not less important to his mission. The newspapers will tell you all the formal proceedings of the day. The ceremony is the same in all its chief features with our own. The Pope, however, neither comes across the Alps for it, nor are the Cardinals an essential part of the performance. But the whole is ecclesiastical in the highest degree. The prelates are the managers—every part of the crowning is performed by the hands of archbishops and bishops. The laity, peers, Privy Councillors, and even Ministers stand at an awful distance while the Sovereign receives the diadem from the hands of the Church, and pledges herself to its privileges for ever and ever. When the golden circlet is laid on the royal brow the Peerage place their coronets on their own, and shout, having nothing else to do. A roar of artillery announced the auspicious act to the multitude without, and was answered by acclamations. We next heard the answering roar of cannon from their different positions round the city; and then the day of pomp was done. The Queen retired, followed by the coroneted crowd, the pageantry disappeared like phantoms, and a philosopher, looking at the sudden clearance of the scarlet benches, might have moralized on the vanity of human things, though at the imminent hazard of being locked in for the night.

If he had, his philosophy would have cost him more than his supper—for the night was even more amusing than the day. London was one blaze of illumination. Stars that eclipsed all their namesakes in the skies, flashed from the fronts of numberless buildings. Inscriptions of fire, portraits framed in flaming rainbows, all the miracles of lamps and gas were in full vigour, and the night closed with fireworks from various commanding points, which, at a distance, gave the idea of a general conflagration of the metropolis, and which, if the astronomers of the moon happened to have been awake at the hour, must have given them materials for many a paper of erudite absurdity in their "*Mémoires de l'Institut*," or immortalized some Lunarian Buckland.

I am now writing at midnight. A million or two of sleepers are dreaming of the day, within the horizon of chimneys from my window. All now is still. How curious a magic is it

which, shutting at once the heart, the brain, and the eyes of an empire, makes ambition innocent, pleasure stingless, gaming dull, and money light as air; makes the young Queen forget that she has this day worn a crown worth three millions of francs, and that a hundred dukes and princes are sighing to lay their caps and coronets at her footstool; hushes even Grisi's trumpet-tones; makes Taglioni's twinkling feet as stiff as marble, and extinguishes all things for the time but policemen and parliamentary orators, the peace-makers and peace-breakers of that system of refined barbarism which we call civilized society. Thus in solitude, and reflections worthy of an ultra-philosopher, have I finished one day. I think the ghost of Titus stands before me, and bids me go to bed. Or Burrhus himself, inspired by our immortal bard, exclaims,

"Plût aux dieux, que ce fut le dernier de ses crimes!"

THE REVIEW.

July 5.

DEAR ALPHONSE—

Since the coronation London has been a round of entertainments—ballets in the public gardens—fêtes at the palace—and dinners at the ambassadors'. The eternal succession has absorbed all our faculties. The life of a diplomatist in this country is no trifle. Between trying to recollect the faces of the well-dressed multitude to whom you are perpetually introduced, and to whom you must afterwards bow on pain of death; sitting out three interminable courses every day; and afterwards either doing the honours of the embassy at home, or doing your own abroad, in the midst of some nightly thousands, with the thermometer at 90 degrees, and Musard's band stunning you with Polonaises for twelve hours together, I have had serious thoughts of abandoning all hope of being minister for foreign affairs in my time, and retiring to the comparative solitudes of Paris.

But, to-day, we have had something of a higher kind to take off a little of our ennui. The English artillery, taken as a whole, is known to be one of the finest corps in their army. The

English themselves speak of it as the finest corps in Europe. I had, accordingly, some curiosity to see its performances: not that I have quite got rid of that salutary idea which makes a Frenchman in every part of the globe think that France can do every thing better than any other people, but that the remarkable calmness with which an Englishman generally makes an assertion has some effect in making you believe it to be a fact. The want of this calmness does us prodigious harm in the matter of imposing on mankind. We throw too much passion into our statement to win credulity. I never could fully believe an Italian upon any subject whatever; his visage worked too strongly for the purpose, his arms and legs were in too much muscular convulsion, his voice was too high; in short, he made my conviction so much an affair of his soul and body, that my confidence instinctively hung back; but when he proceeded to tear his hair, scream, and dance about the room, I set it down for a fiction at once. Why should any man put all this machinery in motion when the fact was

strong enough of itself? Here the composure of the Englishman has all the advantage. If he acts the knave, he does it with all the look of perfect indifference to the effect; he tells his tale, and leaves you to take it just as you may; he suppresses all the advocate, and you accept him as the historian. But—*à nos montans*.

As the review was to be some miles from London, at the chief station of the artillery in England, I rose two hours before my time, breakfasted with unusual despatch, and, after discharging those petty cares of the toilet which form so important a part of our duty, I ordered my horse, and, exactly at an hour before noon, galloped towards the scene. You will have to learn that, though Woolwich, the place of rendezvous, is perhaps three leagues from what is called London, it is actually almost a part of this monster-metropolis—a monster which is evidently proceeding to devour every field for fifty miles round; and which will soon make a blade of grass as remarkable a curiosity to the eyes of the citizens as a rhinoceros. The road, though broad, level, and admirably kept in order, as are all the high-roads of this country, was lined through the chief part of the distance with houses—some of those *quinquilles*, surmounted with full-length paintings of Wellington, Howe, Mi Lord Grey, and other warlike and civil lights and disturbers of this restless world; the paintings, of course, wholly inferior to our French signs, for we are excellent in mediocrity, but exhibiting all the honour that could be given by remorseless embroidery and gigantic epaulettes. At intervals rows of private houses, called by the general name of terraces, stretched along, and now and then a pretty villa peeped from its bowery trellises and silvan shades, as if to remind the passenger that he was not still in the heart of the most inordinate collection of brick on the face of the earth.

The visitants, including all the foreign Ambassadors, all their suites, military and civil, a crowd of generals, and a following crowd of fashionable people, in dashing equipages, now began to pour along. The inhabitants of the houses on both sides flocked to their windows in their best apparel; we thus had a preliminary review of our own; and if popular curiosity could stamp

popular distinction, many a man, as simple as your friend, became unconsciously a public character. The cavalcade continued to rush on, now and then a little impeded by the obstinacy of some noble driver of a barouche and four, who insisted on taking his own way, and overtaking every body's else; the sight of a dragoon posted across the road to prevent our running out of the train; or the approach of some supereminent personage to whom all the inferior world were bound to yield. I myself drew up in succession to a shoal of Ambassadors, took off my cap with all humility to his Highness of Nemours, who rushed by me on a fierce, fast-trotting English horse, too rapidly, I fear, to have been sensible of my loyalty in a strange land, and made a salaam, worthy of a dragoman, to his Highness Mahommed Ben Ali Ben Uglou, representative of the Sublime Porte, and through him representative of the Sun and Moon. He was worthy of the magnitude of his mission; long-bearded and grim, equally vast and venerable, with the look of a dreamer and diplomatist of the first water; the whole idea, however, much diluted by a pair of spectacles. What necessity can those Tartars have for such contrivances of an effeminate civilisation? The Turcoman sees a caravan fifty miles off, or shoots his man at a mile off without spectacles. The Tartar rides a hundred miles a-head, through swamp, sand, forest, and mountain, straight as an arrow; finds his way from the Wall of China to the battlements of Astracan, and robs a province, or overruns an empire, without them. It is only in cities, among the enfeebled sons of Europe, or this supreme generation of elegance who love debility for its own sake, that such appendages can become necessary. The Turk ought to wear them no more than the American Indian. Savages alike, and differing only by the difference between a cachemere shawl and a painted skin, they ought to be alike contemptuous of every thing that can impair the original dignity of their nature. The Moslem's spectacles spoiled my homage for the man of the scymitar. I looked no more even at the head of Mohammed.

The review ground lies beyond Woolwich, part of it along the banks of the Thames, which here are low, and part of it on an elevated plain inland.

The day happened to be remarkably fine; bright, without the intolerable heat with which the English summer generally qualifies its fine days, and which makes it a matter of prudence not to be too eager in wishing to get rid of its native fog and rain. This fog and rain, too, have the effect of giving the soil that proverbial verdure, which I am beginning to think the most delicious feature of any landscape whatever. My eyes have been so burned out with the hard, dry, turmeric-coloured fields of the Continent, from the first day when the primrose peeps from its leaf, to the day when the trees of the forest, like our belles of Paris, dress for winter, by undressing themselves of all their vegetable draperies, that the sight of grass existing beyond the first week of sunshine is an absolute relief to my angry imagination. I, who have seen the far-famed Slopes of Lausanne, resembling nothing but a colossal brown loaf, the Pyrenees, as if they had been covered with a tanned bull's hide, and looked from the Rhigi itself on a circle of hills and valleys that might have rivalled the ash-hole of a furnace a hundred and fifty miles round, see the English landscape with a delight which I shall not pique your nationality by attempting to describe. Now, as far as the eye could stretch, the earth was covered with a carpet greener than ever was wrought in the looms of D'Aubuisson, and nearly as soft; light and elastic to the tread; breathing the very air of health, and seconding with infinite effect the surrounding picturesque residences of the richer English, who certainly, in those matters, have the luckiest taste of any people alive.

The display began:—we, that is all who, like myself, were on horseback and wore uniforms, and, to the credit of the national politeness, first of the first, all who wore foreign uniforms; then some of the ambassadors, the Russian in the scarlet liveries, which looked as if he were a competitor for the British throne; the Austrian, with his huge vehicle, stuffed with Hungarians and Transylvanians, bilious-looking men, with their noses and chins buried in bunches of yellow hair; the Swedish, with the pallid visages of hyperboreans who had been frozen during the last winter, and who were yet scarcely recovered,—with

half-a-dozen other specimens of grimness from the line to the pole,—and, finally, a vast concourse of spectators on foot,—were admitted within the singularly narrow gate of the inclosure. Apropos, if I shall, in the course of the next war, be appointed to take the command of the invasion of England, I shall wait for some field-day of the British artillery on this very spot. I should infallibly capture every man and gun of them; for it would be utterly impossible for them to get out of this gate, in case there was to be the slightest necessity for getting out, more than one at a time. I myself was in the greatest possible hazard of being jammed in the defile to this hour, from accidentally coming in contact with a citizen only a little above the ordinary dimensions. There we stood back to back: it required the aid of a dragoon to extract me.

All the mounted party then advanced in a thick group, led by Sir Hussey Vivian, the present Master-General of the Ordnance, to the spot where the performances were to begin. The practising-ground forms a parallelogram about three-quarters of a mile long, with the Thames at its extremity; a mound about 1200 yards off to receive the shot which fell round the target, and the ships and steamers on the river to receive any which disdain the ground. This must so often occur, and the passing vessels are so happily placed to be struck, that nothing seemed more wonderful, in this day of wonders, than that the batteries had not the honour of sinking every thing that steered in sight.

At length the rocket-practice began. The target was instantly knocked down; and the discharges followed each other so fast, that, as whoever attempted to plant it again would have been inevitably pierced like a bleeding heart on a seal, the rockets had nothing to do but to beat it about, and treat it as Achilles did Hector when he had him fairly on the ground.

You have seen the rocket-practice at our camps. But I, at least, have seen nothing comparable to the skill, rapidity, and precision to which the service has been brought here. Our artillerists are quick, clever, and brave; this is only saying that they are French. But the Englishman's

quietness of movement, dexterity, and attention to things which our impatience overlooks as trifles, give him the true qualities for an artilleryist. The rocket, which we have found so difficult to manage, and which even the diligence of the German has often found so dangerous, is here a weapon as much under command as the bayonet. In the discharges, whether single or in volleys, no failure, no recoil, no disaster of any kind took place; and those tremendous fire-works continued sweeping over the field with a steadiness and a strength which, against troops, must have been desolating. The very flight of the Congreve rocket is startling; it springs from the ground in a volume of flame, and then rushes along with a continued roar, with its large head blazing, and striking point-blank, and with tremendous force, at the distance of a mile or more. In a siege it is already extremely formidable. It bursts through roofs; it fixes itself wherever it can bore its way; and it inflames every thing that is combustible. Stone walls only can repel it, and that not always. This weapon may be regarded as almost exclusively English in its use, as well as its origin. It will be like the English bow in the fifteenth century.

In the next war what an extraordinary change will take place in all the established instruments of putting men out of the world! We shall be attacked at once from above, around, and below. We shall have the balloon showering fire upon us from miles above our heads; the steam-gun levelling us, from walls and ramparts, before we can come within distance to dig a trench; the Congreves setting our tents, ammunition-waggons, and ourselves in a blaze in our first sleep; and the steam-boat running and doing mischief every where. But of all those mischief-makers I should give the palm to the rocket. No infantry on earth could stand for five minutes within five hundred yards of a well-served rocket-battery. Half-a-dozen volleys of half-a-dozen of these fiery arrows would break the strongest battalion into fragments, lay one-half dead on the ground, and send the other blazing and torn over the field. The heaviest fire from guns is nothing to their effect. It wants the directness, the steadiness, the flame, and,

resulting from all these, the *terror*. If the British troops shall ever come into the field without an overwhelming force of rocketeers, they will throw away the first chance of victory that ever was lost by national negligence. Nothing can be more obvious than that this tremendous weapon has not even yet arrived at its full capacity for war on a great scale.

We were next shown the effects of the other branches. Galloping back on both sides, to give way to the huge muzzles of a range of howitzers, we witnessed the precision with which the shells were thrown. Still opening our files, we gave way, with all due deference, to another range. Then the siege-artillery, twenty-four pounders and eighteens, roared away, and shook the mound into dust a thousand yards off. Then, advancing again down the parallel-gram, which was lined on three sides with the crowd, fourteen field-pieces set off, playing, in rapid succession, against the targets, at the distance of a third of a mile. Then, as a grand finale to this operation of the day, we had the rockets again. A troop of cavalry, more formidable than cavalry ever were before, a dozen of whom would have put to flight the whole army of Xerxes, or turned the fortunes of mankind at the battle of the Granicus, for they were loaded with irresistible fire, bounded forward with their rockets fixed at their sides, rode to the front, and began their conflagration. At night this must have been sublime. With its fiery trains, and its eccentric sweep, nothing could have surpassed it but a flight of comets. Even in the broad day it was superb. Volleys, by tens and twenties, were thus launched out upon the sky, till a hundred rockets were consumed.

The Master-General then turned his bridle, and led us to the model-room and repository of the arsenal; here we looked over specimens of every species of arm, till we mounted our horses again, in front of this fine building, and rode to the field.

We were now on elevated ground, with a wide view of the surrounding country, and that country the true English landscape, and in the finest season. Switzerland may have more romantic scenery, and there are even in France valleys of pastoral beauty;

but the look of perfect cultivation belongs to the landscape of this country alone. The fences, the distribution of the grounds, the planting, the various colours of the cultivation, all make it delightful. One impression is universal; however solitary the champaign may be, in England it seldom has the look of solitude. Of course, I do not speak of its regions of lake and mountain, but in all its more level provinces, even if neither husbandmen nor cattle were to be seen round the horizon, the aspect of cultivation is so clear, that you instantly fill the solitude with the associations of man, of all associations the most touching, constant, and animating.

Our *cortége*, as we rode up, found the field, which is of vast extent, wholly encircled by carriages, horsemen, and multitudes on foot, who had been waiting for some time for our appearance. We evidently made a prodigious sensation, and, I presume, deserved it, if epaulettes and shakos of every colour and plumage, showy uniforms, and horses covered with comparisons of every kind, Turk, Tartar, Russ, Spaniard, German, and French, could reward so many thousand pairs of brilliant eyes for the trouble of admiring us. But if I had any personal vanity to torture, it must be acknowledged that the Marshal was the grand point of attraction. Every one pressed forward to see "Soult." The old soldier's fame had palpably carried off the eyes and plaudits from us all, diplomatists included; an affair which, on this and other occasions, has, I understand, thrown the whole corps diplomatic into that kind of jealousy, which is the more vexatious from its refusing any legitimate outlet, being utterly beyond remedy, and being only the more laughed at the more it is known.

The batteries were formed in small separate troops in the diameter of this plain. In a few minutes the trumpets sounded, and they were all in motion. The manœuvres were those which now form the artillery service of Europe; attack and retreat, the covering of columns in movement, and the change of front. But all were done with extraordinary exactness. The French artillery move as quick, and fire as fast as any corps in the world; but all continental services are apt to overlook minutiae. Nothing

was overlooked here. Yet nothing was tardy, loose, or unfinished in its performance. The moment when the word was given all was ready; the whole line had limbered up their guns; the next they were seen half a mile off, with their guns in position; in the next they rolled out a rapid and well-sustained fire, and before the smoke had cleared away, they were another half mile off, and in position again. Then came the roar of their volleys. They left the smoke standing, and under its cover had dashed to the opposite extremity of the field. The light artillery were, if possible, still more complete; mounted on quick and powerful horses, they did every thing at the gallop. They were evidently quite equal to the most rapid cavalry movement. And their loosing the tackle of their guns and horses was done with unflinching dexterity. In one instance, perhaps in many, for the smoke sometimes hung heavy, a troop suddenly dismounted, pulled their guns to pieces, and flung themselves on the ground beside the fragments. As rapidly again, at a signal, they sprung up, reunited the whole, and with the guns were in full speed across the field. The only point to which I could attach a fault was one which they had beyond question adopted from ourselves—the caps of the light artillery. They are our hot, heavy bearskin muffs, enormous things, which, without protecting the head from the rain, expose the head, and the man with it, to be blown off the horse by a puff of wind. In bad weather they are thus an encumbrance, and in heat they melt the wearer to the bone. The lighter the head-gear of the soldier always the better. Even if helmets were made of straw it would be better for him than any of those cumbersome Batteries of brass and iron, horse-hair, or bear's hide, which always fatigue, always give headaches, and whose weight, when the matter comes to *coups de sabre*, is more apt to give force to the enemy's sabre than to ward it off. It is not to be forgotten that all nations who follow nature wear the head as lightly covered as possible; the Indian of the West, the Tartar, and all the natively warlike tribes, trust to little more than a tuft of their own hair. But fashion, imitation, and the love of finery, load us and our troops with burdens; and those, too, on the most delicate portion

of the human structure, which the most muscular would be unable to bear. As to defence, a soldier gets a hundred headaches for one blow in fair fight; and the soldier whose arm cannot protect his own skull, will not find protection in a cap of adamant.

After the review came the hospitality. We were handsomely enter-

tained by the General commanding the Ordnance; drank loyal toasts in excellent wines; went out to see the regiment with its sappers, to the amount of some thousands, dining in the open air; and, in a serene evening, perfumed by the smell of new-mown hay and a thousand flowers, rode home after a spirited and instructive day.

THE REVIEW OF THE GUARDS.

July 9.

I have just returned from another brilliant scene. The young Queen, attended by a whole host of the nobility, was present in Hyde Park, to see the manoeuvres of the Royal Guards. All the diplomatists were, of course, invited to be on the spot; for English civility seems determined to know no bounds; and, after dining out day after day, in a succession of the very sumptuous hotels of the English patricians, and dancing until we are driven home by the recollection that the next day is far gone, and that we must dress for dinner again, we are continually summoned to some *fête champêtre*, some public show, or the celebration of the anniversary of some great public establishment.

This morning was devoted to attending on the Ambassador, in whose train we exhibited ourselves in Hyde Park. The Park is a large space, open to the citizens, who scatter themselves about its walks and rides in profusion on Sundays; ten times the size of the Champs Elysées, and more than ten times the beauty, notwithstanding the inferiority of its name.

It is covered by the matchless verdure which belongs to England alone, undulates just enough to relieve the monotony of an absolute plain, and from its fine groups of trees, and broad sheet of water gleaming through them, has the quiet aspect of a magnificent park attached to a private mansion. But on this day all was tumult, glitter, and multitude. When we entered the field, we found the troops drawn up in a line from north to south. The Foot Guards in the centre, cavalry on the flanks and rear, and troops of field-artillery forming the extremes of the wings. Handsome houses surround three sides of the Park, and they were crowded at every window, and even on the roofs, with fashionable spectators.

The whole looked not unlike a colossal amphitheatre, of which the Park was the arena, and we and the troops had the honour to be the performers.

In front of the centre a guard of honour surrounded the Royal standard, and there the Queen took up her position. She entered the Park about eleven, announced by the firing of cannon. The troops then stood to their arms; and the whole *cortège* followed her Majesty along the line. This sight was striking. You already know my opinion of the appearance of British troops on the ground. But these were the *élite* of the British troops—the Life Guards and the Infantry of the Household. Nothing could be more admirable than their *ténue*. The infantry, well set up, steady, and alert—the cavalry, giants, without the *lourde* look that great height so often gives. Their swords are longer, broader, and altogether a more effective weapon than ours. But they have adopted, in compliment, I presume, to France and bad taste, the enormous bearskin cap, which places the face of the wearer as nearly as possible at the middle of his figure; and for grace or utility he might as well wear one of the regimental kettle-drums. As the cap is too heavy for the man, the man is too heavy for the horse, powerful and spirited an animal as the English dragoon horse is. The weight of cuirass, carbine, accoutrements, and rider, cap and all, is enough to crush any thing less than the bone and bulk of an elephant. Such soldiers may answer the purposes of parade, or ride through a field-day; but campaigning is out of the question. Even the Belgium campaign of 1815 is not an answer. It was but a three days' evolution. And though on our side the deplorably heavy cavalry were thrown away against the English

squares, and scarcely less than devoted to ruin by the unaccountable rashness of Napoleon himself, the English cavalry were chiefly *reserved*, and brought forward only at the close of the day, which was clearly the only and the fitting time.

As we moved along, we had a further opportunity of surveying the people, who, in all the displays of this country, form one of the most interesting portions of the entire spectacle. The multitude was incalculable, and its numbers were brought still more forcibly before the eye, from the limits within which they were compressed. The mass of human beings was solid on three sides of the circle. On the fourth, and in rear of the troops, it was more scattered over the plain, or grouped up on the rising grounds which gave a view of the movements. This *coup d'œil* was the more novel from the odd erections on which the populace took their places; benches placed on chairs; baskets and barrels for the foundations of structures equally frail; and every kind of slight scaffold sustained the "Sovereign people." Fortunately they were not far enough from the ground to break legs and arms, otherwise the public loss in these points must have been considerable, for we heard their crashing every moment. The trees, too, were thickly loaded with that forbidden fruit, spectators; so thickly, indeed, that the branches often broke down with their crop. These were especial objects of attention to the police, and a sort of *petite guerre* was kept up between the parties below and the parties above during the day. The police had the worst of it. It was the war of the Pygmies and the Cranes.

The troops then, on the discharge of a gun, broke off into companies and squadrons, and passed the royal standard, the officers saluting as they passed. The actual manœuvres now commenced, and for nearly two hours a succession of active field movements were gone through, and, I must acknowledge, gone through with admirable finish, skill, and rapidity. The line advanced, throwing the skirmishers in front, two battalions of rifles. The skirmishers were recalled after some rounds, and the line commenced firing, by volleys of regiments, from the right. Nothing could be more perfect than this fire. Its precision was complete.

The line then faced about and retreated, forming columns on halting. The superb cavalry of the Life Guards, flanked by Hussars and Lancers, now moved up by squadrons through the intervals, formed line, and charged. This was by far the finest part of the spectacle, the *grand jeu* of the day.

The whole plain was covered with the two finest animals on earth, men and horses, and both in their finest caparison, spirits, and action. Forbid it all the genius of my native country, that I should give any thing on earth, or under it, precedence of the sex; though, perhaps, I may be forgiven for presuming their ambition not to deal in charges of cavalry. But before we came, an absolute forest of swords, spears, and banners, rushing on with the speed of the whirlwind, shaking the very ground with the thunder of their tread, and rending the skies with the blare of their trumpets;—seeing these things, I wonder no longer that Jacques, or Hyacinthe, or any of our eaters of brown bread, delvers of ditches, and dressers of vines, feels the love of lace and manslaughter suddenly spring up within him, flings down the spade for the sabre, and goes forth determined to eat, drink, and be merry, to ride fine horses, wear fine clothes, and be a field-marshal. It is true that a Prussian six-pounder, or the bayonet of an Austrian grenadier, may come seriously in the way of this consummation; but the brains of heroes are made for any thing but close reasoning, and if Jacques has the true material for the bivouac within his configuration, he will think of nothing but boot and bridle, the glitter of his helmet, and the glories of a campaign. In France we have a ridiculous trick of driving the peasantry from our reviews. From this comes the necessity for the conscription. I shall pledge all my military fame, present and to come, that a regiment of showy hussars, quartered judiciously, and allowed to exhibit itself and its chargers from time to time in a gallop across the fields, would carry away with it as many followers as an Indian army. Even in England, where they raise their soldiers by enlistment, they have not yet attained full knowledge on the subject. They clumsily send down a drummer or two to a country fair, with a sergeant to com-

plete the process, as if the drum were a spell, and the tastes of ploughmen and cattle-drivers were to be refined into a love for shooting and being shot by beating the tattoo. The actual reverse is, I am told, the case. The sound of the drum acts like the tail of the rattlesnake. John Bull gathers up all his sagacity at the first tap, and flies the field. The recruiting for the cavalry is actually attempted by dragoons *without* their horses, as if a dismounted dragoon were not the very name for helplessness, awkwardness, and discontent. But, let a couple of squadrons, or even of troops of some brisk regiment, take up its quarters in the centre of some neighbourhood overstocked with athletic idlers, gallop about in all directions, keep the village alive with their trumpets, throw the rustic costume into utter contempt by their scarlet or blue, their worsted lace, and their brass, whether in countenances or caparisons, and the result would be irresistible. The possession of a horse, the wearing of a uniform, and the mastery of all female hearts, would have moved the philosophy of a Diogenes; can we doubt that it would move the passions of John Bull, who, if he is slow, is susceptible, and if he talks more solemnly than other men upon occasion, can act the fool as hotly as any Italian or Frenchman under the moon.

On the retreat of the cavalry, the field-batteries advanced, and kept up a perpetual roar, till the retreat was effected, and a position, half a mile to the rear, had been taken up. The infantry were thrown into squares, to receive the attack of the supposed enemy's cavalry in pursuit. After firing from their several places, and the supposed repulse of the enemy's horse, the rifles were poured along the whole front, and while they kept up an incessant fire to mask the movement, the squares wheeled into line, and the whole force advanced. Nothing could be finer than the wheeling, the steadiness which the line adopted at the in-

stant, and the solid regularity of the advance. After moving some hundred yards to the front, smooth and even as a wall, they halted, and began file-firing along their whole extent. This, from its nature, was the most effective and brilliant specimen of fire, as it is the most destructive in actual use. It was a continued explosion, without a moment's pause. The blaze was perpetual; I could not perfectly comprehend what I had so often heard of the weight of the British fire in action. While the smoke still lay on the battalions, the general salute was given, the bands and trumpets of the infantry and cavalry sent up "God save the Queen" to the clouds. The Marquis of Anglesea, commanding the troops, rode to the front, dropped his sword-point before the Queen, and the line presented arms. Popular acclamations followed, and the day was done. Thus finished the third ceremonial of the Coronation.

I am now writing once again at some miles from the heat and confusion of London. I have abjured half a dozen *bals parés*, and am trying to counterbalance the volumes of dust and smoke that I have swallowed within the last dozen hours, by the largest possible influx of air from the fragrant fields round me. My military ardour has already died away, and even Soult's ribbons and stars do not reconcile me to the thought of being hunted through life, and, like a wolf, shot at whenever I appear, simply to be huzzaed, after all, by a mob in a burning day, in the hottest metropolis of the earth. I shall end by taking a hut in the heart of the valley of Montmorency, and extinguishing Rousseau as the tutelar deity of the place; or make a voyage to some South Sea island, sit under my own vine and my own fig-tree, and read Milton before going to bed.

"Unmuffle, ye kind stars, and thou fair moon,
That wou'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud."

LOVE AND GEOLOGY.

ENGLAND is the worst place in the world for people in bad health. In other countries the invalid has as many of the comforts of home heaped about him as possible. Decay loses half its misery when it gradually creeps upon him amid old familiar faces, in the hearing of well-known voices, and in scenes that he has known from boyhood. Fatigue and anxiety are carefully avoided, and at last he is buried in his own parish, and wept over by his own friends. But in this extraordinary country of ours things are very differently managed. A man may as well commit a felony as show symptoms of a cough. Sentence of banishment is immediately passed on him—he is hurried off from his own valleys—from his own stout walls and sheltering plantations to inhabit some marble half-furnished palazzo, in a climate where the winter is so short that it has not been provided against at all; and where, therefore, when it does come—and even Naples is sometimes deep in snow—it comes, as the vulgate hath it, with a vengeance. Far away from home, with strangers around him, a language he does not understand—doctors in whom he has no confidence—scenery he is too ill to admire—religious comforters in whom he has no faith—with a deep and every-day more vivid recollection of domestic scenes—heart-broken—home-sick—friendless and uncared for—he dies. And why—why, in heaven's name, is a man hurried across Europe for the chance of meeting with a mild climate, when any one can see in a moment that climate *alone* can be of no possible use, but that, in order to be efficacious, it must have accessories which the softest of Italian skies cannot compensate for the want of? But besides all these—and leaving out of consideration altogether the enormous expense of so long and painful a journey—is it absolutely indispensable that the sufferer (if change of scene and atmosphere be recommended) should be dragged over foreign roads, and pillaged and neglected at foreign inns? England has in its own boundaries varieties enough of climate and temperature to suit almost any complaint—the coast of Devon, beautiful and

romantic—Malvern, splendid and airy—Dawlish—Hastings—Shauklin—Bowchurch—some one or all of these places within easy journeys of any part of England—all of them within reach of moderate fortunes, and what is, in our estimation, the greatest recommendation of all, all of them within the sound of “the church-going bell.” There are some symptoms of returning sense on this subject to be perceived in the increasing size of all the villages along the southern coast. From Dover to the Land’s-End there are little nests of cottages studding all the bays and inlets, provided with wide green verandahs against the summer sun, and placed in the middle of little gardens and green fields running close down to the sea. There will very soon be no such thing as “a rapture on the *lonely* shore.” People who enjoy a sea-view must be content to do so in company of half the world; for it is not to be supposed (however much those sheltered situations owe their attraction to the salubrity of their climate, and its adaptation to the cure of certain complaints), that their visitors are limited to those who require their assistance in restoring them to health. From June till the end of October all the seaward roads are choked with whole families, whose jocund faces and loud laughter show that the journey forms no part of a medical prescription—rolling downwards in one continuous stream, in “whiskey, buggy, gig, and dogcart, currie and tandem,” not forgetting coaches, railways, and all manner of chaises, to spend a few weeks at the sea-side. Rooms are engaged for days and days before—cocklofts are emptied of old potato-sacks, and fitted up with nice French beds—chintz-curtains are hung up at the windows, and the dog-kennel in the back-yard converted into an arbour, with honey-suckles creeping over the roof. The habits of simple villagers are entirely changed; the geography of the parish becomes a study of some difficulty to the oldest inhabitants; walks are cut through plantations where walks were unknown before; flag-staffs about ten feet high are erected on hillocks, and ornamented with Union-Jacks about

two feet square; booths are opened with a few shells appearing at the window, and dignified with the name of Imperial bazars;—for the nomenclature is no less changed than the topography. What used to be Bill Newnham's pig-stye is now Belvidere-hall; Tom Symmonds's cottage is Pomona's Bower; and for four months in the year the quiet hamlet is in a complete masquerade. As the winter approaches, a recurrence to the ordinary state of things is gradually perceived. The real invalids—those for whose ostensible benefit all these changes have taken place—stay peaceably in the warm parlours which the rioters have left—all January, February, and even in the bleak days of March, they wander among the deep lanes and scarcely leafless hedge-rows, and after their walk or their well-wrapped-up ride in the donkey-chaise, they come back to their blazing fire in the ivy-covered cottage that yields their wasted form health in the breeze and shelter in the storm.

Such are the transmigrations through which the villages on the south coast annually pass, and more benefit, we will be bold to say, is experienced by a winter residence in one of them than by a toilsome pilgrimage to Nice or Naples. But however desirable this influx of visitors—from whatever cause—may be to the proprietors of the aforesaid cottages, there are many occasions when this incursion of the hale and of the sick is looked upon with little less horror than would be an invasion of the Goths and Vandals. The old inhabitants of the soil are hustled aside—their usual course of life interrupted—and no more notice taken of their polite intimation that “Strangers are not allowed to enter these grounds”—or “Trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law,” than if the said grounds were a part of the Queen's highway, and the law had no rigour whatsoever. Ten or twelve years ago any one who should have stood on the summit of the steep road or “shoot,” as it is called, that conveys the wayfarer down to the lower shore about three miles to the west of the flourishing town of Nalston, would have seen before him a district of exceeding calmness and beauty. Cliffs of prodigious height, and clothed to the very top with luxuriant brushwood, which softened the ruggedness of their precipi-

tous face without detracting from its grandeur, seemed to inclose a rich and well-wooded valley, and to shut it out entirely from the world. The wild indentations of the bays, into which the wear and tear of the storms of centuries had wasted the rocky coast, gave a diversity to the scene by opening new views of the sea at each succeeding step; and the landscape received its crowning ornament from the old chimney of some half-hidden cottage sending up here and there its long wreath of blue smoke from among the thick foliage of the trees. An opening of the road occasionally brought the traveller in front of one of those humble dwellings; and the wonderful richness of the soil and mildness of the air gave to it a picturesqueness which the architect had never anticipated, by clothing its rough stone walls, and hiding its straw-covered roof with plants and flowers unknown to less sheltered situations. Fig-trees trellised over the door, and enormous geraniums and myrtles clustered round the windows, possessing the full vigour of health and colour which, by flower or man, can only be gained by being

“A dweller out of doors.”

cast an air of Italian profusion over the scene, which was only dispelled by the joyous and true English faces that peeped out on the traveller through the open casement. But, as if on the principle of adding to one's enjoyments by the difficulty experienced in attaining them, the roads seemed to be kept most studiously in disrepair; unnumbered gates spread their inhospitable barrier across the way (for in those days there were no fences separating the road from the fields through which it passed), and furnished a lucrative employment to a host of urchins who hurried on to open them, as the traveller approached, and took off their caps, or smiled and curtseyed, as the case might be, as the penny was thrown to them in reward of their politeness. Occasionally a quarter of a mile of better road—fences in good order—and “trees of stately growth,” gave notice of one's approach to the domains of some gentle squire; and not unfrequently four or five mansions of this superior description, clustered together within the space of twenty minutes' walk, gave an appearance of neighbourhood which took off from the otherwise too solitary look of the

manor-house or hall. A place so beautiful and so secluded realized all the fictions of the Happy Valley, except the desire to get out of it; and this was, perhaps, the reason why the roads were left to nature. No wonder, where nature had done so much, that she should have been expected to do more; but amid all the performances of nature we never heard of her filling up a rut or mending the spring of a carriage; and accordingly a wheeled vehicle on springs was a rare occurrence, and the ruts were left to the undisputed occupation of the hay-waggons and dung-carts.

Such was the state of affairs, and the aspect of the country ten or fifteen years ago; but, owing to the causes mentioned in the beginning of this account, a change has come over the spirit of the scene. The "Happy Valley," though difficult, according to Rasselas, to get out of, was easy enough to get in. People in good health had taste enough, and people in bad health had sense enough, not to leave such a position a monopoly in the hands of cottagers and squires. They bought or hired patches of land—they built villas—and the influx of visitors of all kinds and degrees produced the effect on the hitherto simple hamlets and straggling villages that skirt the shore which we have endeavoured to describe.

In one of the mansions—forming one of a group of four or five which had stood within a couple of gun-shots of each other time out of mind—"each in itself retired," but which were now, as if by the genii of Aladdin, connected with each other by rows of houses, and, in fact, transmogrified into the principal residences of a country town;—in one of those old mansions, we repeat, the coffee had been some time poured out, the toast was growing cold, yet neither of the two gentlemen who were sitting at table seemed to be aware that breakfast was ready. The old man was deeply intent on a newspaper, while the young one had folded up a letter he had been engaged in reading, and was sunk in a reverie.

"Charles," said the old gentleman, at last, throwing the paper on the sofa, and stirring his coffee, "life is a burden to me; I'll go into some foreign country and die."

"Did you speak? sir," said Charles,

after a pause, during which the old man's eyes were fixed on him with a look of ineffable rage.

"Speak, sir?" he roared at the top of his voice, "to be sure I did! I'm going to die, I tell you, sir!"

"Have you sent for a medical man, sir?" enquired the youth, dropping an additional lump of sugar into his cup.

"What for, sir? To be cheated by a silly fellow feeling my pulse and looking wise? Why should I need a medical man, sir? Never was better in my life. Give me another slice of ham, sir; and don't be so absent when you're spoken to. I tell you I am going to Swan River or Newfoundland."

"I have a friend there newly appointed Chief Justice. Any intro?"—

"Now don't be so cursedly calm and civil.—I tell you again that I can no longer live in this country. Solitude is my delight—I am made for solitude—calm philosophic seclusion from the world; 'The world forgetting,' as Pope says, 'and not at all remembered by the world;' but here!—by Heavens, a man might as well live in a hackney-coach on the stand in Oxford Street. Charles! where the devil is my gun? There's another party of fellows with sketch-books scrambling over my hedge. I'll shoot them, as sure as my name is John Wallop."

Mr Wallop sprang up in a prodigious passion; and certainly there are few sights less conducive to a gentleman's equanimity than the one that now regaled him. Three young gentlemen, each in a flowing blooze, with a knapsack on his back—a sketch-book on his knee, and his head protected from the sun by an enormously broad-brimmed straw hat, had forced their way through a flourishing young hedge, and were now seated on walking-stick chairs, busily engaged in sketching the very picturesque gable-end, with the fine old bow window at which the gentlemen were at breakfast.

"Isn't that too bad? And Lion such a good-natured brute that he wouldn't tear them down though I let him loose—and John so confoundedly polite, that if I send him to turn intruders off, he always presents them with my respectful compliments—and you so abominably apathetic that I don't believe you would stir though a

legion were sketching at the very door. "I'll go to them myself."

"Do take breakfast in peace, my dear uncle, and let the blockheads draw caricatures of the chimneys as long as they like; they'll soon grow tired of it. They do the same to every other house within five miles."

"No, no, the dogs, they've a little more taste than that comes to," chuckled the old man, somewhat mollified in his wrath; "no, Charles, 'tis an extraordinary fact that the lovers of the picturesque pay no regard, comparatively, to any other place. Not a single gap is made from year's end to year's end in the hedges of our neighbours the Morrells."

"They leave the gates always open, sir, and give permission to any one that likes"—

"To come gaping and gazing up to the very windows—poking their noses over the garden wall—cutting their initials on the very handle of the pump! I tell you, Charles, I can't stand it; and if Sir Christopher Clack had held his tongue about salubrity, beauty, and all that"—

"He would have deprived the world of a very admirable book."

"Book? Who the devil cares for a book, sir? He has deprived me of my peace of mind—he has robbed me of my neighbours."

"Well, sir, he has given you a hundred new ones in their place."

"I hate them—can't endure new neighbours—especially aldermen pretending to be sick. Why, there's that guttling old hobgoblin, Mr Waddle, comes here, under pretence of being in delicate health, and eats two hundred prawns and a couple of lobsters for lunch. Then there's Sir Abraham Swipes, the London brewer, has taken the Lorimers' cottage, and brings down his two carriages, six or eight horses, and five or six white powder-headed footmen. He's in bad health too, I suppose?"

"Looks delicate, but, I hear, more beautiful than ever!"—

"Who? What the deuce are you talking of? How do you know Sir Abraham Swipes is more beautiful than ever?"

"I thought, sir, you spoke of—didn't you say something of the Lorimers, sir?—Jane Lorimer?" said Charles, looking a little confused.

"No, sir, I didn't say a word of

Jane Lorimer—and never do say a word of Jane Lorimer, sir,—and you know it, sir; but you're always thinking of Jane Lorimer, sir,—and it's that that makes you so confoundedly thoughtful and bashful. She is a dear, sweet girl, but what of that, sir—eh?"

"Oh nothing, nothing," replied the young man, "only, as I said before, I hear she is more lovely than ever."

"Ah! beauty is but a fading flower." As the poet says—

'What is the gilded tincture of the skin,
To charity and internal peace of mind
What the bright lustre of a beautiful eye,
To the soft kindness of a gentle answer?'
'that turns away wrath,' as Solomon says."

"Well, sir?" enquired Charles, as his uncle finished his somewhat confused quotation.

"Oh nothing; only as you are to marry Miss Sophronia Haggisbagge, you shouldn't trouble your head about Jane Lorimer, that's all. My friend Fuzby tells me she is astonishingly clever, and the queen of Cheltenham the last three seasons."

"Ten, sir! She has reigned without a rival since eighteen hundred and twenty-eight."

"So much the better, boy. You've disappointed me twice before; this time you shan't escape. You might have married that rich heiress from Yorkshire, who came down here by Sir Christopher's recommendation, with a feeble constitution"—

"And the consumptive Major in Madeira Arbour snapt her up in three weeks."

"Or the nabob's daughter with the cough—Miss Ingot—six thousand a-year at the least."

"Ah! but the paralytic Scotchman at Montpelier Castle ran off with her to Greta before she had been a week here."

"Confound all consumptive majors and paralytic Scotchmen—they come here, looking prodigiously interesting, and carry off all the girls they can lay their hands on—but Miss Haggisbagge, my boy, she's a sure card, with an estate, Fuzby says, of nearly two thousand a-year."

"And Jane Lorimer is worth a million of her if she hadn't a shilling!"

This remark was made in an inaudible voice, and half-drowned in the sigh that accompanied it, as Charles saw his uncle rush out of the room,

a fresh bevy of intruders armed with camp-stools and sketch-books having at that moment made their way across

the flower-beds to get a view of a waterfall that tumbled over the cliff.

CHAPTER II.

Charles Martin sat for some time immersed in the brown study from which Mr Wallop's fiery speeches had only half succeeded in awakening him. The subject for his meditation was an interesting one. Entirely dependent on his uncle, who, in every sense of the word, had supplied a father's place to him, he felt that it was his duty, no less than his interest, to gratify the old gentleman in as far as lay in his power. And as, in spite of the hot temper and occasional odd notions of the senior, the inclinations and sentiments of the uncle and nephew were generally in accord, Charles found it less difficult than might have been supposed to exhibit himself as a pattern to all persons similarly situated, of duty and obedience. In nothing did the two gentlemen seem more in unison than in the admiration they both entertained of the fair and fascinating Jane Lorimer, alluded to in the preceding chapter. The sole daughter of a widow, whose property—beautiful, though small—lay next that of Mr Wallop—intimate with each other from childhood, with the intimacy that is unknown to the nearest neighbours in towns and cities, but which only flourishes, like other plants divine, in the open air and under the clear eye of heaven, Jane and Charles, like the hero and heroine of some novel, had only made the discovery that they were all the world to each other, when the young gentleman, about two years before this time, had taken leave of her to finish his education by making the grand tour. The first winter in Germany, the second in Rome, had produced no diminution in Charles's attachment—the names both of mother and daughter were mentioned as affectionately as ever in his uncle's letters—and it seemed so natural a thing to Charles that Jane Lorimer should be his wife, that it never entered into his calculations that any one—and especially his uncle, who knew her so well—could be of a different opinion. We are not prepared to deny that the party at Elmhurst, as Mrs Lorimer's estate was called, had somewhat similar no-

tions of the reasonableness of such an alliance; and as Jane, though quite as beautiful and accomplished as even the prejudices of her lover could represent her, had a stock of good sense not often found in combination with such advantages, she and her mother looked upon the tide of population that overflowed their property with very different feelings from those that agitated the bosom of the romantic Mr Wallop. An income, doubled in a short time, with every prospect of its doubling itself each year, if the rage for dotting all the dells and dingles of Elmhurst with invalid-tempting cottages continued as powerfully as it had begun, compensated for the absence of that blest retirement which we have seen the old gentleman valued so highly. Mrs Lorimer had even given up her own cottage, at an enormous rent, to a Londoner of great wealth, till a mansion, which he was building on the estate, should be ready for his reception, and had betaken herself, about three miles down the coast, to a romantic cottage she possessed in a small inlet, to which the house-building mania had not yet found its way. This completed the measure of Old Wallop's indignation. A huge tower, which Alderman Swipes had commenced on a hillock near his rapidly rising house, commanding a view of Mr Wallop's lawn, had lowered the Lorimers to the lowest pitch in his regards; but the fact of their having let their own old mansion to the very Goth who was perpetrating that perpetual trespass on his premises was too bad. He tore both mother and daughter from his heart, and succeeded in persuading himself that he hated them with all his soul. Some sort of suspicion lurked in his mind that there was some matrimonial compact—expressed or understood, between the young people—and out of sheer spite, and to punish the poor girl because a London Alderman had built a gazelio on her land, he resolved to marry his nephew, without a moment's warning, to somebody else. He had accordingly entered into the agreement he

alluded to in the conversation we have recorded, with his old friend Mr Fuzby, who was in nearly similar circumstances with regard to his niece; and Old Wallop, in the joy of his heart at so excellent an arrangement, had summoned Charles home, giving him no more particular intimation of his object than that he must be married on his arrival. Who could the *partie* be except Jane Lorimer? What other girl did he know that his uncle could have engaged him to? The whole thing was as clear as a sign-post, and without a moment's hesitation, he wrote off to say he highly approved of all his uncle had done, and hurried home, from the midst of the Carnival at Venice, to show his submission to his request. We shall not attempt to describe his feelings on hearing how the matter really stood. The first night of his arrival had been spent in mute wonder and despair, and the figure he cut next morning at breakfast we have already seen.

He again took out the letter that had made him so neglectful of his coffee, and read it over from beginning to end.

"And who the deuce can this free and easy fellow, Mr Slap, be? He writes as if we had been intimate for a century. And who the deuce is John Company? Ha! my good old friend, John Bammel, how are you?"—he continued, stuffing the letter into his pocket, and holding out his hand,—"how goes it, old fellow, eh?"

"Thank your honour," replied the old man thus addressed, who was habited in the short blue jacket, and high oil-skin boots that form the dress of the half-amphibious natives of that coast. "Hope your honour's well after this long time from home. I've brought you some prawns and lobsters, your honour."

"Why, John," said Charles, "you've turned mighty distant and respectful."

"Distant! no, Master Charles, it's you as went to such a distance; and as to my being respectable, it's what I tries to be with all my might; but it *are* a mighty tough job—jigged if it ain't, though. Trade ain't what it was afore all this company came."

"No!—I should have thought it would have been better."

"Lord, Master Charles, how can you shake the wind out o' your sheet in that

fashion. Why, they've doubled the look-out; and who can tell but some of these fine quality may be the collector or supervisor himself, you know?"

"Whew!—whistled Charles—"that's the trade you meant?"

John Bammel winked very knowingly. "There's a tub or two to be had yet, and if you ever wants a little of any thing, and will only"—

"Nonsense, John. I was in hopes you were improved by the lessons you've had before."

"Why, yes, Master Charles, I can't say but it improved me summat—for the first six months I lead in the big house at Winchester, ye see, I learned shoemaking; 'twas so woundy dull; but that there mill they've got now ain't no go; I had rather take another five years of sea."

"But don't you find serving the quality a better employment, John, than cheating the Queen?"

"Cheating the Queen, bless her little heart! Wouldn't cheat her of a mackerel tail. No, no, there's cheating enough going on in one little place without my taking to it in my old age; jigged if there aint, though."

"Fleeing the visitors—skinning them, eh?"

"Some be main tough in the hide," replied John; "jigged if they ain't, though. A good many lawyers comes down now, ye see, to find bathing, and all that, for their families; so a poor man has no chance of any thing; jigged if them 'tornies, and such like, don't carry off every thing as clean as a whistle."

"So the new comers don't make up for the loss of the old—eh, John?"

John sniggered and laughed. "No, no, sir. Lord! what fun it used to be, to be sure, when you and I and Miss Jane used to go pouting off the High Ledge! Them *was* days, wasn't 'em, sir?—What a hand she had for a nibble!"

Charles looked as unmoved as a Stoic. "You've got the old boat, still?"

"O yes, sir,—there she is, sound as ever. I'm going down at high-tide to Shepherd's Cove—promised to carry the ladies some lobsters. Should you like to see if she's much altered, sir?"

"Much altered—Good God!" exclaimed Charles—"is she indeed much changed?"

"Improved, if any thing, I thinks, sir," replied John, somewhat surprised

at the deep interest his old playfellow seemed to take in his boat. "She's half a foot widened in the waist, and a good deal spread out at the stern since you saw her. Them big round stems is certainly the best, after all."

"You scoundrel!" burst out Charles, "how dare you—Oh! you mean the boat, do you?—Much improved, is she?—I should like to try her."

"I'm going off in an hour, sir," said John, no little amazed at the change two years had made in young master's manners, but convinced, in spite of all Charles's affected indifference, that the sail to Shepherd's Cove was the pleasantest excursion that could be offered him.

"Captain Slap, sir," said the servant at the door, announcing a stranger, who nearly knocked over the old fisherman as he rushed into the room.

"Got my note, eh?—thought it best to be explicit—get out of the room old Bammel, remember our agreement, and you've another five pound tip."

"I received a letter this morning signed William Slap, and"—

"All right; that's me, Bill Slap of John Company's Snapdragons; and the contents of my epistle?"

"I didn't understand a word of it."

"Well, there's no great loss in that; for I can explain it all in the filling of a hookah. Here they are, all arrived last night."

"Who?"

"Miss Haggerebagge, Dr Bubb, two waggon-loads of stones, three parrots, a waiting-maid, and a collection of spades and hammers."

"Indeed!" said Charles, looking at his visitor at the same time for some further explanation. That gentleman's visage, which seemed exactly copied, both in colour and shape, from a new copper halfpenny, was illumined with a smile of such prodigious good-humour, and contained such a mixture of open-heartedness along with its impudence, that Charles found it impossible to take offence at the freedom of his address.

"Indeed?" echoed the visiter, "to be sure; but I've set them on their way already."

"They've gone, then? Thank Heaven!" he added, but not so inaudibly as to escape Captain Slap.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed that gallant gentleman, "I see from

your thanking Heaven so religiously that you ought to be delivered from your woes. Here am I—heart and soul in the cause—old Fuzby has told me the whole concern, and the moment I heard of it I sent for old Doughty, of the Swagdenapoonah hussars, who is providentially home in a dying state, and determined to shoot you without delay."

"Oh, you did?" enquired Charles; "really, Captain Slap, you are very"—

"Polite. I know it; but you know, in affairs of that kind, ceremony is out of the question. Miss Haggerebagge must be Mrs Slap, or"—

"Ah, now I see," cried Charles, and joyfully took the long bony hand that was still held out to him; "an affair of the heart, eh?"

"By no means," replied the Captain—"an affair of the liver entirely. You see India doesn't agree with me—hot climate, cold grog, tiffins, labobs, and all that sort of thing—get on the sick list continually, and stop all sorts of promotion. Now, this Phronsay Haggere is a very nice girl—knew her well, and liked her a great deal better, before old Bagge the attorney died and left her his name and fortune. And also, my leave is out in three months, and about an inch of liver left; so you see it is absolutely necessary that I marry her without delay."

"But how?"

"Oh, the usual way. I hate elopements; it's not respectable for a country gentleman; and as she has a very good estate in Warwickshire, I consider myself a landed proprietor of some consequence, and conduct myself with dignity and decorum accordingly. No—we shall trouble old mother church, by way of setting a good example to our numerous offspring."

"Then am I to consider it quite settled that you are engaged to this young lady?"

"As far as human perseverance can insure any thing—I am a capital shot, and"—

"But have you the lady's consent?"

"How can I, my dear fellow, when I tell you old Fuzby says she has given her consent to you, or rather to your uncle on your behalf?"

Charles looked somewhat puzzled at these contradictory pieces of information—"Then, in Heaven's name," he said, "what do you mean to do?"

"Oh leave that to me,—another voyage in prospect is a mighty sharpener of the wits. Before three days are over your uncle will be very happy, I've a notion, to get quit of his bargain, and Frouny, poor dear; what a nice girl she used to be last time I was home on sick leave, before she had got her fortune, or had her head turned by Dr Bubb!—How we danced at all the balls!"

"Has she taken a serious turn? Is she religious? Those Cantwells at Cheltenham"——

"Religious!—I wish she were!—No, this fellow, Dr Bubb, is our great lecturer at Institutes and scientific associations. He explains every thing in the most lucid manner possible—was present at the creation, and recollects every stone exactly as it was made. Then he writes many articles in philosophical publications, and is the author of the paper "On the intellectual faculties of the Midge Tribe, with an Enquiry into the Conscientiousness of Fleas" in the halfpenny

Cyclopædia. He is now engaged on the words "stratum" and "shell" for the same compilation, and has made poor Frouny as ludicrous as himself—that accounts for the cart-load of spades and pickaxes they carry about with them."

"And how do you manage to converse with such learned personages?"

"No need of conversation; they won't let one speak. I make a point of always agreeing with the lady, and hugging some words like 'tertiary,' 'granitic,' or 'stalactitic,' into whatever I say. It makes very pretty mosaic work of my plain prose, and I think it pleases very much. But as I see you're fidgety, I'll tell you our plans in a single moment. In the first place we will"—— But as no man is worth a farthing who can't keep a secret, we intend to have more discretion than the gallant captain, and pass on to the next chapter without telling the reader any more of their conversation.

CHAPTER III.

Poor Mr Wallop, with his mouth stuffed with ham, and his waistcoat copiously bedewed with an oblation of coffee which he had offered to the infernal deities on perceiving the second regiment of sight-seers effect an entrance into his grounds, rushed from one secluded nook of his beautiful domain to another, but found them all peopled. Parasols were as plentiful as leaves, and spread a shade over the whole dell, giving more umbrage to the proprietor of the soil than the maker of the foresaid parasols had contracted for. But a fiery old gentleman, growing horrible imprecations from amid the mass of ham and mufin which he had yet had no time to swallow, dispelled in a great measure the romance of the scene; and one after another the groups folded up their books and pencils and retired to some other portion of the property, wondering at the insolence of the ill-natured individual who denied to the universe at large free access to every square yard of his estate. The Hermit's Grotto was emptied of the giggling young gentlemen and misses who had been carving their initials on the stone-table and crucifix,—the Naiad's Well,

into which a pure spring rushed down from a cleft in the rock, had been delivered from the pic-nic party who had already taken the precaution of depositing sundry bottles in the water,—obscure giggles were heard in all directions as the various retreating intruders expressed their indignation or surprise, or amusement, as the case might be, at the behaviour of Mr Wallop; and that worthy gentleman having at last emptied his mouth, was beginning to fancy he had cleared the premises of all interlopers, when—oh earth, oh sky! what do his eyes behold?

In the very heart of the little flower-garden at the foot of the cliff, whose little bed, shaped in all sorts of ways, had been so carefully filled with the choicest plants and flowers by his former favourite, Jane Lorimer, where he and Charles and Jane had with their own hands reared, on a pedestal of turf, an exact copy of the Warwick Vase, which, with equal taste and ingenuity, they had taught a vine to clamber round the sides of, and shake its real clusters just over the brim,—there, in that hallowed spot, we say, which was dear to the old man's heart,

as it had reminded him of his nephew all the time he was from home, and recalled the days when Jane was "the fair spirit for his minister," which only the demon of lime and mortar, ground-rents, and front elevations, had had power to expel;—there, we again repeat—in the fairy land of his heart, which his soul had consecrated for a temple to memory and romance—he perceived a gigantic cart-wheel fixed on a wooden stage, and zealously turned round and round by a little plump gentleman with very bandy legs, while its gyrations were carefully watched by a lady in a bright green pelisse, who was standing in the very midst of a bed of lily of the valley. The plump little gentleman, who was dressed in a suit of sober black, had laid aside his hat, and by way of keeping it from the ground, had hung it, as on a peg, on the beautiful handle of the Warwick Vase—his face reddened to a preternatural depth of scarlet by his exertion, and his spectacles fallen forward on the very point of his flat broad nose, he could find no time to answer the harangue of Mr Wallop, but kept on twisting the great wheel with the same impetuosity as before.

"Hallo!—stop, you infernal villain—who sent you here—what the devil are you doing?"

"Sir," said the young lady, in reply to these thundering exclamations—"you are interrupting a philosophical experiment of the highest value; go on, dear Dr Bubb—what stratum are you in now?"

"Not yet come to the chalk formation, miss, simple alluvial—three feet four."

The lady wrote with her pencil in a little green bound book—"alluvial, three feet four."

"Do you hear, sir?" again exclaimed Mr Wallop, "who sent you here?—I'll prosecute you for a trespass."

But the doctor and the young lady were too deep in the operation before them to take notice of what was said. A great cart-rope was twisted round the wheel, and kept in place on the iron by a ledge of wood nailed all round, and at the end of the rope was a huge iron bar which the philosopher raised up by the turning of the wheel, and then let it fall with the whole impetus of the height, by letting the wheel go. This operation, constantly repeated,

succeeded in boring a great hole; and as the weight was increased every time by the additional depth the bar had to fall to, the progress became more rapid as the operation went on. In the mean-time, Mr Wallop looked round in search of the gardener, the groom, or any of the domestics; what would he not have given for Charles in this moment of anger to have assisted in burying the experimenter in the hole he had made in the prettiest flower-bed in the garden!

"And pray, madam," he cried, going up to the young lady, "what possible right have you to commit this devastation?"

"Don't trouble yourself, dear sir, about it,—I know very well by whose authority we act. Where now, Dr Bubb?" she added, turning to her friend.

"Marle, and imperfectly consolidated limestone—but it seems a very irregular formation; we shall come to the chalk in two or three more turns."

"There, sir, you hear what the doctor says—he seems a little tired with his exertions; you will perhaps relieve him at the wheel."

"No, madam, not at the stake!—What the deuce! would you have me help the ruffian to destroy my own ground?"

The philosopher now paused in his labour, and, adjusting his spectacles and coughing to clear his throat, said,—"All objections to the march of science proceed from ignorance and prejudice. I will therefore, in few words, explain to this old gentleman the order of formation, so far as the beds are already ascertained, and he will, I feel certain, no longer refuse us his assistance till the return of our friend and fellow-labourer, Captain Slap. You know what a stratum is?"

"I neither care for straitum nor crookum," replied Mr Wallop; "what business have you here?"

"I conclude you are Mr Wallop?" enquired the Doctor.

"I am—but that's no business of yours; but who told you you might bring all those concerns here? eh?"

"It is indeed as we were told," said the philosopher to his fair companion, aside; "we must soothe him till the Captain comes. You will be pleased to observe, sir, the progress we have already made. This simple process is borrowed from the system em-

ployed in the digging of the Artesian wells. With this I undertake to bore any thing."

"Or any body, you may add," said Mr Wallop, whom surprise at the effrontery of the stranger made apparently calm and resigned; "Who are you, sir?—give me your name."

"My name is Doctor Bubb—you have probably heard of me before."

"Never, sir."

Dr Bubb and the lady here looked at each other, and shrugged their shoulders in amazement at such profundity of ignorance. The lady, however, by way of turning the conversation, addressed the old gentleman again—

"I shall turn this whole estate into a mineralogical museum."

"Oh, you will, will you?"

"With the Artesian process of Dr Bubb nothing can be so easy as to go down to the very centre. Before I have been here a month I shall have hot baths from the springs immediately above the internal fire. But perhaps you are not a Plutonian."

"Perhaps not," said Mr Wallop, who knew nothing of what she was saying, except that she intended to dig great holes all over his estate.

"A Neptunian then, perhaps?" interposed Dr Bubb; "I shall be happy to explain both the theories to you. Werner in Germany, and Hutton in Scotland, are the rival Demiurges in the mythology of modern science. The question to be resolved is this—Is water or fire the potentia genetrix, the vehicle, the organ, the substratum of all things? A few words will explain the conflicting statements of the different schools."

"Who cares about schools or colleges either? Here you have made a trespass on my land,—you have raised a scaffolding on my property without asking my leave—you have dug a huge hole in my garden—and now you talk about fire and water. I'll have you properly trounced, you chattering impertinent cox!"

"Mr Wallop!"—interrupted the lady, horror-struck at such profanation; "we feel for you—deeply, and sincerely feel for you—but such language is not to be borne; you speak to Dr Bubb."

"Dr Bubb or Dr Bubble, it's all one to me—I'll have him in the stocks for a vagabond; and as to you,

young woman, unless you give a good account of yourself, I'll commit you to the tread-mill for six weeks. What the devil! is there no law in England—am I to be robbed and ruined in this way?"—

"Robbed sir?"—said Dr Bubb, soothingly—"we have taken nothing; excepting, indeed, your cart-wheel, and the legs of your sideboard to erect our platform on."

"My sideboard legs!—by Heavens, and so you have—my beautiful carved oak sideboard! I would not have destroyed it for a hundred pounds; but I'm glad of it—very glad of it—it's a hanging matter now; and I shall have you both on the gallows yet."

The looks of mutual understanding, which he had formerly observed, were again exchanged between the lady and gentleman.

"Poor old man," whispered the lady—"Captain Slap was rightly informed—but luckily Mr Martin, his nephew, has full power over him. He shouldn't have taken off the waistcoat though. Yet he seems harmless enough."

Dr Bubb made no reply, but again mounted the platform, and was preparing to set the wheel once more in motion; but the patience of Mr Wallop could stand this no longer. He took him by the arm. "Stir from this spot, and I break every bone in your body."

"Sir—remember the respect due to science"—began the philosopher, in huge alarm.

"Unhand him, old man," said the young lady—"I tell you to do so, and I have some right to command here."

"He stirs not from this spot, nor you either, till the constable takes you to jail. Depend on that, young woman."

These words were said so sternly and calmly, that the lady also became frightened.

"If there is any mistake here," said Dr Bubb, "a few words will explain every thing. A search for fossilized shells, and a desire to trace the layers of the different strata constituting the romantic scenery of this neighbourhood, has been the guiding principle of all our proceedings. As this young lady also is so soon to be proprietor of this soil"—

A slap on the back, bestowed with

heartly good-will, hindered Mr Wallop from listening to a syllable more.

"That's my calling-card, old boy," said the individual who had thus saluted him; "Captain Slap of the copper-coloured Snapdragons. You don't know me, I suppose—but I'm a sworn friend of your nephew's. Never mind this old fellow, Dr Bubb, but go on with your experiments," he added, turning to the philosopher.

"But he *shall* mind me, sir—and you shall mind me, sir; and you too, madam; by Heaven! if there's a pillory in England, I'll have every soul of you on it, if I die for it!"

The curses, the threats, the denunciations of Mr Wallop were of no avail—and in a silence, such as he had never maintained in his life, he listened to the conversation of the three scientific enquirers into the mysteries of nature.

Round went the wheel, and down fell the iron bar.

"Have you come to the chalk yet?" enquired the young lady, taking out her note-book once more.

"Nearly—and then we shall see if the organic remains contained in it confirm the commonly received Mosaic theory or not."

"Moses!"—exclaimed the young lady, with a sneer; "he was not a Dr Bubb. What remains have been discovered in this layer?"

"Of the perfect animals, my dear young lady," replied the Doctor, pausing in his labour, and quoting, apparently, one of his lectures—"very few; some specimens of vertebral fish—the teeth of a species of shark, allied to the *squalus galeus*, and two varieties of the grinding palatal bones of some genera unknown, *vertebræ* and scales. But of the testaceous molluscæ, the order of multilocular univalves, has left many genera imbedded in this formation. *Ammonites*; *Scaphites* and *Belemnites*; *Serpulæ* also, and *spirorbes* are common. But our gallant friend, Captain Slap, has made researches into several classes of the multivalves."

"Oh, yes—granitic, of course, tertiary and supermedial"—blustered out the captain, who knew as much of what the learned lecturer had been saying as of Hebrew.

"Isn't the important family of Echinites numerous here?" enquired the

young lady of the military philosopher.

"'Pon my honour—I don't exactly—what family did you say?—old Mr Wallop knows more about such matters than I can do."

"The Echinites"—she repeated, appealing to the still furibund old man.

"No family of that name here—some people in one of the lodging-houses, perhaps."

"The members of that family differ very much from each other," continued Dr Bubb, *ex cathedra*,—"some are heart shaped, *spatangus* for instance; and others conical."

"They must be a rum-looking set of customers as they go to church of a Sunday"—said the captain—while Mr Wallop felt more and more persuaded that the whole party was mad.

"But I hope," continued the philosopher, "you will go on with your researches, my dear Miss Haggersbaggie—this is quite the spot for them."

"I most certainly shall. Indeed, my great object in my projected change is to be enabled to pursue my geological studies."

Mr Wallop started on hearing the name—but before he had time to say any thing Captain Slap had nudged him with his elbow.

"I say, old boy, there'll be rare work with this Artemisian well digging when she becomes your niece—and rules the roast up in the hall there?"

"The first thing I shall do," pursued Sophronia—"is to make a section of the face of that cliff. It seems to me very like simple conglomerate."

"We can easily try," answered Dr Bubb, "for the vase on which my hat is hung is of the same material—I will chip off the handle and ascertain the fact in a moment."

"The deuce you will!"—cried Mr Wallop—"I tell you you shall do no such thing—here comes old John Bammel, and I'll have you all in the lock-up house forthwith."

As he spoke, our old friend the fisherman came up to the scene of action; and after touching his hat to Mr Wallop, addressed himself to Dr Bubb.

"I've got it all ready, sir—spade and mattock—to dig half a foot down with; you'll easily find them in the Cove on the shore—and can carry them home at leisure."

"What's all this?" enquired the captain, as if he had scarcely heard what Bammel had said.

"A few curiosities," said Dr Bubb, "which this intelligent person has procured for me, and hidden in a spot known only to myself. They are of inestimable value, and in great quantities—two casks are filled with them. For fear of other students of the noble science getting possession of the specimens, I have had to adopt all these precautions; and to-day, at one o'clock, when all the population of the village will be at dinner, I will go and take possession."

"And Captain Slap and I will go on with the well," said Sophronia.

"I'll be hanged if you do!" exclaimed Mr Wallop—"John! I command you to seize those people."

"Can't, sir—indeed—that there young lady is young master's intended," said Bammel, hurrying away.

"Yes," continued Captain Slap—"as the property is hers."

"Hers? who made it hers?—'tis mine, I tell you."

"I told you how it was, Miss Froumay," said the captain to his compan-

ion, "the poor old man very often talks in this way. His nephew humours him a great deal too much."

"Ha!"—exclaimed Dr Bubb—" 'tis near the time. I must go. Perhaps you had better delay farther proceedings till I return. In the meantime, go into the house, as Captain Slap has kindly invited us, and order luncheon. I will join you as soon as I have deposited my two puncheons of fossils in a place of safety." Saying this the Doctor put on his hat, and again adjusting his spectacles, pursued his way at a rapid pace from the garden, while Captain Slap, offering his arm to Sophronia, marched majestically towards the house.

"Well, of all the infernal rascals I ever saw—of all the vain, conceited, insolent, intolerable gipsies I ever heard of, these men and this woman are the worst—Marry her!—I'll write a note this moment to Mrs Lorimer, and ask her and Jane to stay for a-week." Such were the reflections of Mr Wallop, as, with melancholy steps and slow, he followed the pair of intruders into his own hall.

CHAPTER IV.

Over a sea, *splendidiore vitro*—more intensely beautifully blue than the eyes of young ladies, or the stockings of middle-aged ones, glided a light boat, propelled by a gentle wind, that only sufficed to send her on her way, without causing a ripple in the water. Under the wild headlands and great chalky promontories that rose in perpendicular ascent many hundred feet from the dark and deep waveless expanse at their feet, the little "Fairy" slipped noiselessly along, scarcely disturbing the sea-mews that were resting half way up the cliff, or looking at it from the rocks that studded the shore; and it is equally certain that its motion, beautiful as it was, and the gleaming of its white sail, picturesque as it appeared to any one who may have looked at it from the land, attracted no notice whatever from the two persons whom it contained. In fact, they seemed to be so occupied with each other, that it is to this hour a marvel and a mystery how Charles Martin managed to steer clear of the numerous rocks that blocked up the passage,

or how, above all, he contrived with such skill and dexterity to shoot round the west point of land, and glide into the open bay that formed the landing-place on his uncle's estate. In this effort of seamanship he obtained no assistance from Jane Lorimer, who sat beside him; and old Bammel, the owner of the boat, had made his way by land, and had left Master Charles to bring the "Fairy" round when his visit to Shepherd's Cove should be concluded. Jane, it appeared, had required to run over to her late residence to arrange some exchange of plants in the conservatory, and nothing could be more natural than for her to accept Charles's offer of a conveyance in the boat. What the conversation might have been we have no means of judging, except that it must have been very satisfactory, for two handsomer faces more filled with happiness are seldom to be met with than those of the two navigators as they sprang on the sand. Winding their way slowly along the steep road that led upwards from the bay, they were surprised

to see two sailors of the coast-guard, armed with sword and pistol, stealing quietly among the thick brushwood that covers the chine, and making their way to the cave which the lovers had so often visited in their childhood. Their path, if they chose to enter Mr Wallop's domain by the little wicket, instead of following the main road, conducted them very near the cavern; and urged on by curiosity, which seemed mingled in Charles with a strange feeling of gratification, they resolved to take the shorter, though steeper ascent. On passing the mouth of the cave they perceived a fat gentleman stripped to his waistcoat busily plying a pick-axe, and so deeply intent on his employment, that he never perceived the spectators of his proceedings. At last, with a groan, partly of fatigue and partly of delight at reaching the object of his search, he stooped down, and after some manful tugs, succeeded in lifting up two moderate-sized tubs, connected with each other like chain-shot by a leather thong. This he put over his neck, and with a tub dangling from each side was hurrying out of the cave—our two friends having slipped aside to leave him free exit—when the sailors, each with a pistol at his head, commanded him to stand, or they would drive a bullet through his brains.

"No use making any resistance; we got notice of this, this morning, and have the rest of our force stationed within call."

This was said in rather a growling tone of voice by the boatswain, who had the pistol still pointed within half an inch of the prisoner's right ear.

"Hawl him along to Mr Wallop's, and get him committed for trial. 'Twill be five years before the mast, and a month or two of Winchester tread-mill."

This was said by the other assailant, whose pistol was within an equal distance of the left ear of the sorely puzzled Doctor Bubb.

"But, gentlemen," said the prisoner, "in Heaven's name, what is the meaning of this? I will explain in a few words the provisions of Magna Charta."

"You may have your provisions in a cart or a waggon if you like; but in the mean-time, them two little tubs is good evidence against you."

"For what?" enquired the Doctor.

"For running a rig on the Queen; I wonder you ain't ashamed on't," answered the boatswain.

"March him along," added the other, giving the prisoner a push on the shoulder that nearly sent him over the cliff.

"Let me understand this; you come here and forcibly seize my person, and object to my carrying off these tubs of geological specimens. Is there a rival philosopher in the case? Is there a collector here?"

"To be sure there is, and a supervisor too; but come along, Mr Wallop will soon set you to rights—come!"

"Mr Wallop, did you say? You must mean his nephew, Mr Martin; the old gentleman is non compos."

"Oh, curse the compass," said the men, "it's all plain sailing here, so shut to your clapper and come on."

"Will they indeed carry the poor gentleman to your uncle?" enquired Jane Lorimer in an anxious voice, as they hurried up the path, and cut into Mr Wallop's grounds.

"To be sure they will, and, by Jupiter! the old fellow will take his revenge on this pedantic booby, and, perhaps, Jane, it may be a lucky incident for ourselves."

"How, Charles? Who is this old man with the tubs?"

"A Doctor Bubb; but I'll tell you more as we go on; you must positively come in for a few minutes—my uncle will be delighted to see you."

"Oh, Charles! not now—not till he knows—not till!"

But before her objections to paying the old gentleman a visit could be concluded, the door was opened, and she only finished her full reasons for not being able to enter the house when she had arrived in the drawing-room. A noise of loud talking in the library had almost alarmed her as she passed; and she was glad to have a few minutes to herself to prepare for her interview with her former friend. The passionate old man had quarrelled with her mother, and had been harsh and angry with the poor girl herself; but she knew that, along with all his bad temper, there was a great fund of goodness; and she, therefore, had great confidence in what Charles had told her about his uncle's change of sentiment in her favour. The noise in the

next room increased in a few minutes so prodigiously, that Charles rushed off to ascertain what was the matter. On entering the library, he saw Doctor Bubb closely guarded by his two captors—Mr Wallop sitting in his arm-chair with a grin of the most diabolical triumph on his rubicund visage, and Sophronia and Captain Slap in a recess of the window in earnest consultation.

"This old man is not in the least insane," said Sophronia.

"No more than a mad dog," groaned Captain Slap, sympathizingly. "He'll certainly send the Doctor as a common sailor on board the fleet, and flogging's not abolished yet."

"Good Heavens! he has often told me that persons born on a chalky formation are hot and violent. It seems, indeed, too true—I must exert myself in his favour." Saying this, she walked forward and said, "Mr Wallop, you must allow me to have some right to interfere here, as soon about to be an inmate in your house."

"That's no evidence," interposed the magistrate, with all the dignity of power, "you saw this person, who calls himself Bubb, in possession of two tubs of contraband spirits?"

"Yes, sir," answered both the men.

"You received intimation of a projected run on this coast, and set watch accordingly?"

"Yes, sir."

"And this is the man?"

"Yes, sir."

"There can be no farther doubt on the subject. I must commit him for trial; and in the mean-time, I can give orders for a prosecution for the wilful damage done to my land."

"This I can explain in a few words," began the lecturer.

"I advise you to say nothing, sir," said the justice; "your words will be taken down."

"But I—I, sir," exclaimed Sophronia, "am answerable for the opening of the soil; and as wife of this gentleman," seizing at the same time the hand of Charles Martin, who, at that moment, entered the room, "I conclude I had a right to do as I pleased with the estate."

"Is she your wife, Charles?" roared Mr Wallop.

"You have so arranged it, sir," meekly replied the nephew; "but as

we are to reside along with you, it will make no"—

The dignity of the bench was for a moment forgotten, and some epithets by no means complimentary to his nephew's intellectual accomplishments, were showered on him in a voice of thunder.

"Marry her!—have my whole estate riddled with deep holes by iron bars and cart wheels—perpetual grubbing for shells and fossils—Doctor Bubbs lecturing all day about chalks and strata!"

"And why not, sir?" triumphantly enquired Sophronia; "I shall teach your nephew the science of geology; we shall ransack the very centre of the universe for specimens—conchology will be our study also—you already know something of shells?"

"A little," replied Charles; "my uncle will find a specimen of a very lovely one, if he will go into the next room. If he will bring it in, I'm sure it will reconcile him to every thing." The uncle, at Charles's request, accompanied him to the drawing-room; and in the mean-time Captain Slap made a proposal to Sophronia, as it was evident old Wallop would never agree to have his estate made into a mineralogical museum; and as without that the match was by no means desirable, he would undertake to free Doctor Bubb from his unfortunate predicament, if she would reward him for such a favour with her hand."

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Sophronia," whined the Doctor, "consider the miseries of five years' banishment—away from science and literature!"

"With the cat-o'-nine-tails in full play," chimed in Captain Slap.

"'Twill be a Roman sacrifice to friendship and geology."

"Enough!" said Sophronia, "I yield. Deliver Dr Bubb from his disastrous condition, and I am yours!"

"Have the goodness," said Captain Slap to the sailors, "to open one of the tubs."

"No use o' that, sir; we knows 'em by the look."

"Open it, nevertheless; if I am not greatly mistaken there is no penalty for a man carrying a few gallons of gooseberry wine; and if all was done as Bammel promised, it is nothing but some British Champagne."

The men looked rather crest-fallen,

but on doing as they were requested, they found it was too true.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" at this moment exclaimed old Bammel, coming into the room, "we've nicked you, lads—jigg'd if we han't tho'—we've had a nice run in Shepherd's Cove all the time you were watching this old gentleman in Fisher's cavern. Too late, boys—all saved!—the whole crop; jigg'd if it aint."

Some communication of the same sort must have been made to Mr Wallop, for a smile had replaced the former stern expression of his countenance, as he brought Jane Lorimer into the library, and presented her to the party.

"I thought you had gone for a specimen of a shell!" exclaimed Sophronia, disappointed.

"And so I have," replied the old man, "as perfect an example of the *Venus Rustica* as ever I saw; but not a word more. There has been a great mistake here,—Charles, show Miss Haggershagge and her crew out of the premises,—lock all the gates,—send for Mrs Lorimer without loss of time, and marry Jane within this week. If you don't, hang me if I don't marry her myself!"

"That's the trick," said Captain Slap, as he hurried the party off; "I'll keep the rest of my liver, and send Bubb to the right about—geology aint such a bad study after all—at all events, it has done me more good than my troop of brown heroes in John Company's Snapdragons."

SOPHOCLES—TRACHINIE.

VENUS swayeth all below,—
E'en the gods to Venus bow;
Wondrous might, I trow, hath she!
Ever hers the victory!
How by many a luring wile
Chronos' son she could beguile,
Not mine the task to tell;
Or him, the God whose force can make
The solid earth's foundations shake,
Or the dark Lord of Hell:
Mine to sing a fiercer strife
That the Goddess woke to life.
Came there for this bride of old,
Suitors two of giant mould:
Wrestler's feint, and warrior's blow
Well I ween their fight could show!
Rushing, trampling, from afar,
Like a goring bull, to war,
From his dwelling by the sea,
From the far *Æniadæ*,
Came the river-warrior on,
Acheloüs, *Tethys*' son!
Glorious *Thebes* his rival bore,—
Thebes whence *Bacchus* sprang of yore,—
With the bow, and with the spear,
With the mighty club of fear
Brandished high his pow'r to prove,
Dreadful came the son of *Jove*!

Fir'd by love, in act to close,
In the midst the warriors rose;
While above them, all unseen,
Blue-eyed *Venus*, beauty's Queen
Hover'd, with unshrinking eye,
Arbitress of destiny!
Sounded then the forceful blow
From clench'd hand, and poudrous
bow;
And from off his forehead torn,
Crash'd the monster's splinter'd horn!
Sinewy limb with limb was coil'd,—
Haughty brow with blood was soil'd,
And the groan, but ill repress,
Burst from either lab'ring breast!
But where *Phœbus*' glories bright
Bath'd the distant hill in light
(Thus my mother's legend said),
Trembling sat the dark-eyed maid:
Motionless in deep suspense,
Piteous was her gaze intense!
Destined to the mightiest sword,—
He who conquered was her Lord!
Mournful as a timid fawn
From its gentle dam withdrawn,
Soon she left her mother's side,
Great *Alcides*' hard-won bride!

H. K.

LINES, SUGGESTED BY A POEM CALLED THE "FLIGHT OF YOUTH," IN THE AUGUST NUMBER OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

MINSTREL ! thou hast poured a strain
I could list, and list again,
Drinking aye a deeper pleasure
From the oft-repeated measure—
Such a harmony divine
Dwelleth in that dirge of thine !
In the morn of yesterday
Fell I on the witching lay,
Whiling by the noontide hour,
In my solitary bower,
Reading little, thinking less,
In my summer idleness !
Suddenly, as with a spell,
On my soul its music fell !
Ever since have I been haunted,
In my waking, in my slumbers,
By its melancholy numbers,
Like one that is enchanted.
Yet I may not all agree
With its deep despondency.
He is mine whom it bewaileth ;
Lightsome limb, and laughing eye,
Health and Hope, and Courage high,
Of this goodly company,
Fainteth none or faileth !
Seven years of sunny weather
Youth and I have spent together ;
We have traversed, hand in hand,
Many a sea, and many a land—
Roamed o'er many a giant mountain—
Drank of many a hallowed fountain ;
Singing, laughing, as we went,
In our gladness innocent.
Such the vows he swore at starting,
Who could dream of his departing ?
Is it, is it so ?
Hath the Minstrel spoken truly ?
To some other limb more light—
To some other eye more bright—
To some heart that beats more newly,
Love forgot, and promise broken ;
Not one little parting token,
Not one kindly farewell spoken,
Will the false one go ?
Joy ! joy ! it is not thus !
Minstrel ! thou hast wronged him,
When thou saidst life was dim,
Sad, and dark, and deadly cold,
And all full of woes untold,
When he leaveth us.
True it is my heart's best brother
Soon must part to glad another—
True that Time, that despot strong,
Will not let him linger long ;
Yet he will not take his flight,
Like a traitor in the night :
Ere long a warning will he give,
Many a little token leave :
Many a farewell will be spoken
Ere the cherished bond is broken !
Softly, kindly, gentle Sprite !
Will he vanish from our sight :
Oft will he look back and sigh
For the pleasant days gone by.
Slowly pacing, often turning,

Once again to clasp us, burning,
Fearful, sad, and broken-hearted,
From our bosom to be parted,
Is he, is he gone ?
Time, alas ! hath iron sway :
In some region far away,
In a dungeon old and gray,
Will he watch him all the day ;
Night is still his own.
Dull old Time ! he little knoweth
All the strength that love bestoweth.
Never chain was forged may bind him ;
Distance vanisheth behind him.
From his broken den,
On the night-breeze riding free,
To our chamber cometh he,—
Telling in our sleeping ear
Tales of many a bygone year,
Quaffing now the hallow'd fountain,
Roaming now the giant mountain,
Over land and over sea
Once more wand'ring merrily,
Youth is with us then.
Minstrel, saidst thou, " Youth is gone,
And hath left us to our moan,
All unfriended and alone : "
Nay, and if thou speakest this,
When he dwelt with thee, I wis
Thou didst wrong him sore.
Never else to woe and sadness,
He that was so fond of gladness,
Would he give thee o'er.
Hark ! in silvery tones, and clear,
He is whispering in mine ear,
" Brother ! might he always dwell
With the souls he loveth well,
From one true and faithful heart
Never more would Youth depart !
Grieve not, for the tear-drops flowing
Nought avail to stay my going :—
Yet, though they may nothing aid thee,
Shall thy love be well repaid thee ;
For to-day and for to-morrow
Thou mayest feel a pang of sorrow ;
But the gentle one I send
Soon shall bid thy weeping end.
Every pure and kindly spirit
This my blessing doth inherit :
Comrade sweet, I ween is he ;
He shall tell thee tales of me ;
He shall paint me to thine eye
With all love's fidelity.
Thou hast but to summon him
When thy spirit waxeth dim,
And in memory, at thy will,
Shall thy youth be with thee still ! "
Minstrel, to mine inward hearing
Thus he breathes his tones of cheering :
Ay, and in my heart I know
He hath spoken truly !
Therefore will I not to woe
Yield myself unduly ;
For when Youth his flight hath taken,
I shall not be all forsaken.

CORONATION SONNETS.

THE ABBEY.

WITHIN the Minster's venerable pile
 What pomps unwonted flash upon our eyes!
 What gorgeous galleries o'er each other
 rise!
 But less with gold and crimson glows the
 aisle
 Than with fair England's living splendours;
 while
 Beneath the pavement sleeps her buried
 glory—
 While o'er the walls yet breathes her
 deathless story.
 And not of living loveliness the smile,
 Still less of costly robes and jewels sheen,
 The soulless grandeur, can our thoughts
 beguile
 From dwelling on those hallowing recol-
 lections,
 Which chiefly make this spot the fittest scene
 Wherein to consecrate those new affections,
 We plight this day to Britain's Virgin
 Queen.

THE QUEEN.

How strange to see that creature young
 and fair,
 The ensigns dread assume of sovereign
 power:
 And claim a mighty kingdom for her dower.
 Oh! crowns are weighty less with gems
 than care!
 Shall one so slight such stately burthen
 wear?
 And in those femininely feeble hands
 The orb of empire how shall she upbear?
 How wield the sceptre of those wide-spread
 lands,
 Whose strength and wisdom kneel for her
 commands?
 Yet that calm brow bespeaks a placid breast
 As there in innocence august she stands;
 Perchance that weakness may protect her
 best,
 Which doth suffuse our gazing eyes with
 tears
 Of joy that is intenser made by fears.

THE CROWNING.

How dazzling flash the streams of coloured
 light,
 When on her sacred brow the crown is
 placed!
 And straight her peers and dames, with
 haughty haste,
 There coronets assume, as is their right.
 The sudden blaze makes all the temple
 bright,
 As if the temple smiled to see her crowned.
 All eyes dilate with that imposing sight—
 All voices make the vaulted roof rebound
 With shouts, in which the cannons' roar is
 drowned,
 That burst in thunder on the startled ear.
 The lofty anthem swells the pomp of sound.
 It is no slavish clamour that we make,
 Who, born ourselves to reign, in her revere
 The kingly nature that ourselves partake.

THE HOMAGE.

Before an earthly throne, as erst in prayer,
 In earthly worship Heaven's own servants
 kneel;
 They swear they will be faithful, true and
 leal,
 And faith, and truth, and loyalty will bear,
 And earthly worship render; so they swear.
 Princes and peers like stately homage ten-
 der—
 Each knee is bent, and every head is bare,
 And life and limb are plighted to defend
 her.
 But one who owns the majesty of years,
 His venerable limbs may scarcely bend.
 See the young Sovereign from her throne
 descend,
 With graceful kindness that so much en-
 dears—
 Till tenderness and veneration blend,
 In hearts whose generous glow can mock
 at sneers.*

J. H.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4, 1838.

* Some did sneer (strange though it seem) at the incident which rendered Lord Rolle's homage an occasion of displaying the amiable character of his gracious Sovereign. But "the vile will talk villany."

THE SENTIMENT OF FAMILY ANTIQUITY.

Among the many phenomena which present themselves to the student of the philosophy of the human mind, there are few more interesting than that which may be called the Sentiment of Family Antiquity; by which must be understood, in the following notice, that respect which individuals feel for themselves and others from the circumstance of descent from a family or persons of note. The times in which we live are such as to make a speculation on this topic any thing but unprofitable.

It is evident that all notion of family consequence takes its origin from the fact of some one person having been, at some time more or less remote as may be, distinguished in some way, from whom persons derive their notion of family consequence together with their birth. And in saying "distinguished," we mean to exclude the notion of persons being necessarily virtuous or successful, *i. e.* distinguished *well*; for, in course of time, descendants may obtain a notion of family consequence from the circumstance of springing from an ancestor who was vicious or unsuccessful, only because he was known (*notus, nobilis*) or distinguished from other persons. And so, too, we hold it no proof against the truth of our position, that there are families—like that of the yeoman in the New Forest, whose ancestor was there when King Rufus was killed—who have nothing to show but long existence, without a rise, in a humble condition of life; because the fact that the existence of their ancestor, at such and such a remote period, if well ascertained, is, of itself, a distinction of him and them.

In the Greek and Roman story we find all associations looking this way. The Greek, for example, teeming with patronymical designations, all telling the tale of some ancient hero and his glories—the Danaidæ, Heraclidæ, Eretheidæ—with what heightening of poetical effect the readers and lovers of the Attic Tragedy well know. The chorus at line 820 of the *Medea*, opens with

Ἐρχθῆναι τὸ παλαιὸν ἄλλοις,
καὶ θεῶν παῖδες μακάρων—

a beautiful apostrophe to the Athenians, in which we see at once the principle which has been stated, and also who those were who made up

their system of Polytheism; who, in fact, their ~~ancestors~~ were—namely, their heroes, whom length of time and dimness of tradition at last invested with the honour of divinity, removing all the palpable evidence of their humanity, and leaving to an admiring posterity only the shadowy record of their services, their virtues, and their valour. The modern genealogist finds the roots of an ancient tree finally elude his grasp in some crag-built tower overhanging the Rhine, and is content to say that the "early history of the house loses itself in the mist of antiquity;" the Athenian, looking up the long ancestral line, and seeing an end without any reason satisfactory to his pride, links it on to Olympus, and bursts out with "*θεογονία ἀνάρχου*." And in like manner the Romans, in their national name, "Quirites," and in their Gentilitial names, as the Gens Horatia, Julia, Sempronius, brought out the unvarying principle of the human mind; differing in its developments, only as far as language and manners make all developments of the same process of the mind, in several nations, to differ from each other.

Holy Scripture, with reverence be it said, shows us how the feeling exhibited itself in the original people of God. They are specifically called "the children of Israel," or "Israelites," in memory, as it were, of the distinguishing epoch and person from which and whose day they began to be the great nation, "like the sand on the sea-shore in multitude," to whom the great promise of the future blessedness of all nations was made.

And thus much of primeval antiquity. The object of the present paper is chiefly to draw some attention to the subject of British Family Antiquity. If we had any copy of the roll of Battle Abbey, on which reliance could be placed, or could satisfactorily reconcile the several copies given in print, we should be much nearer than we can now ever be towards understanding the real state of William Duke of Normandy's attendants upon his perilous venture for the English crown. But if the good monks of the Abbey of "Batayle," so called, it will be remembered, as related by Dugdale, because founded for the health, *omnium animarum que in prelio ceciderant*, of all the souls which had fallen in the "batayle") falsified the re-

gister originally kept there in veracious record of William's gallant companions, we find, in this circumstance, a proof of the estimation in which was held an ancestry ennobled by so signal a passage of arms as the Conqueror's conquering field. We have a few families, but very few, whose descent is undoubtedly known to be in unbroken line above the Conquest. Of these, one is the time-honoured knightly house of Trevelyan of Nettlecombe, whose estate of Trevelyan in Cornwall has never been out of their hands since the reign of Edward the Confessor. But while the Normans left but few Saxon houses—none, indeed, probably, but such as were too powerful to be dispossessed,—in the enjoyment of their fiefs, and so effectually removed them out of the station in which a remembered continuance of their line and honours was likely to ensue, they themselves were, it would seem, singularly careful of their own lines and honours. The pedigrees of our elder noble houses are, for the most part, well travelled, and capable of bearing minute examination in each step; for example, the Howard pedigree, which, although not in the most ancient class, is one of the most illustrious by the streams of "blue" blood which flow into it—the De Vere, merged by an heiress in that of the Duke of St Albans—the De Clifford—and, though not strictly in point here, the Scottish Sutherland, the oldest Peerage in the world, now about to be merged, in the lately created English Dukedom of Sutherland, in the noble house of the Gowers. And besides these houses of peerage, there are numerous English families which can show unquestioned descent from near the Norman invasion.

To feelings how fine and elevating may this love of pedigree be traced; and in us, who stand on our isthmus of time, looking up the stream at time gone, now tinted with all the glow which mellows the past, or down it at the uncertain and not very cheerful dawn of the future, how many associations are awakened when we turn over an illuminated family-tree, or decipher coats of arms and monumental legends! The world now is pleased with a tinsel coat of arms, on a carriage, on a seal, or plate, or tapestry, because the colours are bright, or the bearings fanciful; and officers of arms have been found who have pandered to the prevalent feeling by grants which ancient

Heraldry would have held very cheap. It is, however, the ancient simple system of heraldic symbols that awakens our livelier sympathies. It is, we think, hardly possible to peruse without emotion the coats tied together by clasped hands, branching out into various matches with clasped hands and fresh coats added to them in their turn: dry as pedigrees and parish-registers are by proverb, we confess there are persons for whom they have a very considerable interest. How many a lance was shivered for this Matilda! How many a knight would fain have wore the colour of this Grisildis! Well, they were married, you see, in due time, at the parish church, by the parish priest, to good knightly men of their county, and here you see a goodly line from them; this son fell at Towton—this fought on the Red Rose side—this took blows and favours with the White. Ah! and here we find "*jacent sepultæ*;" they lie in the family aisle in the old church: *Requiescant*.

However, as we come nearer to our own times, some of the most ancient names disappear, and many others meet us which now occupy a distinguished place in the family history of our country. And further, we find those systems of heraldry divulged, which have effectually, in the end, completed the extinction of genuine heraldic taste; although the object of their authors was to sustain it.

An English work on Heraldry was first *printed* in the year 1486, and purported to be written by Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of Sopwell in Hertfordshire. Mr Dallaway very properly says, that the Prioress, however, "cannot be admitted amongst the writers upon Heraldry, *even as a translator of Upton*." We do not mean to moot the question whether Dame Juliana Berners did, or did not, make the translation herself,—though, if we did, we think we should take part with the accomplished lady against Mr Dallaway; but only to state fully what he hints at,—namely, that the heraldic part of the "*Boke of St Albans*" is a translation in part, but altogether a compilation from the work of Nicholas Upton, Canon of *Sarum*, *temp.* Hen. VI. We make this assertion from an actual comparison of the Bodleian copy of the "*Boke of St Albans*," with Upton's treatise, printed with others, in one volume, by Byssle Clarenceux, in

1654. We quote the following passage of the conclusion of the treatise of "*coot armuris*," as a sufficient specimen of the meaning of the Princess in the work she had undertaken.

"Now certainly of all the signys the wich are founde in armys, as of flouris, leafs, and other manuells tokens, I can not declare here: thier be so many. Bot ye shall know generally that for all harmys the wich lyghtly any man has seen in his days ye have rules sufficient, as I believe, to dyserne and blesse any of theym; and it be so that ye be not in youre mynde to hesty or to swyfte in the dyscerning. Nor ye may not overryn swiftly the foresayd rules, bot diligently have them in youre mynde, and be not too full of yousaitis. For he that will hunt ij haris, i von owre; or von while von, an other while an other, lightly belongs both. Therefore take heede to the rules. If so be that they be not a generall doctrine: yet shall thai profute for this sciens gretly." Here, then, was a full disclosure of all the "*mysteris of the gentle craft*," of "*coat armuris*," but made, it must be observed, by a lady of high temporal rank, of the noble blood of the Barons Berners, and of high spiritual rank as Prioress: so that we may be sure nothing was intended by the disclosure to injure the existing estimation of rank.

Gerard Leigh, who followed the Prioress at an interval of nearly a century, with his "*Accedence of Armorie*," retains the same high tone which she employed in speaking of the birth and the bearers of arms. As the work is very scarce, a quotation may not be unacceptable; it is from his Preface, addressed "to the honourable assemblie of gentlemen in the Innes of Court and Chancerie." He says to them, "most humble I beseech your honors to daine to be patrons of this my worke, against the middle finger pointings of the ungentiles, dissevered into three unequal parts. The first whereof are gentile ungentile. Such be they as will rather shewe armes then beare armes. Who of negligence stop mustard-pots with their father's pedegrees, or otherwise abuse them. The second sort are ungentle gentlemen, who being enhaunced to honour, by their fathers, on whom (though it were to their owne

worship) yet can they not keepe so much mony from the dice, as to make worshipfull obsequies for their said fathers with any point of armory: but despise the same, because (say they) those his armes were purchased for slips. Most of these desire the title of worship, but none do work the deed that appertaineth thereunto. And of these that runne so far as will not turne, old women will say, such youth will have their swing, and it be but in an halter. The third sort, and worst of all, are neither gentle, ungentle, or ungentle gentle, but very stubble curs, and be neither doers, sufferers, or well speekers of honors tokens. As of late, one of them that was called to worship* in a citie within the province of Middlesex; unto whom the Herehaught came, and him saluted with joy of his new office, requesting of him to see his cote: who called unto him his maid, commanding her to fetch his cote. So, quoth the man to the Herehaught, here it is; if ye will buy it, ye shall have time of payment, as first to pay halfe in hande, and the rest by and by. The Herehaught being somewhat moved, said, I neither asked you for this cote, sheeps-cote or hogs-cote, but my meaning was to have seene your cote of armes. Armes, quoth he, I would have good legs, for my armes are indifferent," &c. But the popular familiarity with the subjects of heraldry and genealogy, had begun to have, as we see by this very preface of Gerard Leigh, its effect in diminishing the esteem in which ancestral distinctions were held. The next important work on heraldry which we will mention, shows an essential transition in popular feeling. In Guillim's "*Display of Heraldry*"—composed, as Anthony-a-Wood asserts, by Dr Berkham, Dean of Boching—we find that the class of persons who, in Gerard Leigh's time, made light of bearing "*cotes*," and were, in his opinion, "*very stubble curs*," had become admirers of coat armour, and obtained grants from the College of Heralds. Gerard Leigh's first edition was in 1562, Guillim's in 1610; and in this interval, which we may call the Elizabethan era, we would place the change from the ancient to the modern sentiment of aristocracy. That new order of things then began, which has since raised the

* It is almost unnecessary to notice, that "called to worship," means "appointed to a worshipful office."

national prosperity to so high a pitch, in opening to aspiring adventurers of parts and spirit the avenues which lead on to fame and fortune. But with this change did undoubtedly fall to pieces the system which the Prioress, and Gerard Leigh, and Sir John Ferne, and Bossewell, wished to support, in giving to the world their heraldic and genealogical lore. Their books were read to the full as much as they desired; but their readers were not content to sit down with the knowledge that this "Worshipful Dame," or that Ryght Nobull Prince, bore such and such "*cote-armoris*," and came of such and such gentle houses. The sight and the history of the fesses, crosses, bends, and tressures, the lions rampant, couchant, and saliant, the fleurs-de-lys, the roses, the cinquefoils, of ancient houses, made the blood glow in many a plebeian cheek, and many a plebeian heart resolved to win and wear them. From this time forward, as the succeeding editions of Guillim, up to the last and best in 1724, show, heraldic bearings became multiplied, and lost in their multiplication that chaste simplicity which the earlier coats possess. If the subject were sufficiently popular, we could easily prove by quotation how radical the alteration was; but we fear the language of the gentle craft is too unintelligible to most readers to make a blazon of coats an acceptable topic to them.

But although the alteration of the developement of this sentiment is undoubtedly mortifying to genuine antiquaries, yet we cannot help thinking that, as it exists at present, it is of very high utility to society. The bearing of arms now is one of those rewards open to honest industry, which honest industry covets and values. And it values it, because the noble houses of England have lost, and can lose, none of their attachment to their own heraldic ensigns; which no multiplication of modern bearings, no intrusion upon the privileges of arms, can blemish or render less valuable; and therefore continue to use and to display them, with as much satisfaction, and as profusely as formerly, though at other times and on other trappings. The wealthy commoner who has risen from the mass of the people, knows, that with his rise, he will be enabled to use an hereditary distinction, of the same kind with that used by a Peer,

or even the Sovereign; and it seems almost demonstrable, that *a priori* such a circumstance would give honest industry an additional impulse, just as it is certainly proved by experience that in fact it does so. It seems, indeed, very happily ordered, that such a source of honour should exist, attainable without injury to any one, without even diminishing in any way the value of the honour to former and ancient possessors, yet nevertheless serving very sufficiently to ascertain and mark a degree of social rank. Genuine antiquaries, too, among whom we consider ourselves, are apt to be mortified at the change of the character of coats as now granted, as we hinted above. But when we can get rid of this most natural feeling, and bring our sympathies down to reason, we shall find plenty of ground on which to build many pleasant thoughts of even this slipshod heraldry. The complaint against the modern grants of arms made by the kings of arms, may be summed up in a few words—they lack simplicity and unity. A person who has been engaged in a particular business, chooses to have some ensigns of his occupation preserved in the shield which he is going to obtain from Mr Garter or Mr Clarencieux or Mr Norroy, to be transmitted to his heirs. Garter bows, and devises the insertion of a butt or an Angola goat:—then, his lady wife likes blue, and the College receive an intimation that Sir John wishes azure to be the field:—the knight's son, who is martially inclined, desires that a cavalry sword and a pair of holsters may be introduced; and the daughter will have some favourite flower perpetuated. So (if we may venture upon a single blazon) there offers a full Patent of Arms, granting and exemplifying to Sir John and all his issue, *azure*, three Angola goats, browsing on as many mounts, *semes* of flowers *proper*, between as many falchions erect, pomelled and hilted *or*; and on a chief of the third two holster-pistols encountering each other, flammant and fumant of the second.

Now a Howard, a Seymour, or a Talbot, may smile at such a coat; but the same feeling which clothed their illustrious ancestors with the bend and cross-crosslets, the wings in lure, and the rampant lion, clothes Sir John with his quaintly imagined coat. The old barons fought for their country,

for they loved it; the new knight was honest, patient, industrious, for he loved his country too; and both own the common principle of our nature in seeking and claiming a reward, the same in kind.

And further, beyond the stimulus which the desire of heraldic distinction gives to those who are rising in the world, there is a benefit arising from it of very high consequence; namely, the tendency which it has to unite and hold together the mass of those who have a stake in the country, for their mutual preservation. No sooner do men distinctly perceive themselves to belong to a certain class—say that of the armigeri of the three kingdoms—than they feel a common interest with all their class in all that they think belongs to its safety and respectability. No matter how wide the chasms between the grades of armigeri—and we know they are very wide—yet, as such, they all are concerned to keep up the hereditary tenure of respectability, and of the property which maintains it. Perhaps it may be said that many of those—members of the Legislature, for example—who are unscrupulously engaged in the demolition of our most venerable institutions, are armigeri, nay, men of ancestry. True; but while they are thus employed in public, let us enquire what is their conduct at home, and what are their sentiments with regard to their own family and personal consequence;—whether their own private arrangements are democratical—and whether the levelling system is carried on in the regime of their domestic establishments. We shall find, most likely, that they, too, are bound up by the strong common tie of standing in society, one of the marks of which, as we see, is the bearing of arms; and that with every wish to see their superiors brought down to them, they have no sympathies with their no less consistent fellow-democrats, who bear no arms, and think the whole theory of gentility useless and burdensome. We cannot but protest, without any qualification, against those who assume arms without either hereditary right or grant from the College. There is a regular and simple way in all the three kingdoms by which any person who thinks himself competent to bear arms, and is able to meet the expenses of a patent, may obtain them; and those

who think it worth their while to use them, should certainly be at the pains of coming by them honestly. It ought to be understood, that the circumstance of bearing the name of a family, of which the arms are known and may be found, does not in any manner entitle a person who wants a coat of arms, to take the coat of the family whose name he bears. Nothing but descent from a house lawfully bearing arms, or a grant from the College, or the special gift of the Sovereign, can authorize their use. Those engravers, therefore, who advertise in their shop-windows “arms found,” are leading persons into very serious mistakes; and it were very much to be wished that the College would interfere, as it still has the power to prevent the abuses arising from the practice.

But even this delinquency gives evidence of the estimation in which the thing is held. People are unscrupulous as to the means of obtaining what they want; but they must have felt the want strongly before they became so. We have been induced to give this short notice on a topic which seldom comes in our way, because we think the times in which we live give a value to all which is connected with the preservation of hereditary rights. Time was, when heraldic and genealogical pursuits ranked higher than now; when Peachum did not think his “Compleat Gentleman” to be “fashioned absolute,” without a chapter on heraldry,—when blazoning must have been a staple of courtly talk. And further back still, when belted earls went into the battle-field with their arms embroidered on their surcoats, and their ladies welcomed them home to their halls in kirtles adorned in like manner—it seems hard to understand into what situations in life the ideas of heraldry must not have entered unbidden. These days are gone—the Earls lie on their altar-tombs in their surcoats, with their kirtled Ladies beside them—the stately ruffled and trunk-hosed gentleman of King James I.’s court kneels on his monument with his sons, and his lady with their daughters, in gradually diminishing lines behind them—and their memories only find a resting-place in the collection of the curious and somewhat despised antiquary. But if we are as wise here as they were, we shall take what we have, and use it as we best may.

THE ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES.

TRANSLATED BY MR CHAPMAN.

Persons.

APOLLO.

DEATH.

HERCULES.

ADMETUS.

PHERES.

ALCESTIS.

EUMELUS—*her little son.*

CHORUS OF PHEREANS.

*Servants, &c.*SCENE.—*Before the Palace of ADMETUS.*APOLLO, *with his bow and quiver, appears on the stage.*

Apol. Ah, hospitable roof! where, tho' a god,
 I condescended to the hireling's board:
 Zeus was the cause, who, with the lightning's flame,
 Transfixed my dear son Esculapius;
 Whereon I slew the Cyclops, in my rage,
 The one-eyed forgers of his fiery bolts;
 In punishment whereof the Sire ordained
 I should for wages serve a mortal man.
 Here was my service done, and in this land
 I tended for my host his flocks and herds,
 And up to this day have preserved his house,
 The holy dwelling of a holy man,
 Admetus; for whose sake I tricked the Fates,
 And won their promise he should 'scape the death,
 Then near his door, if he could substitute
 One willing, in his stead, to satisfy
 Expectant Hades. But not one he found,
 Although he went the round of all his friends,
 Father nor mother, none except his wife,
 That willing was to encounter death for him,
 And look upon the pleasant light no more.
 E'en now, within there, in his arms sustained,
 She heaves her breath, fast drawing to her end;
 For on this day she must depart from life.
 But I have left the dear and friendly roof,
 To avoid pollution. Lo! here cometh Death,
 Priest of the dead, at his appointed time,
 To lead her downward to the shades below.

DEATH *enters.*

Death. Ho! ho! what art thou doing here?
 Why art thou walking to and fro?
 To rob again of awe and fear,
 And honour due, the Powers below?
 Was 't not enough for thee to cheat us,
 And put a trick upon the Fates,
 Deferring for thy loved Admetus
 His passage through the gloomy gates?
 But now again, with bow and quiver,
 Art mounting guard to save the wife,
 That undertook then to deliver
 Her husband, giving life for life?

Apol. Fear not: I hold to justice, and just pleas.

Death. In that case, why this bow?

Apol.

It is my wont

To carry it.

Death. And to aid this house unjustly.

Apol. I'm touched at the distress of one I love.

Death. Wilt rob me of a second victim now?

Apol. No! neither did I rescue him by force.

Death. How is he, then, above, not under ground?

Apol. By substituting her, for whom thou'rt come.

Death. Ay, and will take her.

Apol.

Take her, then, and go:—

Though fain, I know not if I can persuade thee——

Death. To slay the victim due? it is my task.

Apol. Nay, but to lay thy hand on lingering age.

Death. I understand thy meaning and thy wish.

Apol. Is't possible Alcestis may survive,

At age arriving?

Death. It is *not*; consider,

I, too, have pleasure in the dues of power.

Apol. Thy business here is only with one life.

Death. When the young die, the greater glory mine.

Apol. Should she die old, a richer burial hers.

Death. Thy law is all in favour of the rich.

Apol. What? thou a sophist, none suspecting it?

Death. They'd buy delay of death till they were old.

Apol. Wilt thou grant me this favour?

Death.

I will not;

And thou art well acquainted with my mood.

Apol. Hostile to mortals, hateful to the gods.

Death. Thou canst not have all things thou shouldst not have.

Apol. Though fierce, yet shalt thou stop in this proceeding;

For such a man, by King Eurystheus sent

To bring him chariot steeds from wintry Thrace,

Will hither come, and in this house be guest,

That shall from thee this woman take by force.

I'll owe thee, then, no thanks, but hate instead,

And thou wilt have to do what now I ask.

Death. For all thy words thy gain is nothing more;

This woman shall descend to Hades' house.

I'll now advance on her, and with this sword

Begin the consecration; when this blade

Has lopt the doomed hair of any head,

That soul is sacred to the gods below.

[*APOLLO quits the scene. DEATH enters the Palace.*

The CHORUS then enter in two divisions.

1st Semich. Why this silence so profound,

In the house, and all around?

2d Semich. Why is there none to let us know

If for the dead our tears should flow;

Or if the queen, so dear to sight,

Yet lives and looks upon the light,

The wife that is, by common fame,

The best that ever had the name?

1st Semich. Does any hear a lamentation

As of a house in desolation,

Sobs or sounds that hands awaken

In grief for one by death o'ertaken?

2d Semich. No! nor is a servant near:—

'Mid the woe's o'erwhelming wave,

Pæan! at our wish appear,

Healing god! appear to save!

1st Semich. The silence, of itself alone,

Is token plain she is not gone.

2d Semich. We have not this hope of yours:

Whence is it? Speak, and make it ours.

1st Semich. How could Admetus, hid from all,

Have made his consort's funeral?

2d Semich. Before the gates I do not see
 The lustral water wont to be
 So placed, whene'er a corse doth lie ;
 Nor in the vestibule descry
 The locks in sign of sorrow shorn
 By them that for a dead one mourn ;
 Nor for the young, cut off by Fate,
 The women's hands reverberate.

1st Semich. Yet this is the appointed day—

2d Semich. What's that ? What is it that you say ?

1st Semich. In which she downward should depart.

2d Semich. Ye've touched my soul, ye've touched my heart.
 All that in life true virtue cherish
 Must mourn whene'er the virtuous perish.

Chorus. There is no spot on all earth round,
 To which a winged ship can bound,
 Nor Lycia, nor the thirsty plain
 Of Ammon's immemorial fane,
 By sending whither one can save
 This hapless lady from the grave ;
 For fate abrupt is near at hand :—
 Of them that by the altars stand,
 And make the blood of victims flow,
 I know not unto whom to go.

Only the son of Phæbus might
 Recover her again to light,
 If he yet lived : the dead he raised,
 Till from the hand of Zeus out-blazed
 The levin-brand and laid him low.
 What hope for her life can I know ?
 All could be done the king has done :—
 Of all the gods the altars run
 With blood of victims—but this ill
 Is, notwithstanding, cureless still.

[*A female Servant is seen coming from the Palace.*]

But from the house a weeping woman comes.
 What shall we hear ? when our lords suffer aught,
 Our mournful sympathy is justified ;
 We fain would learn if she be dead or not.

Serv. Ye may now call her both alive and dead.

Chor. How can one be alive and dead at once ?

Serv. She's as it were laid out, near her last gasp.

Chor. Ah, wretched husband, losing what a wife !

Serv. He knows not yet, but soon will feel the loss.

Chor. Is there no longer hope of saving her ?

Serv. It is the day appointed her to die.

Chor. Are not the fitting preparations made ?

Serv. The pomp is ready for her burial.

Chor. Let her then know she dies with best renown,
 As noblest wife of all beneath the sun.

Serv. Who will deny it ? Oh ! what must she be
 That can outparagon her excellence ?

How can a wife show greater proof of love
 Than giving her own life to save her lord's ?
 But this the country round already knows ;
 Ye'll be astonished more at what I'll tell you.

When she perceived the appointed day was come,
 She bathed in water from the running stream,
 And from the cedar chest took rich attire,
 Her lovely person carefully arraying,
 And, standing at the sacred hearth, exclaimed :—
 " Queen Vesta ! I am going now below,

And kneel and pray to thee the latest time,
 To guard the children I leave motherless ;
 A loving consort for the boy provide,
 And for the girl a brave and noble spouse ;
 Nor let them die untimely as I do,
 But with all blessings in their fatherland
 Bring to completion a life full of joy."

And then she went, and every altar crowned,
 Stripping the foliage from the myrtle boughs,
 And prayed without a tear, without a groan ;
 Nor did the coming wo change in the least
 Her bright complexion. To the bridal room,
 And bed, she next advanced, but there she wept,
 And said ; " Oh bed, where virgin to his arms
 I came, for whom I die to-day, farewell !
 I hate thee not, though thou hast brought me death ;
 Loth was I to betray my lord and thee.
 Thee will another after me possess,
 Not chaster, but perchance more fortunate."
 Then on the bed she flung herself, and kissed it,
 And from her eyes let fall a flood of tears ;
 At last she rose and turned to leave the room,
 Oft made the attempt, and often she returned,
 And cast herself again upon the bed.
 Her children, clinging to her garments, wept ;
 She took them in her arms, and kissed them both,
 First one, then the other, as about to die :
 The servants, pitying her, were all in tears ;
 She gave her hand to all, was spoken to,
 And for the meanest had a parting word.
 Such wo is working in our master's house !
 But had he died, 'twould have been o'er with him ;
 Escaping death he has a lifelong grief.

Chor. Surely Admetus groans, with grief oppress'd,
 If he must lose so excellent a wife.

Serv. He weeps indeed, sustains her in his arms,
 And prays her not to leave him, asking for
 What cannot be ; for she is going fast,
 And visibly droops and sinks, passing away.
 She hangs a languid burden on his arm ;
 Yet still, though faintly gasping out her breath,
 She would behold the bright rays of the sun,
 As what she never more shall see again,
 But for the latest time will look upon
 Light's glorious orb. I'll go and say ye are here.
 For not all subjects wish well to their lords,
 Nor with them grieving truly sympathize ;
 But to my master ye are friends of old.

Chor. Oh Zeus, can there be any way
 Of 'scaping from this wo to-day ?
 Or any refuge for our master
 From his foreseen and worst disaster ?
 Our hair must we in sorrow shear,
 And the black robes of mourning wear.
 'Tis plain, 'tis plain, this grief must be,
 But let us, friends, still bend the knee ;
 The gods, indeed, have mighty power :—
 King Pæan ! hear us, in this hour
 Of his distress thy good-will show,
 And save Admetus from his wo.
 Find out some help for him—as thou
 Hast done before—oh find it now !

Arrest the stroke of Death, and save
 The best of women from the grave.
 Ah, son of Pheres ! joy-forsaken,
 Since from thee thy wife is taken—
 Sufficient cause to raise the knife,
 Or fix the noose, against one's life.
 For thou to-day must see lie dead
 Thy dear, more dear than can be said.
 Behold her with her mate forlorn !
 Oh land of Pheres, cry and mourn
 For this best woman downward ta'en,
 To Hades' mansion subterrane.
 I'll never say 'tis my belief
 That wedlock's joy exceeds the grief :
 This ere to-day 'twas mine to learn,
 And in the king's case I discern,
 Who'll lead, when he has lost his wife,
 A life—not worth the name of life.

*ALCESTIS enters, supported by ADMETUS, and accompanied by
 their two children.*

Alc. Oh sun ! and light, and clouds of Heaven,
 In fleecy rolls revolved and driven !

Adm. That sun beholds two wretched creatures here,
 Who have done nothing wherefore thou shouldst die.

Alc. Oh earth ! and palace, and thou bed,
 For my espousals whilom spread !

Adm. Cheer up, unhappy consort ; leave me not,
 But pray the sovereign gods to pity us.

Alc. I see the two-oared boat ! I see
 The ferryman of all the dead !

With pole in hand, he calls for me—

'Tis Charon calls, with accent dread,

And vehemently chides my stay,—

“ Come quickly, come ! why this delay ? ”

Adm. Wretch that I am ! oh cruelest voyage to me !

My dearest, doomed wife ! what wo is ours !

Alc. Some winged Hades pulls me now

Unto the dead ! do you not see ?

From underneath his sable brow

The King of Terrors glares at me !

What wilt thou do ? unhand me ! oh !

Loose me ! on what a path I go !

Adm. Path dismal to thy friends, and most to me,

And to these children, sharers of my grief.

Alc. Lay me down ! I cannot stand ;

Hades now is near at hand ;

O'er mine eyes the last of sleeps,

The long night of darkness creeps.

Children ! now my life is o'er,

And your mother is no more ;

May your lives with joy be bright,

May ye long behold the light !

Adm. Ah, woful speech for me to hear,

Harder than any death to bear !

Oh by the gods, and by these ties,

Motherless, when their mother dies,

Forsake me not ! arise, dear wife !

While I have thee, I still have life ;

Without thy being mine is o'er,

So much I love thee and adore.

Alc. Admetus, you perceive how 'tis with me,
 But I would tell my wishes ere I die.
 How I've loved, honoured thee, appears in this,
 I die when not to die was in my power,
 Giving my life that thou may'st see the light.
 I might have lived, and wedded with some chief
 Of Thessaly, and dwelt in princely state ;
 But without thee, my children fatherless,
 I was not willing to drag on my life ;
 Nor spared myself, still in the bloom of youth,
 Life's freshness, in whose sweets I took delight.
 Yet both thy parents, both near life's last goal,
 Betrayed thee, when they might have nobly died,
 And so have saved their son, their only child,
 With no hope left of other progeny.
 Had either of them dared to die for thee,
 We twain had lived, nor thou disconsolate
 Been left to rear the children whom I leave—
 But some god brought about it should be so.
 Well, be it so ! then make me a return—
 One equal to my claim I cannot ask,
 For nothing is more precious than one's life—
 However, 'tis a just one, thou wilt own.
 Thou lov'st these little ones no less than I ;
 At least if right thy thoughts and feelings be ;
 Then bring them up as princes in my house,
 Nor introduce an envious stepmother,
 Less kind in her affections than myself,
 To lord it o'er them with a heavy hand.
 Remember my request : a stepdame hates
 The children of a former marriage born ;
 To them no milder than an adder is.
 My boy will in his father find a tower,
 But how, my girl, shalt thou fit training have
 How will thy father's consort act to thee ?
 Oh, may she not by slanderous rumour spoil
 Thy hope of marriage in thy bloom of youth !
 Thy mother ne'er shall deck thee as a bride,
 Nor, where a mother kinder is than all.
 Amid thy groans of childbirth comfort thee !
 For I must die—not when to-morrow comes.
 Nor on the third day of the month, but now,
 E'en now must I be numbered with the dead.
 My husband, and my children ! fare-ye-well,
 And prosper ! Ye can say, no man e'er had
 A better wife, no children better mother.

Chor. Fear not : I'll answer for him, he will keep ;
 Thy last injunctions, if he keep his senses.

Adm. It shall be so, it shall be, doubt it not :—
 Since I had thee when living, still when dead
 Shalt thou be my sole wife : none after thee
 Shall call me husband, nor Thessalian bride,
 Nor one of any land, tho' most complete
 In beauty, daughter of the noblest sire.
 The number of my children is enough ;
 I pray the gods I may have joy of them,
 For I have none of thee. But I shall feel
 Grief for thy loss, not only for a year,
 But while I live ; and both my parents hate.
 Who were my friends in word but not in deed.
 To save mine thou hast given thy dearest life—
 Must I not groan then losing such a spouse ?
 Henceforth no feasts for me, no revellers.

No garlands, and no music in my house,
 As heretofore ; nor will I touch the lyre,
 Nor breathe again upon the Libyan flute—
 Oh never, never shall I have the heart,
 For thou hast ta'en away my joy of life.
 But modelled by a skilful artist's hand,
 Thine image shall be laid upon my bed ;
 And I will fall on 't, and repeat thy name,
 And think I have, alas ! not having thee—
 Cold comfort ! but some little ease of mind ;
 And in my dreams the vision of my love
 Shall give me joy ; 'tis pleasant to behold
 A friend at all times, even in the night.
 But if I had the tongue and melody
 Of Orpheus, as to appease with ravishment
 Of holy hymns Proserpine, or her lord,
 And from their gloomy realm recover thee,
 I would go down : then neither Pluto's hound,
 Nor Charon at his oar, the ferryman
 Of the Departed, should inhibit me ;
 But I would bring thee back to life and light.
 Expect me there, however, when I die,
 And have a mansion ready for us both.
 For I will give these children charge, to enclose
 My bones with thine, and lay me by thy side ;
 May I be joined with thee, sole faithful found,
 To be no more divided, when I'm dead !

Chor. I'll sympathize with thee, as friend with friend ;
 Her singular merit well deserves our grief.

Alc. My children, ye have heard your father's pledge,
 That he will not so much dishonour me,
 As to take other wife to rule o'er you.

Adm. Again I give it, and will keep it too.

Alc. So pledged, receive these children from my hand.

Adm. A precious gift from dear hand I receive.

Alc. Be thou a mother to them in my stead.

Adm. Thy loss compels me to this added charge.

Alc. My children, I depart when I should live.

Adm. Ah ! what shall I do, widowed and forlorn ?

Alc. Time will console thee, for the dead are nothing.

Adm. Oh take me with thee, take me, by the gods !

Alc. I die for thee—one victim is enough.

Adm. Oh Fate ! of what a wife thou spoilest me !

Alc. Darkness lies heavy on my drooping eyes.

Adm. I am undone, if thou forsakest me.

Alc. Speak of me as no more, as nothing now.

Adm. Lift up thy face, abandon not thy children.

Alc. Not willingly—my children, oh ! farewell !

Adm. Look on them, look, oh look !

Alc. I am no more.

Adm. Ah ! do you leave us, and depart ?

Alc. Farewell ! (*dies.*)

Adm. I'm lost.

Chor. She 's gone, Admetus has no wife.

Eumelus. Alas for my misfortune !

Alas ! I am undone ;

My mother 's gone, my father,

No more she sees the sun.

Oh, see her eyelid drooping
 Over the cold dark eye,
 And see her arms extended,
 How lifelessly they lie !

Oh, hear me, hear me, mother !
 'Tis I that on thee fall,
 'Tis I whose mouth thine presses,
 'Tis I that on thee call.

Adm. You call on one that neither hears nor sees ;
 We both are stricken with a heavy grief.

Eum. But young I'm left, my father !
 My sister ! I and thou
 Have met with greatest trouble,
 We have no mother now.

In vain, in vain, my father !
 Were you twain e'er united ;
 Ere ye grew old together,
 Has all your joy been blighted.

She 's gone away before thee,
 And thou art left alone ;
 Untimely dead, my mother !
 The house is all undone.

Chor. Admetus, you must bear this heavy stroke ;
 You 're neither first nor last to have such loss ;
 Think death a debt which we have all to pay.

Adm. I know it ; nor this ill came unawares ;
 With fear of it I have been long afflicted.
 But I will now appoint the burial :
 Chant ye, mean-while, a hymn to gloomy Dis,
 The implacable god of the Subterrane.
 Let the Thessalians, over whom I rule,
 With their locks shorn and in black robes appear ;
 Your chariots yoke, and shear the coursers' manes ;
 And for twelve moons let neither flute nor lyre
 Sound in the city ; for I shall ne'er inter
 A dearer or a more deserving one :
 Oh, worthiest of all honour I can pay
 Is she that only dared to die for me !

*Exit ADMETUS and the children—and
 Alceste lies breathing on the body.*

Chor. Daughter of Pelias ! now farewell !
 Since thou must for ever dwell
 In the subterranean halls,
 Where the sun's light never falls.
 Let the god, whose tresses flow
 With a glooming blackness, know,
 And the Rower, old and dread,
 Ferryman of all the dead,
 That this woman is the best,
 Of the rarest worth possess,
 It was e'er his lot to take
 O'er the Acherontian lake.

Thy praise shall minstrels often tell
 On the seven-toned mountain shell,
 And in solemn hymns and sweet
 Oft without the lyre repeat,
 Both in Sparta, when they keep
 The Carnean feast, nor sleep,
 While the vernal moon all night
 Shineth on them glad and bright,—

And in Athens, famed in story,
 Rich in splendour, wealth, and glory.
 Such a theme thy death supplies
 For the minstrel's melodies.

Would that it did on me depend
 That thou should'st to the light ascend !
 From the realm of Dis supreme,
 Where Cocytus rolls his stream,
 From the land of shadows black
 Would that I could waft thee back,
 Bring thee up to earth again
 By the river Subterrane !
 Thou, of women thou alone,
 For thy husband's life thine own
 Didst to Hades freely give,
 Dying that thy spouse might live.
 Lightly lie the earth o'er thee !
 If with other ever he
 Link in love, his children's hate
 And our scorn upon him wait.

His mother was not willing found
 To hide her body under ground,
 Was not willing, tho' she bore him,
 To the grave to go before him ;
 Nor did his old father dare,
 When they both had hoary hair,
 Neither of them dared to go,
 As his substitute, below.
 But thou didst—and in the hour
 Of thy youth's fresh-breathing flower,
 Ere life's loveliest hues had fled,
 Dying in thy husband's stead.
 Oh, with such mate may I pair—
 But such lot in life is rare—
 For 'tis certain such a wife
 Would ne'er cause a pain in life.

HERCULES enters.

Her. Phereans, is Admetus now at home ?

Chor. He is within ; but tell us, Hercules,

What brings you to this part of Thessaly ?

Her. Eurystheus has appointed me a task.

Chor. Where must you travel, and for what exploit ?

Her. To Thrace, and for the steeds of Diomede.

Chor. How can you do this ? do you know the man ?

Her. No ! I was ne'er in the Bistonian land.

Chor. Those steeds cannot be won without a battle.

Her. And I cannot renounce this enterprise.

Chor. You must slay some one ere you can return,
 Or else remain there being slain yourself.

Her. 'Tis not my first adventure.

Chor. What remains,

If you are victor over Diomede ?

Her. To take the steeds to the Tirynthian king.

Chor. It is no easy thing to bridle them.

Her. Except they from their nostrils breathe out fire.

Chor. But they devour men with their ravenous jaws.

Her. So feed, not horses, but the mountain beasts.

Chor. You'll see their stalls defiled with human gore.

Her. Whom does their trainer boast of as his sire ?

Chor. The King of Thracian shields, enrich'd with gold,
Calls Mars his sire.

Her. Thus does fate deal with me,
Still tasking me with arduous enterprise ;
If I must with the sons of Mars contend,
First with Lyeon, and with Cynus next,
Now with a third, this king and his fierce steeds.
But none shall ever see Alcemena's son
Shrink from encounter with a hostile hand.

Chor. And, lo ! Admetus from the palace come .

ADMETUS enters.

Adm. Hail, son of Zeus, prince of the blood of Perseus !

Her. Admetus, prince of the Thessalians, hail !

Adm. Would that your " hail " was suited to my state,
For your good will toward me well I know.

Her. Why are your locks in sign of mourning shorn ?

Adm. To-day I have to bury somebody.

Her. 'Tis not one of your children ? Heaven forbid !

Adm. My children are within, alive and well.

Her. If 'tis thy father, he went full of years.

Adm. My father and my mother are alive.

Her. It cannot be Alcestis that is dead ?

Adm. Of her I have to speak a twofold tale.

Her. Speak you of her as living, or as dead ?

Adm. She is and is not ; but she is my grief.

Her. I am no wiser, for you speak in riddles.

Adm. Do you not know the doom imposed on her ?

Her. I know she undertook to die for you.

Adm. How is she living then if bound to this ?

Her. Weep not beforehand ; wait until the event.

Adm. One just about to die is dead already,
And one that's dead no longer is in being.

Her. To be, and not to be, are different things.

Adm. You judge in one way—in another I.

Her. But wherefore are you weeping ? Who is dead ?

Adm. A woman : —we were speaking of a woman.

Her. One of thy blood, or of no kin to thee ?

Adm. Not of my blood, but to my house most dear.

Her. And did she in thy house depart this life ?

Adm. Her father being dead, she lived with us.

Her. Oh, that you were not mourning !

Adm. With what aim

Do you say this ?

Her. To seek another host.

Adm. That must not be ; let not such ill occur.

Her. A guest is grievous to a house in grief.

Adm. The dead are dead : come, go within at once.

Her. To feast with mourners is a shameful thing.

Adm. The guest-rooms are apart.

Her. Nay ! let me go,

I'll owe you thousand thanks.

Adm. It must not be ;

Elsewhere you must not go : lead on, and throw (to an Attendant)

The guest-rooms open ; bid the purveyor

Provide fit entertainment for my guest ;

Shut to the doors of the mid-hall, lest groans

(It were not well) should reach the feaster's ears,

And with unwelcome grief mar his content.

[HERCULE goes into the Palace.]

Chor. What means this ? When so great mischance has fallen,
Is it a season for receiving guests ?

Adm. Had I driven from my house a new-come guest,
 Would you have praised me? No! I had not lost
 My grief, but rather hospitality;
 And such impeachment of my house had been
 Another added to my present ills.
 Besides, when I to thirsty Argos go,
 Then this my guest is my most worthy host.

Chor. Why did you then from such a friend conceal
 Your present trouble?

Adm. Had he known my grief,
 He never would have gone within my doors.
 Yet will he think I was not wise in this—
 He'll not like it; but my roof knows not how
 To turn away and to dishonour guests.

[*He goes into the Palace.*]

Chor. House! where a liberal spirit is dwelling,
 In hospitable grace excelling,
 Under thy roof the bright Apollo,
 The master of the golden lyre,
 Dwelt a shepherd, in the days
 That on his steps the flocks did follow
 O'er hill and slope with glad desire
 To hear his pastoral lays.

Then with the flocks were wont to hie,
 Such influence had his minstrelsy!
 The spotted lynxes, meek and tame;
 And then were seen, from Othrys drawn,
 Tawny lions in his train;
 And from the tall pine-forest came,
 With a light foot, the dappled fawn,
 Rejoicing in the strain.

So in a place that most excels
 In flocks and herds Admetus dwells,
 Where Ossa his tall shadow flings
 O'er Boëbe, lake of freshest springs:
 The boundary of his domains,
 Of eared fields and pasture plains,
 Is the Molossian clime that lies
 Toward the region of the skies,
 Where glide the coursers of the sun
 Into the dusk, their day's work done;
 And his sway doth to Pelion reach,
 Far as the Ægean's portless beach.

And now the guest-rooms open lie;
 And he the guest with courtesy
 Bade welcome, though with eyelid wet:
 He lingers with the lost one yet,
 And o'er the corse his tears doth shed,
 Lamenting o'er his newly dead.
 The noble nature well is known
 By sense of honour, felt and shown.
 It seems a spirit of wisdom true
 Is in the good, in all they do;
 And on this truth my soul doth rest,
 The godly always fare the best.

ADMETUS enters, followed by the bearers with the body of ALCESTIS.

Adm. My kind Phereans! these attendants now

Convey the corse with honour to the tomb.

Salute ye, as the custom is, the dead,
That now upon her latest journey goes.

Chor. Here comes your sire, with the slow foot of age ;
And his train follows with his funeral gifts,
And ornaments, in honour of the dead.

Enter PHRÉS and Train.

Phr. I'm come, my son, in very sympathy ;
A good wife and a chaste you've lost indeed,
Yet this affliction, though hard to be borne,
You must e'en bear : accept these offerings,
And let them go with her under the ground.
'Tis fit her body should have honour due,
Since by a voluntary death she saved
Thy life, nor let my age in sorrow pine
From being childless. She has left behind
The memory of a life, that to her sex
Gives glory, from the lustre of this deed.
My son's preserver, our support, farewell !
In Hades' mansion be it well with thee !
Such marriage profits men, else better far
Not to submit unto the marriage yoke.

Adm. Thou'rt come unbidden to this funeral,
Nor do I count thy presence that of friend.
Thy funeral gifts and offerings I refuse ;
Owing thee nothing shall she be interred.
My danger was thy time for sympathy ;
Dost thou mourn her, that then didst stand aloof ?
Thou that, being old, didst let a young one die ?
No father thou of mine, nor was I born
Of my reputed mother, but some slave
Brought me to light, and I was privily placed
At thy wife's breast. No ! thou art not my father,
Thy conduct clearly showed my thought is right ;
Else no man ever was so mean of spirit,
That thou at such an age, the goal of life,
For thy own son shouldst lack the heart to die !
But didst permit a woman, of no kin,
Whom I may well esteem both sire and mother,
To die instead. Yet dying for thy son,
Thy life had then been finished with renown ;
And think how short its small remainder is ;
Then had my wife and I both lived together,
Nor I been left to groan in widowhood.
And thou hast tasted all the joys of life ;
Thy flower of manhood passed in sovereignty,
And I, thy son, succeeded to thy place ;
So that not childless hadst thou left thy house
For others to despoil. Nor canst thou say
I ever did dishonour thine old age,
For I have showed thee greatest reverence.
But what return had I from both my parents !
Get other children without loss of time
To nourish thine old age, and deck thy corse,
And lay it out ; for I'll not bury thee,
Since for thy part I had been dead ere now.
If I've found other to preserve my life,
I owe that other filial care and love.
The prayer the old make for death is vain pretence,
Of age complaining, and life's weary hours ;
For soon as death comes near, not one is found
Willing to die ; age then no burden is.

Chor. Cease ! for the present wo is quite enough :
Nor thou, the son, provoke thy father's wrath.

Pher. Whom do you take me for ? a Lydian slave,
Or else a Phrygian purchased with your coin,
That you revile me thus ? know'st not I am
Free born, Thessalian, of Thessalian sire ?
You're over-bold, but shall not go hence plumed
With triumph of youth's reckless insolence.
I gat and reared you for my successor ;
I'm not your debtor bound to die for you.
That fathers for their issue are condemned
To pay great Nature's debt, is not Greek law,
Nor one hereditary in my house.
You for yourself, for good or ill, were born ;
Whate'er was due to you from me, you have ;
Your present sway is great ; and I will leave you
The territories I inherited.

How have I wronged, of what defrauded you ?
Die not for me ; for you I will not die.
Think you I take no pleasure in the light,
To you so pleasant ? I count long the time
That we must spend below, and this life brief,
But very sweet. You shrank, like a poltroon,
From death, and, making *her* your victim, 'scaped ;
Shamed by the woman that durst die for you,
The handsome youth ! Dost call me mean of soul ?
A fine invention for escaping death,
If you can substitute, from time to time,
A cozened wife ! How dare you, being a coward,
Reproach your friends with selfish backwardness ?
But hold your peace, and only just consider,
If you love your life, all alike love theirs ;
And if you speak against us, how much more,
More truly, may be said against yourself.

Chor. Too much of this has been already said :
Desist, old man, nor thus reproach thy son.

Adm. Say on ; if the truth jars upon your ear,
You should not err against me.

Pher. I had erred
Much rather, if I had, to save you, died.

Adm. Is it the same for youth and age to die ?

Pher. Each has a single life ; that should content us.

Adm. For aught I care, live longer e'en than Zeus !

Pher. Dost curse thy parents without wrong from them ?

Adm. I knew you were enamoured of long life.

Pher. Is not this corse in thy stead now borne out ?

Adm. A proof this of thy penury of spirit.

Pher. 'Twas not for me she died !

Adm. Ah ! may you want me !

Pher. Woo many wives, that more may die for thee.

Adm. That thou didst shrink from it, is thy reproach.

Pher. Dear, oh, how dear, the blessed light of heaven

Adm. Mean is thy spirit, unworthy of a man.

Pher. That is no corse of age—for your derision.

Adm. Inglorious will your end be, when it comes.

Pher. When dead, I shall not care what's said of me.

Adm. Alas ! how shameless is old age !

Pher. She was
Not shameless—but you found her mad indeed.

Adm. Begone ! and let me bury now my dead.

Pher. I'll go ; and thou, her slayer, bury her !
Her kinsmen yet will call thee to account,

Or else indeed Acastus is no man,
Except he avenge on thee his sister's death.

Adm. Begone! thou and thy mate in childless age
Live, as ye merit, though your child yet lives.
For never shall ye come beneath my roof;
And if 'twere needful to renounce thy hearth
By heralds, I would e'en renounce it so.
But since we must, my friends, bear this infliction,
Let us with the procession now advance.

[*PHIETUS withdraws; on the other side ADMETUS and the
Funeral Train depart, the CHORUS chanting the Dirge.*]

Chor. Alas! to thy own ruin bold,
Oh passing noble, and high-souled!
Farewell! may Hermes on the way
To thee all gentle kindness pay;
And may great Dis receive thee well!
If ever good the good befell
In the under-world, that come to thee,
Sitting beside Persephone!

[*While the Funeral Train retires, a Servant
advances from the Palace.*]

Serv. I've at the hearth received many a guest,
From many a land, for whom I've spread the feast,
But never worse than this. In the first place,
He saw my lord in grief, yet entered in;
Next, for his fare, such as it chanced to be,
Made no allowance, knowing our distress,
But loudly roared for any thing he lacked;
Then in both hands he seized an ivy goblet,
And quaffed the pure juice of the purple mother,
Until the flame o' the wine enkindled him;
And then with myrtle-wreath he crowned himself,
And howled discordantly snatches of song.
There were two strains to hear; for while he sang,
Without a thought of our domestic wo,
We servants were bewailing our lost lady:
We did not let him see our eyes were wet,
For so Admetus ordered. I mean-while
Must entertain this stranger, vagabond!
But she is gone, nor I did follow her,
Nor stretch my hand, lamenting my lost mistress,
Who was e'en as a mother to us all;
For from a thousand ills she saved us,
Appeasing for us oft her husband's ire.
Is it not justly then I hate this stranger,
Who has intruded on us in our grief?

HERCULES enters.

Her. Hark you, why do you look so grave and thoughtful?
A servant should receive his master's guests,
Not with a puckered brow, but cheerfully.
You show to me, that am your master's friend,
Contracted brow and gloomy countenance,
Only because of some out-door distress.
Come, learn of me, and be a wiser man.
Know you the way of life and its events?
I think *not*—but, indeed, how should you? Hark!
Death is a debt that all mankind must pay;
None knows if he shall be alive to-morrow;
For slippery fortune is uncertain ever,

Cannot be learnt, nor be found out by skill.
 Drink and be merry ; and consider life
 To be thine own only from day to day—
 The rest is Fortune's. Honour Cytherea,
 Sweetest of deities to mortal men,
 For she to them is goddess most benign.
 If you suppose me right—I think I am,—
 Leave your dark thoughts and follow my advice.
 Will you not then quit your excessive grief,
 Go in, and crown yourself, and drink with me ?
 I know right well the wine-cup's generous gush
 Will clear your brow, and cleanse your mind of gloom.
 Mortals should entertain such sentiments
 As suit their mortal state : to them, methinks,
 That wear their visages to sorrow set,
 Life is not truly life but wretchedness.

Serv. We know it ; but the feast, laughter, and mirth,
 Are quite unsuited to our present state.

Her. Grieve not so much ; the lady was a stranger—
 The rulers of the mansion are alive.

Serv. Alive ? do you not know our sad mischance ?

Her. I do, unless your master did deceive me.

Serv. He is too hospitable.

Her. For the death
 Of a mere stranger, should I not have met
 With entertainment ?

Serv. Yet she was most near !

Her. Is there some wo he did not tell me of ?

Serv. Farewell ! our master's trouble toucheth us.

Her. Your words express more grief than for a stranger.

Serv. Your revels, in that case, had not disturbed me.

Her. Have I then been ill-treated by my host ?

Serv. You did not come at a convenient time ;
 Grief is among us, and you see our hair
 Is shorn, our dress is of the mourning hue.

Her. But who is dead ? one of the children gone ?
 Or his old father ?

Serv. No ! his wife is dead.

Her. What ? his wife dead ? and yet did he receive me ?

Serv. He scrupled to repel you from his house.

Her. Unhappy man !—Oh, what a loss is thine !

Serv. Not only she, with her we all are lost.

Her. I thought 'twas some misfortune, when I saw
 His woful face, shorn hair, and weeping eyes ;
 But saying 'twas a stranger's funeral,
 He did deceive me ; and against my will
 I went within his doors, drank, crowned myself,
 And revelled while he was in his affliction.
 And yet you told me not of this distress !
 Where does he bury her ? where can I find him ?

Serv. On the high-road that to Larissa leads,
 Just past the city gate, you will observe
 The tomb of marble shining to the view.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Her. My much-tried heart ! my soul ! exhibit now
 What sort of son Alcmena bore to Zeus.
 The newly-dead Alcestis must I rescue,
 And to this house restore, to kind Admetus
 Doing a work of kindness in return.
 I'll go, and watch for Death, the black-robed king
 Of the Departed ; if, as I expect,
 I find him near the tomb, drinking the blood

Of victims, and I can surprise and seize him,
None shall release my pining prisoner
Till he resign the woman. If I fail
To take him captive so, and he abstains
From coming near to taste the clotted gore,
Then to the sunless mansions will I go
Of fair Proserpine and her gloomy lord,
And ask her at their hands: I have no doubt
That I shall bring Alceus up again,
And give her back to his embracing arms,
Who welcomed and received me in his house,
Though smitten with a sore calamity,
Which from respect for me he nobly hid.
What man of Thessaly has toward guests
A larger spirit and heart more bountiful?
Or what Hellenian? Never shall he say,
While he was noble, I was otherwise.

At the Burial.—Advances and the company of mourners return.

Adm. Oh, sad aspect, and entrance drear
Of my poor widowed house ! Oh, where
Can I find rest ? where go ? what say ?
Or how be silent ? Woful day !
Would all were o'er with me forlorn,
A wretch to worst affliction born !
I count the dead the only blest,
And long to be with them at rest.
To tread on earth not gladdens me,
Nor the sun's cheerful beams to see :
One pledge of joy I had—Death stole her,
And Hades has my life's consoler.

Chor. Go in, and solitary moan;
Thy loss is worthy many a groan.
Ay, groan ! I know thy heavy lot,
But thy lamenting helps her not.
Her sweet face ne'er to see again
Is grief indeed—and grief in vain !

Adm. This, like an ulcer, frets my core,
Never to see my sweet wife more !
What worse ill has man through life
Than to lose his faithful wife ?
Better that I had dwelt alone
Without the consort—that is gone !
Happy are they whose life is single,
That never with these sweet ones mingle !
The grief for ills that only touch
A single life, is not so much :
But to perceive our children droop
Under disease's mortal swoop ;
And to behold the bridal bed
Defiled by Death, untenanted
Of the beloved lately there—
That is a grief too hard to bear !
When a man too might, if he chose,
Refrain from having ties like those.

Chor. Who by struggling can get free
From resistless fate?

Adm. Wo's me!

Chor. Wilt no bound to sorrow set?

Alm. Wo ! wo !

Chor. Hard to bear, but yet

Bear it : thou art—

Alm. Oh! wretch forlorn!

Chor. Not first from whom wife has been torn.

But different men in different ways
The burden of distress o'erlays.

Adm. Oh, vain regret, and lasting sorrow,
For them that wake up to no morrow !
When I headlong wished to follow
Her to the sepulchral hollow,
Why did ye me from death restrain,
From lying where my dead is lain ?
Then Hades had been pleased to take,
Together ferried o'er his lake,
Two faithful souls instead of one,
Two loving souls together gone.

Chor. I had a kinsman old and hoary,
That had one child, his hope and glory ;
And on that son death sudden fell—
The old man bore it passing well.

Adm. My house ! how can I dwell in thee,
Since this sad change has fall'n on me ?
'Twixt life before, and that behind,
Oh, what a difference I find !
With light of many a Pelian torch
I whilom passed within the porch,
With bridal songs, and in my hand
My wife, the lady of the land !
Then was there many a cheerful voice
To bid the happy pair rejoice,
A noble match, well come together,
Both nobly born, in life's spring-weather.—
But now instead of nuptial songs
The wailing voice its note prolongs ;
And for white shining robes to-day
I'm marshalled by a black array,
To what was once a happy spot
The chamber where—where she is not !

Chor. This came on thee in grief untried,
And after fortune's happy tide ;
But thou, at least, hast saved thy life ;
And from her loved thy loving wife
Is gone indeed :—is this thing new ?
'Tis but what Death is used to do.

Adm. I deem her fortune happier than mine own ;
It may not seem so, but I think it is ;
For her no grief shall ever touch again,
And she, removed from care, with glory rests ;
While I, that should have died, escaping death,
Must now drag on a weary, woful life—
I see it now. How can I bear my home ?
What pleasure can I look for ? whom addressing ?
By whom address ? oh, whither shall I turn ?
The solitude within will drive me out,
When I behold the place void where she slept,
The seat whereon she sat ; the house neglected ;
And when the children, clinging to my knees,
Weep for their mother ; and these poor kind creatures
Bewailing what a mistress they have lost !
Such is my state within doors ; but without
The nuptials solemnized in Thessaly,
The troops of lovely women, will distract me ;
For never can I bear to look upon
Her friends, that number the same years she did.
Then whosoever loves me not will say :—
“ Behold a man (in seeming such at least),

That ignominious lives, and dared not die,
 But let his wife become his substitute,
 And hates his parents that would not consent
 To die for him the death the coward shrunk from."
 This ill report be added to my grief,
 And tell me, friends, if better 'tis to live
 Suffering at once ill fame and misery ?

Chor. I too have risen upon the pinion
 Of song, sustained with knowledge high ;
 But never have I known dominion
 Like that of stern Necessity.
 No charm on Thracian table writ,
 Though wisest Orpheus uttered it—
 No remedy that Phœbus taught
 His sons, with healing virtue fraught,
 To be dispensed to mortals frail,
 Against this Power doth aught avail.

To her alone is none approach
 By vows at altar, statue, fane—
 'Tis vain the victim's life to broach—
 She sees not, hears not—prayer is vain.
 Dread Goddess! spare me ; for with thee
 Zeus brings about what'e'er must be.
 The iron of the Chalybes
 Is tamed by thee : nor is the stress
 Of thy stern spirit e'er checked in force
 By any touch of soft remorse.

Thee, my prince ! she holdeth now
 In chains resistless ; bear it thou !
 Weeping cannot raise the dead.
 Sons of mortal mothers bred,
 Stealth-begotten of the gods,
 Also lie in Death's abodes.
 Dear she was while yet in life,
 Dear too, now, when she is not ;
 For thine was the noblest wife
 Ever fell to mortal's lot.

Let the tomb that covers her
 Be not as a sepulchre
 O'er the dead. Her praises meet
 Shall the traveller repeat,
 As to Spirit of the Day,
 Ere he passes on his way :—
 " She that once did death endure,
 Of free will, to save her spouse,
 Now is Spirit blest and pure—
 Hail, sweet Saint ! and hear our vows ! "

But lo ! here comes Alcmena's son again.

HERCULES enters with a lady, whose face is concealed with a thick veil.

Her. 'Tis right with freedom to address a friend,
 And not to hide offence we take at him.
 I thought myself one worthy, as one near
 In friendship, to demand what was your grief :
 You told me not 'twas your wife's funeral,
 But as 'twere death did not concern you nearly ;
 You entertained me as a welcome guest :
 Mean-while I crowned myself with myrtle wreath,

And freely poured libations to the gods,
 E'en in the house of mourning: 'twas not well—
 I blame you for't, but will not with reproaches
 Add to your grief. Hear why I have returned:—
 Receive and keep for me this woman safely,
 Till with the Thracian mares I come again,
 When I have slain the rude Bistonian king.
 But should I meet mischance (which Heaven forbid!)
 Accept her as a gift; with toil I won her.
 It chanced I came upon a ring was set
 For public games, in which, as worth my pains,
 I took a part, and she became my prize.
 The victors in the lighter games won horses;
 Those in the greater, herds of horned cattle;
 This woman was the last and noblest prize.
 It had been base not to contend for this;
 I did, was victor, and commit her now
 To your protection; fairly did I win her,
 And not by theft; you will perchance, hereafter,
 Yourself commend me for the pains I took.

Adm. Neither from slight, nor thinking you no friend,
 Did I conceal my wife's unhappy fate;
 But to my grief I had but added grief,
 If you had gone to any other host:
 To weep my own misfortune was enough.
 But for this woman, if it may be so,
 ('Mong the Phereans you have many friends,)
 Commit her to the charge of other man,
 That has not suffered in the way I have.
 The sight of her would only feed my grief,
 Nor could I keep from tears, beholding her.
 Make not a sick man worse; I've wo enough:
 Where could she lodge? her figure shows her youthful;
 In the men's quarters? no! young blood is hot,
 Not easy to restrain; could she be there
 Unblemished? of your interest 'tis I think.
 Or shall she have the chamber of the dead?
 Sleep in *her* bed? I fear a double censure;
 Lest any blame me with the injurious thought,
 That I have ta'en a youthful paramour,
 False to the memory of my best preserver;
 Then that of my own conscience, for I owe
 The dead (that well deserves it) love like awe.
 Lady! whoe'er thou art, thou dost in truth,
 In height and shape, resemble my Alcestis—
 Now, by the gods, remove her from my sight!
 Afflict not further an afflicted man.
 Take her away! methinks I see my wife,
 When I see her; it stirs my troubled heart;
 And see! the fountains of my tears gush out.
 Ah, wretch undone! how raw my wound is yet!
 How new, how bitter is my taste of wo!

Chor. I cannot praise thy lot; but all must bear,
 Whoe'er they be, the measure God appoints.

Her. How gladly would I bring, had I the power,
 Thy wife from the under-world to thee and light!

Adm. I doubt it not: but how can such thing be?
 It is impossible to raise the dead!

Her. Grieve not too much; endure the stroke with patience.

Adm. To preach is easier than to practise it.

Her. Can groaning help you, though you groan for ever?

Adm. Ay, 'tis no help; yet I've a liking for't.

Her. Grief for a buried love makes the tear flow.

Adm. She's gone! and I'm undone beyond expression!

Her. You lost a glorious creature.

Adm. And with her

Lost sense of joy, and relish of my life.

Her. Time will compose the swelling grief yet new.

Adm. 'Twill do it, if time be death.

Her. Another wife

Will comfort you.

Adm. Hush, hush! how can you speak so?

Her. Will you then live a lonely widower?

Adm. No woman e'er shall be my bed-fellow!

Her. Think you this of advantage to the dead?

Adm. I'm bound to honour her, where'er she be.

Her. Right, right! I say; but you'll be thought a fool.

Adm. That let them call me, but a bridegroom never!

Her. I praise you for your loyalty in love.

Adm. If ever I betray her, may I perish!

Her. Take now this noble dame into the house.

Adm. Pr'ythee, excuse me, by thy father Zeus.

Her. But not to do this is not for thy good.

Adm. And doing it will cut me to the heart.

Her. Do it; you'll not repent it; be persuaded.

Adm. Alas! would you had never won the prize!

Her. Yet in my triumph you participate.

Adm. Thanks for your nobleness; but let her go.

Her. Yes! if it must be so, but look to 't first.

Adm. It must be so, unless you would incense me.

Her. From knowing what I do, I'll run the risk.

Adm. Prevail then, but I like not your proceeding.

Her. Some time or other you will praise me for 't.

Adm. Conduct her in then, if it must be so. [*To his Attendants.*]

Her. I will not give her over to your servants.

Adm. Then lead her in yourself.

Her. Into your hands,

And into yours alone, will I commit her.

Adm. I will not touch her—but she may go in.

Her. I trust in you, and in your hands I place her.

Adm. Against my will you force me to this act.

Her. Boldly advance thy hand, and touch the stranger.

Adm. As tho' it were to touch the Gorgon's head!

Her. Hast hold of her.

Adm. I have.

Her. Then hold her fast;

Hereafter will you call me generous guest.

But look on her—*(he lifts her veil)*—and see if she resembles

Thy lost Alcestis—and from sorrow cease.

Adm. Ye gods! what shall I say? a miracle!

Is it my wife I see, my very wife?

Or else do the gods in derision mock me

With a false joy, a pleasant madness only?

Her. It is no false presentment, but your wife.

Adm. Look that it be no phantom from below.

Her. You cannot take me for a necromancer!

Adm. My wife? My buried wife?

Her. Yes! it is she;

I do not wonder at your unbelief.

Adm. May I touch, speak to her?

Her. Yes! speak to her;

You have indeed all that you most desired.

Adm. Sweet face and person of my dearest wife!

When I did think to see thee never more.

Beyond all hope do I possess thee now!

Her. You do ; all envy of the gods keep hence !

Adm. Blest be thou, noble son of highest Zeus,
And may thy father ever watch o'er thee !
For only thou hast raised me up again.

How didst thou bring her up into the light ?

Her. I fought a battle with the grisly king
Of them below.

Adm. Where didst thou fight with Death ?

Her. Surprising him, I seized him at the tomb.

Adm. Why is she silent ? Wherefore speaks she not ?

Her. It is not lawful that you hear her voice
Till the third day, when she by lustral rites
Has been absolved from the infernal powers.
But lead her in ; be just, and show respect
To strangers. Now, farewell ! I go to achieve
The task set by the son of Sthenelus.

Adm. Remain with us, and be our honoured guest.

Her. Some other time, but now I must proceed.

Adm. Good luck go with thee, and return in safety ! [*Exit HERCULES.*]
But I command through all the tetrarchy,
That choirs, in memory of this blest event,
Be duly set, and blood of victims flow
To the best gods from whom these blessings come.
Now is my present state flowering with joy,
And my condition better than before.

[*Exit ADMETUS, leading ALCESTIS into the Palace.*]

Chor. Through many a shape, and many a change
The skyey influences range :
The gods oft bring about events,
Our strange unlooked-for accidents ;
And what we think shall surely be,
We look for, but we cannot see.
God finds an unexpected way,
And so it has turned out to-day

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXVI. OCTOBER, 1838. Vol. XLIV.

Contents.

	PAGE
THE CABINET AND THE COUNTRY,	429
THE PICTURE GALLERY. No. V.	439
EARLIER ENGLISH MORAL SONGS AND POEMS,	453
FUNERALS,	469
THE TUTOR,	480
PROGRESS OF POPERY,	494
LETTER FROM TOMKINS. BAGMAN v. PEDLAR,	508
ON CATHOLICISM, PROTESTANTISM, AND PHILOSOPHY IN FRANCE BY M. GUIZOT.	524
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONSCIOUSNESS. PART V.	539
A GLANCE OVER THE POETRY OF THOMAS WARTON,	553

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, 45, GEORGE STREET,

EDINBURGH:

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXVI. OCTOBER, 1838.

VOL. XLIV.

THE CABINET AND THE COUNTRY.

THREE years ago Lord Brougham sent the Melbourne Cabinet into the world with the brand of "The Luca-pables" on its forehead. Among all changes of principle and practice, they have been true to their title. They intended nothing; they were capable of nothing; and they have fulfilled both their intention and their capacity. The country has gone on without them. They are no more responsible for its movements than the barnacles on the ship's bottom are responsible for the ship's course. The business of the barnacles is to cling where they have been once stuck on, and their instinct is to repel any force that would scrape them off. The Cabinet have the same business, and the same instinct, and no more. They would perhaps, like the barnacles, have some sense of inconvenience, if the ship were to be bulged against the rocks, or broken up by utter rottenness; but, like them, they will only follow their natural impulse in clinging to it, while there is a plank together, and in sucking that plank while they live.

That this is wholly a new condition of a British Government we perfectly acknowledge; that the individuals composing this Government are utterly helpless, trifling, and ridiculous, we suppose no man of any kind of observation in the country doubts in the slightest degree; and that this state of public matters has been suffered to go on merely through the

patience of the public, and the singular leniency of the national protectors in Parliament, is, we take it for granted, wholly undeniable by any man who knows his right hand from his left. Another point is equally to be taken into consideration. The Cabinet is not more frivolous as a body, than impotent in its members. The broadest glance cast over British history can absolutely find nothing so destitute of all the qualifications for the government of empire. A brilliant and bold ambition has sometimes dazzled the nation into the endurance of bad men and bad measures; superior eloquence, and the art of persuading great assemblies, has often bewildered the nation; a character for honest public intentions, sanctioned by private decency of life, has raised and kept many a man of mediocrity in high station; even the habit of being known as the client of a popular and generous line of politics has had its effect. Thus the Walpoles, Chathams, Foxes, hazardous as they were, and even the Liverpools, simple and stagnant as they showed themselves in the midst of the most glowing impulses of the most glowing times, and, last and least, the slipperiness of Canning, were more than tolerated; nay, in some instances, exact the same retrospective homage from the national memory, with which we look upon the sword and armour of some great champion, hung above his tomb; or fix our eyes on the fiery

line in the horizon, which tells us that there the sun has set. But the Melbourne Cabinet have discovered another source of distinction, which, if few may desire to rival, none can hope to exceed. *They are contemptible.* Their feebleness is so completely beyond all controversy, that they have the double advantage of being supposed incapable of mischief, and of exciting commiseration, in every instance where they are attacked. Sir Robert Peel against Lord John Russell! Why, every sense of common humanity cullists itself on the side of the little victim querulously writhing in the grasp of the powerful Opposition leader. Lord Melbourne against Lord Lyndhurst! Was there ever such painful inequality? When the great Law Lord rises to inflict the lash upon his nerveless and frightened opponent, however justice may command severity, every feeling of compassion longs to save the startled culprit from the scourge, which, like the knout, may extinguish his public existence at a blow. We have, of course, no wish to touch upon the mysteries of high men and things. But if those scenes occurred in China, caricature might amuse itself richly with the burlesque of the Chief Mandarin. Not the possession of the "blue button, and the peacock's feather,"—not bowing Mandarins, and Tartars kissing his feet—not even the exclusive ear of the sitter on the imperial cushion could save him from being consummately laughed at. Of the multitude of trifling, unpurposed, and shallow speakers who figure so disastrously before the people of England, the Premier with all his accomplishments, probably ranks among the worst; he is certainly the worst who ever attempted the part of a leader of the Cabinet. After' his first half-dozen sentences, he becomes wholly confused, evidently loses all sequence of thought, blunders from one folly to another, and after a helpless discharge of the most unhappy verbiage, either drops into silence, from mere powerlessness of saying any thing, or attempts to cover his retreat by falling into a ridiculous passion. On the other hand, Lord Lyndhurst's force, combined with his calmness, his full and palpable knowledge of every subject on which he treats, his easy mastery of language, and that

language often enriched by allusions of classic elegance, render him one of the most accomplished of living speakers. But he can cut deep. His castigation of O'Connell, when that truculent bully ventured to come into the House of Peers, probably with the hope of overawing him, the resistless contempt with which he lashed the fellow, and the summary justice with which he actually forced him to take flight, are still remembered by the House as among the public services of the noble Lord, and have sunk into the memory of O'Connell as among the bitterest debts of that sweeping vengeance which cankers his heart. In the hands of such a man imbecility can only fret and foam. But it is when Lord Brougham makes the assault that the condition of the Premier becomes utterly pitiable. Brougham pays no attention to those etiquettes which restrain execution in the hands of Lord Lyndhurst. His style is trenchant, fierce, and desperate. He darts upon his prey like a vulture, and is not content with striking it down; he tears and gnaws; he turns it over in every direction, and strikes again wherever a vestige of life or vulnerability remains. Even the noble Lord's eccentricity gives him additional power in this species of conflict; like the bird of the churchyard, he fights better on his back than on foot or wing, and plies the beak and the claw to the last with remorseless fury, and never finishes while there is a wound to be given, or a feather to be torn away.

But leaving the Cabinet *en masse* to the scorn which its impotence deserves; if we enquire what has been done by its individual members, we only descend from its general usefulness to personal inanity. If we ask what has that man of the red ribbon and "all the loves," the Foreign Secretary, done, since his unhappy fixture on the public purse, we can find nothing but a list of public failures, resulting from a policy in direct contradiction to all the old established maxims of England, and that contradiction resulting from the new-fangled deference of an English ministry for the power of the rabble leaders at home. We thus have as the *memorabilia* of the noble lord the blockade of Holland; the Anglo-Spanish expedition; the Turkish diplomacy; the Greek instalments; the American

boundary negotiation; the negotiation with France on the infamous seizure of Algiers; the negotiation with Spain and Portugal for the suppression of the slave trade. If all these were not failures, we demand the evidence of success in any one of them.

From the Foreign Secretary we turn to the Colonial. There the single word "Canada" is more than enough. The infinite dulness that could not see rebellion preparing year after year; the infinite tardiness that so long pondered about sending out the force which was so imperiously necessary; the infinite foolery which suffered such a personage as Lord Durham to go out as "the peace-maker," attended with such guardians of public interests, and such examples of personal conduct, as the Turtens, Wakelfields, and Dimecombes. Such are a few features of the Secretary's achievements in a single branch of his office. But we leave the Morphews of the Cabinet to his poppies.

What exhibition has the Home Secretary made of his fitness for power? Has there been a single bill of the session which has not been either given over to the Opposition to correct into the capability of public use, or been trampled under foot by them? Has he had a will of his own for an hour together? Has he been able to bring a single measure of Government into action but by the sufferance of Sir Robert Peel; and is he not at this moment a puppet, pulled alternately by the strings of the Irish faction at his back, and the Opposition in his front? As for the remainder of his coadjutors they are fit to draw on the Treasury once a quarter, and that is the sum total of their capacities.

But how long is this system of *negotiations* to go on? How long can England endure to see eleven five thousands a-year given to the necessities of eleven luminaries of this order? How long are those men to be suffered to sow the seed of their Whig-Radicalism in every spot of office at home, in every colony, in every regiment, in every ship; to turn all public employment into a Whig retaining fee, and fasten upon the nation, in the form of well paid pauperism, the dregs of worthless partisanship? Will Europe give us time for the quiet process of this experiment? Will Ame-

rica give us time? No. What says Russia? Follow your worthless policy, for it is my profit; but interfere with my projects in the east or the west, and then look to the consequences if you dare. Is it not notorious, that while our Ministry are thus doing nothing at home, and England is looking on with a mixture of contempt and amazement, Russia is arming on every frontier, building vast fleets, and in the midst of the most profound peace, and without a rival to fear, is calculating on the conquest of countries, of which fifty years ago she had scarcely heard the name? Is it not notorious that France is openly calculating on the possession of the whole northern coast of Africa before our face, a possession which would seal up the Mediterranean from us, as Russia has sealed up the Euxine? Is it not notorious that America is making an iniquitous demand for the surrender of that vast territory which, lying between New Brunswick and the St Lawrence, seals up the mouth of that great communication between our Canadian empire and the ocean?

But all this is done because the attention of the Cabinet is employed on Ireland. So say the defenders of the Premier and his colleagues. Ireland must first be pacified; you must first let us soothe the Agitator, and satisfy the Irish Papist, and then—The Greek Calends will be an early date for the arrival of that day. We say unhesitatingly that this hope of settlement is an absurdity. Or, that if the Cabinet believe that any arrangement for the peace of Ireland will be valid with Popery for a moment beyond its own convenience in breaking through that arrangement, we must hold the Ministerial intellect in still more condign scorn.

We ask, what have the Ministry ever been able to fix, or the nation to gain, in the negotiations with the Agitator and his tribe? To talk of the utter vileness of Papist politics is wholly superfluous. But while he remains the acknowledged regulator of our public measures, the master of our public men, the lord of British council, those things invest his opinions with an importance which makes their perfidy an object of public peril. It will be found that, in all the great points in dispute between Irish faction and national safety, the Papist has

contradicted himself in the most unhesitating manner; that the most solemn pledge of to-day has not prevented the most contemptuous denial to-morrow; that to-day, on his knees, swearing to one opinion before the legislature, he feels himself fully at liberty to harangue a mob against that opinion within the next twenty-four hours, and that, for the pledge and for the denial, he has but "one discoverable motive."

We shall give only a few examples, but they are wholly unanswerable. The Agitator is now furious against the Irish Poor-Law. He was once its equally furious advocate. In 1831 he thus addressed Dr Doyle, the Popish Bishop. "My lord, you have convinced me. Your pamphlet on the necessity of making a legal provision for the poor of Ireland has completely convinced me. * * * I readily acknowledge that you have done more. You have alarmed me, lest in the indulgence of my own selfishness as a landholder, I should continue the opponent of him who would feed the hungry and enable the naked to clothe themselves." The approach of a Poor-Law subsequently startled the Irish Papists, and O'Connell backed out for two years. Another convenient turn comes; his Cabinet think proper to throw out a tub to the whale, and he shifts about again; assembles his 'Trades' Union, and moves "for the appointment of a committee to wait on Lord Morpeth, in order to ascertain the views of Government on the subject of the Poor-Laws, and to *aid in the arrangement* of that question in a manner most likely to avoid all mischief," &c. &c.

Against the provision for the Romish Clergy Mr O'Connell is now as furious as he is against the Poor Law. In 1837, at the meeting of his Dublin Association, he thus declared his *sic volo, sic jubeo*. "I speak here in the presence of many revered Catholic Clergymen, and I think I only speak their sentiments when I say that we will *never* consent to the payment of the Roman Catholic Clergy by the State." A Popish priest, here echoing the cry, and declaring that he and his brethren would rather beg than be *pensioners of the State*, Mr O'Connell proceeded to say, "that he felt he was not mistaken in the sentiments of the Romish Clergy," and pointing to

a Romish Bishop, declared that "his venerable friend, the Bishop, would rather lay down his head on the scaffold than consent to the Catholic Clergy receiving a salary out of the taxes of the country." The Bishop nodded assent. Mr O'Connell proceeded, "the whole Catholic priesthood are against the measure, and what is more, if they were for it, *the Catholic body would not allow them to accept it.*" (Cheers.)

Yet what was this man's language in 1825?—"Daniel O'Connell, called in and examined before the Committee of the House of Commons—(March 1.) "I think it would be unwise in Government, if emancipation were carried, and until it was carried they would not accept of a provision, to leave them unprovided. And I think it would be extremely wrong to give them any part of the revenues of the present Church Establishment, and that they would not accept of it. But I think a wise Government would preserve the fidelity and attachment of the Catholic Clergy *by what I call the golden link, the pecuniary provision.*"

In the Committee of the Lords, March 11, in answer to the question, "Would the Popish Clergy accept of the provision?" Mr Daniel O'Connell's answer was distinctly, "I have no doubt whatever that they would accept the provision as accompanying emancipation."

It is only to be remarked that his pledges were given before emancipation, and that the denials came *after it!* But this is the case with the whole of the pledges and denials of Popery. Promises cost it nothing to make, because they cost it nothing to break. All is for "the good of the church," and the more solemn the pledge the more merit in the infraction!

But the grand object is spoil. The language of insulted rights and injured sensibilities is merely for the multitude, whose ears require to be tickled by metaphors. The tithes, the acres, the easy transmission of the clerical property into the pockets of indigent patriotism, are the true prize, the grievance that presses into their Hibernian recollections, the fond tribute which robbery and rebellion in all lands long to collect, in honour of liberty, and for the comfort of their own empty purses. To a call of this

order what highway will not return a congenial echo? What hovel, where villany festers and riots throughout the day, to burn and murder through the night, will refuse the soft vibration? What most brutish and criminal portion of a savage populace will not give its sacred pledge, knife in hand? The system is now in the act of being propagated round the whole wild circumference of Ireland. The cliffs and caverns of Innishowen, well known as the most lawless district of the country, the virtuous and enlightened district of Innishowen, notorious for the haunt of smugglers and the manufactory of contraband whisky, is the spot from which the latest martyr has raised his voice in the great cause. A meeting of the whisky distilling rabble was held in the beginning of the month, to proclaim "the national horror of the new Tithe Bill." That bill is now law. But the enlightened patriots of Innishowen are not to be dictated to on such subjects, and they have been too long accustomed to settling the law in their own way, to be taught it now by the legislature. The immediate object of rabble sympathy was an individual who, having been a soldier, and from a soldier having become a Popish priest, is now desirous of figuring as an agitator. At a dinner, held after the meeting, this man's grievances were made the theme, in a health "to the soldier, the patriot, the scholar, the gentleman, and now the *Tithe Victim*," followed by the tune of the "Minstrel Boy." The Minstrel Boy accordingly rose, overflowing with sensibility, indignant for his injured country, proud of his incarcerated self, and avowing his "determination" against tithes, with his advice to the landlords to follow his example. All men can perfectly comprehend the advantage of keeping money in their pockets, which they have promised to pay to others, and we have no doubt that the whole body of the Popish peasantry will fully coincide in the conscientious propriety of refusing to pay any body, including the landlords as well as the church.

But a graver example remains; the soldier and priest may be left to the confusion of ideas generated by his double profession and his dinner, but what are we to say of the formal and voluntary declaration of his ecclesiastical superior? This person, whom the journal in question calls the Right

Reverend Dr McLaughlin, Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese of Down, after the usual formula, "I circumscribed the meeting on uniting to proclaim their *eternal hatred to tithes*, and their fixed determination *never* to desist from legal and constitutional agitation, until in name and substance they have done away with that blood-stained impost." Cheers. "He rose," he said, "for the purpose of proposing as a toast the sentiment given by that immortal Prelate, Dr Doyle, *non in more*. 'May their hatred of tithes be as lasting as their love of justice.'"

What can be more abominable than all this? The whole body of the Romish clergy have, a dozen times over, declared, in the most solemn, public, and spontaneous manner, that they would conscientiously obey the law for the protection of the Establishment; their bishops especially had pledged themselves to avoid all public excitement on the subject; and this was the bargain made at the time of the emancipation. The oath of every Papist in Parliament, whether Peer or Commoner, since 1829, is,—“I do swear that I will defend, to the utmost of my power, the settlement of property within this realm, as established by law; and I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly *abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment*, as settled by law within this realm. And I do solemnly swear that I never *will exercise any power* to which I am, or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion, or Protestant Government in this kingdom; and I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any *evasion*, equivocation, or mental reservation whatever.”

Now, after this oath, and the speeches of such men as we have just given, what can be done with the Papist? Prelate, priest, and layman have bound themselves by the oath of their parliamentary representatives; for it was on that condition only that emancipation was given. No remonstrance was made against the oath on the Papist part at the time, and it was, in fact, the chief "security" which they themselves had offered some years before. If there is meaning in words, the Pa-

pists are bound, both in and out of Parliament, *never* to disturb or weaken, much less to rob the Establishment. The refusal to pay their tithes is palpably the intent to destroy the Church, for unless its ministers can live by it, the Establishment can never see another generation. What is the necessary conclusion, but that such men are not to be bound by oaths. And what is the next conclusion, but that they must be stripped of all means of doing public mischief by exclusion from all public power.

On those points all disguise is at an end. In the debate on Mr Ward's radical motion for "appropriation" (July 2), Mr O'Connell spoke out, and gave the answer which we have been giving for him since the first mention of the subject. He daringly declared that the total abolition of tithes in Ireland, was the *only* measure which Popery would accept; that the "appropriation" of a surplus to induce an acquiescence in the payment of tithe was a price which the Irish people would no longer suffer. "For his part he never knew Ireland *in such danger*. If something were not done to satisfy the people, collision, he *fear-ed* (!), would take place. The insurgents might indeed be defeated, but blood and misery would follow still." He further declared that the people were *now* meeting in tens and twenties of thousands, going straight to the point, demanding the entire abolition of tithes. "I vote against the motion," said the Agitator, "that I may carry out its principle of appropriation, not partially, but fully. In England and in Scotland the tithe is paid to the clergy by the people; in Ireland by a small part of the people. The Catholics outnumber the Protestants by more than five millions and a half."

And this is the man who solemnly swore at the table of Parliament that he would not in any way whatever injure or disturb the Established Church. Yet here we have him the unblushing advocate of its utter robbery, and, by consequence, of its inevitable ruin. And those Roman Catholics who meet to threaten England by the suggestion of their factious priests and other villains, are the men who have pledged themselves a hundred times to abstain religiously from the slightest injury to the Protestant Church. As to their feeling the tithe a grievance, this is

but another of the lies that faction and Popery perpetually spread. Is it not known to every Papist in Ireland that *he* is *not* the payer of the tithe? Is it not notorious, that even so late as the beginning of the present century, nineteen-twentieths of the land of Ireland were Protestant property; that there was scarcely an instance of a Roman Catholic in possession of land, almost the whole gentry of Ireland being Protestant, while the peasantry alone were Papist? Who of them virtually pays the tithe? not the Papist peasant who has no land, but the Protestant gentleman who has. If, since the last twenty years, Roman Catholics have begun to purchase land, they have purchased it liable to tithe, and have got it so much the cheaper for the liability. The Papist peasant rents his acres so much the cheaper for the tithe. He perfectly well knows that he has to pay it when he takes these acres, and he is even so far from feeling any reluctance to taking them thus, on the score of his religion, that he notoriously prefers them to land tithe-free, and this from the equally notorious fact, that while he must pay the landlord more for the latter, and the landlord will make him pay to the last shilling, he can in most instances harass the clergyman or excite his compassion into remitting a large part of his just demand. Yet we hear continually the same fraudulent fallacy repeated, that the Papist is the payer of what not one Papist in ten thousand ever has paid, and "that his conscience is hurt by supporting a Church which he does not support." When do we find him shrinking with a righteous sensibility from the taking of tithe lands? Never; he actually takes them in preference to all others. And this gross falsehood and virulent folly is poured into the national ear, night by night, and it is upon the testimonies of men capable of using statements at once so mischievous and so shallow, that the nation is called on to abolish Protestantism in Ireland.

We next have Mr Shiel proclaiming the "peril of Ireland." How long is it since this man and his abettors proclaimed its tranquillity? "Lord Mulgrave had conciliated, smoothed down, and softened every thing." Never had the wheels of the state machine run on such level ground before. The magnanimous mercy of the noble

Lord, guided by the legislative wisdom of the general "pacifcator," had gone forth establishing a new era in the land.

"Major-general O'Connell is coming."

The hills and valleys of Irish turbulence had been taught to smile, the voice of discord had subsided into a whisper, and all was the promise of one great political jubilee; and, upon the strength of those tidings, Lord Mulgrave comes over and is made a Marquis! Mr O'Connell takes the draft of the Queen's speech from the hand of his Cabinet of menials and indorses it with "tranquillity," and the whole tribe, in the new livery of loyalty, bring the offering of "a people's heart" to the coronation!

And what now is declared to be the truth? Why; that every syllable of this paradisaic description was false—that, while they pronounced Ireland to be calmness itself, it was boiling with rage—that, when the word "tranquillity" was written, it ought to have been written, not with ink, but with blood—and that, instead of the subsidence of the troubled waters in that soil of insurrection, a catastrophe more sweeping than any of its old afflictions was hurrying on by the hour—that, not merely the horizon was clouded, or the tide swollen, but that the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the land on the point of being submerged. Let us hear Mr Shiel, one of those orators at whose lips the silver trumpet was once most silvery. "I think," he exclaims, "that you are now speaking of Ireland as in a state of perfect tranquillity. You should remember that, for the last six years, Ireland has been agitated." (Loud ironical cheers from the Opposition.) . . . "Ireland is in a state of extreme confusion." And, if the Right Honourable Baronet Peel in 1835 admitted that it would be impossible to collect the arrears of tithe, and offered a million of English money to pay the arrears, has the evil since sunk into such insignificant dimensions? No. I call on you to legislate with a view to the actual state of the country. You have said you are giving a great bonus to the landlords. I contend that you are charging them 75 per cent, for *not one fraction* will they be able to recover from their tenants in various parts of Ireland."

And this rabble disdain of the legislature, this insult to the law, and this rebellious determination to pay neither clergyman nor landlord, is the work of conciliation on the holy five millions and a half of the sons of Papistry! And these are the men whose representatives we are to receive as our law-makers—whose pledges we are to admit whenever it suits their purposes to give them—and whose promises we are to see broken on the most essential points of national existence—and have no other remedy than in shrugging up our shoulders and begging of them to make more.

And is England come to this! Proud, powerful, honest England!

But the malignity of the faction is not left to surmises. In the late meeting at the Royal Exchange in Dublin, Mr O'Connell pronounced that Lord Howick, "whose name, he further declared, ought to be written in letters of gold, had declared the most liberal and comprehensive views on the question of the Irish Church." He further pronounced that "the Tithe bill had passed with no good feature but the 25 per cent—a mere bite out of the cherry, and the buying off of the arrears." The bill was most unsatisfactory, and he took it as a mere instalment." He then came to language which we are persuaded that no man but Mr O'Connell would use, or could use with impunity:

"The minority in the Commons was too large against us, and the House of Lords was too *dishonest* to afford us any *hope* of justice. The course against Ireland was decided at Apsley House, with the *edacious Duke of Wellington* in the chair—that man without a single virtue—that *most detestable of mankind*."

Having thus bemired the man who made such sacrifices to bring him and his fellows into parliament; that fatal concession, without which we should have seen those abominable ruffians either sunk in the obscurity suited to their talents, or suffering the punishment due to their crimes: this man pours out his whole gall in an appeal to the rabble:—

"There is now," says he, "*no chance* of amelioration for Ireland. The Ministry are unable to obtain reform; and the Tories are determined to go backwards, and *take from the Irish much of what they possessed*. Under

such circumstances, *to whom should they appeal?* What could the Throne, the Ministry, and the Lord-Lieutenant do to right them? No! they had no extrinsic aid. *They should rely on themselves!*" Concluding with the old watchword:—

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves *must strike the blow!*"

It happens, by a curious coincidence, that we are furnished with a running commentary on the Agitator's style, by a brother agitator. On the principle of the old proverb, Mr Roebuck is precisely the man "to catch" Mr O'Connell. We thus leave the hired agent of the *Liberals* of Canada to translate for the British public the true meaning of the hired agent of the Irish priests. Mr O'Connell, especially sensitive to the charge of poltroonery, having attempted, in one of his speeches, to throw the failure of the Canadian rebels on their embarking in open hostilities, the little Canadian Agent thus tears the disguise off the Man of the Rent. "Papineau and the rest were guilty of holding seditious meetings, and forming military companies, spite of the executive." So says the instrument of Father McHale. "Now pray," replies Roebuck, "who set them the example of holding meetings in spite of the executive? 'Ah but,' you answer, 'I never called together military companies?'" This, sir, allow me to say, is *miserable skulking*. Have not the meetings held by you been deemed so dangerous that they were put down by act of Parliament? Why were they dangerous? Do you suppose that it was the mere Irish rhetoric that overflowed at these meetings that created alarm? You and your brother orators might have harangued till doomsday had you not got together multitudes, and excited passions that portended actual outbreak—*rebellion*, or, if it please you more—*revolution!* Have I not heard you, times beyond number, say, 'We are seven millions?' Have I not heard significant allusions made to those Scottish broadswords 'which won a national church for Scotland?' Did all those sayings mean nothing but peace? Was there no threat lurking beneath? Did not every man who heard you

know that you threatened violence? Again, your ready answer is—'Ay, but I never was guilty of it?' But if actual outbreak be a crime the threat is a crime also; and although you may fortunately have eluded the fulfilment of your threat you are *no less a criminal*."

Mr Roebuck then quotes one of the debates on the Coercion Bill. The cry of 'Order, order,' having risen on some outrageous expressions from O'Connell, he exclaims, 'We are seven millions,' &c., 'are we tamely to submit?' No, sir. We will not submit—we will resist this atrocious, this Algerine enactment. (Cries of order, order.) Sir, I am not out of order. I am speaking on behalf of my country—of Ireland, upon which you have trampled for seven centuries, but upon which you shall trample no longer.' Here a member rose to order: 'The hon. and learned Member for Dublin is threatening the House, and is, I submit, out of order, and violating the rules of this House.' Mr O'Connell (with a sudden lowering of his voice and affected humility of manner), '*threats I have used none*. I should never dream of using threats to Englishmen.' (Roars of laughter from all parts of the House, and cries of oh! oh!) "Is not this a faithful picture of what has often occurred in the House of Commons, to say nothing of your Irish effusions?"

The conclusion of the letter settles the question at once of the Irish Agitator and the English Cabinet. "In 1833 your language to the Canadians would have been different. At that period you did not rule over Ireland; *an obsequious Cabinet did not gratify your personal vanity at the expense of your country and ours*. * * * *

But now times are changed. Ireland, indeed, has not better laws now than then; but Mr O'Connell and Mr O'Connell's friends are favoured by the existing Ministry. The burning patriots have tasted of the good things which patronage offers, and the fever of their indignation has cooled. Their country still suffers, but *they* are prosperous gentlemen. England complains, but Mr O'Connell and his friends are *comfortable*. * * * * In short, *the price* of your support has been discovered; it is being duly paid by the Government, and you are daily

earning your very honourable Ministerial wages. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. A. ROBERTS.

“August 4.”

If we wanted fuller evidence of the talley of the Mulgrave tranquillizers, we have the evidence of irresistible facts. Thus we have Lord Brougham, in his speech on the Irish Poor-Law Bill (July 9), stating, that it is wholly impossible to believe those protestations. “He had been led to believe,” said he, “that there never had been a condition of the country so complete, prosperity so unbroken—such undisturbed peacefulness as reigned over the kingdom of Ireland under the Government of my noble friend (Mulgrave). But what was his astonishment to receive such letters as those which he would read to their Lordships, and which came from a strong supporter of the Government. In one of these the writer said, ‘I am quite disheartened and disgusted with the state of the people of Ireland. I am astonished at the change which has taken place among them during the few years that I have been absent; for now the whole country is disturbed by dangerous and desperate assassins, against whose outrages the law is completely powerless.’ (Hear, hear.) What hope, then, had the Government of pacifying them by a Poor-Law Bill? Why, if they gave them in addition a *Municipal Bill*, and another for the *total abolition of tithes*, it would not have the smallest effect upon them. I have had also another letter,” said Lord Brougham, “in which it is stated, ‘You can scarcely conceive the desperate state of this country. The fact is, that no man’s life is worth an hour’s purchase, and a reign of terror is established which every one feels, and is alarmed at.’ And yet if rewards of L.1000 were offered,” observed his Lordship, “they would be of no avail, for the parties were afraid to prosecute. Within the last ten days, contrary to the general testimony presented to their Lordships about the tranquillity of Ireland, Mr O’Connell, who had extraordinary influence in that country, and who would not admit the fact—who would not feel inclined, from his political and personal feelings, to express it, were it not wrung from him by truths too pal-

pable not to be generally admitted—Mr O’Connell declared Ireland to be in a state of the greatest excitement, nearly bordering on insurrection. He said that Ireland was in a most dangerous state, and that he was not sure but that the holding up of a finger would cause a revolt, in which 10,000 men would join. We believe that the 10,000 was a mere mistake of the reporter; for ten times the number would be the more probable amount, and it will be ten times that too if we leave Ireland in the hands of Popish faction for a twelvemonth longer.” So much for his Lordship’s facts. But we must beg leave to decline adopting his remedy. What is that remedy? Having gained nothing but disturbance by concession, let us go on conceding. Having only inflamed the insolence of faction by submitting to its demands, we must now try to subdue it by submitting still more abjectly to still more exorbitant demands. Having given Popery the power of attacking the Church, let us lower its hostility by giving it the power of trampling on that Church. But this eccentric peacemaker pushes his discovery still farther, and exhibits his grand politico-theologico-statistico panacea, in the shape of—what? A salary, from the public purse, for the Romish priesthood. “Let your Lordships,” said the noble and learned Lord, “pass the Tithe Bill, the Irish Corporation Bill. But there is one thing more, without which all will be fruitless. There must be a provision for the Roman Catholic clergy. I would say to them, ‘One priest shall have L.100 a-year, another L.150, a bishop L.300, an archbishop L.450, or some such amounts!’ I would say, here is the money. Will you take it? You have opposed this provision, you have not forfeited your *consistency*, you still retain the confidence of your flocks, but here is the money, a grant from Parliament, and after this, though not in the habit of indulging in predictions, he felt satisfied that all the priesthood would immediately come into terms.” We are rather less than his lordship in the habit of indulging in predictions, but we are perfectly safe in predicting to him that his panacea would be received by the whole Popish clergy as a direct insult; that it would be thrown in the noble legislator’s teeth without

delay, and that he would have reason to rejoice that the Pope was not paramount, nor the priest the minister of the scaffold. He himself seems to have some qualms as to the reception of his offer. "Such a step," says he, "might at first be disagreeable to the priests; they might be annoyed at it; agitate, address their lordships, by petition, deprecate any provision from the Government, and declare that they would not receive a penny; but he would not mind that."

Happy as this conception of their sincerity is, his lordship would find himself totally mistaken in the results. That neither he nor any man of common experience could rely on the most solemn protestations of the Papists is perfectly allowed. That every preacher and teacher among themselves would feel the due appreciation of their character in the careless contempt which his lordship's words convey is equally plain; but that any conceivable concession could mitigate the native venom of Popery against Protestantism is only to be regarded as one of those fancies which have so long marked Lord Brougham as one of the most fanciful politicians under the moon. Supposing for the moment that it were justifiable in a Protestant nation to contribute to the support of a religion which it distinctly believes to be a gross error, that it were meritorious in a nation believing the Scriptures as the sole law of Christianity to assist the progress of a creed which absolutely shuts up the Scriptures from the people, what man but a visionary could persuade himself that the Popish priest would be content with an offer whose declared object was to take popular power out of his hands, and to do this by giving him but a fraction of his present income. The artifice with which Popery manages all her concerns renders it difficult to know her finance. But it seems certain that very few, if any, of her parish priesthood have less than L.300 a-year, and very many much more; and this paid, not in the bitter, fraudulent, and evasive style of the tithe, but solidly, promptly, and to the uttermost farthing; for wo be to the man who hesitates about paying his Reverence for each and any of the nume-

rous frivolities that make up the ceremonies of the religion and the revenue of the priesthood. Yet this man is to be content to give up his L.300 a-year paid duly and truly, and take in its place L.100 a-year from the Treasury, liable to an act of Parliament, liable to the fluctuations of party, and, after all, turning him into a pensioner on his good behaviour! What are our comic writers doing? They complain of the dearth of subjects. But what more capital material could they ask, than Lord Morpeth going to Dr M'Hale, with those preliminaries of peace in his hand? "I know that you are an agitator by trade, that your power is in agitation, that your prospect of more power is in more agitation; yet I come to propose that you shall give up your trade;" and well might the titular archbishop stare at such a request, and from such a quarter. But the Irish Secretary has still to state his terms. "I know, my dear archbishop, that the sacrifice of power is painful to any man, and you know that your Church looks upon popular combustion as her sure path to supremacy. But I am commissioned to compensate you for any injuries to your ambition. I shall plead to your avarice. You now receive from L.1000 to L.1500 a-year. I have authority to offer you in lieu of that sum an order on the Treasury for exactly L.450 per annum." Whether the soi-disant Archbishop would turn on his heel, or use that heel in a different application to the proposer; whether he would laugh in his official face, or anathematize him with bell book and candle, *more solito*; whether he would recommend the shrinking Secretary to a strait waistcoat and the care of Dr Haslam, or plunge him into that purgatorial flame where sinners bleach like linen; nothing can be more certain than that Lord Morpeth would meet with a reception quite sufficient to disqualify him from ever performing the part of peacemaker again.

Such is the state of the Empire, abortive, feeble, and perplexed. Such is the result of twelve months of anxious deliberation, and such is the conduct of the most worthless Cabinet in the annals of England.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

I HAVE no great faith, generally speaking, in what is called "a broken heart." In this instance I am almost as confirmed a sceptic as Sam Slick, that shrewdest of Yankee clock-makers. "What, sir," methinks I hear some green sentimentalist exclaim, "do you then attach no credit to the histories of Sappho and Phaon, Hero and Leander, and a hundred others that I could mention, who died, beyond all possibility of cavil, of broken hearts?" Unquestionably not; I believe indeed that such people lived, and that in process of time they were gathered to their kindred earth, but I deny that they died, either directly or indirectly, of the pathetic malady attributed to them. For who are our authorities on this point? the poets—a set of fellows whose indifference to facts is notorious, and who tell such preposterous lies, and with such a grave face too, that there is actually no believing a single word they say! The case of Sappho, who, these inventive gentry assure us, flung herself from "Leucadia's steep," in consequence of having been deserted by Phaon at a time when she bade fair to increase the parish burdens, I take to be neither more nor less than this:—Being of an imaginative temperament, as young women are apt to be at her age, she was one fine day watching, from the rock in question, the rich glory of a Grecian sunset, when, in the ardour of her enthusiasm, leaning forward to catch a glimpse of the ruddy waves that broke with a dull heavy crash upon the shingles, she lost her balance, and threw an undignified sumerset from the top of the precipice to the bottom. There was no sentiment in the matter; it was purely an accident—an affair, not of a broken heart, but of a broken neck. The case of Hero I conceive to be just as clear as that of Sappho. She "kept company," it is well known, with Leander, but her father, who was a respectable man, and in a large way of business, disapproved of the match, for the fellow had nothing to recommend him as a son-in-law—no money in the funds—no landed estates—no investments in houses;—nothing, in short, but a passable face and intrepid impudence. Still, notwithstanding

these objections, Hero stuck to her "sweetheart," and persisted in having stolen interviews with him; whereupon her venerable parent, like a sensible man as he was, threatened to lock her up in the coal-hole; and it was in running away from him just as he was about to put his threat into execution, that the agitated young woman, who had rushed out upon the leads of the house like Rebecca when she flew from the Knight Templar—made one step too many; pitched head over heels into the Hellespont, and met that death which has immortalized her memory. These, I contend, are the true versions of the stories of Sappho and Hero, which are now, for the first time, stripped of the sentimental embellishments that the poets have flung round them, and viewed by the sober day-light of common sense.

But dismissing the ancients, take a modern instance or two of a "broken heart," as they pass current in the social circles, and see what is to be made of them. What more common in the boudoir or the drawing-room, than such conversation as this?—"Do you know Miss Sims?" "Yes." "Ah, poor thing, she is greatly to be pitied. She was to have been married to Captain Dobbs of the Enniskillen dragoons, but before the lawyers had finished drawing up the settlements, old Sims took umbrage at something or other; the match was declared off; the Captain was compelled to set out on pressing business to Boulogne, and poor, dear Ethelinda has ever since been dying of a broken heart." "Bless me! you don't say so? how shocking!" "Fact, I had a note from the sweet girl but yesterday, wherein she solemnly assures me, in a postscript, that she shall never survive the shock her sensibility,—for she was all soul, you know—has sustained; and that, though her Papa, by way of diverting her melancholy, has offered to take her to Epsom, yet that she has not the heart to go there." "What, not go to Epsom on the Derby day? Well, I never!—Ah, poor thing, her heart is indeed broken!" And yet this forlorn damsel, thus said to be dying of the most interesting of all maladies, and creating, in conse-

quence, a sensation whenever her name is mentioned, plucks up spirit enough, a few weeks afterwards, to run off with her father's footman—a smart young fellow, with a glib tongue, round, laughing face, unimpeachable calves, set off to the best advantage in white cotton stockings, and standing six feet one in his shoes!

Here is another illustration of a “broken heart.” A pretty romantic heiress, who has only just finished her education at one of the most fashionable polishing academies at Cheltenham or Brighton, falls distractedly in love with a briefless but seductive young barrister whom she first met at church, and afterwards danced with at an Assize ball. Well, the affair “progresses;” but just as it is about to be wound up by an elopement, it comes to the ears of the heroine’s parents, who, hard-hearted wretches that they are! instantly whisk her off to some distant semi-barbarous watering-place, on the Cornish or South Devon coast. Cruel catastrophe! The aggrieved fair one forthwith betakes herself to her solitary chamber; sighs and sobs “from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same;” reads touching poems and still more touching novels, and writes to all her acquaintances, who, devoutly believing every word she says, take care to circulate the afflicting intelligence that she is dying by inches of a broken heart! Mark now the sequel of this sad story! Years elapse, and one day a stout, middle-aged gentleman with a bald head, and about as much sentiment in his face as a shoulder of mutton, meets at a dinner-party a buxom, red nosed, corpulent dame, the happy mother of six bouncing children, the two last twins. Observe with what cool indifference they address each other—how comfortable they look—how thoroughly they enjoy themselves! There is no nonsense—no delicate hesitation; their appetites—the lady, you perceive, has been helped twice to turkey, and a plateful each time; and as for the gentleman, he plies his knife and fork with a steady determination of purpose that might excite the envy of an alderman. And who is this hale, jolly couple, who, if you were to sing them a love-song, would fall fast asleep under your very nose, and only wake up in time to take you in for a snug rubber at whist? Can you ask?

They are the very same who, twenty years before, were universally believed to be dying of broken hearts, because they were prevented from eloping with each other! Gentle reader, whenever you hear touching stories of this sort, and I know of none that are so common, always bear in mind Sam Slick’s saying, “the only broken heart I ever heard tell of, was that of a New York ticket-porter, who broke it in straining at a twelve stone weight!”

Yet it must be confessed that it has a pretty, specious sound, this same “broken heart;” and though a mere cant phrase, is—thanks to the “pensive public!”—a capital catchpenny. It brings grist to the *annual* mills; enables the small poet to browse on something more substantial than Parnassian herbage; forms the stock in trade of half our fashionable novelists, whose slim and susceptible heroines usually die of blighted love somewhere about the tenth line of the three hundredth page of the third volume; brings sunshine to the heart of Bentley; lights up the countenance of Colburn with smiles; and bids Saunders and Otley go upon their way rejoicing. Indeed, were it not for this popular and profitable malady, one half of our West-end publishers would, I do verily believe, be figuring in the unimaginative records of the Insolvent Debtors’ Court; or living, separated from their anguished wives, within the walls of a work-house, agreeably to the regulations laid down in the new Poor Law Bill!

Is this, then, all that is to be said of a broken heart? Is there really no such thing in nature? Not so; my scepticism does not carry me this length, for there are exceptions to every rule; but I do seriously contend that in nine out of ten cases the thing is pure fudge. But the tenth case is a serious—nay, an awful—matter, as the painting now hanging above my head in the Picture Gallery, where I write this, assures me in the most unequivocal terms. Yes, this was no mere creation of the artist’s fancy. It was truth—stern truth—that lent its terrible emphasis to his pencil. The picture in question was a full-length portrait of a young lady who was represented crossing a common, apparently towards a turnpike-gate, which stood a little to the right of her. A more touching look of grief

—of that deep, still, fixed grief which eats its resistless way to the heart, and speaks of hope for ever gone, I never saw than was depicted in every lineament of the fair stranger's face. She was young, but the spirit of youth was extinct. The features were perfect in symmetry, but undying sorrow had marred their beauty. Hers was, really and truly, a broken heart—one of those rare but impressive cases which might touch the most callous, and convince the most sceptical natures. And who was the painter of this striking portrait, which I felt persuaded was drawn from the life? At first I imagined it was Salter, whose noble picture of George III. and the Dying Gipsy, exhibited in the National Gallery last year, was so pure and profound in its pathos; but when I came

to look more closely at the portrait, I perceived that it was of too old a date, having been executed probably a dozen years, though some of the colouring, especially the flesh tints, was as fresh as if it had been laid on but the other day.

Having plenty of leisure time on my hands—more indeed than was desirable—I determined to illustrate this affecting picture while yet my mind was full of the subject; and accordingly, from the hints with which it furnished me, I composed the following tale, the groundwork of which is founded on an incident that took place in a small provincial town somewhere about the commencement of the present century, and has been alluded to by Dr Uwins in his treatise on “Disorders of the Brain.”

“HE WILL COME TO-MORROW!”

CHAPTER I.

The Common of Carricksawthy, which forms a portion of that district known by the name of the Vale of Towy, is one of the most picturesque spots in South Wales. The clear, gurgling stream of the Sawthy, spanned by a wooden bridge of the simplest construction, flows through its centre; cottages of a comely and cheerful aspect, with their small strips of garden-ground full of flowers, are scattered about its borders; flocks of sheep are constantly pasturing on its thick, elastic carpet of green sward; and a ridge of breezy downs redolent of thyme and other wild shrubs,—and beyond which rise the frowning peaks of the Black Mountains, imparting spirit and dignity to a landscape that otherwise might seem too tame—enclose it on all sides but one, where runs the high-road past Llangadock, a homely village, consisting of one straggling street, which stands at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the common. On a serene spring or summer day, nothing can be more enlivening than this scene. The sun brings vividly out the emerald green of the turf, always so refreshing an object to the eye; imparts added neatness and beauty to the cottages; and lightens up with smiles the stern, rugged features of Llynn-y-van and his giant neighbours. Life, too, seems

every where in briskest activity about you. You hear the Sawthy chattering and laughing along its pebbly channel; the trout, or the sewen, leaping up from its deep, quiet pools, between the gravelly shallows; the bee booming heavily past you as it starts from the bosom of the wild flowers that enflame the common; and the thrush, the chaffinch, and the linnet chirping merrily among the shady copses that creep half-way up the downs.

It was on the noon of a day like that I have just alluded to, that two young people, a male and a female, walked slowly across this delightful common towards the high-road, which the Carmarthen stage-coach passed on its way to Gloucester, and thence to the metropolis. They were engaged in earnest conversation, and a serious—not to say, a sad—expression was visible on the countenance of the lady, who, when she reached that part of Carricksawthy which leads direct into the road, paused an instant, and pressing her companion's arm, addressed him as follows:—“And will you then promise to be back in a fortnight, Charles?”

“Can you doubt it, Fanny?”

“No, no, I do not doubt it; but I know not how it is—a gloom comes over me when I think of the time that must elapse before we shall meet again. You, in the midst of the bustle and

gaiety of London, will not feel the hours pass so wearily, as we shall here in this quiet neighbourhood."

"The gaieties of London? say rather, the solitudes, Fanny. What friends have I there? At whose house shall I be made welcome? Where is the society that shall recompense me for that which I leave behind me? Believe me, dear girl, a great city, however full of bustle and animation it may be, holds out few attractions to one who, like me, must pace its streets alone, sit in his inn alone, and from morning till night hold communion only with his own thoughts."

"Are those thoughts of so *very* gloomy a character, then?" enquired the lady, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Not so, Fanny; you mistake me altogether. How can I be otherwise than cheerful when thinking of you? I merely meant to say, that to one who has not a single friend there, nor even so much as an acquaintance with whom he can converse, London is not the place you conceive it to be; so cheer up, it is but a short time I shall be absent; and then we shall be united, no more to part. What, I have won a smile from you at last! Ah, love, if you did but know how much a smile becomes you, you would never" —

"You will write to us the instant you reach town, Charles?"

"Of course; it will be my chief—indeed my only—pleasure."

"Pray Heaven this business may not detain you longer than the time you mention."

"Never fear it, dearest. Twelve, or fourteen days hence, we will be again strolling together over Carricksawthy," said the young man, glancing back at the common which they had just left behind them; "you know the hour the coach passes the turnpike; well, meet me there this day fortnight, as you used to do when I came home from school at Bristol, and trust me I will not disappoint you. See, Fanny," continued the speaker, drawing a little locket from his breast, "here is a lock of your hair, which for the last year I have constantly worn next my heart. This is the attraction which will hurry me back to the cottage. Were even its proudest mansions thrown open to me, and all its gaieties within my reach, Lon-

don would never be able to divert or diminish the influence of this precious talisman. I have but to cast my eyes on it, and fancy will instantly bear me back to the home where we have passed so many happy hours together."

The earnestness and cordiality with which her companion spoke, greatly comforted Fanny, and they moved on towards the turnpike, where the old gate-keeper was standing, looking anxiously along the road, with his hand held up before his eyes to shade them from the glare of the sun.

The instant they came up, he said, "you are only just in time, master Charles; the coach will be here in a minute or so; indeed it should have been here before now," he added, glancing at the turnpike clock, "but I suppose it stopped to take up a passenger at Llangadock."

"No doubt—no doubt," observed Charles; "Fanny, love, what ails you? Why, your arm trembles within mine like an aspen leaf!"

"I cannot help it—indeed I cannot—I know it is weak and childish to give way to such thoughts, but I have a presentiment that this parting"—

"Will be for just two weeks, and not an hour longer," interrupted Charles, with a gay air; "perhaps for even a less time; for the instant I have disposed of the houses, I shall return; so take care, Fanny, that I do not surprise you one day when you are reading a chapter of her favourite, old-fashioned, Sir Charles Grandison to your aunt, or singing that ballad which you know my father is so fond of."

"Oh, Charles, how can you talk in this light way at such a moment? I could not."

"No, because you are a foolish little girl, who—as my grave father is constantly telling you—allow your imagination to run riot. Fanny, dearest, dismiss, I entreat you, for both our sakes, these gloomy forebodings, and instead of anticipating sorrow, look forward with hope. Do not sit in the shade, but come abroad into the sunshine. As you love me, and would have me be happy during my absence, let me know and feel that I leave a light heart behind me."

Just as the young man finished speaking, his servant appeared, bending beneath the weight of a portman-

teau, which he deposited outside the gate, at the same time bringing intelligence that the coach had cleared the village, and would be up immediately. No sooner had he announced these tidings, than the vehicle came in sight, and a few minutes after drew up at the gate.

"Now, sir," said the driver, jumping down from his box, "quick's the word, if you please; I'm behind time already. Here, David," addressing the gate-keeper, "bear a hand with the gentleman's portmanteau."

While the luggage was being stowed away on the roof of the coach, Charles stood aloof with Fanny, who, making an effort to conceal her emotion, observed, in a subdued tone of voice, "by this time to-morrow, Charles, you will be far away from us."

"Yes, love, but my thoughts will be with you still. In the morning I shall say to myself—now she is going out with my father for a ramble across the common, or through the village; at noon—she has just seated herself at the window with a volume of our favourite Thomson in her hands; in the evening—she is now at tea with her aunt, listening with a sweet smile of resignation—Fanny, dear, you know how often you have made me laugh with that arch smile of yours!—to some portentous anecdote about the fashions of the last!"—

Their conversation was here broken in upon by the coachman's pithy request that the gentleman would "look sharp;" whereupon Charles, tearing himself from Fanny's side, said, "good bye, God bless you, love; be sure you meet me here this day fortnight, and depend on hearing from me the instant I reach London;" and with these words he sprang into the coach, which in an instant bore him from her sight.

Fanny Davis, at this period, had just completed her eighteenth year. She was the only child of an English officer of dragoons, who, after a long term of military service, had retired on half-pay into the cheap seclusion of South Wales, accompanied by his newly wedded wife, who died while Fanny was yet an infant—a loss which her husband took grievously to heart, and which, preying on a constitution already onfeebled by severe wounds, brought him to the grave within two years from the time when he had become a widower. Fortunately, how-

ever, for the poor orphan thus doubly bereaved, she found an affectionate and exemplary guardian in her father's maiden sister, who, on hearing of her brother's loss, and consequent melancholy, came to take up her abode permanently with him. With this lady, who was every way qualified to superintend the education of her niece, Fanny's days glided away peacefully and happily in the retirement of a neat but humble cottage which her father had purchased shortly before his death, in the immediate neighbourhood of Carriksawthy common.

At no great distance from them dwelt the clergyman of the parish, a simple, kindly-natured man, of recluse and studious habits. In this gentleman's society, the Davises spent a great portion of their time. His son, in particular, a fine spirited youth, about three years older than Fanny, was her constant companion. Together they might be seen racing like wild colts about the common, laughing and shouting in all the irrepressible glee of childhood; or climbing with fearless foot the steep acclivities of the Black Mountains; or gathering the harebells, and wild strawberry plants that grew thickly among the hedges of Leven-gornuth; and in the evening, Mr Griffyths, who usually finished his day at the cottage, would play the part of schoolmaster, and seating the young couple, one on each side of him, give them lessons suited to their age; read them passages from works calculated to excite their delight and wonder; and instil into them those great principles of religion and morality, without which there can be no sure guarantee for success or happiness in life.

So passed the time until Charles Griffyths had attained his thirteenth, and Fanny her tenth year, when an uncle of the former, who was a merchant in Bristol, and had neither wife nor children of his own, wrote to his brother to request that his son might be sent to him, when he would place him at school, and probably provide for his future fortunes. At first the simple-minded clergyman decided on refusing this liberal offer, not liking the idea of separation from a child who formed his chief source of happiness; but when he came to weigh the matter carefully in his mind, he resolved to sacrifice his own personal

feelings to his boy's interests, and consented to his departure.

It was a melancholy day for the Davises, when Charles called at the cottage to bid adieu to his playmate Fanny. She hung round his neck, and entreated with tears that he would take her with him; and even her aunt shared some portion of her distress, so completely had the youth's frank, cheerful, and intelligent nature won upon her feelings. He himself was not less affected than his "little sister," as he was in the habit of calling her; but when, on reaching Bristol, he was received with a hearty welcome by his relation, who took a liking to him at once, he soon forgot his grief, and became reconciled to his change of life. As it was arranged that he should spend his school vacations alternately with his uncle and his father, he saw Fanny once a-year, and, during his absence, kept up a regular monthly correspondence with her. Thus four years rolled away, when it became expedient to consider what should be done for him. His uncle, struck with the lad's quickness and sagacity, so unusual with those whose boyhood has been passed in comparative solitude, thought of commerce; but before he could come to any decisive arrangements, the increasing infirmities of his father, to whom he was devotedly attached, induced Charles to return home, where he finally took up his residence, paying, however, occasional visits to Bristol, till the death of his uncle, who died when the young man had just entered on his twenty-first year, leaving him a small amount of funded property, together with one or two cottages which he possessed in the neighbourhood of London.

From this period the union of Charles and Fanny was the talk of all the gossips in the parish, who agreed in declaring that they were formed for each other, and that a

handsomer, kinder, or better behaved young couple never graced the vale of Towy. Mrs Davis—for the good lady had, years since, dropped the comfortless "Miss"—was precisely of the same way of thinking. She was anxious to see her darling niece comfortably settled before she herself quitted life; and as Fanny would inherit what little property she had to leave, and dreams of worldly aggrandisement never troubled the minds of that contented family circle, she felt persuaded that the prospects of the young folk were quite as sunny as they ought to be. Accordingly, after many long and solemn consultations with Mrs Griffiths, the marriage was resolved on; but previous to its taking place, Charles, who had hitherto received the rents of his cottages very irregularly, and, for the last two years, none at all—his tenants being of a sad, migratory disposition, and much addicted to moonlight flittings, as his London agent took care to inform him punctually twice a-year—Charles resolved to look into matters himself, and to come to some final settlement, so that he might enter upon his new state of life without any pecuniary annoyances to molest him. Besides, he had projected with Fanny a variety of pleasant schemes. For instance, the cottage garden was to be enlarged; additions were to be made to their little library; then they were to take a trip to Clifton, and possibly even visit Snowdon and its romantic neighbourhood; and these agreeable projects could only be carried into execution by the sale of the cottages, from which Charles expected to derive a sum sufficient for all his purposes. He accordingly decided on a visit to the metropolis, and it was arranged that the marriage should be solemnized immediately after his return, which he determined should be in a fortnight.

CHAPTER II.

As Fanny returned home, it was with the slow step of one whose mind is oppressed by doubts and fears. A presentiment of she knew not what hung like a heavy weight upon her heart. In vain she tried to persuade herself of the folly of her apprehen-

sions, and cheer her spirits by the reflection that Charles would be back in a few days. There are times, as all must have felt, when vague presentiments of impending ill fall like a blight upon the mind, and, despite the efforts of reason, deprive it for the

season of all energy. So much had he been with her of late, so congenial were their tastes and pursuits, and so absolute was her dependence on him, that when, on reaching the cottage, she found Charles no longer there, a light seemed vanished from her path, and her once happy home, forlorn and darkened, to wear the aspect of a house of mourning. Hers was, in fact, just the sort of nature to entertain a pure, fervent, and engrossing passion like this. She was a creature of quick and ardent impulses; simple and affectionate; of a high-toned order of imagination—too often, alas! humanity's worst foe; with all the freshness of youth in her heart, as its bloom was on her cheek; and with a certain innate refinement of look and manner which far more than compensated for the absence of that artificial polish induced by an acquaintance with what is called "good society." Though uneducated in the fashionable sense of the term, yet she had read and thought much—had a poet's eye for the ever-varying aspects of nature—the stern, emphatic frown of winter, the sunny smile of spring, the grave, serene majesty of autumn—and was familiar with the works of many of our best writers; for Mr Griffyths, to whom she was as dear as if she were his own child, had been assiduous in his efforts to draw forth all the powers of her mind. For such a being to love—and love with her whole soul as though it were the element from which her life derived its verdure, and without which the green stalk of her youth must decay—was as natural as for birds to sing, and flowers to "fill the lap of May." The casket that enshrined this fair treasure was every way worthy of it. Her figure was buoyant, sylph-like, and graceful in every movement; her countenance, with the soft blue eye and exquisitely formed mouth, full of expression; and she had that sweet, low voice, "an excellent thing in woman," which wins its way to the heart, like the music of one's native home heard in a far-off land. Such was the innocent, trusting, and lovely creature who now, for the first time in her life, felt thought press like a burden on her imagination, which she would fain, but could not, shake off.

The night after Charles's departure

her pillow was pressed by an aching head; but the morning soon dawned, and with it came a reassured spirit. In a day or two at farthest she should have a letter from the young traveller, and this would go far to fill up the void occasioned by his absence. Three days thus passed; and, early on the fourth, the Llangadock postman brought up the expected epistle to the cottage. Oh, how Fanny devoured its contents! It was written in the most cheerful spirits. Charles had nearly accomplished the business which took him to town, and would to a certainty be back that day week, when she was to meet him, as agreed upon, at the turnpike gate. Holding the precious document in her hand, Fanny flew first to her aunt, and then to Mr Griffyths, to communicate the welcome intelligence, and, in the evening, sat down and penned an answer, which she took herself to the post-office.

As the happy creature's mind had now recovered its usual elasticity, the hours flew rapidly by, the week approached its termination, and now it wanted only one day to the period which Charles had fixed on for his arrival. On the evening of that day Fanny took a stroll with her aunt through the village, who could not refrain from a smile when she saw the joyous and excited state of her mind. "By this time to-morrow, aunt," she said, "Charles will have returned to us. I have been to the gate, and they tell me the coach passes it at noon. Oh, how happy it will make us all to see him again! And we shall have so much to talk about, you know! We shall hear all his adventures—where he lived—how he employed his time—and what he thought of those fine new streets and buildings that we read so much about. And then we have so many plans to arrange for the next month. We are to spend a few days at Clifton, which Charles tells me is one of the loveliest spots in England; to visit Bath, where he went to school; and Tintern Abbey on our way back; and, if the weather continues favourable, to take a trip to North Wales, which I have so long wished to see. Oh, how happy we shall be, shall we not, aunt?" and thus the lively girl ran on; while all who passed her, young and old, blessed the radiant countenance which

beamed with such ineffable sweetness and good-humour.

The next day Fanny was astir with the lark; and, long ere the sun had dispelled the vapours which cling round the forehead of Llynn-y-van, she had gathered a basket-full of the choicest fruits in the garden, and disposed her flower-pots on the lawn in front of the cottage, in the order that she knew Charles most liked. Mr Griffyths came up to breakfast with them—an unusual thing with him, for he was a late riser—and, when the meal was over, Fanny quitted the room to complete her preparations for the traveller's arrival. The wonted dinner hour at three o'clock was put off till four; the servant was sent into the village to purchase the tenderest poultry that could be procured; the fruit, trimly garnished with leaves and flowers, was set out on the sideboard; and a bottle of unimpeachable wine, which had remained in the cellar since Captain Davis's death, was hunted up and broached for the occasion.

When all these little household preparations were finished, Fanny, simply and gracefully attired in white, Charles's favourite dress, with a single rose in her hair, and a light straw bonnet, whose shape set off her beautiful face to the greatest advantage, took her way alone, for she would not even accept of her aunt as a companion, to the place of meeting. As she tripped across the common she could not help contrasting the present state of her feelings with what they were on the day when she parted from Charles. Then she was a prey to blank dejection. Now she was all hope and cheerfulness. Every well-known object on which her eye now rested seemed arrayed in more than usual beauty—every sound that came to her ear seemed informed with a blither spirit. A brighter—fresher green adorned the elastic carpet on which she trode; the precipitous heights of the Black Mountains, furrowed with the storms of ages, wore a sunnier aspect; the thrush from the depths of the neighbouring copses sang sweeter in her ear; and a more invigorating influence breathed in the wind that came wooingly towards her. The church clock from Llangadock struck two, as she crossed the little wooden bridge that spans the brawling Sawthy. In half-an-hour hence, she said to herself, I shall be passing this

very spot with Charles; and, the reflection lending additional impetus to her movements, in a few minutes she reached the turnpike, where sat the gatekeeper on a bench outside his door, with a tankard of cwrw beside him.

"A fine afternoon, Miss Fanny."

"Yes, indeed, David—what time do you expect the coach by?"

"It will be here in a few seconds, miss," replied the old man. "I suppose now you are expecting Master Charles," and the speaker looked archly at her, for their betrothment was no secret to the neighbourhood.

"Yes," said Fanny, with a brightening glow on her cheek; "we rather think he will be here to-day, as Mr Griffyths has received no intimation from him to the contrary;" and then, anxious to drop the subject, though it engrossed all her thoughts, she entered the house, and began caressing the gatekeeper's grandchild—a fine curly headed boy, some five or six years old.

She was thus engaged, infinitely to the delight of the child, who made her assist him in hunting a kitten under a chest of drawers, when suddenly her quick ear caught the roll of wheels, and, bounding to the door, she exclaimed, clapping her hands with joy, "Here it is—I am sure this is it!"

At about two hundred yards' distance from the gate, the road made a sudden bend, forming an acute angle, so that no vehicle could be seen till it was close to the turnpike, though the tramp of the horses' feet might be heard long before. For some minutes, therefore, Fanny was in a state of the most exciting suspense; but the moment the supposed stage turned the corner of the road, she found, to her disappointment, that it was merely a private carriage.

"Never fear, young lady," said the gate-keeper, "it will be here immediately; Joe's always remarkably punctual; I never knew him ten minutes behind in my life, and I've kept this turnpike ever since your father—ah, here it comes, you can tell it by the cloud of dust it raises; now then, miss, now for Master Charles; I'll warrant me he's on the look-out;" then, in an under tone to himself, "Well, well, it's quite natural at their age, poor things; I remember, at their time of life I was just as fond of courting as they are, though it seems strange

enough to me now ;" and so saying, the honest fellow finished his tankard, as if to make himself amends for his departed sensibilities.

How the young girl's heart beat as the sound of wheels drew near! Precious load that vehicle bore, for all she most cherished on earth was there. And now it turns the corner—an instant, and it is halting at the turnpike gate! But no kind voice greeted Fanny's anxious ears—no familiar face was lit up with smiles at her presence. The passengers were all strangers to her. One brief, searching glance sufficed to tell her this; and before she could summon up courage enough to make enquiries, the coach was again on the move, leaving the wretched girl standing on the foot-path a prey to the bitterest disappointment.

Praying her distress, the old gatekeeper approached her. "Come, come, Miss Fanny," he said, "don't take matters so to heart; depend on it the young gentleman will be here within the next four-and-twenty hours. Most likely all the places were engaged when he applied at the booking-office, for, as you must have seen yourself, the coach was full inside as well as out; my life on it, he will come to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, David, you are right, he will come to-morrow; but it will be a great disappointment to his father, for we all fully expected him to-day. Is there any other coach that will pass this road in the course of the evening?"

"No, miss; this is the only one."

"Well, then, I must have patience till to-morrow, when I will call here again. Good afternoon, David," and with a heavy sigh Fanny turned away from the turnpike, and pursued her solitary road home.

On reaching the garden gate, her aunt, who caught sight of her from the window, surprised to find her return alone, hastened down the lawn to meet her.

"Why, how is this, Fanny?" exclaimed Mrs Davis, "where's Charles?"

"Oh, aunt, aunt," replied Fanny, bursting into tears, "he is not come—he never will come—I have seen him for the last time."

"Nonsense, child; but come in, Mr Griffiths is waiting to hear the news."

They entered the parlour, where

the clergyman was sitting with spectacles on nose, conning over his next Sunday's sermon; and greatly was Fanny comforted, when her first acute burst of anguish was over, by perceiving how soon the old folks were reconciled to Charles's non-appearance. They took for granted that his affairs had detained him longer than he had calculated on, and felt assured that he would arrive on the morrow, or the day after at farthest. They even rallied Fanny on, what she called, her "presentiment;" but finding that this light tone pained her, Mr Griffiths, who was well aware how vivid her imagination was, and how apt she was at times to be carried away by its impulses, whether sad or cheerful, assumed a more earnest manner, and after pointing out to her how completely the letter from Charles had proved the fallacy of those vague fears which had beset her on the evening of his departure, at length succeeded in persuading her that her apprehensions on the present occasion would turn out to be equally groundless. "He will be here to-morrow, or the day after," added the clergyman; "but if not, depend on it you will have a letter from him, explaining the cause of his prolonged absence,"—an opinion in which Mrs Davis coincided.

On the following day, immediately after breakfast, the anxious girl set off for Llangadock, concluding, as Mr Griffiths had suggested, that there would be a letter for her, if Charles meditated a longer stay. She met the postman on her road, and ascertaining from him that there were no communications either for the clergyman, her aunt, or herself, she turned back to the cottage, not disappointed, but fully convinced that Charles would be with her that day. Again, therefore, were the domestic arrangements of the preceding day repeated; and at the appointed hour, Fanny bent her steps to the turnpike, accompanied by Mr Griffiths, whom she kept at his utmost speed, at the same time expressing her surprise that he walked "so very—very slow!"

They had not reached the gate many minutes before the coach again drew up. Fanny looked anxiously into the passengers' faces, but, as before, they were all strange to her. "Unkind!" she murmured, as she turned away with a sickness of heart that passes

description, "unkind, when he knows what agony this suspense occasions me!" Mr Griffyths himself now began to feel some uneasiness respecting his son, but observing his companion's profound dejection, he strove to keep up a cheerful spirit, and repeated, as they returned home, his conviction that Charles would be with them in a day or two. Mrs Davis reasoned in the same manner, but not once throughout the remainder of that long, gloomy evening were they able, with all their endeavours, to rouse Fanny's spirits. A thousand conflicting emotions beset her, as she sat silently by the window, looking out on Carricksawthy. She recalled the many proofs of devoted affection that Charles had shown her—his frank and generous nature—his anxiety to anticipate even her slightest wishes—and above all, his utter indifference to the tastes and pursuits of the gay world—and at once

dismissed the idea that he had forgotten or forsaken her. But there rose another dreadful apprehension in her mind. He might be ill—stretched on the bed of sickness in some lone, comfortable inn, with none but strangers to minister to his wants; or—God of Heaven!—he might be dead! and giving way to this last impression, the sensitive girl covered her face with her hands, and sobbed as if her heart was breaking. At night when she retired to her chamber, she knelt down and strove to compose her mind by prayer. Long and fervently she supplicated that the bitter cup might pass away; and when the next day came, and brought with it some languid revival of hope, she set off again to the post-office, and thence to the turnpike, but at both places she was doomed to meet with the same disappointment.

CHAPTER III.

Adieu from henceforth to all hope in Fanny's mind! That blessed balm hath lost its power to act. The kind remonstrances of the now really alarmed old folks take not the slightest hold on her attention. Silent, but uncomplaining, and without the power even to shed a tear, she sat for hours together with her eyes scarcely ever lifted from the ground; nor did she even express satisfaction when Mr Griffyths informed her that he had written to the landlord of the inn where his son had given his address, and was in daily expectation of a reply. One sole thought haunted her imagination. Charles was dead! The companion of her childhood, the friend and adviser of her youth, the chosen of her heart, who should have walked hand and hand with her through life—him, she should meet no more on this side the grave! Yet, strange to say, though entertaining this conviction, she still persisted in paying a daily visit to the turnpike, notwithstanding all her aunt's entreaties, who began to dread the effect of such repeated shocks on her reason. The state of seclusion in which she lived—nay, the very objects which surrounded her—tended still farther to increase Fanny's sense of utter desolation. She could not cast her eyes in any one di-

rection but something reminded her of the departed. From the window she beheld the bridge where he used so often to stand watching the sun drop behind Llyn-y-van; his flute lay between the book-shelves; his landscape-sketches adorned the walls; and the very volume which he had been reading the evening before he left, remained just where he had placed it, on his writing-desk.

Four days had now elapsed since Charles had been expected home, and the fifth was drawing to a close. On the night of that day Mrs Davis, who had not long retired to rest, was suddenly roused from sleep by a piercing shriek proceeding from her niece's chamber. She rushed into the room, accompanied by her servant, who had been Fanny's nurse in childhood, and by the dim rush-light which was burning on the table, beheld her sitting up in bed, in a state little short of distraction.

"Oh God!" she cried, wringing her hands in agony, "he is dead, aunt—he is dead—dead—his spirit stood beside me just now, and in a hollow voice—oh, so altered from what it used to be!—he bade me a long farewell."

"My dear love, be composed, I entreat you," said Mrs Davis, seating

herself on the bed beside her niece, and wiping the damps from her forehead, "do not give way to these dismal fancies. It was a mere dream; nothing more."

"Not so, aunt; it is a solemn revelation from another world. I prayed to be permitted to see him but once more, even though he were no longer on earth; and my prayer has been answered! It was his form I saw—his voice I heard—do you think I could fail to know him again? He is dead, I tell you, dead! and I was not by to soothe his last moments! Charles—dearest Charles—why did you ever leave us? Hark!" she continued, turning abruptly to her aunt with a look of strange meaning, "do you not hear a distant bell? They are tolling for a funeral; are they not?"

Her servant here whispered something in Mrs Davis's ear, which, attracting her niece's notice, she said, with a bitter smile, "You think I am ill, aunt—mad perhaps; but no, no, I am well—quite well—would to God that I were—hark, there is that dreadful bell again!" and with a sudden, impetuous movement she raised her hands to her head, as if to shut out the sound. In this bewildered state she continued for upwards of an hour, when she sank exhausted into a heavy but unrefreshing sleep, while her aunt kept watch beside her till daybreak.

When she appeared at breakfast next morning, her look—her voice—her manner—impressed Mr Griffyths, who now spent almost all his days at the cottage, with the saddest forebodings. She scarcely answered any question that was put to her; but when she did, it was with an abruptness and irritability that showed how much the effort cost her. A settled, icy despair seemed to have frozen up all her faculties. Even her manner to her aunt was altered. She appeared suspicious of her every look and movement; and when she happened to overhear her consulting in an under-

tone with the clergyman about the propriety of calling in medical aid from Llandovey, she turned on her a glance that made her shudder. Suddenly, however, her whole demeanour changed. She started up from the chair where she had been sitting, near the window, and before her aunt could recover from her astonishment, she was half-way across the lawn on her return, with a letter addressed to Mr Griffyths. How dreadful was the expression of her countenance when she re-entered the parlour! She had snatched the letter from the postman; the writing was unknown to her; but she saw that the seal was black!

Giving the communication into the clergyman's hands, she exclaimed, with a ghastly smile, "Well, aunt, I am right; it was no dream; Charles, once my Charles, is dead!"

It was even so. The letter was from the house-agent whom the young man had employed to arrange the sale of his cottages, and stated in dry, formal, business-like terms, that, shortly after his arrival in London, he had caught a violent cold; that he had made light of the matter, neglecting even the most ordinary precautions; the consequence of which was that a fever of the worst kind had supervened, and, affecting the brain, had carried him off in a few days; and that the writer had only been made acquainted with the melancholy circumstances, by accidentally calling at the inn where the young gentleman lodged, when the landlord requested him to lose not a moment in communicating with the deceased's relatives.

On the receipt of this intelligence Mr Griffyths, on whom it fell with quite a stunning effect, started off for the metropolis by the same coach, and from the same place, as his ill-fated son; who was buried in one of the gloomiest of the city churchyards, far from his native home, and from her whose heart was hourly breaking for his loss.

CHAPTER IV.

When the clergyman returned home from his mournful journey to London, another dreadful shock awaited him. The child of his affections—the pride of his age—lay in a state of

utter delirium. Her quick and ardent feelings, alternately acting, and reacted on, by an imagination equally feverish, had wholly overpowered her reason—made her, in short, a raging

maniac. Could she have endured to share her griefs with another, she would doubtless have escaped this last numbing blow ; but with that moody waywardness, which is by no means uncommon with people of imaginative temperament, she shrunk from sympathy, even when offered by those most dear to her ; and kept the thoughts and feelings that were wearing her away, fast locked within the sanctuary of her own bosom. For six days, during which her disorder raged with uncommon violence, she rarely slept, took little or no sustenance, and was incessantly starting up from her pillow, raving in the most impassioned terms about Charles. Sometimes she would imagine herself walking home with him from the turnpike, and put question after question to him about the way in which he spent his time in London ; then bursting into a wild shriek, bid them close all the doors and windows, for a strange bell was tolling in her ear. Anon, she would cry out that a phantom was standing by her side ; that it fixed its dead, stony eyes continually upon her ; breathed a fire into her brain, and shrivelled up her skin by its touch. At other times fierce suspicions would beset her. She was deceived—basely and treacherously deceived. Charles had arrived ; she knew he had ; but they purposely kept him from her sight ; and whenever this idea crossed her fancy, her red, dilated eye would glow like hot steel ; her whole frame quiver with passion ; and it was with the greatest difficulty that those in attendance upon her could prevent her leaping from the bed, and forcing her way out of the house.

On the seventh day of her malady, as her aunt and Mr Griffyths were reading the prayers for the sick in her chamber, the physician came in to pay his usual visit, and having examined his patient, who lay perfectly motionless, with her eyes half-closed, and one hand pressed upon her heart, said, "The disorder is approaching a crisis, and four-and-twenty hours from this time will decide for life or death."

"Surely she will recover !" exclaimed Mrs Davis, while the tears streaming down her wan cheeks showed that she was prepared for the worst.

The physician shook his head ; at length, after a pause, "I will not deceive you," he observed ; "it is far from unlikely that your niece, considering that youth and a good constitution are in her favour, will recover from this attack ; but the shock she has received has struck so home to her imagination, that though the body may rally, I have little hope of the mind."

"God's will be done," faltered Mr Griffyths ; "but it is a hard trial, to see those go before me who should have followed the old man to his grave—and so young, so happy, so affectionate as they were!—it seems but yesterday that they were both children together ; and now one is dead, and the other must know me no more—indeed, indeed, it is a sore trial, and more almost than I can bear ;" and so saying, the poor, childless father, unable to wrestle with his grief, rose hastily, and quitted the room.

Just as the physician had predicted, the more violent symptoms of Fanny's disorder gradually abated, and towards night she sank into a long, quiet, and, to all appearance, a refreshing slumber. Her aunt, who kept a constant vigil by her side, entertained a confident hope that when she woke it would be to consciousness ; but it was not so ; she woke indeed, and no longer a raging maniac, but what perhaps was still worse, as being more hopeless, a silent sullen imbecile ! There was one singularity attending this new phase of her malady, which showed how deeply her love for Charles was engrained, as it were, into her very nature. Every day at noon, though previously to that hour she remained in a state of perfect apathy, not seeming to recognise any one by look, speech, or gesture, she would start into something like activity ; a dim, transient twilight gleam of recollection would come over her ; and she would hasten up stairs to her chamber ; dress herself with marked care in white comely attire ; make the best of her way to the turnpike, accompanied by her nurse, who followed unobserved at a distance ; wait at the gate till the coach came up ; enquire if Charles was among the number of the passengers ; and then depart with a vacant smile on her countenance, muttering as she turned away, "he will come to-morrow !" On her re-

turn, she would relapse into her usual state of lethargy, moving mechanically about the lawn, with leaden pace, bowed head, and arms hanging idly by her side, or standing at the door, and indulging in a low feeble laugh whenever she saw Mr Griffiths approach the cottage. The physician urged the expediency of her removal to a private asylum at Carmarthen, where he said she would receive every attention that her case demanded; but Mrs Davis shrunk from the idea of consigning her to the mercy of strangers, especially when she was informed that recovery was by no means probable.

So passed a year, at the end of which Charles's father, weighed down by griefs and infirmities, followed his son to the grave. No one was now left but Mrs Davis, whose whole time was devoted, with unrelaxing attention, to her niece. It was a melancholy haunt that cottage now, where all had once been so cheerful—still more melancholy the spectacle of that vacant countenance once so expressive—once so radiant with youth, and health, and beauty. But comfort yet remained for the old lady; she felt that she was fulfilling a sacred duty; and this enabled her to struggle with her lot, and even bear it with resignation. In pursuance of the physician's advice, she made repeated efforts to recall Fanny to reason by appealing to her old tastes and feelings; the songs that Charles most loved to hear were played to her, in the hope that they might bring back some fragment, however imperfect, of recollection; his favourite books were thrown in her way; his name continually repeated in her hearing; but all was unavailing; the dark fixed cloud still brooded over her mind.

Four long, monotonous years had now rolled away, and daily during this period, whether the season was cold or sultry, wet or dry, the poor girl was seen at the wonted hour to repeat her visit to the turnpike-gate; make the same enquiry; receive the same reply; and then return home, exclaiming, "He will come to-morrow!" No one thought of interrupting her; she was regarded by all with the tenderest and most respectful feelings of sympathy; and many a sigh was heaved, and many a bright eye grew dim, as the White Lady—

such was the name by which she was known to every traveller on the road—was seen hastening across Carricksawthy. At the commencement of the fifth year her last remaining relative died; and now there remained only her old nurse, to whose care her aunt had, in her last moments, consigned her. Yet Fanny appeared wholly unconscious of Mrs Davis's death; made no enquiries after her; and even watched the funeral procession move away from the cottage without testifying the slightest emotion.

But this state of mind was at length to have an end. It is a still autumn evening, so still that the dry yellow leaf hangs unstirred upon the ash; the Sawthy lapses with the gentlest murmur over its shrunken bed; the quiet sheep are pasturing on the common; and there, upon that little grassy mound which fronts the bridge and draws warmth and cheerfulness from the golden sunlight, sit two female figures, the younger of whom, apparently from sheer exhaustion, is reclining her head on her companion's shoulder. Can that wasted, spectral form, whose dim eye and sunken countenance speak of fast approaching mortality, be Fanny? Yes, it was indeed that once lovely girl who had crawled forth for her usual walk; but not, as in earlier and happier days, to feed imagination on the imposing pageantry of this, nature's choicest season, for, alas, the chambers of her mind still continue darkened! Yet more than once during the last week, a feeble ray of intelligence had glimmered in upon her brain; something like consciousness had revived; and on this day in particular, the symptoms had assumed so cheering an aspect, that her nurse had purposely prolonged their walk, in the hope that the balmy, healthful evening air might tend to aid the languid efforts of nature. As they sat together on the sunny hillock, suddenly the bells of Llangadock struck up a loud and merry peal, for there had been a wedding in the morning, and this, in a secluded Welsh village, is always an affair of infinite rejoicing. Fanny started at the sound; raised her head gently; and said, while a faint smile stole over her countenance, "Nurse, what are those bells ringing for?"

"Fanny, dearest Fanny," exclaim-

ed her astonished and delighted attendant, her eyes filling with tears, "thank Heaven, you know me again!"

"How distinctly we hear the music, nurse! I thought at first they were tolling for — but no, no; these are not the sounds I have heard so often of late in dreams. I suppose it is the evening chimes they are ringing."

"No; it is a wedding peal, Fanny."

"A wedding? Oh God!—Let us return home, nurse; it is cold, very cold; getting late too; my aunt will say we have been out too long."

"My child—my dearest child—what shall I say? Can you bear to hear the truth? Yes, it must be told—I can conceal it no longer."

"Nurse," replied Fanny, with solemn earnestness, "I can bear to hear any thing—nothing can touch me now. My aunt is dead? Is it not so?"

"It is too true."

"And Mr Griffyths, my more than father—*his* father?"

"He too is dead."

"Dead—all dead—and I am left alone! Well, it will not be for long—let us come home, nurse; I feel exhausted—my strength is not what it used to be."

They walked slowly on to the cottage, and when they reached it, Fanny instantly sought that bed from which she was doomed never again to rise. During the few days that remained to her of existence, nothing could exceed the sweet and patient gentleness of her nature. There was no more sullenness — no more irritability — she knew that she was dying; one by one she felt life's finest ligaments giving way; and seemed anxious only to fit

her soul for the great and solemn change that awaited it. Seldom she spoke, or made allusions to those who had gone before her; and never, even when fevered with pain, suffered a complaint to escape her lips; for a light from heaven had shone in upon her spirit, strengthening and purifying, and exalting it, while the material frame was hourly verging to decay. But, was the past forgotten? Not so. The low, faint sigh; the tear stealing its way down the wasted cheek; the touching scriptural passage, "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me," whispered in the intervals of suffering, and in the long, silent watches of the night; all this told that thoughts of earth still mingled with those of heaven in Fanny's mind. On the evening of her death, feeling herself a little stronger than usual, she had requested to be raised up in bed; and sat, propped with pillows, near the open window, looking out upon the landscape beneath her. She saw the common—the bridge—the distant road—scenes how dear to memory!—and gazed on them with all the yearning fondness of one who feels that they are beheld for the last time. While thus she sat, with her hands folded on her breast, and her lips feebly moving in prayer, a sharp, sudden spasm struck to her heart, and a film came across her sight. "Nurse," she said, "where are you?—It is getting dark—the sun has long set—dearest Charles!" and uttering that loved name, she died.—The child of many sorrows was at rest.

OF THE EARLIER ENGLISH MORAL SONGS AND POEMS.

No. I.

WE regard it as a sacred and sublime truth, that among the various forms in which human energy can influence the minds of others, the poetical faculty contains in itself the best security that it will be nobly and beneficently employed. Bestowed, doubtless, like every similar gift, not as a plaything or ornament, not as a snare or seduction, but as an instrument for purifying and exalting our spiritual being, it seems distinguished from other powers by a peculiar incapability of being diverted from its proper end, or degraded to an unworthy use. Genius or talent in other shapes may but imperfectly reach the deeper-seated sensibilities of the heart and conscience, or may, with comparative indifference, be exerted for good or evil, for happiness or misery. Music, sculpture, painting—powerful always to confer exterior polish—may fail to affect the internal structure of the mind, and even though not terminating in the outward senses, may yet linger in a superficial region of taste and enjoyment, not directly leading to the inner sanctuaries of the soul. Courage and conduct, whether military or political, oral or written eloquence, philosophical subtilty, all of them agents of mighty force to control the destinies and change the character of mankind, have been severally displayed in their brightest excellence, in subservieney to designs of cruelty, corruption, or falsehood. But the power of poetry in its essence implies a combination of moral and intellectual qualities, that cannot co-exist in perfection with depravity of heart or perversity of purpose. A facility for uniting melodious numbers to pointed diction or dazzling fancies may be compatible with insensibility to virtue or enslavement to vice: and poets, even of a high order, may be allured to dally too fondly with those affections which, though laudable within their limits, are vicious in excess. But the higher a poet rises in the scale of his art, the more closely must his tendencies and conceptions conform to that standard of human excellence in which the purer and more heavenly faculties attain a right-ful ascendancy. Virtue and poetry are

in this indeed identified, that they both involve the predominance of spirit over sense, of the sympathetic over the selfish emotions. It will not follow that the life of the poet is as moral as his lay, or that his works are unstained by error or blemish; for the man and the writer will still be subject to the law of humanity. But the poet, so far as he is a poet, and in those creations in which he chiefly appears a poet, will, in direct proportion to his genius, display the truest susceptibility for those feelings and convictions by which the soul of man is distinguished as a moral spirit.

In obeying the high vocation to which the poet is impelled, it is not necessary that he should prominently put forward the moral purposes which inseparably attend him. In seeking, no doubt, to excite devout or religious feelings, the very nature of his task, the noblest and most arduous that poetry can attempt, implies that its object should openly appear. But it is otherwise in the general prosecution of that scheme of moral amelioration which is next in importance. The poet here has leave to deal with all the feelings of our frame, provided he can so move them as to advance his great design of rendering the hearts of his hearers more obedient to the sway of sympathy and imagination. It is his duty to enlarge and strengthen his influence by choosing a field of interest the most wide and attractive that will permit him to labour for the final objects of his art. The largest combination of literary pleasure and moral culture seems an un-failing characteristic of poetry in its most influential form, and therefore, in its highest perfection, as a means of human improvement. The poet, as a pleasing and potent teacher of truth and goodness, will not in this view convey his lessons best by assuming the rod of the schoolmaster, or the gown of the sage. His secret will be to preserve a seeming community of thoughts and passions with the rest of his race: to borrow his themes and topics from objects and events the most alluring to their minds: and in so doing to lead them insensibly to new perceptions and higher emo-

tions, the result of that wonder-working skill which, by an endless variety and succession of golden links, can connect the meanest things of earth and human life with the sublimest essences of heaven and immortality. The Father of poetry was justly described by a poet and moralist as one.

“ Qui, quid sit rectum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Planius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.”

“ Whose pictured page, with living forms impressed,
In warm imagination’s colours dressed,
The right, and fair, and good, will better teach
Than all that Crantor and Chrysippus preach.”

The great narrative and dramatic poems which genius has produced, seem to tell the world of nothing but its own business and interests, and yet under every image and incident there lurks an unsuspected lesson in moral advancement more clear and cogent than any that the porch or the cloister could inculcate.

The Muse is permitted even to assume a garb the most dissimilar to that of the professed instructress, and in the disguise of gaiety and merriment, may still discharge her appointed duties. Not inconsiderable is her praise, when, in exercising a mastery over the light and sportive emotions, she moulds them imperceptibly into forms of purity and loveliness. As a religious messenger, intent on conveying peace and truth to a rude people, may outwardly conform to their language and customs, the better to win and change them to his wishes, so may moral wisdom adopt the mask of mirth, and teach the gay to diversify their levities within permitted bounds, and to temper in all things their hilarity with innocence.

Yet an honourable and appropriate purpose is also served by poetry of a cast more directly moral and reflective. The danger is, that a formally didactic poem may repel the disciple by continued calls on his attention, and in general it seems true that poems, avowedly moral, must, in order to please, be either confined within a short compass, or blended with a large mixture of incident or description.

In no country, better than in Eng-

land, has poetry performed her allotted function as a teacher of virtue and wisdom. The names of Chaucer and Spenser, Shakspeare and Milton, Pope and Goldsmith, Thomson and Cowper, Crabbe and Wordsworth, afford a proud and instantaneous proof of the assertion. In different forms and degrees, and with reference to various modes of society and character, these mighty masters have delivered the precepts of moral government with a truth and energy expressive of that national spirit which they have helped to form, and their noble poems, as the faithful record of what nature is and ought to be, will for ever exert a beneficial sway over the minds of men, even when the language in which they sung may have been numbered with the dead.

It were an infinite task to traverse the wide range of usefulness and beauty which would be opened up by a consideration of our great poets in this aspect of their character. But we propose at present to gather from the field of English poetry, and to weave into a very humble wreath, some flowerets of a lowlier kind, which may delight by their hues and fragrance, while they help to reveal the virtues of the generous soil and kindly sky to which they owe their birth.

Scattered through our miscellaneous English poetry, especially of an earlier date, there are a number of smaller and chiefly irregular moral poems, of varying merit and popularity, which deserve consideration as a distinct class. We rather think that they have no precise parallel in the literature of other countries, and they eminently reflect some peculiarities of the English mind. They spring from that serious and sober character, that self-dependent and contemplative disposition, which turns the eye inwards as often as without, and which claims kindred with noble qualities, the love of rural nature and of domestic quiet. The compositions we refer to are often bedewed with sweet sprinklings of fancy, and have almost always a purity of diction which time and change have failed to render obsolete. They are not always distinguished by poetical merit, but they generally present some characteristic feature that gives them an interest. Sometimes they are the effusions of simple minds, grateful for the slender talent of poetry which

has been lent them, and pleased to dedicate it to the expression of those earnest thoughts in which they find their sweetest employment. Sometimes they have afforded an occasional refuge to men, when, flying from the weariness of business and publicity, prove the purity of their heart and taste by the retired worship of those ideal graces for which in practical life they have longed in vain. Sometimes they speak the language of those who, having wandered from the path of duty, have forgot the practice though not the love of virtue, but who now, in the intervals of passion, or in the returning of the prodigal to his father's house, lift up an humble and mournful hymn to proclaim from sad experience the blessings of that rectitude from which they have too easily departed.

The topics on which these compositions chiefly touch are confined within a limited and uniform sphere. Life and its vanities, death and its certainty; affliction and its uses, prosperity and its dangers; the emptiness of outward advantages, the felicity of a calm and contemplative spirit; the cares of the court and city, the pleasures of solitude and the country. There is much sameness in these subjects, and when feebly handled they are senseless and insipid. But when they flow sincerely from a sensitive heart, they affect us readily as their authors would have wished, and they tend to preserve in literature a sound and solemn spirit. When tainted by affectation, or defaced by the tame diction and obscure imagery of a more modern mediocrity, they entirely cease to please.

We exclude from this examination poems of more considerable dimensions, and those belonging to a more formal class, such as that of the regular sonnet, otherwise so near akin to the moral compositions we have in view. We shall likewise abstain from referring to those lyrics of a mixed character in which moral reflections are engrafted on the theme of love, or revelry, or some other predominating subject. We shall also pass over those poems which are properly of a

sacred and devotional tone, and of which we may hereafter attempt a separate examination. But in drawing these distinctions, we feel that it is neither easy nor necessary to observe the line of division with scrupulous accuracy.

In the task which we now undertake we beg leave to disclaim in ourselves, though by no means to depreciate in others, any pretensions to black-letter precision or minute literary information. We propose to stand in a middle and connecting position between the antiquary and the popular reader, divested if possible of the natural prepossessions and prejudices of both, and endeavouring to promote what is surely an important object, a friendly but discriminating acquaintance with the less familiar literature of our country.

We give, as our earliest example of this kind of composition, two stanzas of "a ditty upon the uncertainty of this life," preserved in a manuscript of the British Museum, and published in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*. It appears to have been written about the middle, or rather the end of the thirteenth century, and is worth something as a curiosity, if not as a poem.

"Winter wakeneth all my care,
Now these leavis wæth bare :
Oft I sigh and mearne sare,
When it cometh in my thought,
Of this world's joy, how it goth all to
nought.

"Now it is, and now it n' is,
All so it ne'er n' were, I wis :
That many man saith, sooth it is,
All goeth, but Godis will :
All we shall die, tho' us like ill."*

Passing over a century, we notice two little pieces, which have been ascribed, though perhaps groundlessly, to the father of English poetry, to whose great work we owe a debt both of delight and instruction too large in amount to be sensibly affected by the addition or deduction of such trifles. Of the "Good Counsel of Chaucer," which contains some germs of beauty imperfectly expanded, the first and last stanza may be inserted.

"Fly from the press,† and dwell with soothfastness :

 Suffice unto thy good, tho' it be small :

For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,

Praise hath envy, and weal is blent o'er all.
 Savour* no more than thee behove shall.
 Read † well thyself that other folk canst read,
 And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

“ That thee is sent receive in buxomness : ‡
 The wrestling of this world asketh a fall ;
 Here is no home, here is but wilderness,
 Forth, pilgrim, forth, beast, out of thy stall ;
 Look up on high and thanke God for all.
 Wavè thy lusts, and let thy ghost || thee lead,
 And truth shall thee deliver, it is no dread.”

The other verses attributed to Chaucer contain a simple and wholesome list of advices for all conditions.

“ Go forth, king, rule thee by sapience ;
 Bishop, be able to minister doctrine ;
 Lord, to true counsel give audience ;
 Womanhood, to chastity ever incline ;
 Knight, let thy deeds worship ¶ determine ;
 Be righteous, judge, in saving thy name ;
 Rich, do almous, lest thou lose bliss with shame.

“ People, obey your king and the law ;
 Age, be ruled by good religion ;
 True servant, be dreadful ** and keep thee under awe ;
 And thou, poor, fie on presumption.
 Inobedience to youth is utter destruction.
 Remember you, how God hath set you low,
 And do your part as ye be ordained to.”

No comparison could be more illustrative and more pleasing than that which has been drawn by Warton, himself a poet as well as the historian of poets, between the premature and solitary rise of Chaucer's genius and the bright and brittle promises of a genial day in an English spring ! The truth of the picture cannot be apparent in the limited enquiry which we are now pursuing : but even here we are struck by the dreary barrenness that ensues. Our respect for royalty cannot constrain us to admit as an exception the dull verses attributed to Henry VI., of which the following stanza is much the most tolerable, and, if genuine, is at least remarkable for being perfectly modern in its language and cadence.

“ Kingdoms are but cares,
 State is devoid of stay ;
 Riches are ready snares,
 And hasten to decay.”

Towards the middle of the 16th century there was a rapid and profitable advance in poetical composition.

There then sprung up, as Puttenham tells us, †† “ a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, and Henry, Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftains.” With these eminent names may be associated that of Thomas Lord Vaux, who, at the same period, and probably earlier than Surrey, though in a more simple and vernacular style, contributed something to the refinement of taste and versification in England. The works of this cluster of poets were first published in 1557 in Tottel's Collection, the earliest printed miscellany of poetry in the language, where the poems of Surrey and Wyatt are followed by a number of others of “ Uncertain authors,” among which are at least two by Lord Vaux. Those poems in this collection, of which the parentage is unknown, seem to extend back somewhat indefinitely in date, for among them is included the “ Good Counsel of Chaucer,” though under this new title, “ To lead a virtuous and honest life.”

* Indulge thy taste.

|| Soul.

†† Art of English poesy. Hazlewood's edition. P. 48.

† Counsel.

¶ Honour.

‡ Yieldingness.

** Respectful.

Wyat's strength seems to lie in his ethical or satirical epistles, which exceed the compass of our present plan.

We borrow from him, however, the following irregular sonnet:

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY PAIN.

"Venomous thorns, that are so sharp and keen,
Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue;
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew.
The fire that all things else consumeth clean
May hurt and heal; then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Since every wo is joined with some wealth."

To Surrey our poetry owes much, independently of his having first used in England, in his translation of Virgil, that noble form of versification in which Shakspeare and Milton found free and fit scope for their genius, and which at once stimulates and tests the true poet by the high standard of thought and language, which its simple grandeur requires to sustain

it. Love, though it may be doubted if it had much share in Surrey's life, is the prevailing theme of his original compositions. But we extract from them the beginning of a little moral poem which suits our purpose. It is written in a pleasing and favourite metre of that day. The title, as in the other cases likewise, seems to be Mr Tottel's.

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT WITH HIS OWN ESTATE, AND HOW THE AGE OF CHILDREN IS THE HAPPIEST, IF THEY HAD SKILL TO UNDERSTAND IT.

"Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear,
And every thought did show so lovely in mine eyes,
That now I sigh'd, and then I smiled as cause of thoughts did rise.
I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to scape the rod, a tall young man to be.
The young man eke that feels his bones with pains oppress'd,
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest.
The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again to live so much the more.
Whereat full oft I smiled to see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change degree.
And musing thus, I think the case is very strange,
That man from wealth to live in wo doth ever seek to change."

The compositions attributed to Lord Vaux are of unequal character, but he aimed often at a right mark, though not a high one, and he sometimes hit it. His songs are not unfrequently fortunate in their ideas, neat and natural in their expression, and smooth in their numbers. He seems to have excited the simple wonder of his time by the art of counterfeiting imaginary situations and feelings. His best and most popular piece is entitled by Tottel, "The Aged Lover renounceth Love," a name too limited for its subject, which embraces the more general contemplation of declining years and approaching death. Its dismal imagery supplied Shakspeare with some appropriate fragments of melancholy mirth for his sexton in Hamlet, while engaged in la-

bouring for the dead. The poem has considerable merit. The following verses contain a not unexpressive picture of the encroaching torpor of old age.

"My lusts they do me leave,
My fancies all be fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
Grey hairs upon my head.

• • •

"My muse doth not delight
Me as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight
As they have been of yore.

"For reason me denies
This youthly idle rhyme;
And day by day to me she cries,
Leave off these toys in time.

"The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say limping age will lodge him now
Where youth must give him place."

In what immediately follows, a more striking figure is somewhat roughly delineated. We add, also, such of the concluding verses as best deserve quotation.

"The harbinger of death
To me I see him ride :
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth bid me to provide

"A pick-axe and a spade,
Eke and a winding sheet,
A house of clay, for to be made
For such a guest most meet.

"Methinks I hear the clerk
That knolls the careful knell,
And bids me leave my woful work
Ere nature me compel.

* * *

"Thus must I youth give up,
Whose badge I long did wear ;
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it bear.

* * *

"And ye that bide behind,
Have ye none other trust ;
As ye of clay were cast by kind,
So shall ye waste to dust."

Without further comment we insert some other extracts from Lord Vaux's moral compositions, taken from the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, a Miscellany of which we shall afterwards more particularly speak.

BEING ASKED THE OCCASION OF HIS WHITE
HEAD, HE ANSWERETH THUS.

* * *
"These hairs, of age are messengers,
Which bid me fast repent, and pray :
They be of death the harbingers
That do prepare and dress the way.
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be."

* * *

OF THE MEAN ESTATE.

"The higher that the cedar tree under the heavens does grow,
The more in danger is the top when sturdy winds 'gin blow :
Who judges then the princely throne to be devoid of hate,
Doth not yet know what heaps of ill lye hid in such estate.
Such dangers great, such gripes of mind, such toil do they sustain,
That oftentimes of God they wish to be unkinged again."

* * *

OF A CONTENTED MIND.

"When all is done and said, in the end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss, that hath a quiet mind :
And clear from worldly cares, to deem can be content,
The sweetest time in all his life in thinking to be spent.

"The body subject is to fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps is casual every hour :
And death in time doth change it to a clod of clay,
Whenas the mind, which is divine, runs never to decay.

"Companion none is like unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech, through thinking few or none :
Fear oftentimes restraineth words, but makes not thoughts to cease,
And he speaks best that hath the skill when for to hold his peace.

"Our wealth leaves us at death, our kinsmen at the grave,
But virtues of the mind unto the heavens with us we have :
Wherefore for virtue's sake I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life to deem in thinking spent."

BETHINKING HIMSELF OF HIS END, WRITETH THUS.

"When I behold my bier, my last and posting horse,
That bear shall to the grave my vile and carrion corse,

Then say I, silly wretch, why dost thou put thy trust
In things each made of clay, that soon will turn to dust.

" Dost thou not see the young, the lardy, and the fair,
That now are just and good as tho' they never were?
Dost thou not see thyself draw hourly to thy last,
As shaft which that is shot at bird that flyeth fast?

" Dost thou not see how death through-smiteth with his lance,
Some by wry, some by plume, and some by worldly chance?
What thing is there on earth, for pleasure that was made,
But goth more swift away than doth the summer shade?

" Lo! here the rosy flower, that sowed this other day,
But winter weareth it as fast, and bloweth clean away;
Even so shalt thou consume, from youth to loathsome age,
For death he doth not spare the prince more than the page.

" Thy house shal' be of clay, a clod under thy head;
Until the latter day, the grave shall be thy bed:
Until the blowing trump doth say to all and some,
' Rise up out of your grave, for now the Judge is come.' "

If Lord VAUX's life was a gay one, it must be owned that his lines have, with wonderful success, shown "the counterfeit action" of the lugubrious, though we should hardly say with Puttenham, that he has done it "very lively and pleasantly." If his conversation was like his poetry, he must have played at Court the part of the Consul's Companion in the Roman triumph, and both Henry and his courtiers might have better profited by such lessons.

We return to Tottel's Collection, from which we shall take a few further specimens, believing that the importance of this period, in giving a direction to the sentiments and a shape to the language of poetry among us, may

excite interest even where it is difficult to bestow much praise.

POETRY OF THE MEAN ESTATE ARE HAPPIEST.

" Among good things I prove and find
The quiet life doth most abound,
And sure to* the contented mind
There is no riches to be found.

" I heard a herdsman once compare
That quiet nights he had mo slept,
And had mo merry days to spare
Than he which ought† the beasts he kept."

COMPARISON OF LIFE AND DEATH.

" The pleasant years that seem so swift to run,
The merry days to end so fast that fleet,
The joyful nights on which it daw'th so soon,
The happy hours which mo do miss than meet,
Do all consume as snow against the sun,
And death makes end of all that life begun.

" If man would mind what burdens life doth bring,
What grievous crimes to God he doth commit:
What plagues, what pangs, what perils thereby spring,
With no sure hour in all his days to sit:
He would sure think, as with great cause I do,
The day of death were better of the two."

THAT EACH THING IS HURT OF ITSELF.

“ Why fearest thou the outward foe,
Where thou thyself thy harm doth feed ?
Of grief or hurt, of pain or woe,
Within each thing is sown the seed.

“ So fine was never yet the cloth,
No smith so hard his iron beat ;
But th’ one consumed was with moth,
T’other with canker all to-fret.

“ The knotty oak and wainscot old
Within doth eat the silly worm ;
Even so a mind in envy rolled,
Always within itself doth burn.

“ Thus every thing that nature wrought,
Within itself his hurt doth bear ;
No outward harm need to be sought
Where enemies be within so near.”

OF THE VANITY OF MAN’S LIFE.

“ Vain is the fleeting wealth
Whereon the world stays,
Since stalking time by privy stealth,
Encroacheth on our days.

“ And eld which creepeth fast
To taint us with her wound,
Will turn each bliss into a blast
Which lasteth but a stound.*

“ Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend ;
Our health is soon decayed ; goods, casual, light and vain ;
Broke have we seen the force of power, and honour suffer stain.
When fickle fortune fails, this knot endureth still ;
Thy kin out of their kind may swerve, when friends owe thee good-will.
What sweeter solace shall befall, than one to find,
Upon whose breast thou may’st repose the secrets of thy mind ?
He wailleth at thy wo ; his tears with thine be shed ;
With thee doth he all joys enjoy, so lief a life is led.
Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see,
One soul, a wonder shall it seem, in bodies twain to be :
In absence, present ; rich in want ; in sickness sound :
Yea, after death, alive mayst thou by thy sure friend be found.”

It seems to have been quite gratuitous in Grimoald, who was an ecclesiastic, and could scarcely be a married man, to insert in another of his couplets on this subject an unhandsome reflection on the matrons of the age, which might be used, however, to raise a laugh against the husbands.

“ Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith his friend to find ;

“ Of youth the lusty flower,
Which whilom stood in price,
Shall vanish quite within an hour,
As fire consumes the ice.

“ Where is become that wight,
For whose sake Troy town
Withstood the Greeks, till ten years fight
Had rased their walls adown ?

“ Did not the worms consume
Her carrion to the dust ?
Did dreadful death forbear his fume
For beauty, pride, or lust ?”

We find ourselves here again in the death’s-head school of poetry, of which the last verse may have too rank an odour for the polite nostrils of modern days. We learn that among Tottel’s contributors we should include the poet *Churchyard*, to whom, as far as the name goes, the most doleful of these ditties might be fittingly ascribed. Their funeral solemnity comes oddly from that courtly company to whom they are attributed. What a different collection would have proceeded from the courtly makers of other reigns !

In compliment to the second writer of English blank verse we shall include among our extracts from Tottel, before closing them, some lines of Nicholas Grimoald, in commendation of Friendship.

O that the wives in these our days were
to their mates so kind.”

The *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, “aptly furnished with sundry pithy and learned inventions, devised and written for the most part by M. Edwards, sometime of Her Majesty’s Chapel ; the rest by sundry learned gentlemen both of honour and worship,” was published in 1576. It contains, as may

* An hour.

already have been inferred, rather too much of the cypress and yew to be a very delicious Eden; and its ivies and myrtles are not of a much livelier cast. We should say, indeed, that the love-songs in it are rather duller than the dirges. We select a part of one piece, already printed by Percy and by Ellis, which seems to us to be well versified, and in the last verse to possess considerable stateliness both of style and sentiment. The author, whose initials are M. T., is not certainly known.

*"Man's earthly life finds sweetest stay
Where sacred virtue loveth to stay."*

"The sturdy rock for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pierced at length
With little drops of drizzling rain.
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steel obey'eth the hammer stroke.

"Yea, man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthy skill
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is no thing but time doth waste:
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

"But virtue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious Fame;
Though spiteful Death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.
By life or death, whatso betides,
The state of virtue never slides."

It deserves our approving notice that the poetical collections, of which we have now spoken, contain scarcely a word or thought which could bring a blush into the purest cheek either of those times or of our own.

It would be difficult to find two compositions with any similarity of name and purpose, so amusingly con-

trasted with each other as the *Georgics* of Virgil and the *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry* of Thomas Tusser, Gentleman. In the one we see poetry in all its power and beauty employed to adorn and elevate the art which it professes to teach; harmony of numbers, dignity of diction, fertility of invention, tenderness of sentiment, sublimity of thought. In the other we see nothing of the Poet's skill except the simple device of easy rhythm and homely rhyme, intended rather to aid the memory than to delight the ear, every thing else being left on the level of the most pedestrian prose. Yet Tusser's verses were not without use in the formation of the English mind; and it may be said in his praise, that "sure the Eternal Master found the single talent well employed." The qualities of good sense, good morals, simplicity and sincerity, should never be without their reward. The mixed lessons which he inculcates of hospitality and thrift, sobriety and cheerfulness, attention to this world and care for the next, were well calculated to please the taste and confirm the virtues of the honest yeomen for whom they were designed, and might help, in humble minds, to prepare the way for higher sentiments and better poetry on similar themes. We shall venture to extract a few moral verses from one of the unconnected chapters of which his work is composed. We may remark in passing that, in the scansion of his lines, Tusser is considered to be remarkably correct according to the pronunciation of his day. His poem was originally published in 1557, but was considerably expanded in subsequent editions. He died a very old man in 1580.

A DESCRIPTION OF LIFE AND RICHES.

"The lands and the riches that here we possess
Be none of our own, if a God we profess;
But lent us of him as his talent of gold,
Which being demanded, who can it withhold?"

"God maketh no writing that justly doth say
How long we shall have it—a year or a day;
But leave it we must, (howsoever we leave),
When Atrop shall pluck us from hence by the sleeve."

"To death we must stoop, be we high, be we low,
But how and how suddenly few be that know;
What carry we then but a sheet to the grave,
To cover this carcass of all that we have?"

From George Gascoigne, once so warmly admired, and then so thoroughly forgotten, whose unthrifty youth was redeemed by a sober manhood, and, as an eyewitness tells us, by "a godly and charitable end," we could borrow several things which deserve praise, and might afford pleasure. His minor poems, all smoothly and easily written, have something of fancy, and much of good feeling. They show a gradual advance in taste and polish, as applied to popular poetry, on which those qualities seem better bestowed than on the cold raptures and forced fictions of Petrarchan love. Gascoigne's lullaby to his youthful passions is ingeniously conceived, though unequally executed. It flows with a somewhat sweet and slumberous melody. Take, for example, the first verse:—

"Sing lullaby, as women do,
(Wherewith they bring their babes to rest;)
And lullaby can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child,
And if I be not much beguiled,
Full many wanton babes have I,
Which must be stilled with lullaby."

His Good-Morrow and Good-Night are both of them meritorious compositions, infected, indeed, with the vulgar disease of running an analogy for ever on all fours, whether it will or no; but probably not on that account the less popular with the million. Though averse to separate what their author intended for companions, we must, from considerations of space, confine ourselves to the quotation of one of these pieces, and shall give the preference to the "Good-Night," as encroaching least on the department of psalmody. Gascoigne, we may observe, died in the prime of life, in 1577.

GASCOIGNE'S GOOD-NIGHT.

"When thou hast spent the lingering day
In pleasure and delight;
Or after toil and weary way
Dost seek to rest at night;
Unto thy pains or pleasures past
Add this one labour yet;
Ere sleep close up thine eye too fast,
Do not thy God forget.

"But search within thy secret thought
What deeds did thee befall;
And if thou find amiss in aught,
To God for mercy call.

Yea, tho' thou find no thing amiss
Which thou can'st call to mind,
Yet ever more remember this,
There is the more behind.

And think how well soe'er it be
That thou hast spent the day,
It came of God, and not of thee,
So to direct thy way.
Thus, if thou try thy daily deeds,
And pleasure in this pain,
Thy life shall cleanse thy corn from weeds,
And thine shall be the gain.

"But if thy sinful sluggish eye
Will venture for to wink
Before thy wading will may try
How far thy soul may sink:
Beware and wake, for else thy bed,
Which soft and smooth is made,
May heap more harm upon thy head
Than blows of enemies' blade.
Thus if this pain procure thine ease
In bed as thou dost lie,
Perhaps it shall not God displease
To sing thus soberly.

I see that sleep is lent me here
To ease my weary bones,
As death at last shall eke appear
To ease my grievous groans.
My daily sports, my paunch full fed,
Have caused my drowsy eye;
As careless life, in quiet bed,
Might cause my soul to die.

"The stretching arms, the yawning
breath
Which I to bedward use,
Are patterns of the pangs of death
When life will me refuse.
And of my bed each sundry part
In shadows doth resemble
The sundry shapes of death whose dart
Shall make my flesh to tremble.

"My bed itself is like the grave,
My sheets the winding-sheet,
My clothes the mould which I must have
To cover me most meet.
The hungry fleas which frisk so fresh,
To worms I can compare,
Which greedily shall gnaw my flesh,
And leave the bones full bare.

"The waking cock that early crows
To wear the night away,
Puts in my mind the trump that blows
Before the latter day.
And as I rise up lustily
When sluggish sleep is past,
So hope I to rise joyfully
To judgment at the last.

" Thus will I wake, thus will I sleep,
 Thus will I hope to rise,
 Thus will I neither wail nor weep,
 But sing in goodly wise.
 My bones shall in this bed remain,
 My soul in God shall trust,
 By whom I hope to rise again
 From death and earthly dust."

ing, as another specimen of Gascoigne's poetry, a part of a dramatic chorus, in his *Glass of Government*, a "Tragical Comedy," intended, it is said, to expose the prevailing errors of education. These lines are probably the first example in the language of this species of composition.

We may be excused for here add-

" When God ordain'd the restless state of man,
 And made him thrall to sorry grievous care,
 The first born grief for sorrow that began
 To show itself was this: to save from sin
 The pleasant plea which God for us prepar'd
 I mean the seed and offspring that he gives
 To any wight which in the world here lives.

" Few see them live, but each man seeth his child,
 Such care for them, as care not for themselves;
 We care for them in youth when wit is wild;
 We care for them in age to gather pelf.
 We care for them to keep them from the shelf
 Of such quick-sands, as we ourselves first found
 When heady will did set our ships on ground."

Our next quotation shall be from Robert Green, best known as a dramatic writer, who was born about 1550, and died in 1592. He is said to have been the first English poet that wrote for bread, and it has been observed, that his life thus forms "a melancholy epocha in the history of our literature." But is this justly said? Is that a melancholy era at which poetical talent came to be employed as the means of supporting its possessor? Such a change seems rather to cast a gloomy hue upon the times that preceded it; as implying either that the public had previously been unwilling to give bread for poetry, or that poetry had never arisen where there was a want of bread. On either supposition, when properly followed out, we must infer

a striking deficiency in social culture. Who would desire to see in this respect a retrograde movement, or to confine poetical composition to "courtly makers" or men of fortune? Who is it that longs for the time when poets shall cease to write, and to write better than they would otherwise do, either simply for bread, or for better bread than they would otherwise eat? Poor Green, however, diminished by his vices and follies both the honour and advantage of his laudable exertions for a livelihood. Yet he seems, in the midst of dissipation, to have preserved some purity of taste, and tenderness of feeling. The following lines are not without smoothness and elegance.

" Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
 The poorer estate exceeds Fortune's angry frown.
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

" The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
 The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
 The mean that grees with country music best,
 The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,
 Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is."

The last line of these verses suggests a well known popular poem, of which the composition seems referable to this or to an earlier period. "My mind to me a kingdom is," the song to which we now refer, appears to have been printed and familiarly known some years prior to 1590. Its author is undiscovered, and is apparently beyond the reach of conjecture. It was a favourite subject of imitation in its own day, and has been often since inserted in poetical collections with a high degree of praise. It is certainly in its own department a remarkable composition, and reflects credit on the infancy or adolescence of English popular poetry. The commencement, if now deprived of the charm of novelty, is strong and impressive; and several of the lines or stanzas throughout are neatly expressed, smoothly constructed, and diversified by some variety of point and metaphor. Yet the leading idea of the poem, such as it is, is not expanded with much fertility of thought, or skilfulness of management. The same things are repeated with needless iteration, and the brief and sententious phrases employed, while they interrupt the flow of melody and feeling, are often strung together without any natural tie of connexion or congruity. The prevalence of this fault may be apparent from the circumstance that different editors have differently arranged a good number of the stanzas, without its being easy to tell that the true order has been materially violated. We insert such verses of it as we think best deserving of attention.

"My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature hath assigned;
Tho' much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

"Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway:
Look, what I lack, my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with what my mind doth bring.

"I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall:
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil and keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

"Some have too much, yet still they
crave;
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, tho' much they have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

"I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain:
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

"I wish but what I have at will,
I wander not to seek for more:
I like the plain, I climb no hill,
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain,
To get what must be lost again.

"My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence;
Thus do I live, thus will I die,
Would all did so as well as I."

If it were fair to subject a composition of this popular kind to very serious criticism, or if it deserved such a tribute to its importance, a graver objection to this piece, as to others of a similar character, might be found in the general coldness of its temperature, connected with the fallaciousness of the sentiments involved in it.

"My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,"

has a lofty and imposing sound, and seems the prelude to a proud display of the noblest enjoyments and richest resources of mental perfection, scarcely agreeable, indeed, to that humility which best becomes a human creature. But the progress of the poem is not suitable to its outset. The regal entrance, by which we at first approach, proves, after all, to be the porch to a cottage. It is found that the only particulars in which the mind resembles a kingdom, or is enabled to afford its possessor such perfect joy, are the subjugation of troublesome appetites, and the absence of external objects of interest to ruffle its serenity. No reference is made to the enjoyment of any positive pleasure, to the indulgence of any social emotion, or the discharge of any active duty.

This is surely a poor view of that noble domain, the mind of man, and it is not a poetical one. Indifference to human affections implies a low tone, both of poetry and morality, as there can be neither praise nor sympathy without virtuous exertion or strong emotion. It must be confessed that several poems of the class we are now considering are pitched upon this under key, and seem merely to represent virtue as implying the negation of vice, and to place the only security from criminal indulgence in the retrenchment of natural passion. Some minds may find their best refuge in this retreat from active life, but they ought to announce their preference with the humility of those who have been forced to fly where it was their duty to fight. In a world of creatures of kindred origin and constitution with ourselves, a proud exultation in a state of mere quiescence, unaffected by the innumerable variations of fortune and feeling occurring around us to demand our sympathy, is nothing else than a refined selfishness, unattainable, indeed, in our actual condition, and not desirable if it could be attained. Such voluntary separatists from the natural union of the human family might be addressed in lines, somewhat resembling, in homely plainness, the productions of the school which we are now considering:—

- “ ‘ My mind to me a kingdom is’ —
No longer urge that swelling strain,
For who can hope the praise is his,
A monarch o’er himself to reign ?
- “ Nor boast that thus in cold content
Thou bear’st a calm and careless mind ;
Nor deign’st to laugh or to lament
For joys or sorrows of thy kind.
- “ Such lonely life may lurk apart,
Unreached by tainting passion’s stain ;
And what was once a human heart
May lose the touch of human pain.
- “ But heavy is the blame he bears
Who, flying vice, flies virtue too :
Whose fields, devoid of corn or tares,
Lie barren in his Maker’s view.
- “ And greater bliss it were to groan,
With all whose sufferings ask a sigh,
Than, thus congealed to conscious stone,
Unwept, unweeping, live and die.”

Our next object of selection, “ The

Soul’s Errand, or the Lie,” has had its due share of controversy and perhaps of commendation. It has often been ascribed to Raleigh, and was at one time supposed to have been written by him the night before his execution. What authentic instances there are of poetical composition in so awful a situation we shall not pause to enquire ; but we should be in general disposed to ascribe them less to magnanimity than to desperation, or the love of effect. Certain we are that, in such moments, a man should be more intent on examining himself than on condemning his fellow-creatures, and should be too much occupied with the mysterious scene on which he is entering, to rail at the world from which he is taking his departure. But all speculation as to the probability or propriety of such a poem being composed by this great man, in such circumstances, is here excluded by the facts. Raleigh perished in 1618, and Mr Ellis observed that the poem appeared in “ Davison’s Poetical Rhapsody” ten years before. Recent critics, however, have somewhat pertinaciously clung to a similar idea, with the modified suggestion, that the poem might possibly have been written by Raleigh “ the night before he *expected* to have been executed” in 1603. But it appears that the poem can be traced, if not to print, at least to paper, ten years even before that date, so that this new possibility becomes again impossible. We must, therefore, be content to abandon entirely this romantic account of its origin, and either betake ourselves to some other theory, or submit to leave the matter in obscurity. Mr Ellis has rather rashly assigned the composition to the silver-tongued Sylvester, on no better ground than that his editor has kidnapped and disfigured it by including it with some wretched additional stanzas in the collection of his poems in 1641. Ritson attributes it to Francis Davison, in whose “ Rhapsody” the earliest printed copy of it is found. But in the “ Rhapsody” are collected the compositions of various authors, some by name and some anonymously, and there is no special reason for ascribing this poem to Davison, whose signature is not affixed to it as it is to other pieces of his acknowledged composition. Mr Campbell enquires whether the “ Soul’s Errand” is not the same

poem with the Soul's Knell or "Soul Knell" of Richard Edwards, which Gascoigne mentions in one of his prefaces, and which he ridicules simple readers for supposing to have been written "in extremity of sickness." This theory would remove its date to a period prior to 1567, the year of Edwards's death, which seems scarcely admissible. If it were so, it is singular that so remarkable a poem should not be found in print long before the publication of the Rhapsody in 1601, while, on the other hand, it is equally singular if the "Soul Knell," which is mentioned by more than one early writer as well known and as having been "commended for a good piece," should not now be at all extant. Were we to indulge in a very diffident conjecture as to this last question, we should suggest that Edwards's "Soul Knell" might be found in the pleasing little piece beginning

"O death, rock me on sleep,
Bring me on quiet rest,
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
Out of my careful brest."

The burden of this song is certainly favourable to the supposition.

"Toll on the passing bell,
Ring out the doleful *knell*,
Let the sound my death tell,
For I must die.
There is no remedy,
For now I die."

The manuscript of this dirge is said to bear the appearance of having been written about the time of Henry VIII., and it has been thought to have been composed either by, or in the person of, Anne Boleyn; while Mr Ritson, with little apparent reason, has ascribed it to George, Lord Rochford, the brother of that unhappy princess. It seems possible that it may have been composed by Edwards, who, in 1561, was appointed master of the singing-boys in Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, and may, in compliment to his mistress, have written it in the person of her mother. Its composition has eminently the appearance of having proceeded from a practical vocalist, while it corresponds, more nearly than any other piece we remember, with the now unattached title of Edwards's once celebrated "Soul Knell." The "Soul's Errand" appears to us to in-

dicade a considerably later date as well as a different style.

Dismissing these unsatisfactory speculations, let us return to an examination of the poetical merits of the composition which has given rise to them. The "Soul's Errand" has received a very high commendation from a very high authority. "The 'Soul's Errand,'" Mr Campbell has said, "by whomsoever it was written, is a burst of genuine poetry. I know not how that short production has ever affected other readers, but it carries to my imagination an appeal which I cannot easily account for from a few simple rhymes. It places the last and inexpressibly awful hour of existence before my view, and sounds like a sentence of vanity on the things of this world, pronounced by a dying man, whose eye glares upon eternity, and whose voice is raised by strength from another world."

This is noble criticism if it were justly bestowed. But we confess that we greatly question its soundness. The critic seems to have been duped by his own poetical genius conspiring with an indulgent taste, and to have discovered in this composition that sublime tone and those solemn features which are the appropriate characters of the subject, but which, we fear, are but feebly and defectively expressed in the attempted representation of them. Here it is, perhaps, that a poet is found to be most fallible as a judge, if, at any time, by accidental associations or relaxed attention, the spirit of sound and searching criticism is biassed in its decisions, or its vigilance laid asleep. The suggestion to a poet's mind of a poetical situation or sentiment has in itself the effect of poetry, and gross deficiencies in taste and execution may escape his observation, if his excited feelings and conceptions overpower his faculties of judgment and comparison. He sees, then, in the subject of his criticism, not what the work truly is, but what it might be. He clothes the dead and dull skeleton that is presented to him with the vigour and warmth of life, and mistakes the images of his own fancy for the creations of the performance before him, which has merely roused them from their sleeping-places in his soul. This result is most likely to occur in the case of unpretending and sketch-like productions, which disarm the severities

of censure by not appearing to challenge a high place in poetical reputation. It will be further facilitated as to those compositions which have the charm of antiquity on their side, and are likely to have been first presented to the mind while its susceptibilities of pleasure were greater than its experience or penetration. We readily admit that the first stanza of the "Soul's Errand" is elevated and striking; whether we conceive it to be the poet's idea that he was then infusing his spirit into this dying address to the world, or adopt the bolder view that he was delivering a command to his soul itself to visit men after its separation from the body, and denounce their deceptions. The last verse also, or at least the last couplet, has some vigour and dignity, but these are associated with mean expressions, and a feeble conceit. The intermediate verses, might, some of them, make tolerable prose, but can scarcely be said to contain much poetry, while many of them are not merely commonplace, but stupid. No calm or unprejudiced critic, we think, would be startled either by the glaring eye, or by the supernatural voice of a dying man, in reading the following very middling stanzas.

" Tell potentates they live,
Acting by others' actions,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

" Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate :
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

" Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending ;
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

* * * * *

" Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming ;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming ;
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

" Tell faith it's fled the city ;
Tell how the country erreth ;
Tell manhood shakes off pity ;
Tell virtue least preferreth ;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie."

It seems to need no ghost, nor any man about to become one, to tell us most of these things; and they are often so tamely expressed, that we might suspect they were not all the production of the same author who conceived the idea, and composed the first stanza of the poem. But, in truth, the writers of that time seem to have been incapable of retrenching the weak and unequal things which most poets must sometimes write. They had not learned "the last great art of all, the art to blot." They had no idea, that in the poetical litter, it was generally best to destroy a large proportion of the progeny; but seem to have looked with a parent's partiality on even the most rickety of the productions to which they had once given birth. The poem now before us, like many others, would be greatly improved by abridgement; and, familiar as it must be to our readers, we take the liberty of inserting it in the curtailed shape in which a maturer judgment might perhaps have originally presented it to the public.

" Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand ;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

" Go, tell the court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood ;
Go tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good.
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

* * *

" Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love, it is but lust,
Tell time, it is but motion,
Tell flesh, it is but dust,
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

* * *

" Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness ;
Tell wisdom, she entangles
Herself, in overwiseness.
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

" Tell fortune of her blindness,
 Tell nature of decay ;
 Tell friendship of unkindness ;
 Tell justice of delay.
 And if they dare reply,
 Then give them all the kill.

* * *

" So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,
 Altho' to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing,
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill."

We believe that we have now reached the point at which, for the present, we should pause. The extracts we have given exhaust, according to the objects of our plan, the period previous to 1590, the most important era in the history of English poetry. In that year appeared the "Fairy Queen," the brightest effulgence of moral poetry that ever rose on the world, and at whose light the meaner beauties of the sky must have paled their ineffectual fires. The "Fairy Queen" will be for ever felt and admired by all who can feel or admire poetical truth and beauty ; but the genius of its author cannot be fully appreciated except by comparing his work with those of his predecessors, and ascertaining its immeasurable superiority over every thing that his country had yet produced. The only type of Spencer's spirit is to be found in "Sackville's Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates ;" but highly as we must estimate that composition, it yet detracts little from the infinite praise of Spencer's varied and sustained powers. Whether as a repository of the richest poetical language, or as a monument of the noblest faculties of intellect and imagination, the Fairy Queen equally demands our wonder and our love, in a degree which can only be surpassed by our reverence for the solemn and sublime purposes which were to its author as the muse of his inspiration. Let us be forgiven, however, if we intercede for the poets who preceded Spencer to obtain a milder judgment than if Spencer had already written ; and let us not be thought too bold in behalf of the humbler class of whom we have now been treating, if we claim for them the praise of being the harbingers of the great moral poet, to announce his possible approach, and to prepare for him in the breasts of his countrymen a wider and a warmer

welcome. We can scarcely regard it here as an indifferent consideration, that for nearly half a century the popular poetry of England had shown a character so earnest and serious, and so faithful to the laws of our spiritual nature. We shall not ask whether, in any circumstances, Spencer could have descended to the levities of Ariosto ; but we may be allowed to doubt whether he would have been encouraged to string his pure and virtuous lyre at all, except in a country where the hearts of men were already attuned to better strains than those of luxury or love. The importance of popular poetry in connexion with political feeling has often been noticed : its influence in fostering and diffusing poetical compositions of a higher class than itself is at least equally conspicuous. The floating songs and simple stanzas that are in the mouths of children and uneducated persons, are as the elements of poetical thought and feeling that lead them gradually on to higher attainments than they could otherwise reach. They are often the seeds from which the poetical faculty itself springs up, in lonely and neglected minds, with as much luxuriance, and nearly as much beauty, as in those which have been visited by regular cultivation. The remarks we have now made apply with the same force to the appearance of Shakspeare's poetry as to that of Spencer's. He, too, perhaps, needed the assurance of being extensively loved and understood before he could be excited to pour forth with such boundless profusion those maxims and sentiments of moral wisdom and beauty which exalt his dramas above even the sublime oracles of the Greek Chorus. The appearance of Spencer and Shakspeare within a year or two of each other bears the strongest testimony to the advance that had been made in the materials of literary taste, and to the solid character, and lofty spirit of that country which produced them with such powers, and inspired them to use those powers with so true a reference to the duties and destinies of mankind.

We shall take another opportunity of following out the subject of this essay, by collecting some of the most pleasing compositions of the minor moralists who appeared subsequently to the era with which we have now concluded.

FUNERALS.

"The negroes—hume to Roman's cave to!" *Hear.*

"Upon my honour, sir, my father does not get more than 40 per cent!" This conscientious and genteel speech haunted me not very long since, during a painful and dangerous illness. It came certainly very *not à-propos*; but having come, would not depart, like an imp of evil, as it was—for some one has observed, or, if not, some one *might* have observed, that words once embodied in sense or sentence have a living existence, the good or bad spirits taking conception in the mind, and birth from the mouth, never to return again, but invisible agents in the world, that do a world of mischief in it, and often standing in a court of justice against their parents in the flesh—such an imp of evil, I assert, was that sentence to me, for, having taken possession of the best room in the house of my brains, it kicked its heels there, and called about it lustily, and innumerable were the train of thought-imps that came at its call. "Upon my honour, sir, my father does not get more than 40 per cent." Who gave it existence? It was the son of an undertaker, my dear Eusebius. The occasion this:—I was present when the said very genteel youth presented the bill for a funeral, a few weeks after my acquaintance had buried his father. I am sure the old gentleman never would have *slept* with *his* fathers, could he have read over the items of his last journey, and would have again died over the sum-total. The bill was indeed startling. It was upon a slight remonstrance that this nicely-dressed mincing son of his father, in about the nineteenth year of his age, and full promise of his trade of hat-bands and scarfs, laid his hand upon the left side of his waistcoat, and unhesitatingly swore like any Peer of Parliament—"Upon my honour, sir, my father does not get above 40 per cent!" Years have passed away since I heard this sentence, nor have I thought of it in the interim; but that it should just then, above all times, when I lay in a feverish state, and when it appeared by no means improbable that an inquest of "40 per cents" might be called to sit upon my body, was a remarkable proof of

a fiendish existence of words that, like vultures, come to the wreck. From that day I know an undertaker by instinct, and abhor him, as dogs in China fly from a butcher. Long days and nights did I lie upon my uneasy bed; and this son of an undertaker was at the foot or the head of it continually. At one time he brought me a list of friends and relatives to attend my funeral, most of whom I thoroughly disliked; at another time he laid out the scarfs, and hat-bands, and gloves upon my bed, and changed my curtains into black cloaks. At another time he presented me with a book of patterns of nicely drawn coffins, and coffin-ornaments, tin-lacquered cherubims, with wings, cloud, and trumpet. Then stepped out of the room, and came in again with a stone-cutter, and his book of monuments and tablets—and then I racked my brain for inscriptions, and he suggested many, so abominable, that I was quite angry. Then the discussions upon the relative merits of stone and marble, the cost of cutting per letter; the clergyman's fee, the clerk's, the sexton's—if all were to have silk hat-bands? the charges for pumping the grave dry. But the worst was when I felt that *I was in* my coffin, and yet knew all that was going on in the room about me, just the same as if I had been purposely gifted with the faculties of mesmerism—only I was conscious of sense of suffocation. Under this new magnetism I *saw* them carry me out of the room, the ever polite son of an undertaker pointing the way. I felt the shock as they knocked against a bureau (of which, by the by, I told them to take care), in which I had many treasures—alas! thought I—farewell! never to see them again. I very distinctly saw a near relative, to whom I had left, for me and for him, too, a handsome legacy, smile with more hilarity than was becoming the peculiar situation, and I believed he inwardly thought he should rummage my bureau. I would call to them to stop—I wished to alter my will—but no utterance came to my wishes. "This then," says I, "is being dead in law."—"I am infant—oh! the

rogues!—they will ransack all—I shall have nothing.”—“You shall have the bill,” looked the son of an undertaker, and “upon my honour, my father does not get more than 40 per cent.” Extortion! miscreant!—“Lift the poor gentleman cautiously over the banisters, and don’t hurt the wall for the next comer,” muttered an oily-faced fellow in damp black, the smell of which was awfully suffocating. I saw and smelt through the boards that covered me. Bang they went against the staircase wall, and they staggered under me. “Well done, Old Scratch,” cried another. I was horrified—was *he* one of my bearers? We passed the door of the room where my “mourning friends” were assembled. It was open. Who would believe it? they were in jocund conversation. My surgeon, whom I had considered the tenderest and most humane of beings, was facetious with the parson; how they, too, were “true” sportsmen—always in at the death! There was some confusion in the hall. The great door was open. I saw the two mutes, the horses of a part of the body of the hearse, and heard the wheels of mourning coaches behind. “Go on,” says one. “We can’t,” says another. “Lawyer Codicil isn’t come yet,” said another. —“I sent him hatband and gloves,” said the son of an undertaker, “and a coach at his door.”—“Coach is returned,” said another; “he can’t come, he says, but will be here *after* the funeral to read the will.”—“Oh, he will, will he,” thought I; but I couldn’t jump out of the coffin, though I tried. “He will take the will for the deed,” said I; “I never will employ Lawyer Codicil again.”—There are no lawyers where you are going, a something suggested to me; and do you forget you are dead? you are going to be buried.—“Go on,” said the son of an undertaker. Out came the procession in cloaks, and he was ranging them in order, two and two. I saw the paraphernalia, hatbands, &c. blown by the wind as we got out of doors, but I couldn’t feel a breath of it. I have no breath in my body, thought I, and therefore the air will have no sympathy with me; I shall never feel it again. Then all the men about me looked the most solid substances I ever beheld; they had been all the morning real beef-eaters. They shoved me into the hearse. I was sen-

sible of the first slow motion—then that I was *quite* dead—in fact, I fell fast asleep; and when I awoke they told me I was better—and the good surgeon was feeling my pulse, and did look jocund, and I forgave him. But it was some time before I could reconcile myself to the sight of my relatives, who had put on a hilarious look as they struck against my bureau. Though I knew perfectly that I was then alive, I had at first a confused notion as if I were two persons, one dead and one alive; then that I the living and I the dead were at issue and had a lawsuit, and that I the living had a decision of the Court of Chancery in my favour—that my dead self was outlawed for contempt of Court, and that the Court below had issued an “*habeas corpus*” against him. He was condemned in costs. The surgeon was plainly metamorphosed before my face into Lawyer Codicil. I insisted upon discharging his bill; he told his clerk to make it out; and then behind him, with his pen in his hand, I saw the aforesaid son of an undertaker, who asked him if he should tack on more than “forty per cent.”

I will not attempt to run through an hundredth part of the detail of the wanderings of these two miserable days and nights, scenes various in character, but in all of which, in one shape or another, this forty per centage was my persecutor. But, while I am on the subject of this mental delusion during illness, I will just mention two dreams, the effects of laudanum, which I do not recollect that I had ever taken before.

It is utterly inconceivable to one awake and (as he trusts) in his senses how such an idea could even enter into a sick brain. I thought my head was a forest; that there was a *battue* in it; there were plenty of birds and of sportsmen; shots were fired, and a brace of partridges fell right through my eyes to my feet. The shots were suggested only by the slamming of a door.

The other dream was more painful. To understand which it must be told that I had suffered under acute inflammation, and it had been found necessary to apply a mustard plaster. And here I cannot but remember my own simplicity, for when my medical friend, good creature—and he was really my friend, and I ought to be thankful to

him that I am able to write this—when, I say, he told me that I might keep on the said mustard-plaster, if I pleased, till I saw him next day, I, who had enjoyed such good health that I never had had such a thing in my life, and knew not what a mustard-plaster was, said, in the innocence of my heart, that, to oblige him, I would keep it on for a week if he wished it. But, oh! tortures, all that ever were or will be, are centered in that thing called a mustard-plaster! One hour was torture beyond description. Whether it was that it was upon the tender and afflicted part, or that my constitution has a particular antipathy to such “ticklers,” as my worthy friend called them, I know not; but never did I ever feel such torment as that gave me—ay, for a day and a half at least after it was off. Now, after this pleasant little episode of the mustard conflagration, the scenes, the remembrance of which makes the horrors of Milton and Dante tame, let us pass on to my second dream. I thought I was lying on a sofa. A servant entered, and announced that a woman wished to see me. I desired her to be shown up, supposing it to be some parochial affair. With this idea, the furniture of my room was gone, all but the sofa, and I was in an up-stair room of the miserable old parish poor-house. I arose to receive the woman, whose steps I heard upon the stairs. She entered, and we met in the middle of the room. She was dressed in an old black bonnet and red cloak, a gaunt haggard creature whom I had never seen before. She instantly caught hold of me, and wrestled with me, and, as I was very weak, threw me on the floor. Then I beheld such a change come over her. She threw off her cloak and her bonnet, and was instantly no longer the woman—but my friend O——, my amiable friend O——, and how altered! His features assumed the most terrific aspect of rage, and his hair stood on end with fury, and his gesture was violent in the extreme. Now my worthy friend has a wooden leg. He gave a violent turn with his whole body, and jumped upon me, prostrate as I was on the floor, and with the end of his wooden leg pegged upon the very spot where I had had the mustard-plaster; he gave a wonderful pirouette upon me, laughing and grinning; and continued the action, with repeated jumps, which put me in agony; he

spun like a top. Such torture could not last long, and so I awoke. And here ends my experience of laudanum. I very soon recovered from my illness, of which, my dear Eusebius, I send you these particulars, as you have expressed much anxiety on my account. I shall not soon forget my friend “Forty per cent.”—and I am so thoroughly impressed with a sense of funeral follies and funeral rogueries, that one object of this letter is to entreat you, my dear Eusebius, to see, when my day shall come, that I be quietly and unostentatiously laid in the ground. I would return to it as a child, wearied with his trifling sports, to his mother's breast. I care not with how little cost; it is not my desire to enrich an undertaker by my death. And I beg you will signify to my nearest relatives that for my part of the show I willingly dispense with all their outward marks of sorrow—and that if they choose to put themselves and families into black, that they will do so to gratify themselves, and not to honour me. I have made calculations of what, according to the usual routine of these matters, my decease would cost my family, and find that the law and the undertaker might be considered as in part my heirs, which I by no means intend, and would provide against.

People may complain of the expense of living, when in reality they have more cause to complain, if they had any forethought, of the expense of dying. In fact death is treated as a crime, and subjects us both to “pains and penalties.” Her Majesty loses a subject—so there must be a fine, without a recovery. Come into this world how we may, we are greatly taxed for the luxury of leaving it. We let the Government tax us high enough, but that we let the undertakers tax us besides, is certainly a wonderful folly. There are situations of distress, when a man can neither afford to live nor to die; and is haunted in his ailments by visions of the harpies that will come to defile or to consume his substance. What pretence can there be but our own easy sufferance for the abominable death-law, armed with probate duty and legacy tax, ever on the watch for spoliation? A man lies weak, helpless, incapable of exercising his industry and providing further means for his family—and because he is in this weak condition, you take away from

him a portion of his former industry—when he wants it all, and more. You, in fact, accost him pretty much as the thief did the unfortunate man who was quite out of breath, and could not move a step further, having pursued another man who had run away with his hat—"What," said the new come thief, "can't you stir a step further?" "Not a step," said the robbed. "Not one?" said the other,— "then, hang it, I'll have your wig." The law in this respect, is in fact a real Fury, with a power of ubiquity and self-multiplication, and is up to every mans bedside at his appointed hour, if he have any thing *worth* having; and because he can run his course no longer, boldly breaks open his strong-box, takes Fury's portion, and meeting the undertaker on the stairs, bids him walk up and help himself. Law has a strong arm—if the strong and vigorous can scarcely resist it, how shall the weak?—so we put up with the evil, and that we may be used to it, and, like the eels, the better bear the skinning, we cannot have an almanac to tell us the weather, but it shall contain tables to refresh our memories, and tell us that we are mortal, and what is the cost of mortality. But, my dear Eusebius, why may we not make a strong fight against the undertakers? Let any and all men get their bread by an honest calling. Live, and let live, should be every man's motto; but it is not theirs. They are, therefore, out of the pale of humanity. They won't let live, but live upon our dying. They do not comfort the "widows and afflicted," but vastly swell the amount of their sorrow. They come into the house like commissioners of Death's Parliament, and with their retinue eat up and drink up all in it, before they that should have a share of it have been dead a week. And then the damaged and rotten goods they distribute to the mourners at the highest prices, knowing very well the matter will never be noticed, and in many instances their taking even these back again at less than a quarter the cost, so that a hat-band or gloves may be sold at full cost twenty times, and taken back for a trifle as many!! Really, when we come to consider the matter fairly, if my friend "Forty per cent" spoke truth, he had a conscience, for very many get five hundred per cent. Then their humility and look of considera-

tion before the bereaved so disarms suspicion; they acquire a look of such universal and particular sympathy that their official duties have an air of benevolence in the doing. Their accounts are sure to be sent in in a decent time; that is, when it would be a pain to look into them, when the feelings are too tender to discuss or dispute any of the items—for in grief we think of nothing but grief, and are generous, or careless—and who would bear the shame and reproach of being supposed niggard, and repentant of the cost bestowed on affection, and hopes buried in the grave?

And, do you know, Eusebius, that in cities and populous towns there is too often an under traffic between them and the parochial clergy, so that the items *charged* are never sent; a regular cash account being kept between them, to the profit, and, as you will think, to the shame of both, the undertaker keeping to his own share a third, or even a half!! Though this is all very well understood, it is connivance notwithstanding; oh, Eusebius, were you one of the parochial ministers of a large city, what a nest of hornets would you have about your ears! You would pull the nose of the first that offered you the copartnership in the black business, and publish by advertisement the iniquity, and acquaint all widows, widowers, orphans, &c., that you had a stock of mourning items for general use, and would not trouble them. I confess I never see a town clergyman step out of his mourning chariot, in his many, many a time worn wo-trappings, for the wear of which the price of new is charged to the afflicted relative of the deceased, without feeling that he is lowered in my estimation, and that he is lending his name and profession to a petty fraud. But your conscientious undertakers are not satisfied with dressing up the relatives and friends—they must have attendants and mourners of their own, all to be tricked out at a similar cost. An acquaintance of mine, of very moderate means, told me, not long ago, that he had in the last year two funerals in his family—and that, though he wished to be as moderate as might be, and yet avoid the talk and notoriety of flying in the face of a custom, miscalled decency, and though the distance to the place of burial did not exceed a mile, yet

that the funeral expenses each time were between seventy and eighty pounds. Now, Eusebius, one hundred and fifty or sixty pounds from his pockets and his children's, into the pocket of an undertaker, is a very absurd, and at the same time, a very lamentable thing. That sum, bestowed on the education of his children, might have made a very considerable difference in their views and situations of after life. How few, that know well in other respects to regulate their households and their business, have strength boldly to resist the custom, greatly aggravated by the whole trade of undertakers, and rather go on enduring the infliction of being knowingly imposed upon, and suffering in many cases a serious diminution of means, already too small, and often rendered smaller by altered circumstances caused by the very death that brings the harpies upon his house. When I read in the newspapers, that in the last influenza in London, there were supposed to be not less than 1000 funerals in one Sunday, I could not help calculating the enormous sum distributed among the undertakers, and considering the expenditure a very serious aggravation of the family distresses brought about by that universal calamity. One thousand homeless, comfortless homes for one day's work of death in one city!! What must have been the aggregate amount of devastation of the malady!! Then to think that on the working day, the day following, came the business of life, with all its tumult of action, and that all that was then going on of death, and all that had gone on, was hidden from sight—it brought a sort of conviction that the vast population was walking over disguised pitfalls; that, let who would fall in, the rest were careless.

A London churchyard is at any time, crowded as it is, a most forlorn place, so utterly abandoned by the living, and as much as may be shut out from sight, as if we were ashamed of them, and compensated by a long neglect for the undertaker's *one* expensive parade. And who does not, while in life, encourage the idea of *resting* in the grave? but in these receptacles there can be, fancy assures us, no rest, night nor day. The incessant noise of carriages that pass them in their speed of pleasure or business; the full tide and roar of life, that never stops to remember one inhabitant of

all the tombs, that ring with the chariot wheels of universal neglect, rattling on to the feast or show—and the dampness and the fog that settles on, or broods over them in the twilight of a November day, and the chill and rains of wintry nights, so sadly contrasted with the low debasing riot of life, and wickedness of lanes around them, all those seem to rob death of its repose, and even of its respect, and the grave-tenants of their respectability. No, Eusebius, I am weak enough to abhor such sepulture. If I must contemplate the outward scene of my last home—and how few are there that do not?—let it be where the grass grows not rank and black, amid the broken pots and pans, and refuse cast from decaying windows—but where the grass grows on which the sun shines, and a flower may spring up from the fresh earth, returning modest thanks as an offering, even from the dead, for the blessing of showers and dews of heaven—where, if there be pride, it shows not its offensive arrogant airs, but the aristocratic and humble monuments bears a family relation to each other, claiming clanship in death; where the daily frequented path yet keeps friendly fellowship with the living, and where graves are not unvisited; where graves look sensible of a Sabbath, and Sabbath care and villagers' talk—where the Sunday congregation, not hastening out with all speed, as from an odious place, love to linger; and there is homely courtesy, and better than everyday thoughts put on with Sunday clothes. Where a friend, such as my Eusebius, may freely come and cheat his fancy, and give breathing to his affection, without having to seek sexton or beadle for key, and a permission to be paid for. Not too gay for sorrow, nor too sad for love; but where there may be an indwelling sanctity that may hallow both; whence sorrow might receive comfort and love trust; where there is a sweet green shade for the tales of the young, and a lingering sunshine upon many a sod to rest the aged as they sit, not unthankful that beneath their feet is the same home that will receive them, as it has received their kindred before them. Such is a scene of peace. Here the living may hope to “sleep with their fathers.” I love even the country churchyard epitaphs, their repetitions, their quaint rhymes, and

mis-spellings. One can fancy that on moonlight nights, when the shadows connect grave with grave, and stone with stone by their distinct lines, that gentle spirits come out of them, and, linked together in groups, seek amusement, their permitted hour in reading each other's histories, and humble praise. You know, Eusebius, I do not mock—there is no thought that is not in some sense a reality; and such an one, if it passes through the mind but a moment, awakens but a natural instinct, assuring us that even death is not all death. Somewhere the dead *are*, and I do not think we are the worse for bringing them nearest to ourselves. The country churchyard has, besides, another charm. It rarely witnesses the undertaker's pomp. They are mostly town ferrets—here, poor men are chiefly brought to their graves on poor men's shoulders; there is, in general, more decency than show, though the village carpenter will sometimes affect the undertaker; but it is in an humble way, and the consequences are not disastrous. There is a custom with country clubs that is not a bad one—every member, in case of death of wife or husband of any member, gives a shilling to the survivor. This does more than pay the funeral expenses, and as there is not, as yet, any very great ambition for display, it may be hoped that substantial comfort is offered by the custom—yes! substantial comfort, for it is a comfort that there may be a loaf, and somewhat more in the house, even after friends have broken bread, and temperately taken a parting draught, not taken without solemnity, and moral, and perhaps religious feeling. Bereavement is made worse by immediate deprivation of life's comforts. A little time is required for reconciliation to worse things, and this club aid is in general very timely, and it does not go to the undertaker. The sleeping family of a country churchyard, as I remarked, are generally undisturbed by grandeur, seeking to mingle its bones with the humble—it does happen sometimes. I remember well a procession which came from a considerable distance, which, though the parties concerned in it were not themselves grand, being too much left to the taste, and ambition too, of the undertaker, was somewhat conspicuous. I bore a part in it as mourner—we were two days upon the road,

and such two days! never shall I forget them. When we had left the town, it seemed as if all had thrown off even the semblance of sorrow. I was in the coach with the nearest relatives, who, very sensibly, endeavoured to make the journey as little dismal as might be, and succeeded; so that it was even pleasant. There was nothing to blame here; but the officials of the procession, the cavalcade, the undertaker, and his "merry-men all," made holiday all the way. It was observable enough, that, as fiddlers, on entering a village, strike up a note or two to show their calling, so on such occasions did our friend the "forty per cent" marshal his men, and for a few moments affect professional solemnity; but it did not always succeed, the officials did not go quite the straight way they were marshalled; and at the inns at night, I very much suspect the corpse was left to take care of itself; for "'twas merry in the hall." And upon one occasion I remember the procession was stopped before we entered a town—the mutes were missing, and when found, they had been strangely and ludicrously metamorphosed. The mutes had been with the liquids, and there was confusion in their tongues. We arrived at length, by the help of pretty fast driving; when, not too near town and village, without being weary of our journey, we deposited the deceased in a country church vault. And I recollect thinking as I stood near the ceremony, and marked the stupid unconcern of the crowds that came to see the show, that it was a needless waste of money to bring thither with so much pomp one whom not one of the village population had known, or would ever acknowledge by any sympathy, to be flesh of their flesh, or bone of their bone, no, nor even dust of their dust. And all this coldness and indecency, if I may so call it, was purchased at the cost of some hundreds of pounds, for the benefit of—the Undertaker.

It is very evident that costly funerals have not, for their first object, respect for the dead. The pride of the living is more conspicuous in them. If, however, they were a solemn lesson to all men, if they were a public proclamation of death—a warning that all should take heed to their ways, it would be well. The burial-service is so; but it is precisely where the undertaker's work of parade commences

that there is an interruption of the solemnity, which is not taken up again until the last deposit in the earth, when the friend and the relative steal forward, and drop their tears into the grave, and the men of business keep in the back-ground—often even then indecorously to pack up their trappings for another show. And there is always sure to be something ridiculous mixed up with their proceedings. In the last case it was strikingly so to even the would-be mourners; for *they* were not thought of, and the appearance of *we* was discarded a mile out of town, the pace quickened, and the resumption of the farce occasionally, made the whole a mockery. The dresses assumed; the mutes; hired mourners; the known circumstance that they have never perhaps seen the deceased, nor care one farthing for him or her, and often they know not which; their sleek appearance, bodily; their enormous eating and drinking; their impatience to shuffle up their paraphernalia; all these things, which are, besides, most adverse to any sympathy with the real mourners, have in themselves much of the ridiculous. The mummery before our eyes leaves us no time to think of the defunct; and if we do, it is to picture him, not as death, but as the mummers have tricked him up. The mind's eye can with difficulty penetrate the plumed enclosure. The very idea of the Trade of *Wo*, that all is hired for the occasion, is revolting to better feeling. Now it is the absence of this hired sorrow, and the room that is left to the imagination of the spectator, by the dress and sword of the soldier upon his coffin, to personify the dead—to see him, at a glance, the living and the dead—that makes a soldier's funeral exceedingly affecting. And here all that attend have been his companions, nor is there any pantomime trickery of dress and gesture. These are the very arms he wore, he handled—the boots, their hability, their fitness to the individual, all that which made them his, and him theirs, is not yet departed. We see the man more awfully than if we actually saw him lying in his coffin. The value of the individual man is stamped by the official military attendance, and serves as an epitaph of merit. The costliest funeral of the highest son of earth has nothing so affecting.

There is much more solemnity in

funerals abroad, where the Church steps in at once, and takes possession of the deceased as under its protection, under the sanctity of its religious authority; and if it makes an exhibition, it is with authority,—and this proclamation has holiness in it. All that is not ecclesiastical is kept out of sight. There is nothing intermediate between the deceased and the Church. The undertaker interferes not, intrudes not here to spoil all. Death, it is true, reigns for the hour, but religion triumphs. The Church certifies the triumph, and the resurrection. I well remember, my dear Eusebius, how much I was once affected by an exhibition of this kind, on the very first night of my entering Rome. It was dark; a singularly impressive cry attracted my attention. I was led by the sound some distance, I knew not where, for I was totally unacquainted with the city. I found myself in a large and long street, at the further end of which I could see many torches, and heard a constant repetition of the cry. I waited, leaning against a large pillar, until the procession should reach me. It did so, and passed in great order; first came the several religious orders, all bearing torches, as I should suppose, in number many hundreds. Then a single figure, a miserable friar, of some low order apparently, bare-footed, with his cord round his waist, bearing on his back a common coffin-shell, totally unornamented; in fact, a few poor boards tacked together; immediately after him, a sumptuous and highly raised car or bier, on the front and lower part of which was a splendid display of armorial bearings, and above the body. It was a lady—of a fine person, and noble and handsome aspect. She lay extended; her hands joined as in prayer; her face, her hands, and her feet naked and uncovered; the rest of her person appeared in a stole of black, and such as showed the beauty of her form. She appeared to be about thirty years of age. Her countenance I shall never forget; it was extremely placid, pale, had no sunken and worn character, as if disease had touched it. You could scarcely believe there was not consciousness remaining; or whether remaining, as of the world left, or imparted as of the new world, were the doubt. It passed; and then followed a long train similar to that which pre-

ceded the body, of monks and friars, and all religious orders numberless, with torches, and singing as they passed "the Miserere," as did the whole procession. I did not follow to the church, for I was afraid of losing my way; and I had heard strange tales of the streets of Rome, which deterred me. In this case the parade lost its vanity and pride, for it seemed less of the individual than of human grandeur in the abstract, and that set up even by the Church itself as a broad text upon death, and humility, and all things, rather to be offered than displayed at the foot of the cross in the sanctuary to which the procession was moving. How contemptible did all the funerals I had ever seen, in which display was affected, seem after this! There is much in the idea that no unhallowed hands touch the body—be it so, or not, you are persuaded it is the case. There is no vulgar intervention between life, death, and the tomb. Every act, after the breath has departed, is of sanctity and religious rite.

I was on another occasion much struck with this. Turning the corner of a street in Rome, also, and at mid-day, I suddenly came upon a tall personage dressed in ecclesiastical habit, carrying before him a coffin, in which was a child, a girl, probably about ten years of age. She was very beautiful. To say the face was pale would ill describe the appearance; it was marble pallor, with a look as if it had been recently so converted from living flesh and blood. Yet the idea of weight conveyed by the word marble must be excluded from that celestialized look and substance. Indeed, seeing that it was the body of one of the age I have mentioned, it has since been a source of some wonder that the priest could so easily carry it, and that surprise still more spiritualizes the subject. But that it was so pale, it might have been, to the imagination, an angel caught sleeping, and brought in the flowers of Paradise in which it had decked itself—for there were flowers in festoons from head to foot. None followed—there was but the priest with this beautiful child. It has been, thought I, discovered in its death to be an angel, and has put off in this sleep all its earthly ties and thoughts. Nor parents, nor relatives, must follow it. It must be laid by priest's hands in the temple for a sea-

son—then will sister angels come to awaken her, to own her, and to bear her away. It was but a few moments while the ecclesiastic was passing, that I gazed upon the figure, yet often has the vision recurred to my mind; how quick is thought, how searching is observation, when a mystery, nature knows not what, makes the impression!

I said, Eusebius, that undertakers keep clerical company for mutual advantage—let the relatives look to that—but when they are in league with the medical profession, let the sick man look to what stuff he takes. Many years ago my good father, whom you know, Eusebius, to have had a natural antipathy to any thing sordid, was sent for to receive his farewell and blessing from an aged aunt upon her sick-bed at Bath. He arrived in time to see her alive, and likewise to have an interview with the apothecary, who, on taking leave at the door—the old lady yet living—said, softly and significantly, to my father, putting a half a guinea at the same time into his hand, for he took him for the butler, my father being particular in his dress—"Be so good, sir, as to inform the family that my brother is an undertaker." Fagots and fury! gloves and hat-bands! but such a thing as this ought to be looked into. If such should be the practice now at Bath or elsewhere, we are none of us safe in our beds. I have observed that an undertaker pays his court to the penurious wealthy. Misers are frequently known to be profuse in their last, their only expenditure. They not uncommonly give very large directions for their funerals; and, with a whimsical inconsistency, have driven hard bargains upon the occasion, which they are shrewd enough to know will not be adhered to, and, in some instances, have given an order on their heirs for the amount, and taken discount beforehand for their own funerals. It is but one of the freaks of pride. I knew a man who denied his aged wife, with whom he had lived forty years, in her last illness medical attendance or nurse, and the many little comforts she wanted. But once dead, his affection was shown by extraordinary magnificence in her funeral. Great was the display. The coffin was the most sumptuous that could be; all went on, to the universal astonishment of the neighbourhood, at great cost. But alas, the fit was over

the day before the funeral should take place. A thought struck him that he could save something in conveyance of the coffin from the undertaker's, and in the dusk of the evening he sent for it home in a dung-cart. It upset by the way, perhaps through the malice and the contrivance of the undertaker, and arrived in broad day at the miser's door, daubed with mud, and a troop of hooting boys after it. He forgot to give directions respecting his own burial; perhaps the costly experiment and failure of his wife's interment sickened him; his son certainly did not trouble his head about the magnificence of it.

The celebrated Van Butchel was worthy of our respect, not so much for his beard and spotted horse, as for his determination and success in defrauding the black fraternity of their unreasonable expectations. He was at no sumptuous cost for *his* wife. It has been said that an annuity had been bequeathed to her, "as long as she should be above ground." Be that,

however, as it may. He did preserve her above ground, and above ground she may be now perhaps. For he was the inventor of a new pickle, and in the experiment the great John Hunter was coadjutor. It is quite pleasant to think that one human being in the great city could escape the hands of the Black Harpies. The old woman in Horace was to be carried oiled, to see if it was possible for her to slip through the hands of her heir and the undertakers. But the pickle of Madame Van Butchel was a happier thing, for through it she was never carried out at all, but preserved at home.*

If a man would but consider every funeral he sees as his own, or as specimens of the trade, from which to select for himself, how much absurdity, mockery, and expense would he determine to cut off. Some have taken a fancy to have their coffins made, while in good health themselves, and kept them constantly before their eyes.

* The following Epitaph, which I have somewhere met with, may not be unacceptable.

"In reliquias Mariæ Van Butchel novo miraculo conservatas, et a marito suo superstites cultu quotidiano adoratas.

"Hic exsors tumuli jacet
 Uxor Johannis Van Butchel,
 Integra omnino et incorrupta,
 Viri sui amantissimi
 Desiderium simul et deliciæ.
 Quam gravi morbo vitiatam,
 Consumptamque tandem longâ morte,
 In hunc quem cernis nitorem,
 In hanc speciem et colorem viventis
 Ab indecorâ putredine vindicavit,
 Invitâ et repugnante naturâ,
 Vir egregius, Gulielmus Hunterus,
 Artificii prius intentati
 Inventor idem et perfectior.
 O! fortunatum maritum,
 Cui datur
 Uxorem multum amatam
 Retinere una in unis ædibus,
 Affari, tangere, complecti,
 Propter dormire, si lubet,
 Non fatis modo superstitem,
 Sed (quod mirabilius)
 Etiam suaviorem,
 Venustio rem,
 Habiliorem,
 Solidam magis, et magis succi plenam,
 Quam cum ipsa in vivis fuerit!
 O! fortunatum virum et invidendum,
 Cui peculiare hoc, et proprium contingit,
 Apud se habere fœminam
 Constantem sibi
 Et horis omnibus eandem!"

This may be bravery or cowardice ; they may think thus to reconcile themselves by degrees to that which they scarcely dare face in all its reality. But to rehearse the funeral in full, even to the laying out the gloves and hat-bands, and to the examination of the accounts of the " forty per cents," would, if it became a fashion, doubtless ruin the trade. For, if men themselves were not satisfied with the rehearsal, their heirs would be. Milton rehearsed his, but that was to keep off the reality. There are many who profess to give up the world, to shut themselves up for the rest of their lives, who would do well to take this method of announcing to their friends their defunct state, that no further enquiries may be made about them, a practice which some debtors have found very convenient ; for men desperately in debt, by so doing, may, like skilful divers, plunge over head and ears, in the sight of their creditors, and come up elsewhere. That a rich man, however, should see himself dead and buried, and then sit down to write his own epitaph, and send it per post to his executors, would be past belief, if it were not to be found among the freaks of humanity. There is an example, Eusebius, within my and your memory. You remember Sir Giles — the sceptic—of — Park. It is generally supposed that he died abroad ; but no such thing—by some means or other the truth has come out. Weary of property and prosperity, and of having no wants ungratified but the greatest, that of knowing what he wanted ; morose, suspicious, misanthropic, he had long quarrelled with Providence for too amply providing for him ; and more out of spite than conviction had long professed himself an atheist. At the age of seventy he meditated a new scheme of happiness ; the only bar to the execution of which, for some time after the conception of it, being that it would confer happiness on others, a thing he never by any chance intended. He had for years shut himself up within his own domain, and had mostly taken his exercise by nightfall. In these nightly excursions he visited the owls, and the owls visited him, and they were mutually satisfied that they had no other society. It occurred to him that the monks of La Trappe must be an improvement on them, inasmuch as there must be less noise in

the convent. He formed, therefore, the scheme to become a member of their or some other monkish order. Whither he retired is not known. He left his beautiful domains, just at the moment his extensive lands and gardens were putting on their best summer looks, and gently breathing in every wind "enjoy."

This invitation was too much for him, for he was determined not to enjoy any thing. So he departed, ostensibly to pass a few months on the Continent. Thither he went, taking with him only one old faithful domestic. He proceeded to the town of B—. Having been there a few weeks, he opened his scheme to this old and tried servant, and made him solemnly swear to keep the secret, and perform his part in the scheme—to give out that he was dead—and to procure a mock funeral. And to secure his fidelity, he showed him a very beneficial codicil in his will, not available but in case of his real or supposed death. I pass over the condition of the poor old domestic—he had served his master too long to dispute his will—and now there was a lurking wish that nobody else would dispute it. It had been law to him, and might be in the eyes of others. The plan is agreed upon. The old domestic becomes acquainted with some of the under attendants at the hospital of —, and by their means, under pretence that his master is a Professor of Anatomy, procures a body—conveys it to the lodgings—and, all minor matters prepared for the deception, tells the people of the house that a friend of his master's had died suddenly while paying him a morning visit. The body, under the real name of his master is confined, and magnificent orders given for the interment. Things being in this state, the domestic writes to the next heir an account of his master's sudden death ; that he had been obliged to deposit the body in lead, and all was ready for the funeral, and " waiting further orders," &c. &c.

The heir arrives, with little show of sorrow, and, strange to say, this rather amused than offended the old gentleman, Sir Giles, who now, under the disguise of a red wig and other ways and means of metamorphosis, at the recommendation of his servant to the Undertaker, has become one of the

official attendants upon his own funeral. Every thing was magnificently ordered, as becoming the rank of so considerable a man. In his capacity of assistant Undertaker, he was initiated into the mysteries, was even pleased with the sober riot and licentious decorum, the cheating, the pilfer, the knavery, and felt a new joy in his misanthropy. "Hung be the heavens with black." Though the Undertaker spread showers of silk, and suspended as clouds his sombre broad cloth, they were to him but as Xerxes' arrows, that shut out the day, but did not hit the sun of happiness that now, for the first time, shone in his heart. Happy to him was the day of his death, but far happier that of his burial. He looked upon his heir as the fool that had taken the burden of his station and property off his shoulders; and as he would have only hated him the more had he shown any feeling on the occasion, he was quite indifferent to the degree of sorrow he affected or omitted to affect. After the funeral he walked away, no one ever knew whether, bequeathing, as he fully believed, to his heir, all the miseries of prosperity unalloyed. Among his papers were found his epitaph: "*πάντα κενεῖ καὶ πάντα τὴν μὲν.*" The old domestic has recently died, and bequeathed his money to the Ebenezer Chapel at T—, and had disclosed, before his death, to relieve his conscience, so much as has enabled me to tell you the story. I have only a word or two to add to this long letter, that, in my spleen against all undertakers, that they may more effectually mourn in their professional calling, and get their "forty per cent" with entire impunity, I will remind them of the ancient discipline of their tribe among the Scythians, and sincerely wish they would return to it. Herodotus tells us, that when the king died, the undertakers who attended him (I will use the words of the historian), "cut off part of one ear, shave their heads, wound themselves on the arms, forehead and nose, and pierce the left hand with an arrow. Having done this, they accompany the chariot to another district, and this manner is observed in every province, till, having carried the dead body of the king through all his

dominions, they bury him in the country of the Garrhians." There is scarcely an undertaker's array, provided he be of any note, and has been long in the trade, that would not furnish the following list to be strangled—"a concubine to be strangled, with a cup-bearer, a cook, a groom, a waiter, a messenger, certain horses." A Royal Funeral in those days was something worth seeing—for, not satisfied with the above, "they took the King's Ministers, fifty in number, and strangled them; and with them the King's stud, fifty beautiful horses, and after they have emptied and cleansed their bellies (the King's Ministers, they having been supposed to have filled them extraordinarily), they fill them with straw, and sew them up again. Then they lay two planks of a semi-circular form upon four pieces of timber, placed at a convenient distance, with the half circle upwards; and when they have erected a sufficient number of these machines, they set the horses upon them, spitted with a strong pole, quite through the body to the neck; and thus one semicircle supports the shoulders of the horse, the other his flank, and his legs are suspended in the air. After this they bridle the horses, and, hanging the reins at full length upon posts erected to that end, mount one of the fifty they have strangled, upon each horse, and fix him in the seat by driving a straight stick upwards from the end of the back-bone to his head, and fastening the lowest part of that stick in an aperture of the beam that spits the horses. Then, placing these horsemen quite round the monument, they all depart; and this is the manner of the King's Funeral." The Scythians were a sensible people.

When Dr Prideaux offered to the publisher his connexion of the Old and New Testament, the bookseller remarked that it was a dry subject, and he could not safely print it, unless he could enliven it with a little humour. Perhaps, my dear Eusebius, you will charge me with making such an attempt upon a grave subject. Be that as it may, I know very well that if I do not make you laugh, you will laugh without me. Ever yours,

Z.

THE TUTOR.

CHAPTER I.

SCARFIELD is one of the old-fashioned villages that give such a charm to the rural scenery of England—not quite so romantic as Miss Mitford's Everleigh, nor so picturesque as Kenmore, nor so secluded as Callander, but a clean populous hamlet, buried in huge clumps of elms, with the smoke rising clear into the sky, and revealing the habitation of man long before the houses themselves are visible among the windings of the lane. A post town at a distance of three or four miles forms a link between it and the world; a sort of mooring-ring, attached to which the village rides securely amid the constantly rising waves of new events; and without which it would drift away into the vast ocean of oblivion. A river, too, like "Kennet swift for silver eels renowned," is another tie between it and the inhabitants of the rest of the world; for few weeks pass in the fishing season without sundry Viators and Piscators finding their way to the Crown, a small hostel, which stands aristocratically apart from the village, and promises, on a board at the gate, good entertainment for man and beast.

When we add to these the weekly visits of various pedlars and teamen, miscellaneous beggars, and sometimes in the summer a pic-nic party from the neighbouring town, we feel almost inclined to alter our opinion of Scarfield, and to consider it entitled to more respect than we were at first disposed to allow it. Whatever degree of importance we may attach to it, we are sure to receive the hearty concurrence of our valued friend Ignatius Hubble, F.R.S., who considers it unequalled in England, and has resided in the principal mansion, called Manor-hall, for twenty or thirty years. His wealth, his learning, his having written and published a book, and at last his venerable age, and a pig-tail of unusual length, have made him universally acknowledged as the "principal inhabitant." The farmers take off their hats—the squires shake his hand, and even the great Sir Wilfred Hammond, the owner of the estate, used not unfrequently to stay whole weeks with him, and make his house his home. What the cause of this

intimacy may have been it is difficult to conjecture, for two people more unlike than the scientific and literary Ignatius, and the fox-hunting, wine-bibbing baronet, can no where be found. It has been surmised, indeed, that mutual convenience may partly account for their friendship, for it was always remarked that a good many thick parchment parcels were visible during Sir Wilfred's visits, and that for a few days after he had gone up from Scarfield, he seemed to have amazing quantities of ready money. This circumstance could not fail to strike any body who compared it with his usual state of impecuniosity; for Sir Wilfred is one of those extraordinary individuals only to be met with in this land of attorney-stewards and broad-acres; who are owners of magnificent estates, and sometimes have only a faint recollection of the colour and shape of a guinea. It certainly is a great defect in the economy of nature that a man's income does not always expand in proportion to his family; and few people regretted this mal-arrangement more bitterly than Sir Wilfred. A stud at Newmarket, which he had kept without feeling the expense of it, fifteen years before, was a dreadful *draw* on him, now that he had a son at Cambridge; and even the pack of hounds he had started as a bachelor, made prodigious inroads on his fortune now that his wife had saddled him with Madame Carson's bills. It may seem strange that he did not give up Newmarket and his hounds; but the thought never entered his head. He thought a great deal oftener of his son giving up Cambridge, and his wife deserting Madame—but the son went on with his studies, my lady went on with her dress, Newmarket rejoiced in his racers, and Tom Herrick still hunted his pack. Mr Flashy continued to "do for him," as, in legal phraseology, he expressed it, and Sir Wilfred, about twice in the year, paid a flying visit for a few days to our worthy and ready-money friend, Ignatius Hubble.

Dear good old Ignatius! what a flood of good-humour inundated your countenance as day after day Sir Wilfred and you drew your chairs closer

to the fire, if it were winter, and to the bow-window in summer, and passed between you the huge flat-bottomed decanter that held two good quarts of claret, and yet modestly called itself a bottle of wine! Not, oh venerable and esteemed Ignatius, that you were addicted to the pleasures of the table—falsely so called—or that you degraded the high character of a philosopher and a scholar by an unseemly regard for creature-comforts in a liquid shape, but simply because you knew that the good-natured visitor would be sedate and silent, prepared to swallow with pleasure and edification whatever you chose to pour into him—whether through the medium of a green glass nearly as large as a barrel, and in the shape of prime old Bordeaux—or through your own lips, tipt with celestial fire, and in the shape of an oration to which all the bees of Hymettus had contributed their honey, and no small portion of their hum. Then you knew that you might harangue to attentive ears on all manner of subjects—on the adventures of your youth—the studies of your manhood—the reflections of your age—your discoveries in science—your experience in all things—your disappointments in love! For you *know* you were disappointed, though you sometimes pretend you jilted the widow; Ignatius! it was the widow that jilted *you*. You've confessed it a hundred times to Sir Wilfred, and he has a hundred times forgotten the whole concern; for your communicativeness on such topics has generally reached its height when the aforesaid decanter was for the second time in the very act of enlisting in the marines; an incident which had a very remarkable effect on the memory of your friend. But hark! the drawing-room bell is vehemently pulled for at least the twentieth time, and a sharp, clear, precise voice is heard saying to Abraham Slocock—"Are you certain you told the gentlemen that tea was ready?"

So Ignatius is a husband?—perhaps a father?—a patriarch with his table quite overshadowed with olive branches? Ah, no! a bachelor has he been, and is likely to be to the end of time. And yet many of the comforts that only the weaker vessels, as we politely call them, can bestow, are in our excellent friend's possession—sour looks when he is not exactly punctual, and

severe reprimands when he omits nearly throttling himself with vast rolls of handkerchiefs if he puts his foot out of doors after mid-day, especially in an east wind. Yes! we may safely say that Miss Barbara Hubble, a spinster sister of mature years, contrives to make his home as agreeable to him as if he had a wife. The part of children is played to the life by George and Mary Hope—the offspring of a favourite niece whom Ignatius has adopted, and whom all the world has long ago set down for his heirs.

"But the theory of education, my dear Sir Wilfred, is very insufficiently developed. The faculties are treated as if they were potatoes or turnips that had been planted at a particular time, and at another particular time were expected to come to maturity. The faculties, I maintain, on the other hand, vary so astonishingly, so much, and so greatly in the period of their acquiring the fulness of their growth, that sometimes they are in a very imperfect state even in old age. You have met with old people who were stupid, ignorant, dull?"

Sir Wilfred looked at his host through the mist that had begun to settle over his eyes, and observing that the old gentleman addressed the question to him in a very pointed manner, answered, "Oh yes, dull enough, my good sir; but with a bottle of such claret as this we can do very well, I assure you."

"Well, sir, the cause of their stupidity, even in extreme old age, is, that they have not completed their education. The generality of mankind are not qualified for any place but school till they are fifty years of age. I myself, Sir Wilfred, was under a strict tutor till thirty-five; I have regretted ever since that he died when I had reached that period, or he might have continued his superintendence of me till the present time."

"He would be a pretty old gentleman if he stuck so long on the perch," hiccuped the listener.

"Not much above a hundred, which, by a recurrence to the patriarchal mode of life, might again be rendered the prime of manhood. I myself, Sir Wilfred, feel as if I were still in the teens of my understanding; and with regard to your boy that you complain of, what is he but a babe?—a suckling?"

"He sucks *me* pretty hard," said the baronet, emptying the bottle ; "five hundred last term, and no chance that I can see of weaning him."

"An infant without teeth," continued Ignatius, "a creature scarcely in the dawn of existence, fit only for a rattle and long clothes"—

"Long clothes!" exclaimed the baronet, who was no dab at metaphor, and could not make out what might be the meaning of all this nursery phraseology, "long clothes, my good sir? you mean long clothes-bills—do you know that you are talking of Arthur Hammond, my son, six feet high, strong as a horse, and waiting very impatiently for his first commission in the blues? and where the devil I'm to find the needful, Heaven only"—

"You misapprehend me, Sir Wilfred, I speak in figures. I give you the ideal presentment of an intellect still in the cradle, scarcely old enough yet to amuse itself with wooden horses"—

"A cursed deal too knowing a judge for that; no, Arthur has a good eye for a nag," muttered the father, who was again lost in a fog.

"With but the experience of two-and-twenty years to enable it to grope its way through the dark places of this world; you must indeed, my dear friend, view the slight aberrations of such extreme juvenility with more philosophical eyes. In thirty or forty years more, I have no doubt Mr Arthur Hammond will be a very steady and rational young man. Get him a tutor, 'tis the only way."

"A tutor for a fellow six feet high?"

"My dear sir, if he were a walking pyramid 'twould make no difference. 'Tis of the intellect I speak—that may be of the very minutest tenuity while the corporeal covering is gigantic as the sons of Anak. But the tutor's business would be to model the plastic clay of the still flexible understanding into what shape he chose; he would curb, restrain, reward, and punish, till the youthful pupil"—

"Would probably lay hands on the tutor's collar, and fling him into the nearest pond."

(Ting! ting! ting! "Abraham, are you perfectly *sure* you told the gentlemen that tea was growing cold?")

"But the old girl gets impatient,

my dear Hubble," continued Sir Wilfred, slowly rising, "and we can finish the rest of this business some other time."

"No time like the present," replied Ignatius, pushing the madeira to his companion, who resumed his seat once more, "a tutor must undoubtedly be procured, and by way of setting a good example, I am on the point of engaging one's services myself."

"You, Mr Hubble? what do you want with a tutor?"

"I have a nephew, Sir Wilfred, who turns out very differently from what I expected. Instead of feeding himself with solid food that would raise him up a Hercules among the sons of men, he stuffs himself with light unwholesome garbage—would you believe it, Sir Wilfred, he told me himself that he had not the slightest relish for Bacon."

"Very bad taste, that's all; for I think a rasher with a few eggs—or even boild with good beans—one of the best dishes a man can sit down to."

"I allude not to eatables, my good sir," replied Ignatius; "'tis food for the mind I talk of. Yes! George Hope has disappointed me. With Buffon and Cuvier in my hands, I have endeavoured for hours and hours to explain to him the formation, qualities, instincts, and habits of the animal creation. I even presented him at his repeated request, with two horses on which to conclude his studies in natural history; and in a month, one of them was found suspended by a huge iron spike run through its body on the top of a high gate in the hunting-ground of the Duke of Beaufort. How it got there is a mystery to me to this hour; and the other (seized in all human probability by a fit of delirium to which the equine genus are liable), leapt over fifty hurdles in less than five minutes, and committed deliberate suicide by drowning itself in a broad ditch which intersects a line drawn between this church-tower and Highwell steeple."

"He hunts and rides steeple chases," muttered the baronet, without being audible to the pre-occupied Ignatius. "He's a tight lad, young Hope, I must have him over to Hammondale."

"I may say the same," continued Ignatius, "with regard to the principles of buoyancy and suspension. I

purchased a boat for him that he might become experimentally acquainted with the power of resistance offered by water to a body passing through it ; that he might see the influence of light currents of wind on the sails. He seemed to attach some importance to the size of the vessel, and professed a strong desire to make his experiments on a large scale. The scene he fixed on was Southampton water in the neighbouring county ; and would you believe it, Sir Wilfred, I thought he was busily engaged in taking his scientific observations, till yesterday's post brought me a letter dated from Stornoway, and accompanying an order on me for 150 pounds in favour of Rory M'Tosh, fish-curer and bailie."

"Joined the Yacht Club," snored Sir Wilfred ; "go it, George."

"You therefore perceive that a tutor is indispensable."

"A pilot more likely ; those rocky seas are no joke to a young one," said the baronet.

"A pilot, indeed, as you express it, Sir Wilfred, is what both our young men require ; a person of firm and decided character to hold the helm steadily in all the storms he may encounter ; a person of mature years and great experience. Money would be no object with me could I but procure so inestimable a guide for the wandering steps of my youthful charge. Surely, Sir Wilfred, at one or other of our glorious Universities, a gentleman with these qualifications could be found."

"If you don't grudge the money," said Sir Wilfred, "you can get any thing you require."

"I would not grudge the money."

"Then leave the tutor getting to me ; by George ! I'll get you a fellow

shall teach your nephew Chaldaic in a week."

"Languages I do not insist on. Those, I can teach him myself ; 'tis life ! life ! life !"

"Send him to Paris, if life is what you want to show him. I learned more there in a fortnight, than the rest of the world could have taught me in a century. Frascati—Tivoli—the Palais Royal—the Theatres—ah, my dear fellow, I've a great mind to be his tutor myself."

"'Tis not shows and spectacles I require. Of these, we have plenty here. I remember twelve years ago, seeing a Swiss giantess in London seven feet high, so that we need not leave our own island for extraordinary sights ;—no, the life I mean is the co-existent, yet invisible life within us—the deep caves of reason, sentiment, and reflection, where the metaphysical genii are perpetually at work ; rearing subterranean palaces more stately and enduring than those of Aladdin—fit habitation for him who reigns over his subject thoughts, the king of the world of shadows which are more real than wood and stone—the etherial, pure, idealized soul."

"Abraham !" exclaimed the voice we have heard before, "go and tell the gentlemen that the tea is cold, the candles burnt out, and Miss Hope and I gone to bed."

"Then, Abraham," said Mr Hubble, as the faithful domestic, with a fidelity worthy of Homer's messengers, delivered the notice word for word, "bring in some fried bones, and lay the cognac on the table. I believe, Sir Wilfred, you always take it cold."——

"Without," continued the worthy baronet, and sipped the last drop of his madeira with a sigh.

CHAPTER II.

To Arthur Hammond, Esq., Trinity College, Cambridge.

"MY DEAR SON,

"Mr Flashy wrote to me to say, that not another shilling could be raised among the tenants, and that, as he was about to separate from his partner, he must clear off all old scores, and therefore sends in his bill. The rascal ; he thinks he has his noose too firmly round my neck for me to kick ; but he shall find he is mistaken. I

know that, if I am pushed to extremities, you will not refuse me your assistance, and an amazingly good offer has already been made for Ashywell, if you will join me in breaking the entail. This I will not ask you to do, unless the necessity is very urgent ; but as I think I see symptoms in Sir Hilary Jupp of an intention to call up his money, you had better run

up for a day or two to London, and visit him in his suburban paradise at Muswell Hill, and pay great attention to the tall young woman I introduced you to at Cheltenham. She is his only child, and they say will have ten thousand a-year; and as the whole of it was made by selling blankets, I don't doubt you would be able with that sum to keep yourselves warm and comfortable. In fact, my dear Arthur, I have certainly held out some expectations of that sort to the old usurer, and I shall therefore consider it a piece of dutiful obedience if you will either marry her without delay, or keep her in hopes of it for as long as you possibly can. The thousand pounds you ask is paid into Drummond's, but for Heaven's sake, my dear boy, be careful; for extravagance is the worst vice a young man can possibly indulge in. The week I spent at Scarfield has answered very well. Old Hubble is a real gentleman, though he has a little more ready money than is quite the thing; but bating that, and a cursed odd way he has of speaking like an encyclopedia, he is a most excellent and worthy man. Your mother continues as much attached as ever to his niece Mary Hope, and talks of asking her here again sometime next month. His nephew is at present in Scotland in his yacht, if I can make out old Hubble's story, and is in want of a tutor. If you knew what a great rough Tony Lumpkin sort of a bear he was, you would be some little astonished at the

old gentleman's fancying a tutor can be found to refine him; but people like Mr Hubble, my dear Arthur, must be humoured in their whims, and I have promised to employ you among the big wigs and wise men in Cambridge, to procure for him a person such as he requires. I shall also write by this day's post to my friend Colonel O'Donahue, who is living near Wallingford, to look me out a bear-leader in Oxford, and his task will be easier as I have the name of a person to whom he is to apply—Jerome Whiffle, A.M.—in whom Mr Hubble has such confidence (from having read a book of his on education), that he will engage with him at once, if Mr Whiffle will undertake the charge. In the mean-time, be on the out-look, and if O'Donahue fails in securing Whiffle, you will be prepared with a substitute from Cambridge. I shall desire the Colonel to write to you whether he succeeds in his commission; which will be a saving of time, and also of trouble to me, as letter-writing is not my forte. Be careful of the thousand pounds, and never play high with a bad partner; don't forget to visit Muswell Hill, and I think, on farther acquaintance, the squint you observed will disappear. Believe me, your affectionate father,

“WILFRED HAMMOND.”

“No news yet from the Horse Guards—but we may expect to hear very soon.”

To Sir Wilfred Hammond—Hammondale.

“DEAR FATHER,

“Many thanks for the draft on Drummonds, which I will keep as long as it will stay by me, as a memorial of your fatherly regard. The hint about Miss Jupp shall be attended to, and the squint as little observed as possible. As to George Hope and his tutor, I rejoice very much you told O'Donahue to write to me as to the success of his enquiries, as I should have assuredly failed in getting any one so qualified for the place as Mr Whiffle. The Colonel writes me on the subject, so your mind may be quite at rest. Young Hope will obtain all the polish and experience that the pride of Oxford can impart, and the old gentleman's experiment on the slow de-

velopment of the mental powers on which you have told me he is so eloquent, can be carried on under the most favourable auspices. I am glad my mother is going to ask the young girl, Miss Hope, to visit her again. I thought her society was of great use to the old lady last summer, and I have no doubt will be equally agreeable this. I am pushed for time, as Euclid is waiting, and I remain, dear father, your affectionate son,

“ARTHUR HAMMOND.”

“So far, so good,” said Sir Wilfred on receipt of this missive from his son. “Old Hubble will see that I have exerted myself to oblige him. The ten thousand a-year will reconcile

Arthur to the squint—the villain Flashy shall be paid off, and all will go well—I'll run up for a few days to town, and get a horse for Tom Herriek in place of Brown Tiger, which is certainly grown groggy. Another conversation with Sir Hilary will do no harm at the same time. I wish I had told the boy at once, I had made an arrangement for him to marry the girl. That last five thousand could'n't

have been had without it; the next, I fear, won't come without the actual marriage; for the old blanket-maker begins to ride rusty."——

——A pity that plans so deeply laid, should be so completely overthrown as were those of poor Sir Wilfred; as we are under the disagreeable necessity of explaining to the reader in the course of the following pages.

CHAPTER III.

It is much to be lamented that ladies begin to require spectacles just at the time when they grow most inquisitive. The prying propensities of fifty, joined to the clear eyesight of twenty-five, would have made our hitherto invisible friend Miss Barbara Hubble, perfectly intolerable. As it was, people were astonished at her powers of vision. With a particularity that only belongs to an eye-witness, she could describe events that occurred at the same moment at opposite extremities of the parish; and it was remarked, that if a slight degree of impropriety could be elected in the events of which she was an observer, the perspicacity of her vision seemed supernaturally increased. She could see it at five miles' distance, though invisible to any eyes but her own. Miss Barbara, in short, was one of those pure and happy creatures that one reads of in fairy tales, who have no means of understanding in their own persons what faults or imperfections may be, and are therefore forced to study them in the characters and conduct of other people. It will easily be imagined that Miss Barbara, having freed herself from all the blots and blemishes that human kind are liable to in this world, had come to the conclusion that she was a chosen vessel, and sure of felicity in the next; a felicity which, according to the old adage, must be very much inhaled in value, however diminished in enjoyment, by the very few people whom she allowed to share it. For heaven, according to some notions, is something like a religious tea-meeting, to which only a very small and select party can be admitted; where the share of the toast and muffins that falls to each is computable by simple division; and where each has, therefore, an interest in keep-

ing the number of guests as low as possible.

One day, about a fortnight after Sir Wilfred's visit to Scarfield—indeed it was on the 15th day of August, 1838—Miss Barbara had occasion to go to the upper portion of the village to enquire into certain rumours touching the behaviour of one of the inhabitants, and was accompanied, as far as the little stream on which the village is situated, by her grand-niece, Mary Hope. A basket slung over her arm, and a fishing-rod in her hand, showed that she intended

"To ply the sport
Which that sweet season gave;"

and Mary was indeed allowed to be one of the best casters of a line that fished on the Scarfield water. In fact, if you looked in Mary's face, you would allow her to be any thing in the world—for such faces and figures are not seen every day, and we have a very poor opinion of the fish that did not catch hold of her hook immediately, that they might have a nearer view of such a beautiful creature. If we were a fish—but we shall not mention what a lot of foolish things we should be inclined to do,—suffice it to say, that Mary Hope was the prettiest girl in England; dark hair, blue eyes—step like a fawn, smile like an angel—and for all other particulars, as to shape and figure, we refer you to the Venus of Canova.

"Remember," said the old lady as they parted at the little foot-bridge, "that I consider your conduct highly blameable, and"—

"Conduct, grand-aunt?"

"In fishing, I mean. That man Yarrel that you study so much, and the wretch called Christopher North with his rhapsodies in praise of fish-

ing, are worthy of eternal reprobation—for fishing as practised by you is sinful in the highest degree; but as my brother encourages you in it, I cry aloud in vain."

"But how is it sinful, aunt Barbara?"—enquired the young lady.

"At any rate, if you fish, do it with *real* flies."

"Oh! t'would be so cruel."

"Cruel?—what is cruelty compared to deceit? You delude the unfortunate fish under false appearances, and are therefore virtually guilty of a lie. But go your ways. Good Mr Whiffle will soon be here, and you shall profit from his exhortations."

Miss Barbara pursued her way after this rebuke, and Mary followed the windings of the stream, and soon arrived at the point of the river where the ripples on the water promised the best sport. It was a beautiful nook, where a gigantic willow hung over the wide reach, and Mary laid her basket on the ground, and was proceeding to put her rod in order, when

—Aunt Barbara had transacted her business at the upper end of the village, and administered sundry preventives of iniquity, in the shape of tracts against smuggled gin and other illicit delectations, and was on her way home again, when the straw-hat of her niece, glinting near the willow, attracted her observation. She adjusted her spectacles with renewed accuracy on the long thin bridge of her nose, at sight of the well-known Dunstable, and could scarcely believe the evidence of her eyes, corroborated by her silver-mounted Dollands, when she saw standing by the side of her niece the figure of a tall young man. She saw even the bright brass buttons on his light green coat, she saw his grey beaver—light, fancy-coloured waist-coat, and from his general appearance, could not resist the inevitable conclusion that he was the most gentlemanly, handsome-looking man she had ever gazed on in the course of her life.

Long stood Aunt Barbara on the little eminence that overlooks the river for nearly a mile of its course, watching the motions of the pair.—They were evidently well acquainted, they stood so near each other. They were evidently delighted, Mary had so entirely neglected her fishing.

What's that she sees?—His hand goes gently round Mary's waist; the grey beaver gets into a state of the most alarming proximity to the Dunstable bonnet, and Heavens!—

—At that very moment a slap on the shoulder sent the spectacles she had so sedulously fixed, spinning about a yard beyond her red tipt nose, and Aunt Barbara's farther observations were unavoidably suspended by an inability of seeing any thing at the distance of twenty feet.

"Hallo! old aunty! Here we are, all alive and kicking. How are ye, old one?—how's nunky?"

"George!—you've broken my spectacles—when did you come home?—run after Mary. Such a thing! ah! what a sinful world!"

"Why, what's the matter? Is this a way of receiving a dutiful nephew after the dangers of the deep, and a hundred perils besides? Cheer up, old lady, and don't stand gazing up the brook as if you expected to see something wonderful under the old willow."

"I've seen it, George. Where are my spectacles?—the gipsy—the cunning, double-faced fishing, gipsy—that's the fish she's after! Oh! the wickedness of the unregenerate slut!"

"What's all this?" exclaimed George, helping the old lady to re-adjust her peepers.

"Do you see nothing, George, just under the great tree?—a white bonnet?—a grey hat?—a *man's* grey hat?"

"Neither hat nor bonnet—the devil a thing is moving near the water but the miller's brown cow—and now, that I look at her, I declare the mark on her rump is something in the shape of Mary's poky bonnet."

"I certainly see a cow," answered the aunt, "but I am as certain as I am of my existence that I saw a man speaking to Mary, a tall handsome man,—I should know him again among a thousand, George! I saw him with my own eyes put his arm round Mary's waist; and *his* hat, George, and *her* bonnet were just going together when your sudden attack"—

"Wakened you out of your dream and showed you that the whole vision was nothing but a white streak on an old cow. Come, come, aunty, don't try to set me against Mary, for I won't believe a word to her discredit—no,

by heavens, though fifty aunts were to wear out fifty pairs of spectacles in prying out hats and bonnets on all the cow's rumps in England."

The aunt and nephew pursued their way in silence, for George was irate at the accusations brought against his sister, and aunt Barbara was imagining mischief in her heart, and only waiting for a public opportunity of accusing her in presence of her good uncle and, if possible, of the godly Mr Whiffle. As they passed the Crown they perceived symptoms of an arrival in the yard—a post chaise was standing as if recently come in, and a thin lank-haired young man was lifting a pretty heavy trunk from the dicky, which he then carried in the direction they were going.

"Ho, my friend," said George, "you seem a stranger here. Where are you off to?"

"Unto the domicile of one who dwelleth in these parts, called Ignatius Hubble, Esquire."

"And whose is that huge box, if I may ask?"

"It appertaineth unto the good and learned Jerome Whiffle, sometime a dweller in the tents of sin but now a portioner in Canaan."

"And what the devil is this Canaanite going to do at my uncle's? By Jove I've a great"—

"To subdue the rebelliousness of an unlicked cub called Hope."——

A grasp, as of a Boa Constrictor,

laid on the shoulder of the young man made him pause—a flush of momentary anger passed across his face, and even a slight intention was visible of resenting the insult, but in an instant all such thoughts were checked, and he continued,

"If I have offended by speaking too plainly the object of my master's coming, restrain your anger. Do I speak to the young alumnus?"

"My name is George Hope, and when I have found out what all this rignmarole singing through the nose can mean, I will let both you and your master know a little more of me."

"How glad I am he is come!" exclaimed Miss Barbara, turning her eyes to heaven. "Oh, George, you are a fortunate youth; your uncle has fixed on the great Mr Whiffle as your tutor—he is to have the entire management of all your actions—to teach you all the sciences; he has written a work on conic sections and defluxions, and is the cleverest man in England; and so good! His books, I am told, are truly edifying, and his very domestic speaks like a true sheep."

"He looks uncommonly like one, and that's the same thing," replied the nephew, hurrying on with increased speed, as he could make neither head nor tale of the extraordinary story his aunt had told him, and was anxious for an explanation from the lips of Mr Hubble himself.

CHAPTER IV.

That worthy gentleman was so delighted to see his nephew, and had so many questions to ask, that the presence of the thin young man with the trunk was scarcely noticed.

"Your aunt has already told you," began the senior, "of your future happiness in acquiring the assistance of one of the most learned men of any age or country; but before I resign my charge of your intellectual advancement, answer me a few questions. I see by your tartan-coloured waistcoat and plaid trousers, as well as by a letter lately received, that you have visited the northern limits of this island. Did you make any observations on the needle in those hyperborean regions?"

"I did'nt like," replied the youth, whose thoughts reverted to the artificer of the aforesaid waistcoat and trousers in the Isle of Sky, "to trust to the ignorant natives, but I've brought home plenty of stuff to be fitted up by more scientific hands."

"What?—simple notes?—We shall work them out with the help of Mr Whiffle, and I am highly pleased, my dear George, that you attend to objects of such incalculable importance."

"By Jupiter!" thought the simple-minded George, "this fellow, Mr Whiffle, is nothing but a tailor."

"Another thing which, in those lofty districts, is worthy of notice, is the quantity of rain or moisture, whether in the form of dew or mist,

which falls in the course of the year. Have you taken any notes on the subject?"

"Hav'n't I? that's all," replied the young philosopher. "I've brought home two or three gallons of the purest dew I could find."

"My dear boy," exclaimed the gratified senior, "Mr Whiffle, I am sure, will be delighted with your conduct. We shall have many a happy evening discussing the specimen you have brought. And the yacht, George,—what have you to say on the subject of sailing?"

"Ah, sir, that's a sad story. I fell in with the Western Yacht Club in the Moll of Cantyre, and a gentleman of the name of Nichol Jarvie challenged me to race."

"Speak in scientific language, George," interrupted Ignatius, "it aids perspicuity of thought—proposed to you, you would say, a series of experiments on the propellability of your respective yachts."

"Just so; I hoisted all sail and pulled hard on the wind in hopes of weathering the point. By this I saved a tack and left Jarvie half a league astern. The breeze rose every minute; and that fool, the cautious Scotchman, took in two reefs in his mainsail and luffed in the wind's eye; I tore along, and didn't care a rush though it blew all my canvass to rags—I hoisted more sail, and had just set my sky-scrappers when, all of a sudden, came a devil of a squall, and I found myself swimming for life, and was only picked up after half an hour's battle, by another of the squadron—the crew was saved at the same time."

"'Twas a noble self-devotion in the cause of science," exclaimed Ignatius with enthusiasm. "You understand the cause, I suppose, of the catastrophe?"

"She was crank built, and her spars were too high."

"But the process of her disappearing?" continued Ignatius.

"She foundered."

"My dear boy, use philosophical terms. Your yacht, under the sudden impulse of the wind, was unable to displace a quantity of water proportionate to the increased weight imparted to her by the impact, and therefore the velocity which would otherwise have continued in a horizontal direction on the surface, took a per-

pendicular course downwards. The same causes have been ascribed to the rotundity of the world, namely, the velocity of projection, as Mr Whiffle will explain. I expect him here every moment."

"He hath already appropinquated to this vicinage," snuffled the lank-haired young man, who had been a listener to the preceding conversation, "and will domiciliate himself in this goodly tabernacle within a short space."

"Indeed?" said Ignatius, "I rejoice to hear it. Leave the trunk here, my friend; some one shall take it up to Mr Whiffle's room, and go you into the kitchen, where I have given directions for you to be attended to."

"Gratias agimus, Vale!" replied the youth with a bow, and betook himself to the hospitable regions ruled over by the buxom cook.

"He speaks Latin too,—a good omen, George, for you; it resolves itself, in fact, into a question in the rule-of-three, if he teaches his servant Latin, what will he not succeed in making his pupil?"

"He shan't succeed in making a fool of me," muttered the doughty George, "if a broken head can cure him of the wish to try. But, ha! here comes Mary."

The meeting of the brother and sister was warm and hearty—and all recollection of grey hats or white-streaked cows seemed banished from their recollection. What a strange thing it would be after all if aunt Barbara's eyes had deceived her! George had scarcely ended his narration and had hurried Mary off to some other room, when the sonorous voice of Abraham Slocock startled Mr Hubble from a brown study by announcing Mr Whiffle. He was a tall man, solemnly dressed in pepper and salt, with a light-coloured wig whose smooth combed locks rested on his shoulders. His nose was ornamented with a pair of uncommonly large spectacles, and his whole appearance was not unlike that of Mr Liston in the character of Dominie Sampson. Though there was something ludicrous in his first address, Mr Hubble was too much of a philosopher to have a worse opinion of him on that account, and received him with great cordiality and respect.

"Your trunk has arrived some time," he said, after a few preliminary

common places, "and if you approve of the bed-room I have designated for your occupation, it shall be carried up to it immediately."

"I have no choice of rooms. Diogenes lived in a tub," replied Mr Whiffle.

"True, sir, and I hope you join me in my admiration of that illustrious philosopher, who, in a state of manners the most effeminate and depraved, taught the simplicities of life both by precept and example. Do you believe, sir, that his father was banished from Sinope as a passer of counterfeit coin?"

"I've no proofs," replied Mr Whiffle. "Quintilian, indeed"—

"Well, sir, I will yield to any opinion of the Rhetorician of Calagurris."

"He says," continued Mr Whiffle—"But if you really want a disquisition on the subject, I shall be happy to furnish you with one at some future time. Meanwhile, if you desire any information on matters so simple, allow me to refer you to my *Famulus*, whom you have already seen. Are you acquainted with the ancient Punic?"

"I regret to say," answered Mr Hubble, "that, with the exception of the scene in *Plautus*, I don't know a word of it."

"I'll teach it you; but, in the meantime, will you introduce me to my pupil? I am anxious to begin the duties of my office."

Mr Hubble did not altogether like the cavalier manner in which he was turned over to the servant for the resolution of his doubts on the family history of Diogenes, nor the boastful offer of instruction in Phœnician, but yielded with his usual good-nature, and accompanied his guest in search of George Hope.

There was something so amusing to that young gentleman in the grotesque appearance of his tutor, that he did not show such indignation at the assumption of authority by Mr Whiffle as might have been expected; and when we consider the deference paid him by Mr Hubble, the silent awe of Mary Hope, and the rapturous admiration of Aunt Barbara, we must conclude that the learned pedagogue had no reason to be dissatisfied with his reception. A few hours wore off the awkwardness of a first meeting under such circumstances, and by the time dinner was concluded Mr Hubble saw clearly that his new inmate was the

most deep read of mankind, or at least had the most learned domestic; Aunt Barbara was fascinated with his studied compliments and attentions, and even George Hope began to consider him not quite the useless bookworm he had at first believed him, more particularly as he gave a very good account of the Priam colt at Newmarket, in answer to a question by Mr Hubble on the nature of the Pythic games. On ordinary occasions Ignatius betook himself to his couch, or at least to his bedroom, at a very early hour. This night, however, he prolonged his sitting in the drawing-room till past nine o'clock, and even then only bade the party good-night, when Abraham Slocock begged to speak with him for a few minutes alone.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Abraham, "to leave so good a master, but I must give you warning."

"Why, Abraham?—has any one offended you?—have I?"

"Oh not you, sir; I will say that you are a perfect gentleman, and a very good master to me, though they say you're as great a scholar as the best."

"*Though* I'm a scholar? explain yours."

"Well, then, there a'int no use to mince the matter; we all know that Latin is the devil's language, and we ha'nt no doubt that that e're fam'lus, as he calls himself, of Mr Whiffle, is an imp of Satan."

"Because he speaks Latin?—I feel ashamed at such super!"

"Ashamed or not, sir, Molly and me ca'n't stay in the house with him; he has converted the morals of half the maids already—I seed him myself a kissing of our old cook."

"Indeed? but, after all, it may be only a peculiarity of the young man; or, more likely, a translation into visible signs, for the edification of the uneducated, of the old proverb, Abraham, which says 'He that loves good dishes kisses the cook—*Qui dapibus datur coquam osculatur*.'"

"But then, sir," continued Abraham, "Jane Marsel, Miss Mary's maid, ain't cook, and he did exactly the same to her. And for the matter of that, he tried the same trick with Molly herself—but she hit him such a pelt on the side of the head, he'll remember it the longest day he has to live."

"Strange that such frivolity," mused Mr Hubble, "should be joined to so much erudition. His knowledge of the Greek measures is amazing."

"So it is of the English, sir,—particularly quarts—he has drunk a whole gallon of your honour's best October, and is hollowing out as loud as he can for cold swizzle and cigars."

"I regret to say I have none of the latter"—

"But he has given me the key of his master's trunk, where he tells me there's a whole box of them. I've got the trunk here, sir."

Abraham fitted the key to the lock.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mr Hubble; "are the cigars his own property? They're in his master's keeping."

"No, sir, they're in *his* keeping, so that's all right enough; sich things is always parquises."

"Well, then," said Ignatius, who was willing to be convinced by even less cogent arguments than those of Mr Slocock, so anxious was he to see the learned stores of his respected inmate, "but be careful not to injure the rolls of manuscripts, or the valuable editions of the classics; gently, Abraham, I trust there is a copy of his own immortal work on education among them."

Thus permitted, Abraham lifted up the lid, but no papers met the view. Shirts, cravats, silk waistcoats, a gay and brilliant wardrobe, and at last, near the bottom of the trunk, to the delight of the examiners, a volume or two, and an open letter. Eagerly were the precious spoils laid hold of. But alas! the printed ones consisted only of the Racing Calender,—the Sporting Magazine,—"the Better's Ready Reckoner of Odds up to a Hundred"—and the Army List.

"He must be engaged in some enquiry into the sports of the ancients," said Ignatius.

"His sports lie more among the young ones," answered Abraham.

"The letter will perhaps explain," continued the master. "Let me see; it has no address, and is signed Terrence O'Donahue. Who is he? I know no scholar of that name."

"Dear Atty,—Your jolly old governor has given me a commission to pick up an old fellow of the name of

Whiffle, for tutor, or some such thing, to some Johnny Raw of his acquaintance. It is a great pity he didn't apply to me a week sooner, for the old man was alive 'at that time,' but just as if on purpose to disappoint me, he died last week of old age, for he was seventy or eighty years old. I called at his rooms in College, 'And is Mr Whiffle at home?' said I to the scout.

"'Troth is he,' said he (and I saw in a moment he was a countryman of mine) 'and his long home, too; for we've jist come from the berrying.'

"'Ah! my dear,' said I, 'I'm sorry; for I wanted him for tutor for a friend's friend, and I do'n't know what to say to him.'

"'You can just give my master's compliments,' said the youth—a real Kerry boy, his name is Dermont Brady—'and say he is particularly engaged.'

"And this strikes me to be a good piece of advice, so you can deliver that same message, and look out among the dons of Cambridge"—

At this point of the letter Mr Hubble stopt, and no wonder, for the epistle fell out of his hands, and his eyes were fixed in the extremity of amazement on the ceiling.

"What can possibly be the meaning of all this? Who is the tall man in the spectacles?"

"Brother, I should think, to the fam'lus in the kitchen," suggested Abraham, "for he's playing just the some game in the parlour that the other is doing below. I seed him squeezing Miss Barbara's hand all the time of tea."

"My sister's? nonsense!"

"It's no nonsense," continued the observant Slocock; "and I seed him a-whispering up in the corner behind the harp with Miss Mary, when you was a talking Greek to the fam'lus at the sofa."

"You amaze me!—I begin to have suspicions that we are deceived in some extraordinary manner."

"I never knowed no good come of Latin, or any of them tongues."

"Silence!" said Mr Hubble. "I will find out the mystery. Accompany me once more into the drawing-room."

CHAPTER V.

But the half-hour of his absence "had written strange defeature there." Mr Whittle, with an eloquence that went to the very heart of Aunt Barbara, had explained the system he intended to pursue with regard to his pupil. No theory without well proved grounds; no precept without convincing example.

"Very right, sir."

"For instance, Miss Barbara," said the Tutor, softly taking the lady's hand, "if I talk to him of the loveliness of the female character, the beauty of a meek and religious temper, I know where to direct his attention to a model of those virtues."

"Oh, sir!"

"Yes, my dear madam, and if I thought I could depend on your concurrence, I would extend my tuition to the female infant now seated at the piano."

"Female infant? You mean my niece? She is indeed only a babe, and scarcely worth the trouble of instructing."

"With such a pattern for imitation, my labours would be very easy," replied Mr Whittle. "And as I would incite them to the practice of all that is good by pointing to you, my dearest friend,—so I would deter them from vice, from vanity, from frivolous occupation, by showing them the actual scenes where such things are in fashion. Oh, Miss Barbara! that you would assist me in teaching these young creatures the stupidity of a fancy ball!"

"But they have no great partiality for one, have they?"

"They *may* at some future time; and you know, my charming friend, that prevention is better than cure. There is a masquerade at Winchester this very night."

"Is there?"

"How horrible it would be!—what a weight upon our consciences! if by any neglect on our parts, they were left in ignorance of the sinfulness of such a meeting!"

"Explain it to them, dear sir."

"Show it to them, you would say. Yes, my charming, my wise companion in this noble office, we must make them spectators of the inanity, the dullness of the proceeding. Yes!" he continued in an eloquent enthusiasm,

"we will take them and show them the artificial flowers with which the yawning abyss beneath their feet is covered. You, acting as the guiding Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, and I as simple Mentor, the adorer of the blue-eyed maid."

"Well,—I don't know—but—my blue dress would just do. And one of the stuff'd owls, from my brother's collection, could be sewed into my sleeve. And you think they would be benefitted by our going?"

"Decidedly—and I felt so sure of your concurrence, that I ordered the chaise that brought me here to wait for us at the Crown."

An additional pressure of the hand, and a glance from the huge eyes of the spectacles, that seemed to glow as if they had been burning-glasses, and had set fire to the tinder of Miss Barbara's heart, completed the success of the Tutor's oration, and Miss Barbara hurried off to accoutre herself. A few words explained Mr Whittle's system to George Hope, who did not stand to argue on the merits of it, but jumped at the plan with all the impetuosity of his nature, and rushed to his room "to arm him for the fray."

"So now they're both disposed of," said Mr Whittle, turning to Mary Hope; "and I have but a moment to explain to you my reasons for all this. My father insists on my marrying another—nay, don't start or make a scene, I told you the same this morning—he is such a violent man, and besides has such pressing reasons for the match, that, unless I can give a particularly good excuse for not complying, he will go mad, and get into scrapes with a person who has him in his power."

"How? gracious! who can have power over?"

"When a man is in debt he is more dependent than a slave. If he found me married—settled—then, don't you see, it would be no fault of his that he could not fulfil his engagement; and, in short, it's all settled—your uncle is in bed—your aunt and brother will be taken care of by a friend of mine, who is here in the character of my servant; and we, my dear Mary, with four stout posters, shall soon be down to Birmingham;

and once on the railway, catch us who can."

There is no saying what effect this and similar speeches might have had, if the matter had not been otherwise decided by the entrance of Mr Hubble and his man.

Mr Whiffle seemed somewhat awkward at the sight of his host; but, whether from a consciousness that a gentleman on one knee has a somewhat absurd appearance, we cannot tell. However, he sprang up in a moment.

"I told ye how it were, sir," said Abraham Slocock—"old or young, it's all one to them scholars—I'll never teach no son of mine to read or write."

"The gentleman and his domestic are certainly somewhat Turkish in their notions of matrimony," replied Mr Hubble, calmly. "Have the kindness to explain to me the meaning of this behaviour."

"Certainly, sir," said Mr Whiffle, unabashed; "'tis part of my system, as detailed, you may remember, in my book. Tacitus, you recollect, sir, and Herodotus—but my Famulus will explain—Hesiod also, and Tertullian, all agree in"—

"Well, sir, what of them?"

"Let me send for my Famulus," replied Mr Whiffle; "he will quote to you the passages in a moment. 'Tis too easy a task for me."

"Then it will, perhaps, be equally easy for you to account for the news contained in this letter," said the gentle Ignatius, holding out O'Donahue's epistle, which had caused him so much surprise.

"A forgery—in fact, as Xenophon's *Anabasis* says, or rather Anacreon's *Georgics*—but my Famulus"—

"Anacreon's *Georgics*!" exclaimed Mr Hubble—"the proof grows stronger against you every word you speak, and I am under the disagreeable necessity of sending for a constable, and taking you into custody as a deceiver."

"How do you like me now?" said Miss Barbara, as she glided into the room, dressed in blue silk, with an immense owl resting on her arm, and a long staff in her hand for a spear. "Will they know, do you think, that I am wisdom personified?"

"My sister!" exclaimed the horror-struck Ignatius—"There's mad-

ness in the whole house—Barbara, are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Ashamed of the righteous deed of showing George and Mary the sinfulness of a masquerade?—of showing them the artificial flowers on a yawning abess? as Mr Whiffle says—though who it is that is going in that character, I can't tell—of showing them"—

"How foolish their aunt can be, you should say," continued Mr Hubble—"pray where is my nephew George?"

"Here I be, Nunky!" said that individual, who had occupied the time of his absence in dressing himself in tight drawers, and painting his face red and white, in imitation of Mr Grimaldi—having resolved to astonish the assemblage in the character of clown. "What do you want with me?"

Mr Hubble held up his hands in despair, and scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry, when a violent ringing at the bell announced a visitor at that untimely hour. The door was opened, a noise was heard on the stair, and into the drawingroom stalked a stout gentleman, considerably advanced in wine.

"Sir Wilfred!" exclaimed Mr Hubble, delighted.

"My father!" exclaimed, at the same moment, Mr Whiffle; and the baronet, gazing round him for a long time, at last found words.

"Are ye all wild?—Why, what mummery is all this?—And you, you rascal, what has brought you from Cambridge here? I told you to go to Muswell Hill."

"Can't indeed, sir," replied our friend Mr Whiffle.

"And why not, sir?—it can't be for want of a conveyance, for I nearly drove against two carriages in the lane."

"Got a prior engagement, sir."

"Then, by heavens, sir, you're no son of mine."

"A son of yours, Sir Wilfred?" interrupted Mr Hubble. "I wasn't aware—a juvenile indiscretion, perhaps."

"A full grown one, Mr Hubble," pursued the baronet; "the rascal is Arthur Hammond—you wanted me to get him a tutor."

"And he came here as tutor to my nephew."

"And as suitor," continued Arthur Hammond, "to another member of your family—the fair and"—

"Yes, my dear brother," chimed in the goddess of wisdom; "he has indeed been so marked in his attentions, that, for the sake of my own reputation"—

"Do hold your tongue about your reputation, sister," answered Mr Hubble. "I think I see my way through this."

"Then I wish you would give me a hand, for every thing is as dark as pitch," said Sir Wilfred.

"I fear if I have the giving of any hand, it must be my youthful niece's to this young gentleman."

"And Miss Jupp—or rather Miss Jupp's papa?" enquired Sir Wilfred.

"I shall send you a full acquittance on the wedding-day—I will engage for that—for, as my experiment on my nephew's education has unfortunately failed, I must begin *de novo*, and shall insist on no time being lost in presenting me with a subject for my experiment; if possible, a boy."

"Why, what is the man talking of?—Do you know what he means, Miss Barbara?" enquired Sir Wilfred, bewildered.

"Not in the least," replied Minerva—"I have been most infamously treated, and have just one question to ask. Pray, sir," she said, going up to Arthur Hammond, "do you wear a grey hat?"

"Yes."

"Light waistcoat and green coat?"

"Yes."

"Then," said the goddess, turning triumphantly to the imitator of Grimaldi, "I told you 'twas no cow—and she is a naughty, cunning, designing minx, and cares no more for fishing than"—

"I can explain all that," interrupted Arthur.

"Without the Famulus?" enquired Mr Hubble, with a smile—"Who is he?"

"A capital fellow, and great friend of mine—a double first classman of Oxford, who will be happy to finish the dissertations, in his own person, he began with you in disguise. Being no scholar myself, I referred you always to him—and I hope he answered all your queries satisfactorily."

"Send for him," cried Sir Wilfred, "and let us have a night of it. All's well that ends well; and since every thing is so nicely settled, I would rather have you for my daughter-in-law than twenty Miss Jupps." So saying, he kissed Mary Hope, and shook hands with Arthur very warmly. "But what's to become of the commission?" he added.

Arthur shook his head.

"I'll settle that too," said Mr Hubble—"if you will get it transferred to my nephew George, he can conclude his studies on the peculiarities of the horse-tribe in her Majesty's dragoons. And so let us all to supper; for to-night, in honour of these happy events, I intend to depart from my usual habits, and exchange my cotton night-cap for one of a more cheering kind. And I may take this opportunity, my young friend, to remind you that Anacreon did not write the Georgics. Those immortal productions are the noblest efforts of the bard of Mantua."

If any one doubts that the supper was delightful, Mr Hubble intensely eloquent, Sir Wilfred inspired, and Arthur enraptured, we have only to say that we were so informed by the highest authority, namely, our own eyes—and have no reason to doubt the truth of the information—though we have at the same time a sort of dim recollection of two Abraham Slococks, with four candles, lighting us up an infinity of stairs, and at last assisting us to climb into two beds.

THE PROGRESS OF POPERY.

THE frequent allusions in the public press to this most interesting and important subject appear to have excited a certain vague and undefined anxiety in the minds of the reflecting and religious portion of the community. Unfortunately, those allusions being themselves generally vague and unsatisfactory, could lead to no other and more practical result. Facts have not been sufficiently brought forward, suspicions and rumours have been substituted for them, and consequently, many who would be prepared, upon discovering real danger, to join in endeavouring to avert it, refrain from all exertions, believing the time of peril still far distant. It is to such persons we desire now to speak, with the view of calmly and temperately stating the true position and prospects of that great semi-political power, which, in former times, enthralled and debased this country. We do not purpose to enter on religious controversy, though we are deeply sensible both of its necessity and utility, nor to unveil to persons who may be already aware of them, those pernicious errors which our Protestant forefathers were wont to call "the soul-destroying heresies of Rome." Our object at present is of a different kind, though it is not, we are convinced, under existing circumstances, of inferior importance. We desire to prove that Popery, both at home and abroad, is in the possession of immense strength, and has been, and is now, marching forward with giant strides to its old ascendancy; and from a proof of these facts, we wish to proceed to an endeavour to arouse all who pretend to zeal for Protestantism, to united and vigorous efforts in the cause which now peculiarly involves the continuance of our civil and religious liberties. To facts, and to facts alone we shall appeal for a confirmation of our statements, and although the information of which we

are in possession is unavoidably less extensive than we could wish, it is still enough to justify alarm and to awaken the public spirit.* If it fail altogether in doing so, we are certain that information, as complete as ever satisfied a jury, would equally fail in reanimating the torpid mind of the people;—for proof will then be afforded, that there is an indifference to the *principles* of Popery, and therefore a carelessness about the *degree* of its success. We hope, however, better things; we trust that the lamentable apathy hitherto observable, was the result not of growing laxity, but merely of temporary ignorance; and if so, nothing can be requisite to the restoration of public interest in the Protestant, but a fair and full declaration of the true position of parties in this country.

It is well known that the Roman Catholics of England and Scotland took very little part in the agitation which brought about the act of 1829. After the suppression of the Rebellion in 1715, when so many Roman Catholic families in the north of England were ruined, and when all the others very properly came under the close surveillance of the government, very little indeed was done to disturb the Hanoverian dynasty, save by the deluded but enthusiastic loyalists of the Highlands. But when the bold Rebellion of 1745 was suppressed, as the former had also been, the hopes of the House of Stuart fell altogether, and the Roman Catholics throughout Great Britain became gradually more and more attached to the reigning Sovereigns, and more and more anxious to gain confidence by displaying their loyalty and contentment. Generally, they took very little part in political strife, and were alienated almost equally from both of the great parliamentary parties. When the measure for admitting them to the legislature was

* We principally allude to the return moved for, last Session, by Lord Ashley, of the sums paid in our various Colonies to all the different religious persuasions. That return will not be ready till next year, and consequently, much of the matter which tends to criminate the present Government is at present not available. Enough, however, we believe, is in our hands to betray their *animus*, and to prove the singular success of the Popish machinations abroad.

taken up by the Whigs, they for a long time recommended themselves and their claims chiefly by refraining from all violent efforts, and from all participation in those democratic expedients, and that seditious turbulence on which the Irish entirely relied. At the period of the French Revolution, most of the English and Scotch Roman Catholics joined the ranks of the alarmists, and deprecated most strenuously the principles and the practices of their Irish brethren. In many counties, their influence, though great, was never exerted; in some, it was given to the Tory candidates; they took very little interest, however, in the contests; they attended Court very little; they participated sparingly in the sports and expenses of other country gentlemen; and thus while their wealth was increasing, their respectability and local influence were increasing also. Times have now altered. The Roman Catholics now see clearly their interest in the success of the liberals, and therefore, with very few exceptions,* they have thrown their weight into that scale, and have joined in the projects of Mr O'Connell for advancement of their political power. How great that weight is in England alone, we wish now, before proceeding farther, to explain; because it has been much underrated, and because, from its having been only lately brought into use, it is not generally at all understood.

In the peerage, the Roman Catholics number the Duke of Norfolk, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Fingall, and Newburgh; Lords Petre, Stourton, Stafford, Vaux, Arundel, Clifford, Dormer, and Lovat; besides, among the Scotch and Irish peers who have votes in the election of representatives in the imperial parliament, the Earls of Traquair and Kenmore; Viscounts Gormanston, Southwell, and Frankfort; Lords Trimlestown, Louth, Dunboyne, and French. Of these, especially of the peers of Parliament, we need scarcely add that they include some of the most wealthy, ancient, and influential noblemen in the kingdom.

Among the baronets we find the following Roman Catholics, nearly all of whom may be ranked with the richest of the class to which they belong: Sir C. Throckmorton, Sir J. Gerard, Sir T. Stanley, Sir T. Haggerston, Sir F. Blount, Sir H. Hudoboe, Sir C. Wolsey, Sir H. Titchborne, Sir Clifford Constable, Sir F. Mostyn, Sir F. Vincent, Sir T. Gage, Sir H. Bedingfield, Sir B. Wrey, Sir J. Lawson, Sir J. Smythe, Sir J. Swinburne, Sir E. Vavasour, &c.; and besides these, there are many baronets of Ireland and Scotland we might mention, who profess the same religion. Again, in the list of the wealthy landed gentry of England many, very many, are Roman Catholics; and (as the following specimens will show to our readers resident in various parts of the country) some of them are among the most powerful proprietors in their respective counties. These names of opulent and ancient families are selected from a much larger catalogue now before us: Salvin, Constable, Maxwell, Mitford, Trafford, Giffard, Plowden, Weld, Silvertop, Blunt, Stonor, Doughty, Campton, Canning, Eyton, Howard of Corby, Howard of Greystoke, Cary, Clanchester, Langdale, Blundell, Standish, Dalton, Scarsbrick, Hales, Tempest, Whelple, Mornington, Lucy, Bodenham, Wright, Phillips, Digby, Best, Jones of Llwarth, Waterton, Eccleston, Stapleton, Fitzherbert, Riddell, Clavering, Aston, Talbot, Strickland, Rookwood, Walmsley, Eyre, Middleton, Sendanore, Berkley, Tounceley, &c. &c. There would be no difficulty in naming several in this list and that of the baronets above, with landed property to the amount of £40,000 a-year, and a few with even larger incomes. It is therefore clear that the Roman Catholics of England (for to these we at present confine ourselves) have at their disposal all the means necessary to secure for their party great political importance and power. Nor are these means entirely neglected. It is true that in the House of Commons the Roman Catholics num-

* It gives us great pleasure to mention these exceptions. *Locally confined.* We believe they are confined to Sir Clifford Constable, in Yorkshire; Sir John Gerard and Mr Trafford, in Lancashire; Mr Oshoddiston Mitford, in Northumberland; and Mr Gifford, in Staffordshire. All these gentlemen are staunch Conservatives, and from their very large properties, enjoy great influence in their respective counties.

ber only forty,* of whom no more than six are English members; but for the smallness of this force it is very easy to account when it is remembered that there are many Protestants as zealous in the work of innovation as the Roman Catholics could desire; *who are less liable to suspicion*; and who, therefore, not only have better chance at an election, but also are in Parliament the best tools Popery could select. It is not difficult to understand that the influential Roman Catholics of the West Riding are as willing to support Sir George Strickland as one of their own persuasion; and it is not very marvellous that the "liberal" Roman Catholics of Northumberland support Lord Howick, who declares for the annihilation of the Irish Church, as warmly as they could possibly support any one even of their warmest Jesuits. If the votes of the pseudo-Protestant and of the avowed Roman Catholic are to be exactly the same in the House of Commons, common sense and policy dictate to the Papists a preference for the former; and while so many of these convenient persons are to be found, there is no necessity for crowding the House of Commons with men openly adhering to a religion, which, peradventure, may yet again become the object of popular alarm. But at Court, where the required work cannot be efficaciously performed by *de-*

puty, we find the Roman Catholics contrive to appear in person. The Treasurer of the Household is a Roman Catholic, the Marchioness of Wellesley, Lady Bedingfield, and the Earl of Fingal, all of whom have been about the Court for some time, are Roman Catholics; and several others of the same kind have been placed in minor situations. Not a few places have been filled by individuals quite as well pleasing to Popery; namely, individuals notoriously of no religion at all. Many very high offices in the state are now held either by Roman Catholics or persons of this class. In Ireland, it is well known that nearly every legal situation which has fallen vacant during the existence of the present Government, has been given to a Roman Catholic. As instances, we may mention that the Master of the Rolls, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the Chief Remembrancer, the Clerk of the Hanaper Office, the Attorney and the Solicitor-General, the Lord-Lieutenant's confidential legal adviser, are all Papists; and if as yet there are no more in similar stations, the reason is simply that there have unfortunately been very few legal vacancies. In the colonies the same gross mal-administration of patronage prevails. The newly appointed Governor of New South Wales is Sir Maurice O'Connell, whose very name speaks volumes. But this is not all.†

* As it is well that the names of these persons should be generally known, we subjoin them. English members: The Earl of Surrey, Lord Fitzalan, Messrs Langdale, W. Stanley, Standish and P. H. Howard. Irish members. Messrs Archbold, Bryan, Bellew, Chester, Fitzsimon, Maner, O'Connell, M. O'Connell, M. J. O'Connell, J. O'Connell, Morgan O'Connell, R. O'Ferrall, Reddington, E. B. Roche, J. H. Talbot, H. Ball, H. W. Barron, G. S. Barry, H. Bridgman, D. Callagan, J. Power, W. Roche, R. L. Shiel, T. Wyse, O'Connor Don, M. J. Blake, R. D. Browne, A. H. Lynch, J. P. Somers, C. O'Brien, Colonel Butler, J. J. Bodkin, Sir R. Nagle, and Sir Wm. Brabazon. It is proper to add, that Lords Surrey and Fitzalan have always most honourably abstained from violating their oaths by voting on Church matters. No better condemnation of the rest could be required.

† Connected with the subject of the increase of Popish political influence, there is one topic which we cannot overlook, though it is rather a delicate one to mention; we mean the private progress made by the Roman Catholics among the leading liberal families. We are reluctant to refer to this matter, but it is necessary to do so.

It is notorious, that the Duke of Leeds, the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Albemarle, Lord Kinnaird, Lord De Mauley, Mr Ward, M. P., and many more professing Protestants, married Roman Catholics. Such, too, is the case with many of the female Protestant nobility; for instance, the Duke of Sutherland's sister married Lord Surrey; Lord Sefton's daughter married Mr Towneley, the wealthy Lancashire Roman Catholic, &c. &c. These seem private matters, but we mention them, because they throw no little light on public ones. And then again, members of several liberal families have recently been converted, or rather perverted to Popery. We may name among others, a brother of Earl Spencer, Sir Charles Wolseley, Mr Philips, son of the late Whig

Popery has been advancing not only in wealth and influence, honour and official power; it has been progressing in every other direction, and by every other means. Its proselyting zeal has been rekindled; its Jesuitical arts have been applied; its experience has been brought to bear; it has watched every opportunity of turning the balance between contending political parties; and thus gradually it has gone forward, till its course seems plain, and its path smooth and clear. While Protestants have been quarrelling, or while they have been sleeping, Popery, with stealthy steps, or by bold manoeuvres, has been gaining ground, disarming some, deluding others, conquering more, and marching onward to a position, whence it can defy opposition; nay more, can in turn overbear and threaten all. Many have ridiculed the pretence of those who foresaw such encroachment and such a triumph; many, even up to the present time, have so little heeded the matter, that they know not whether to ridicule or resist. Yet the slightest fair enquiry would have convinced the most sceptical that the peril was indeed fast approaching, and that a struggle must sooner or later come, if early efforts were not made to obviate the necessity of future struggles. We believe that it is now too late to stay the course of the successful superstition, though it cannot be too late to check and impede it; at any rate, it is high time that the people should ascertain the truth, however painful and alarming, and should act on the dictates of sound policy, when at length a sound judgment is formed.

In 1792, there were not, in the whole of Great Britain, thirty Roman Catholic chapels; there are now five hundred and nineteen, and forty-three buildings. In that year, there was not one single Roman Catholic college; there are now ten, and sixty seminaries of education, besides chapel schools.

Very lately, Mr Blundell of Jace Blundell, a Roman Catholic gentleman of great wealth, in Lancashire, died, leaving £200,000 to the Roman Catholic bishop of London, doubtless for the increase of similar establishments; and by the Catholic magazines and Catholic directories, we observe some other bequests of great value—one, particularly, from a Miss Dempsey, who is stated to have left her whole property—which is called considerable—to her church. There are other symptoms of extraordinary zeal and activity, and money is well known to have been received from abroad, particularly from the Leopoldine Institution of Austria. It must be remembered, too, that the Roman Catholic population of Great Britain is now very little short of Two Millions; that there is, as we have shown, great wealth among their leaders; and that, when more money is wanted, all the terrors of a death-bed are now, as they ever have been, employed by the priests—with their threatenings of purgatory, and their promises of masses for the soul—to extort a parting gift or legacy to the church. Before the Reformation, this system had been carried to such an extent, that, both in England and Scotland, the Church of Rome possessed upwards of one quarter of the whole land of the country; and nowadays, the same arts that gained that enormous property being employed—why, we ask, should they not be proportionately, or at least partially, successful? By law, devises of land for ecclesiastical or charitable purposes are void, by the force of acts which first were placed on the statute-book, centuries ago, to check the Papists—which they constantly evaded then with wonderful sagacity and cunning, and which they may evade again;* or if not, donations are still valid under certain circumstances, and personal property may be bequeathed as before. There is, therefore, every

member for Leicestershire, Mr Roche the member for Cork county, Mr Kenelm Digby, Sir Bourchier Wrey, and Mr Bennett, the son of the Whig member for Wiltshire. On facts of this kind, when they accumulate, no comment is necessary.

* For a great deal of curious information respecting the astonishing avarice and grasping ingenuity of the Romish ecclesiastics in this country, we refer our readers to Blackstone's Commentaries, Book II., Chapter XVIII. The passage to which we refer, occurs under the head of "Alienation in mortmain," and will well repay the trouble of perusal.

fair prospect that the *two millions* will be speedily fully provided with religious instruction; and when we consider the immense number of Protestants who are Protestants only in name, and the very large portion of such who are wholly neglected, we own we see nothing unreasonable in the expectation that Popery will gain many more victims. In Mr Bickersteth's tract on the Progress of Popery,* eighteen parishes are enumerated, with their population and Pro-

testant church-room—the latter does not provide for one-tenth of the whole of that population, which exceeds one million of souls! Then, in Ireland, for years the proportion of Roman Catholics to Protestants has been gradually and steadily increasing through the former laxity of the Established Church, the zeal of Popery, and the recent bitter persecutions which have tended so much to the encouragement of Protestant emigration.† In that unhappy country there is a college,

* Published in London, 1836; Seeley and Burnside. We cannot refrain from using one quotation, which Mr Bickersteth takes from Mr Scott—the able author, we presume, of the Continuation of Milner's Church History. It refers to the extent of Popish persecutions. "No computation can reach the numbers who have been put to death, in different ways, on account of their maintaining the profession of the Gospel, and opposing the corruptions of the Church of Rome. A million of poor Waldenses perished in France; 900,000 orthodox Christians were slain in less than thirty years after the institution of the order of the Jesuits. The Duke of Alba boasted of having put to death, in the Netherlands, 36,000, by the hands of the common executioner, during the space of a few years. The Inquisition destroyed, by various tortures, 150,000 within thirty years. These are a few specimens, and but a few, of those which history has recorded; but the total amount will never be known till the earth shall disclose her blood, and no more cover her slain." When to these things we add the days of Queen Mary in England, the Swedish butchery, the massacre of St Bartholomew, the Sicilian Vespers, the Inquisition at Goa, the suppression of the Reformation in Italy, the Irish massacre of 1641, the Council of Constance, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, truly we may well rally to resist the domination of the harlot, "drunk with the blood of the saints." But it is said, forsooth, Popery has changed; that the Ethiopian has changed his skin, and the leopard his spots! Oh mockery! We read, in the Record and Times *recently*, an account of the banishment of some hundreds of poor Protestants from Zillerthal, in Tyrol. The incident recalls the recollection of Milton's noble sonnet on the persecution of the same people in Cromwell's time—a sonnet that should be in the very heart of every Englishman.

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
E'en them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worship'd stocks and stones,
Forget not; in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold,
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

† Besides the facts stated above, we call the attention of our readers to the following quotations from the "Catholic Directory" of 1838. They will show the spirit and progress of Popery in Ireland as clearly as anything with which we have ever yet met. Diocese of Ardagh.—"There are religious libraries and Christian doctrine confraternities in almost every parish; and it is hoped that ere long they will be established in all. With one or two exceptions, every parish has one or more newly built and slated chapels." * * * "Education has been greatly extended during the last few years; particularly that religious education which consists in an accurate knowledge of the mysteries and other saving truths of Christianity."—*Catholic Directory*, page 101.

So much for the national system of education!

"Religion has been steadily advancing in the diocese of Dromore. * * * * * Although one of the smallest and certainly one of the poorest dioceses in Ireland, yet within the last few years sixteen new chapels have been built, and some of them among the best and most tasteful erections in the country."—Page 105.

There are only seventeen parishes in Dromore, and yet we hear of sixteen new chapels!

"In no city within the same short space have so many religious and charitable in-

supported by public money, for the free education of priests; and of these there are now scarcely less than 2500, with four archbishops, twenty three bishops, eight colleges, besides Maynooth, several monasteries and many convents, nunneries, colleges, clubs, and private seminaries. In Scotland, also, it is unfortunately too true that Popery has been of late rapidly advancing, particularly in the west. In Glasgow alone there are now 30,000 Roman Catholics, and even in Stirling they have recently erected a handsome chapel. In the colonies they have, under various names (as, for instance, the Bishop of Trinidad is called Bishop of Olympus), bishops at the following places:—Quebec with a coadjutor; Montreal with a coadjutor; Hudson's Bay; Kingston, Upper Canada (with a coadjutor); Newfoundland; St John's, New Brunswick; Nova Scotia; Trinidad; Ceylon; Jamaica; Mauritius; Madras; Calcutta; Australasia; Cape of Good Hope. In all these places they have extensive establishments. In Ceylon, their bishop is only lately appointed; and in the Catholic Magazine of September 1838, just published, they boast of having 100,000 persons attached to their church in that island. In India they pretend to 600,000; and though that number is questionable, still it is not denied that their converts constitute no inconsiderable portion of the southern population. In Trinidad nearly the whole people are Roman Catholics, and sixteen new missionaries have lately sailed to complete the Popish victory.* From New South Wales, Bishop Broughton, the excellent Protestant diocesan, wrote to the Christian Knowledge Society in January 1836, to the following effect:—"Protestantism is much endangered in this colony; the efforts

of Rome in this country are almost incredible. It is traversed by the agents of Rome. I earnestly desire means of counteracting these machinations. The Protestant schools can be maintained no longer, and a grant is required to maintain schools in communion with the church, and in the churches themselves."

In Canada, Popery is the established religion of one province, and is liberally assisted in the other; while, during the period that intervened between 1831 and 1835, although 300,000 more emigrants had arrived out, the grant to the established church was gradually diminished from £16,000 per annum to £3,500 per annum. In the Cape of Good Hope much has already been done in Graham's-Town and elsewhere; particularly in the new parts of the colony. In Newfoundland the Roman Catholics form a majority of the House of Assembly, and have gained otherwise a complete ascendancy. A petition was presented to Parliament last session by Mr Gladstone, signed by 927 respectable inhabitants of the town of St John's, which was ordered to be printed. From this important document we extract the following passage:—

"In this island, the population of which may be estimated at 75,000, of whom about one-half are Protestants and the other half Roman Catholics, it may be proper to remind your Honourable House that there are no legal distinctions affecting any class of Her Majesty's subjects; and were the Roman Catholics permitted to follow the impulse of their own minds, and to act individually as their own wishes might prompt them, there would be no cause for apprehending that they would differ from their neighbours in matters of a civil nature. But it unfortunately happens that their clergy have acquired a thoroughly despotic and absolute control

stitutions sprung up as in the metropolis of Ireland. The metropolitan church in Marlborough Street, and the new church of St Andrew, in Westlan Row, and St Paul, Arran Quay, are splendid proofs of the zeal and piety of the Catholic inhabitants of Dublin. That capital and its environs can now boast of twenty Catholic churches, one monastery, fourteen convents, five institutions of the Sisters of Charity, three Sisters of Mercy, six charitable societies for promoting spiritual and corporal works of mercy." &c. &c.—Page 109.

Diocese of Ossory.—"Some new chapels and convents are in progress."—Page 114.

"The Roman Catholic population of Cloyne and Ross, by the last census, amounts to nearly 400,000, and gives an average of nearly 7,000 to each parish."—Page 130.

* See the Report of the Church Missionary Society for 1838, page 80.

over a very large proportion of the lower orders of their creed, by which means they are enabled to concentrate and direct the efforts of the body against each member individually to an extent that would scarcely be credited by any who do not witness their conduct, and in a way that is altogether destructive of the civil and religious liberties of the people at large. . . .

"In the first place, they denounce them from the altar as persons hostile to the priests, and as opposed to the authority of their Church, and then warn their congregations not to deal or hold any intercourse with them, designating them commonly as 'mad dogs;' a term by which it is understood that the individuals to whom it is applied have not adopted the political views of their priests, and are therefore to be regarded as if excommunicated; and being thus branded, they are, to a very considerable, and in some instances to a ruinous extent, injured in their business, are constantly exposed to much personal insult, and are not unfrequently ill-treated in the open streets by the lower orders of their own creed, who deem it a meritorious service thus to carry into effect the denunciations of their own priests."

In the South Seas, equal activity is displayed. Dr Lang, the principal of the Church of Scotland College in New South Wales, writing home on the 6th October, 1836, thus expresses himself:—

"The moral influence of the Christian church of New South Wales will extend eventually to the neighbouring islands of New Zealand, containing a native population of half a million of souls, and comprising an extent of territory almost equal to that of the British Islands; to the western islands of the Pacific, numberless, and teeming with inhabitants; to the Indian Archipelago, that great nursery of nations; to China itself. That the Romish propagande has already directed her vulture eye to this vast field of moral influence, and strewn it, in imagination, with the carcasses of the slain, is unquestionable. Spanish monks and friars have within the last few years been sent from the recently

formed republics of the South American to the eastern islands of the Pacific. Other groups, still more distant from the American continent, have recently been surveyed and taken possession of by Romish missionaries direct from France; and the Roman Catholic Bishop of New South Wales is already taking his measures for co-operating with these missionaries from the westward, *by transforming the sons of Irish convicts in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land into missionary priests, and dispersing them over the length and breadth of the vast Pacific.*"

In the United States, although it is not forty years since the first Roman Catholic see was created, the *Christian Observer*, as quoted by Mr Bickersteth, states, "there is now a Catholic population of 600,000 souls under the government of the Pope, an archbishop of Baltimore, twelve bishops, and 341 priests. The number of churches is 401; masshouses, about 300; colleges, ten; seminaries for young men, nine; theological seminaries, five; novitiates for Jesuits, monasteries and convents with academies attached, thirty-one; seminaries for young ladies, thirty; schools of the sisters of charity, twenty-nine; an academy for coloured girls at Baltimore; a female infant school; and seven Catholic newspapers." In the West Indies unexampled efforts are now made among all classes, principally from the missionaries of Cuba, where Popery reigns in undisturbed supremacy and unrivalled splendour. Even in China, beyond the borders of which Protestants have failed to penetrate, and whence they are now effectually (though we trust only for a time) excluded, the Jesuits have been working with a marvellous courage worthy of a better cause, and with a success which may well justify their boasting.* There is no corner of the globe which their restless feet have not invaded; there is no danger they have not braved; there is no artifice they have scorned; and, of course, no scruple has been allowed to deter men

* For the boasting to which we allude, and other important information on the subject of Roman Catholic missions, we must refer to "Dr Wiseman's Lectures, London, 1837," and the "Roman Catholic Missions of Australasia, by W. Ullathorne, D.D., Vicar-General." Published, Liverpool, Rockcliff and Duckworth, 1837. Some of the statements of the former work, particularly those relating to Protestant missions, have been refuted in the Rev. James Hough's "Protestant Missions Vindicated." Seeley, London, 1857. By the Catholic Directory of 1838, it appears that the Papists actually have two bishopricks in China!

who proclaim that "the end can sanctify the means." We believe it must be admitted, however, that the difficulties they encounter are not equal to those with which the Protestants contend. It is not very difficult to make a Papist of a Pagan. No one who has read Southey's History of Brazil can be astonished at the success of Roman Catholics in their missionary efforts, and no one who has read Dr Buchanan's "Christian Researches," and noted there the horrors inflicted on their victims, and the apology for Christianity taught by them, can have the slightest sympathy with their exertions. To them, if to any in the present day, applies the awful curse, "Woe unto ye Pharisees, ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more a child of hell than yourselves." But it is with the *facts* we have now to do; we wish chiefly to show that they *have* progressed; we leave others to determine *how and why*. We find in Europe symptoms that Popery is once more at war with the Bible, and struggling for ancient ascendancy. The following extract is from a fulmination of the Bishop of Bruges, dated Lent, 1838. We take it from the Monthly Extracts of the Bible Society of the 30th April, and it is accompanied with a notification that similar decrees have been made in France.

"We are desirous that all our diocessans should be apprised anew, that it is *expressly prohibited to every one, who is not provided with special permission to read and hold forbidden books, to purchase a Bible, or a commentary on the Bible, or any other books whatever, of the emissaries of the Bible Society, or to receive them gratis, or to retain such copies as they have in their possession*. In any case we deem it our duty to state, that while holding error in detestation, individuals are nevertheless bound to abstain from all acts of violence towards the emissaries of the society in

question: *the constituted authorities alone being empowered by the laws, to be Roman and clerical, to employ force of arms and the exercise of justice.*"

Such is freedom in that popishly revolutionized land! In Holland, we hear with deep sorrow, that superstition is again making way, and is rapidly beating down that Protestant vanguard of Europe. In Leyden, three Roman Catholic chapels have been erected, and we understand, on unquestionable authority, progress has been made to an alarming extent. In France, the Archbishop of Paris has ventured on that which few Frenchmen now attempt—the counteraction of their arbitrary king. He has addressed the monarch, and has commenced to agitate for a renewal of the pomp and power of Romanism; and, with his party, he has already rendered the educational system as closely Popish as possible. In the Rhenish provinces of Prussia,* the Archbishop of Cologne has preferred the authority of the Pope to that of the King, and in direct contravention of the law, has displayed the bigotry of his religion, by forbidding Roman Catholics to marry Protestants. In Tyrol, as we have already mentioned in a note, hundreds have been banished from their native land, and expelled even beyond the extreme borders of the whole Austrian Empire for daring to worship the God of their fathers as those champions of truth dared to do in ancient times. Thus in every part of the world, Popery, now in close alliance with infidelity, is pursuing its triumphant course, is trampling on the consciences of mankind; rendering whole districts desolate of the word of life; and thwarting, with systematic zeal, the genuine ministers of the gospel. One short step more will enable that despotic power to complete the victory, to attack all recusants with pristine cruelty, and convert the most faithful countries into

* In the Rhenish provinces the Roman Catholic population amounts to 1,978,745 souls. In the whole Prussian dominions, inclusive of those provinces, the number is not less than 6,000,000! In Nassau, they form nearly three-fifths of the population, and in both Baden and Bavaria they are more than double the number of all the various Protestant sects. In Hanover there are upwards of 200,000 Roman Catholics, and in Austria they constitute the mass of the community. Such, also, is the case in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Belgium, Poland, Sicily, Sardinia, South America, Madeira, parts of Greece, Ireland, the Azores, the Cape de Verde Islands, the Phillipine Islands, Lower Canada, Martinique, Isle of France, &c. &c. &c.

slaughter-houses of afflicted truth. Every where under fraudulent liberal pretences the Roman Catholics are gaining over the unwary ; and on such they are fastening the clanking fetters which our nobler ancestors, swelling with the dignity of freemen, burst asunder. The Jesuits who were put down when it was convenient to be quiescent, and when the jealous eyes of real Protestants were watching every trick, and were prepared to resist every nefarious design, are now called again into action, and are allowed in a degenerate age to undermine with impunity, and to prosper without remark. Nothing intrigue could procure is wanted, nothing falsehood could purchase is required, nothing concentrated ability and enormous wealth could obtain is now unpossessed by the Papists. With each concession they have obtained, their demands have increased ; with every victory they have won, their morbid ambition has risen ; and with accumulated strength, with augmented power, with expanded hopes, they have applied themselves to each fresh undertaking,—resolved, however, even if that be gained, to deem it nothing more important than an “ *instalment*.”

But let us look at home, and scrutinize more narrowly in our own once free and blessed land the insidious and successful encroachments of Popery. In 1793, the franchise was granted to the Roman Catholics, and they were rendered admissible to corporations ; in 1795, the grant was made to the College of Maynooth, and shortly after they were admitted to the bar, and to the higher ranks of the army. They then clamoured in Ireland and petitioned in England to be admitted to the legislature, making sundry plausible professions as to their intentions and principles. These are very well known, but they cannot be too generally circulated, and therefore, we will give specimens, and three only. In 1805, a petition was presented to Parliament, signed, among others, by Mr O’Connell, praying for “ *Emancipation*.” The petitioners stated,

“ That the Roman Catholic party felt bound to defend the right of pro-

perty as established by the laws now in being, and they solemnly abjured all and every idea of subverting the Church, or of using any privilege that might be granted to them to effect that object.” In 1812, a similar petition was presented in an emphatic speech by Mr Brougham ; that petition said,

“ We distinctly disavow any intention to subvert the Protestant Establishment, for the purpose of substituting a Roman Catholic Establishment in its stead.”* Lastly, in 1826, the Roman Catholic bishops addressed the Protestants of England in a document, of which the following is an extract.

“ Bearing equally with you, our fellow subjects, the burdens of the country, and upholding equally its institutions and its glory, we claim to be admitted to a full participation in all the rights of British subjects. Every principle and practice hostile, in the remotest degree, to those institutions, we most explicitly disclaim. Year after year we repeat the humiliating task of disavowal, still we suffer the penalties of guilt.”

These, and many other similar declarations, deluded a very large portion of the people ; and at length Parliament was recommended to consider the Roman Catholic claims. The King’s speech on that occasion was as follows :

“ His Majesty recommends that you take into your deliberate consideration the whole condition of Ireland, and that you should review the laws which impose civil disabilities on his Roman Catholic subjects. *You will consider whether the removal of those disabilities can be effected consistently with the full and permanent security of our Establishments in Church and State, with the maintenance of the reformed religion established by law, and of the rights and privileges of the bishops and of the clergy of this realm, and of the churches committed to their charge.*” In answer to that speech, all parties in both houses unanimously concurred in an address, pledging themselves to have those important objects in view when settling this long agitated question. Consequently, two

* For these, and very many other interesting particulars, see the Bishop of Exeter’s admirable speech, delivered March 1, 1838, published by the Protestant Association.

clauses were inserted in the bill, one forbidding any Roman Catholic Ecclesiastic to assume the style and title of any bishop of the United Church of England and Ireland; in defiance of which, the Roman Catholic prelates have recently assumed the title of nearly every Protestant bishop, *and have done so with impunity under the Government*; and the other, imposing the following solemn oath on all Roman Catholic members of Parliament.

"I do swear, that I will defend to the utmost of my power, the settlement of property within this realm as established by the laws: and I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment, as settled by law within this realm; and I do solemnly swear that I never will exercise any privilege to which I am, or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion, or Protestant Government in this kingdom; and I do solemnly in the presence of God profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatever."

Such were the circumstances under which the Popish bill passed, and such was the oath on which the friends of the Ecclesiastical Establishments and of Protestantism relied for their protection. What has been the result? We ask every reasonable man if every year since 1829 has not seen the political power of the Roman Catholics increase? *And we ask further, if so much has been done in the first nine years after Emancipation, what may not the second nine years witness?*

In 1833, a bill passed, for which the Papists in the Houses of Parliament, with a very few exceptions, voted, abolishing ten bishoprics in Ireland, abolishing church rates in that country, and taxing all benefices above £300 a-year. In the same year, the grant to the Kildare Place Society, which had for many years carried on an extensive, and, we believe, very beneficial, and not unpopular system of bible education, was withdrawn; and in place of it, the national system of education was established, to which fifty thousand pounds is annually granted, and which is conducted by a

board consisting of about equal proportions of Papists, Socinians, and nominal Protestants. As might have been expected, the Bible has been excluded from the schools. In lieu of it sundry extracts (not taken from the authorized version but translated by this "liberal" board) have been substituted; and, in consequence, the Protestants have almost in a body abstained from connexion with such a system, and the Papists are therefore left in undisturbed enjoyment of the large Government grant, while the Protestants are left without one word of sympathy or encouragement, and without the assistance of a shilling from the public treasury to which they contribute so considerable a proportion. So much for the year 1833, the first opportunity which the public excitement about the Reform bill had allowed for the consideration of general measures. In the following year Mr O'Connell moved a resolution that tithes should be appropriated to purposes of general public utility; and in 1835 came forth the celebrated appropriation clause, by the operation of which the Protestant ministers were to be withdrawn from 850 parishes in Ireland; and as by that clause whenever there were less than *fifty Protestants* in a parish the church should be shut up and the property given—given on the spot, to Popish education under the resident Popish priest, it is evident that there was a direct premium on Protestant extermination in those places where *rather more than fifty* professors of the truth were found. In 1834 and 1835, too, Mr O'Connell and others of his party for the first time attended meetings in support of the Voluntary principle, that is agitated for the total destruction of the Church they had solemnly sworn to uphold. Happily both this notable scheme and the spoliation clause miserably failed, and then other measures became requisite. As the Roman Catholics found that they could not grasp the whole, or a large part of the Church property, they determined to introduce at least the narrow edge of the wedge, and to share something, however small, as a beginning. Accordingly, last Session, when the Prisons' bill was under discussion, Mr Langdale introduced a clause, providing that whenever in any prison there shall be upwards of fifty persons of

any denomination, *there* shall there be a chaplain of that denomination paid by the Government. Thus, under cover of "*any denomination*," the Roman Catholics, who were alone concerned in the success of the trick, contrived to introduce a provision for the payment of some of their clergy; and Mr Baines, as the organ of the Dissenters, after stating, in terms which we do not hesitate to call false and disgraceful, that there were "*no dissenters* in prison," supported Mr Langdale's clause, and carried it. But it was thrown out in the House of Lords, though not, it appears, to the discouragement of the parties chiefly concerned, for we observe, by the "*Catholic Magazine*," that it is to be renewed next Session; and, on Dr Lingard's suggestion, with the additional provision that it shall extend to all persons confined for *debt*, as well as those incarcerated for criminal offences.

But this is not the only measure on the part of the Roman Catholics that has signalised the present year. For first, on the 26th February, at a meeting held at the Sabloniere Hotel, a society was instituted for the "*Diffusion of Catholic Publications*," which was at once taken up by many eminent and wealthy individuals. And, secondly, at another meeting, held more recently, at which the advice and presence of Mr O'Connell were obtained, a formidable kind of association was formed, to be called "*The Catholic Institute*." Of this body the Earl of Shrewsbury is declared president; and, on the 26th July, a circular was published, which we find in the *Catholic Magazine* of August. The following noblemen and gentlemen therein named as the Vice-Presidents, and others it is said have been ap-

plied to, though their answers have not yet been received:—

The Earl of Newburgh.

Lord Clifford.

Lord Lovat.

The Hon. Charles Langdale, M.P.

Sir Henry Bedingfield, Bart.

Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.

Philip H. Howard, Esq., M.P., of Corby Castle.

A. H. Lynch, Esq., M.P.*

Charles Towneley, Esq. of Towneley, Lancashire.

Wm. Constable Maxwell, Esq., of Eringham Park, Yorkshire.

John Menzies, Esq., of Pitfodels.

William Lawson, Esq., of Brough Hall, Yorkshire.

Andrew L. Phillips, of Garrendon Park, Leicestershire.

Philip Jones, Esq., of Llanarth, Monmouthshire.

James Wheble, Esq., of Woodley, Berkshire.†

Robert Berkeley, Esq., of Spetchley, Worcestershire.

Joseph Weld, Esq., of Lullworth Castle, Dorset.

Among the objects declared—we say *declared*, in contradiction to *entered*, for we do not expect from Roman Catholics much openness or candour, are the following:—We give them as embodied in the 11th, 12th, and 13th "*Resolutions. No. 11.*" "*That the funds of the institute shall be applied by the committee in providing a suitable place of meeting, and in recompensing the secretary, and such officers as they may consider necessary, for the purpose of conducting the affairs, and keeping the accounts of the institute; and that a further portion of the funds shall be applied in printing and circulating such pub-*

* Mr Lynch has recently been appointed to the office of one of the Masters in Chancery, worth four thousand a-year.

† This gentleman is at present high-sheriff of Berkshire, and recently took advantage of the occasion to proceed at the head of a procession, and lay the first stone of a new Popish chapel at Reading. Mr Mornington, another Roman Catholic, being high-sheriff of Herefordshire last year, did the same at Hereford; and, in that case, he marched out in very great pomp, and with the militia band playing the grand "*Hallelujah chorus*" of Handel. The *Catholic Directory* says two thousand persons were present, "including the Mayor and his family, and several members of the Town Council." In Leicestershire, on laying the foundation of a chapel at Grace Dieu, Mr Ambrose Lisle Phillips "appeared in the dress of a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county, and Sir Charles Wolseley in a court dress."

lications as, having the previous sanction of a clergyman duly authorized by the Vicar Apostolic of the London district, may be deemed useful to obviate calumny, to explain Catholic tenets, defend the purity and truth of Catholic doctrines, and circulate useful information on these subjects."

No. 12. Resolved. "That the committee shall also undertake the examination of all cases of religious oppression, or of deprivation of rights of conscience of the poorer and less protected classes of Catholics, under any circumstances."

No. 13. Resolved. "That the committee shall be authorized to appoint sub-committees of not less than five members out of their own body, for any purposes of the institute, and also to organize local committees, and to solicit and avail themselves of the co-operation of individuals in different parts of Great Britain and the colonies."

The result of this plan has been an arrangement for the complete organization of the whole Roman Catholic population. Not only are there to be district committees, but also there are to be parish committees, and these again are to be subdivided. This arrangement, in all its parts, bears evidently the stamp of Mr. O'Connell's authorship. It is precisely like those organizations which he has formed in Ireland—sometimes publicly—sometimes in secret—for the purpose of overbearing the Government. We hope, then, that this will convince the Protestants of Great Britain, if every thing else fails to excite them, that Popery is preparing for greater movements than have hitherto been made. It seems that now the Roman Catholics deem themselves strong enough to follow the course of their Irish brethren, and are preparing to consummate their intrigues by intimidation. Such was the policy adopted in Ireland. At first, nothing was heard but professions of loyalty, nothing but promises of peace; but when the time came to speak out, first for emanci-

pation, then against tithes, and afterwards for repeal, all cloaks and coverings were cast aside, and the tremendous machinery so long preparing was suddenly unveiled to view. Nor let it be supposed, that those appliances and means which, in the sister island, have given Popery such victories, are here wanted. Every element of strength in one place, is enjoyed in the other. The priests are equally diligent; *the public press at least in London is, to a very great extent, in the hands of the Roman Catholics*; the Government are disposed to assist in any "heavy blow or great discouragement to Protestantism." These are all most important matters. The moment is propitious. In our Church has sprung up a new school of semi-Popish divinity, recommended by the virtues and talents of its professors, eating its way to the very core of the Protestant system of theology.† Modern Liberalism, infidelity, ultra high Church doctrines, the principles of political expediency—all these things have joined to help Popery forward in its prosperous and triumphant career. No secret is made by many, of their indifference to its rise, no sufficient impediment is offered to its plans; and we regret to add, that the non-conformists—those whose ancestors were boldest in their hostility to the then rampant heresy—are too generally either passive spectators of its progress, or active auxiliaries of its political designs. Public opinion, which formerly always evinced more or less of a Protestant spirit, now indicates no symptoms of that healthful and necessary characteristic. Bulwark after bulwark of our constitution and of our religion, has been lost through perfidy, apathy, or defeat; and now, at the present time, this nation, once renowned for the integrity of her counsellors, and the Christian principles of her parliament, is at the mercy of a profligate demagogue, intent on the introduction of a grovelling superstition, and a humiliating foreign despotism. We can no longer look for

* The first fruits of this resolution was the clause in the prison's bill to which we have alluded. It was introduced immediately after the formation of the institute.

† We allude to those unfortunate and deeply to be regretted publications—"Tracts for the Times," "Frost's Remains," and Palmer's "Church of Christ," "Newman's Sermons," &c. &c. The time has gone by when those works can be passed over without notice, and the hope that their influence would fail, is now dead.

that providential care which for ages was the guide and guardian of us as a Protestant people; we are no longer, as even in Cromwell's days, the acknowledged safeguard of the Protestants of Europe. All is changed; our power is weakened, our prosperity has decayed, and the prospects presented to our contemplation are such as in the days of old would have aroused the population as one man, to manful exertions to the preservation of their freedom and their faith. Too long, alas! have we been deluded by the vain idea that the enlightenment of this generation was proof against the assaults of Popery. Bitter experience now calls on every preacher to warn his people with the solemn mandate—"let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." To that warning we add our feeble counsel, and bid every man who pretends to patriotic feelings, to look around on the portentous signs of the times, and fearlessly to do his duty to his country and himself. We all have now a common enemy thundering at the gates, and he is a traitor who refuses to repel the danger; doubly, then, is that man a foe to the land in which he now enjoys ancestral blessings that his children may claim to have handed down unimpaired, who gives up a single post he was bound to guard, or meanly sells his birthright for honours, or places, or from base sectarian ambition.

In concluding our glance at this question, we have only to proceed as we have proposed, to call for vigorous and united exertions in the Protestant cause. We do so from a most deep, and painful, and conscientious conviction of the important consequences to which resistance or assistance to Popery under present circumstances must surely lead. We do so from a knowledge of the necessity of immediate efforts, and with a hope that our appeal will not be entirely in vain. Little has yet been done by the friends, and much, very much, by the enemies of the Constitution. There never was a time before in this country, not even during the reign of the last infatuated monarch of the Stewart dynasty, when evils more terrible threatened the land. At that period, memorable in the history of this country which was then marvellously saved, memorable in the history of Europe which has often

since owed its rescue from oppression or Popery to the contagious spirit of this emancipated island—at that period our Universities, our Legislature, our executive Government in England and in Ireland, our corporations, and our Court were for a time in the grasp of the popish tyrant, and were content to impose on the people the scornfully rejected thralldom of apostate Rome. But by the providence of God, the Protestants of Ireland rallied round the banner of their faith, and drove even their proud foreign invaders from the shore. Popery then called all its energies, and throwing forth its whole force on the stubborn and awakened population, broke itself on the rock they had erected, instead of sweeping every vestige of its strength from the surface of the land it protected. Like the heroic Dutchmen, when they conquered the power of Spain and expelled the Inquisition, the people exclaimed "*Turks rather than Papists.*" Thus Popery fell prostrate before the determined spirit of a Christian nation, that knew and could value its privileges. We ask our fellow-countrymen why the same agency should not overcome the same evil now? Away with the petty jealousies which prevent men from co-operating together, which give the country and its interests a secondary place in the hearts of all who have a crotchet to prate of, or a paltry prejudice to display. Away with all maudlin sentimentality about "the religious have-nothing-to-do-with-politics," at the time when all the means of disseminating Christianity in the country are assailed through the instrumentality of political partisans. We do not ask any to become party men, we ask only for justice and for consistency. To the Dissenters we say—"You declare yourselves against endowments, behold Popery endowed both at home and in the colonies." To the Whig who still affects to act on the principles which distinguished his ancestors and placed the family of Brunswick on the throne, we say, "Enquire if Government is now carried on with the objects the Whigs of 1688 professed to have steadily in view." If a man call himself a friend of freedom, we ask him if he hopes for that blessing, when the iron hoof of the Papacy is crushing the land, and the poisonous falsehoods of her superstition are corroding the

hearts of the people? No matter what any one avows himself, Dissenter, Whig, Liberal, or Conservative, Churchman or Patriot, we appeal to him to deceive himself no longer, to believe, ere it be too late, the facts which it is impossible to deny, that Popery, the same now as when the whole western population groaned in bondage, is gaining ground by crafty devices and open violence, is coming forth from the dungeons of persecution and the cells of bigotry, once more to prostitute Christianity, once more to conquer and to enthral. To the simpleton who talks of Popery being changed, we retort, with the evidence of Dens's Theology, the assumption of infallibility, and the recent instances of violated oaths; and if the Papist himself impudently takes up this contemptible jargon, we know of no answer but to laugh him to scorn. A very short time will prove who is right, and will show whether our statements are as fanciful and our fears as absurd as some will pretend to believe them. To the verdict Time will give, we refer all who are too ignorant to know the truth and too idle at once to seek it; but this we beg them to remember, that each increase of danger increases the responsibilities of those who, being warned, neglected to avert it; and further, as dangers and responsibilities augment, so also do difficulties, *pari passu*. We therefore once more earnestly call on all who value Protestantism, on all to whom the blessings

we enjoy are dear, to acquit themselves of a solemn duty now resting on every one who has the slightest influence and the smallest power. Everything worth preserving is at stake; policy and each higher obligation unite to excite us to exertion; the means of usefulness are possessed by all; the evils of delay increase and accumulate; we have experience of the past to guide us, and hopes of the future to excite us, and above all, the noblest cause that ever yet animated the spirits of free-born men. The choice is between the system enthroned in the passions of corrupted nature, that has cursed every land on which it has trampled, the master-contrivance of priestcraft and fraud, which has dignified the insolence of pride and monopolised the presumption of power, which has palliated crime, indulged depravity, and restored idolatry, which for centuries has warred against the temporal and eternal happiness of man, and derogated from the honour of God; and, on the other hand, that mild benignant sway that inculcates piety and promotes peace, succouring the afflicted, protecting the oppressed, giving freedom to the enslaved, that shines on the spirit of human-kind with beams reflected from the clear refulgency of heaven. It is the cause for which martyrs have perished, for which our purest patriots have courted peril, and which now affords to all classes of the people the promise of liberty and knowledge.

LETTER FROM TOMKINS—BAGMAN *versus* PEDLAR.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR,

THE kind interest which on many occasions you displayed in my welfare and pursuits, had but ill prepared me for the severe blow which my private and professional feelings have lately received at your hands. I cannot bring myself to enter, even under this provocation, on a direct controversy with one whom I have long regarded as a friend and a father; but I appeal to your sense of justice to insert in the pages of *Maga* the following expostulation, addressed to another party concerned, which has long lain by me, nearly in its present shape, but which can now no longer be withheld from bursting into publicity, at once to convince yourself of the shameful partiality which you have shown for the follower of a different line of commercial business, and to overwhelm with confusion the presumptuous and pitiful competitor who has seduced you into so groundless a preference. Referring you to your late observations on Mr Wordsworth's *Excursion*, and your attempted vindication of that gentleman's choice of a hero, I remain, dear sir, ever yours with much respect (after all that has passed),

ISAAC TOMKINS.

*Commercial Room, Hen and Chickens,
Birmingham, 15th September, 1838.*

On hand at present an unusually excellent assortment of patent registers; also self-adjusting pokers, fire-shovels, and warming-pans. The smallest orders attended to with the same punctuality as the largest.

TO MR MURDOCH MACGLASHAN,
Travelling-Merchant, &c.,
At the sign of the Highland Bagpipe,
Carlisle.
(To lie till called for.)

MURDOCH,

It would have been quite as well if the zeal of some of your friends in your behalf had been tempered with a sprinkling of discretion. You might long enough for me have enjoyed the reputation of a douce and decent man, if in an evil hour your self-conceited importunity had not overpersuaded Mr Wordsworth to make you the principal character, forsooth, of a phi-

losophical poem; and if the great genius of that gentleman had not conferred on you a factitious, but, as I confidently anticipate, a short-lived fame, to be now speedily converted into a less honourable but more enduring notoriety. I long ago asked Mr Jeffrey to allow me to put an extinguisher on your pretensions; but he would not trust me to do it, and undertook to crush you himself. The poor dear man accordingly did his *petit possible* in that way, and for a time I almost thought the thing was accomplished, at least on the north-side of the Sark; but it had not been put on a right footing. The snake was *scotched* but not killed, and you and your poet again reared your heads aloft like Skiddaw himself, as if nothing had been the matter. Bitterly did I deplore the provoking popularity that seemed gradually pressing upon you, and often did I resolve to deal you a blow that should dispense with the necessity of its own repetition. You might, however, have been spared from this fate for some further interval, if the late ill-advised eulogium of our friend Mr North had not made the cup of my resentment flow over in an irrepressible cascade. Christopher, it is plain to me, is in his dotage. He seems now either to be without guile or gall in his crazy composition, or to exert them in the wrong places and on the wrong persons, and to be totally unable to tell the difference between drivell or dulness and sense or sublimity.

Without further preface I proceed to consider upon what grounds the author of the *Excursion* could adopt you as the prominent figure in that very able composition. The subject leads at once to a question, often asked but seldom answered, viz., Who are you? I shall afterwards, in order, proceed to consider another question, not so often asked, viz., Who am I? and shall finally draw a comparison between our respective positions, which, if I do not egregiously err, will for ever lay you, Murdoch Macglashan, supine in the dust of your own insignificance, and elevate me, Isaac Tomkins, to a pedestal of popularity more lofty

and conspicuous than any one of us all, whether in the hard or in the soft line, has hitherto been able to attain.

Firstly, then, of the first point, Who are you? I was unwilling, Murdoch, to smite you with a sense of degradation in the eyes of Macpherson and his daughter, who keep the Highland Bagpipe, and I therefore addressed this letter to you, under the description of Travelling Merchant. Therein I adopted, out of delicacy, the phraseology of your friend Mr Wordsworth, who speaks of you as 'a vagrant merchant, bent beneath his load!' Your title to the appellation of *vagrant* I am not prepared to contest; on the contrary, I shall be able to fortify your possession of it by some striking proofs. But that you are a merchant I wholly deny. A merchant, Mr Macglashan, is what you neither are nor can in the least degree understand. The term implies an extent of credit, capital, intelligence, and energy, to which you never could prefer the least pretensions. I am aware that, borrowing the degraded use of the French word *marchand*, your countrymen dignify with the name of merchant the most pitiful shopkeeper in the most paltry clachan. But an English merchant scorns to limit his exertions to so narrow a field. His views and transactions embrace the globe itself. He sees, with a penetrating eye, the whole complexity of commercial relations in every quarter and corner of the world; is ready to supply the wants, and carry off the superfluities of all nations; preserves or restores, like the winds of heaven, an universal equilibrium in the elements of life and happiness, and by his knowledge of exchanges can at any time waft a remittance from Indus to the Pole, with infinite benefit to others and a handsome per centage to himself. These are sublime achievements that you never could aspire to or even dream of. You are no merchant, Murdoch, and you know it. You are, or you were, a *hawker* or *pedlar*, a packman, or petty chapman. In what estimation, public and private, the species of traffic involved in these terms, is, and ought to be held, will presently appear.

Observe how your profession has been dealt with by the legislature. In a statute of Edward VI. I am indebted to a legal friend for the statements

now to be made), you are classed with *tinkers*, the very rubbish and refuse of mankind. By 5 and 6 Edward VI., c. 21, it is provided, "that no *tinker, pedlar, or petty chapman* shall wander about from the town where he dwelleth, or exercise the trade of *tinker*, but such as shall be licensed by two Justices of the Peace or more, under their hands and seals, upon pain of fourteen days' imprisonment."

No doubt this statute was repealed by your countryman, James I., who thought it might bear rather hard upon some of his original subjects; but it shows the status that your brethren held in those days, to which you might have been inclined to look back as to the age of chivalry in your honourable vocation.

Again, by 9 and 10 Will. III. c. 7, a duty of L.4 per annum was imposed on the licenses of every pedlar, hawker, petty chapman, and other trading person or persons, going from town to town, or to other men's houses; and any such person not having or not producing a license when demanded, shall forfeit L.5, and for non-payment thereof shall suffer as a *common vagrant*, and be committed to the House of Correction.

By a subsequent act of Geo. III., the duties on licenses of hawkers and pedlars are placed under the management of the Commissioners of Hackney Coaches; and it is farther thereby provided, that every person to whom any such license shall be granted, and who shall trade under colour thereof, shall cause to be written *in large capitals* upon every pack, box, bag, trunk, &c. in which he shall carry his goods, the words "LICENSED HAWKER."

I have some reason to believe, though I would peril no part of my argument on this point, that for some years you travelled in the North of England without a license, and that this irregularity first brought you in contact with Mr Wordsworth, in consequence of his connexion with the revenue. It was very good-natured in him to deal so handsomely with so doubtful an acquaintance.

Such is the eminent and honourable station to which you may boast of having attained at the acmè of your career. Its fitness to form the basis of a poetical or philosophical character must at once be apparent; but on

this subject I reserve my remarks until I have completed my review of your personal history.

'Among the hills of Atholl you were born.' Just so: I know the place perfectly—nearly half-way between Dalnacardoch and Dalwhinnie, the bleakest, barrenest, stoniest, and stupidest portion of the Perthshire Highlands. Your father, Dugald Macglashan, was a very decent carle, though fond occasionally of the mountain dew. He rented a little croft, which Mr Wordsworth has correctly described as "an unproductive slip of rugged ground," and must, with his large family, have been in abject poverty. Nothing is said in the poem as to your costume in early life; but it is certain that, till twelve years old, you had neither hat to your head, shoes to your feet, nor breeches to your pelvis. In this condition you might have sat for the picture, drawn in another part of the Excursion, of that

"Ragged offspring with their own blanch-
ed hair,

Crowned like the image of fantastic fear;
Or wearing, we might say, in that white
growth

An ill-adjusted turban for defence
Or fierceness, wreathed around their sun-
burnt brows,

By savage nature's unassisted care.
Naked and coloured like the soil, the feet
On which they stand, as if thereby they
drew

Some nourishment, as trees do by their
roots,
From earth, the common mother of us all."

You certainly realized one side of the Frenchman's observation as to the differences of custom—" *Par exemple, on lave les mains tous les jours—les pieds jamais.*"

I suspect strongly, too, that another feature of Mr Wordsworth's portrait already noticed, might also apply, and that when any travellers passed by the Highland road, you were to be seen among other imps, running in your blue kilt alongside of the chaise, and whining for a bawbee, the only English word you could then pronounce.

Your attainments in literature must in boyhood have been somewhat limited, if I may judge from probabilities. Gaelic unquestionably was your mother tongue, and would be with difficulty exchanged for the very singular *lingua franca* which your commercial pursuits afterwards compelled you to employ. Any books that you

might pick up on the stalls of Pitlochrie, or Moulinearn, the nearest towns to your abode, would not make a very handsome library; and Mr Wordsworth's assertion that, "among the hills, you gazed upon that mighty orb of song, the divine Milton," seems to border on the incredible. Equally startling is the idea that you became an adept in the purer elements of truth involved in lines and numbers—that your triangles were the stars of heaven—and that you often took delight "to measure the altitude of some tall crag that is the eagle's birthplace." Had you ever a quadrant or theodolite for this last operation? I doubt it, and as to your knowledge of figures or numbers, I can only say, that old Jack Jones, of Griffiths and Co., who knew you well, used to tell us, in the Commercial Room, that you were as ignorant of the Italian method of book-keeping as a babe at the breast, and never could tell for your life whether cash should be debtor to sundries, or sundries debtor to cash. I may afterwards say something as to the likelihood of your acquiring the moral, metaphysical, and poetical feelings, which are said to have animated you in your mountain solitudes. My own belief is, that the only strong emotions of which you were then susceptible, were those of hunger and thirst, or at least of hunger, which you must often have experienced on the hill-side in ravenous intensity. Jones used to say that he had seen you sometimes when a lad gnawing at a raw turnip on a cold day with the same relish as if it had been a pine-apple in summer. But my own impression is, that your acquaintance with turnip husbandry was derived from a district of country much more to the southward than your own.

Thus reared and accomplished, you commenced that itinerant career, on the dignity of which I have already commented. Whether 'from your native hills you wandered far' is matter of opinion, but I rather believe that Kinross and Kendal were to you as the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn. That in your long wanderings among the rural villages and farms, you saw a good many persons, and had observed the history of several families, is unquestionably true. From the national faculty of second-sight, or a keen observation of suspicious appearances, you had always a sure anticipation of

marriages and christenings, and with a vulture's scent or sight (I decline entering into the Waterton Controversy), your presence at a burial was infallible. Here, indeed, your conduct was often far from praiseworthy: for on such melancholy occasions it was observed that the price of your ribbons and gown-pieces always rose in proportion to the affliction of the sufferers and your own sympathy with their loss. Indeed, you were ever a knowing fellow, and looked constantly to the main chance. I ask no better proof of this than a passage in which your friend Mr Wordsworth has unwittingly let the cat out of the bag. He makes you say, after detailing the very heart-rending story of that poor woman Margaret, that at the mere sight of some springing plants about the place, "those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall," you were so reconciled to the idea of her sorrows and death, that you turned away, "and walked along your road in happiness." It is before said that you could afford to suffer, though we never hear of your affording to give Margaret five shillings; and here even your sympathy disappears at a moment's warning. Was this the part of a friendly and sympathetic man who had received such touching acts of kindness from that bereaved and afflicted creature? I suspect not. But, in truth, you were then occupied with thoughts which you were too cunning to let Mr Wordsworth know. You were making a professional application of Virgil's phrase, "*primo vulso non deficit alter*," though in a different way from what the dentist did. Your notion was this: "Well, Margaret is away, but Martha succeeds. I lose one customer, but there soon comes another!" Even in your strongest perceptions of human grief, you did the thing in the way of business. You observed it, that you might tell it again. Like the penny-a-liners of the newspapers, you collected in your rounds the full particulars, and something more, of sad afflictions and moving accidents, that you might repeat them to your next customers, and thereby enhance the price of your wares. Have we forgot Shakspeare's Autolycus? Accordingly, it is admitted, that you pretty well feathered your nest, and are now enjoying a better competency than belongs to many a better man.

Having given this general sketch

of your history, I leave you for the present, in order to speak of myself; but, you will take notice, that I am not done with you, as I intend to come back on the subject, and consider in detail the whole points in your character and career that bear upon the poetical part that you have been made to play.

I shall not here anticipate, more than is necessary, the interesting particulars of my life, or the origin and progress of my own powers. "*Auch' to son pittore*." Tomkins too, perhaps, has composed a long philosophical poem, "containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled, the Commercial Traveller, as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a Poet, living on the road, and engaged in business." Whether and when I shall publish the whole of this poem, or any portion of a part of it, needs not now be explained. But, if I am advised to communicate to the public a *prospectus* or *sample* of it, you shall, with Christopher's permission, have an opportunity of perusing it in the pages of *Maga*. For my present purpose, it is enough that I reveal thus much of my life: I was born and bred in a civilized country: I spoke English from the moment when I could speak at all: as soon as I could walk I wore stockings and shoes: and I was early put into breeches, which I have never discontinued, except now and then when Mrs Tomkins put them on by mistake; and except further on that memorable morning which Christopher has so facetiously recorded as exhibiting my femoral muscles in a defenceless condition. I received a good education in reading and counting, at school, acquiring at the same time a knowledge of some Latin words and some Greek letters. I afterwards served for some months as clerk in a coach-office, and was allowed occasionally to drive a few stages out of town, to give me a strong whip-hand. I was finally rounded off with a session of academical study in the metropolis of your own country, where I also distinguished myself greatly as a member of the Spouter's Union. Fully prepared by this curriculum of instruction, wide awake and up to every thing, with an eye like an arrow, and a tongue like a tavern bell, I entered on that honourable profession for which I was all along design-

ed, and have now for about forty years carried the bag in various grades and departments, with some emolument to myself, and great satisfaction to the public.

Now, Christopher, for here an apostrophe to you breaks involuntarily from my pen—look on this picture, and on that, and repent in sackcloth and ashes the grievous wrong you have done to me, and your own judgment. In your September Number, you thus write as to the exclusive fitness of the Pedlar for the poetical hero of a work like the *Excursion*.

“What would you rather have had the Sage in the *Excursion* to have been? The Senior fellow of a College? A Head? A retired Judge? An ex-Lord Chancellor? A Nabob? A Banker? A Millionaire? or, at once to condescend on Individuals, Natus Consumere Fruges, Esquire? or the Honourable Custos Rotulorum?”

Where, Christopher, were you located when you thus wrote? You seem to have turned over the Oxford Calendar, the Red Book, and the Edinburgh Directory. But was PICOTT not at hand? Was he not, as usual, in the Sanctum, or were you *really* writing among the mountains at the moment? It must have been so: for a glance at his portly volumes would, in your philosophical soul, have been followed by a flash-like perception of the truth. But oh! even in absence of Pigott, could Christopher forget his Isaac—North, his Tomkins,—the Master of Maga, his own son, THE BAGMAN!

Yes, Christopher, and you Macglashan, to whom I once more return, the question propounded as to the appropriate hero of the *Excursion* should have been thus answered. The Pedlar should have been discarded—the Bagman should have been installed in his place. How much more fittingly, how much more gracefully, would he have filled it!

I proceed to compare in detail the principal points in our respective conditions that affect the question of fitness for a poetical character.

I. *Early Life and Education.*

If there had been nothing else to deter Mr Wordsworth from the choice which he made in your favour, he might, I think, have been moved by the consideration that he must thereby forego the praise of originality. This is not the first time that the developement of intellect and imagination in an humble mountain-boy has been made the subject of poetry, and of good poetry too. We have most of us read Beattie's *Minstrel*, and some of us may return to that poem even after reading the *Excursion*, without feeling much disenchantment of the old charm which it exerted over us. Nay, the *Minstrel* may give us greater pleasure than ever from our considering it as the original of so admirable an imitation. So closely has the idea of Edwin been followed by Mr Wordsworth in your own history, that I think at least some acknowledgment was due to the source from which the conception must have been derived. The two stories coincide in almost every particular. The country, Scotland—the locality, a mountainous district—the youth's profession, pastoral—the forms of nature represented as the means of exciting and spiritualizing his mind—and the aim of it all to illustrate ‘the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.’ Let any one closely compare the passages that follow, and ask whether the balance of praise may not be held pretty equally between them, considering, at least, that the one last quoted was the first written. They are both admirable, and certainly your friend's is the more subtle and ethereal; but I suspect the general feeling would back the dead poet against the living one.

WORDSWORTH.

— He had felt the power
Of Nature, and already was prepared,
By his intense conceptions, to receive
Deeply the lesson of deep love, which he
Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught
To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy—but for the growing youth
What soul was his when from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up and bathe the world in light! He looked—

Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
 And ocean's liquid mass beneath him lay
 In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,
 And in their silent faces did he read
 Unutterable love. Sorrow needed none,
 Nor any voice of joy. His spirit drank
 The spectacle, sensation, soul, and force
 All melted into him; they swallowed up
 His animal being: in them did he live,
 And by them did he live; they were his life
 In such access of mind, in such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God.
 Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
 No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request.
 Rapt into still communion that transcends
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
 That made him: it was blessedness and love.

EDWIN.

Lo! where the stripling wrapt in wonder roses
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine,
 And sees on high amidst th' encircling groves
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
 While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
 And Echo swells the chorus to the skies:
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
 For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies
 Ah! no, he better knows great Nature's charms to prize!

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
 When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
 And lake dim gleaming on the smoky lawn;
 Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
 And villager abroad at early toil:
But lo! the sun appears, and heaven, earth, ocean smile!

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
 When all in mist the world below was lost.
 What dreadful pleasure there to stand sublime,
 Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
 And view the enormous waste of vapour tost
 In billows lengthening to the horizon round,
 Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed.
 And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls along the hoar profound.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
 Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene;
 In darkness and in storm he found delight,
 Nor less than when on Ocean wave serene
 The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.
 Even sad vicissitude amused his soul;
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear so sweet, he wished not to control.

In these two quotations we cannot help seeing a resemblance both in the general purpose and in the individual pictures, particularly in that of the rising sun; but I may further ob-

serve, that while the Doctor has the merit of having led the way, he is in some points, also, the more accurate of the two. Edwin's country was either Aberdeenshire, or any other place,

real or imaginary, that might suit the poet or the reader. You, Murdoch, are tied down to the district of Atholl,—for this took place before you became a pedlar,—and I request to know from what bold headland in that neighbourhood you ever beheld the sun rise while “Ocean’s liquid mass beneath you lay?” I am not aware of any point in the Perthshire Highlands from which the sea is at all visible; and there can be none where Ocean is seen lying in a liquid mass beneath the spectator’s eye.

When I further consider that the *Excursion* is, in its general plan, a vindication of those very principles of hope and faith which Beattie so well inculcated in his *Minstrel*, before a

French Revolution had occurred to frighten him into them, I think it would have been as well if, in the choice of his leading character, Mr Wordsworth had avoided this additional point of resemblance. If he wished to escape, as much as possible, the censure of imitation, he should have let alone the herd-boy and taken up the embryo Bagman. Here was scope for a truly creative mind—here was a fresh and virgin sward untrod before by the Muse’s foot—here Wordsworth might have boasted with his mighty master of attuning his harp to things unattempted yet in prose and rhyme—here he might have sung with Lucretius—

“*Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo : juvat integros accedere fontes
Atque haurire ; juvatque novos decerpere flores
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.*”

But independently, Murdoch, of the want of originality in your supposed story, I beg leave to demur to the philosophical correctness of the principles advanced in it. It is quite clear that individuals reared in the country are not the most distinguished for quickness or experience, and it seems to me a very questionable proposition, whether they are even the best and warmest admirers of natural beauty. Certain I am, that among persons of better station, those who have been bred in towns, and have made them their chief residence, are generally much more enthusiastic and enlightened lovers of rural scenery than those to whom the country is their constant domicile : and I don’t see why it should not be so likewise with those of humbler condition. By the mere countryman, the country is regarded too much in a professional point of view. It is his place of business—his shop—the scene of his daily drudgery—the source of his animal subsistence and commercial profit : and its different appearances must, therefore, strike him more according to their utility than according to their picturesque or imaginative character. A farmer or shepherd looks at the features of nature with reference to questions of crops and stocking—and speculates how many returns of wheat the dale may yield—how many

head of cattle may be reared on the hill in summer or winter. But to the townsman, visiting the lofty mountain or the blooming valley, amid his intervals of toil and care, they appear entirely in a poetical point of view. They are not in his eyes combined with the prosaic thoughts of usefulness or money-making : they are wholly beautiful or sublime. They are not stained by every-day associations : but rise or expand before him in all the sacredness and purity of an ideal picture. What associations they do bring are in the highest degree pleasurable and endearing. They tell him of freedom newly gained—of health and cheerfulness about to be restored—of misery and weariness left behind. All the elasticity of lightened spirits—all the enchantment of romantic illusion—combine to make him drink in the forms and hues of natural imagery with an avidity and joy unknown to those who are for ever in the midst of them, and who, for the most part of their time, must regard them with callous indifference while occupied in the tame or vulgar avocations of a work-day world. Hear accordingly what the poets say on this theme. Hear Horace. “*O rus, quando ego te aspiciam !*” Such is the aspiration of the man surrounded by the vexations of urban life. Hear Milton—

As onewho long in populous city pent,
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
 Among the pleasant villages and farms
 Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight,
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound,

So much for ordinary or direct perceptions of nature. Then as to the poetical vision of her charms, the case is perhaps still stronger against the mere native. In addition to the disturbing effect of those associations, which, in his thoughts, cling to all natural objects as interwoven with his daily routine of employments, the education of his mind seems to be unfavourable for lofty or inspired conceptions. If poetic power consists in clothing external objects with human or spiritual life, we must enquire where this creative and intelligent principle is best to be fostered. It appears to me, that the spirit of intelligence must be first caught, not from a visual perception of rocks, or fields, or groves, but from a contemplation of the human face divine, and a sympathetic contact with that world of wonders, the human heart. This feeling must, I should think, be gained in society, and is naturally thence transferred to the great or graceful features of natural imagery, which we feel to be beautiful or sublime as we are enabled to animate them with emotions or influences analogous to those of spiritual beings. I am not sure that I have either demonstrated the truth of this view, or made it very intelligible; but, if not, it will be more nearly on a par with some of your own speculations. This I feel quite sure of, that the perfect development of the human heart and intellect, whether in wisdom or in taste, is to be discerned, not in him who dreams away his days on a hillside as a herdsman or a herdsman's master, but in him who opens his senses and feelings to all the varieties of natural objects and suggestions, rural or urban, moral or physical, solitary or social.

But waving the further debate of this more difficult controversy, I demand next whether, if a country boy is to be made the hero of a philosophical poem, the locality of Blair-Atholl is the best that can be chosen for the place of his birth and nurture. I opine not. I have always considered

it essential to the free development of the higher faculties that the lower appetites and necessities should first be reasonably well provided for. Neither the rational nor the imaginative powers can begin to act with effect until the stomach shall have previously received a regular supply of nutritious food, and the surface of the body have been comfortably protected from the external air. This last prerequisite I consider of peculiar importance. The connexion of the intellect with the posterior portions of the human form has been long recognised both in private families and in public schools; and no channel of instruction more direct and efficacious has yet been discovered. But with this view it is necessary that the cuticle should be preserved in a state of considerable sensibility. The constant exposure, therefore, of these important regions to the biting blast or the damp soil must be attended with a corresponding callosity in the intellectual susceptibilities. Hence it happens that, so far as I have heard, there is no well authenticated example on record of any considerable progress in mental refinement in the case of an individual who has long worn the kilt or philabeg; and I am disposed to ascribe to this, rather than to any other cause, the general inferiority of the Celtic tribes to those of Gothic origin. I may observe, in passing, that the late Sir James Mackintosh affords no contradiction to this remark, as it is well known that he was early put into breeches. Samuel Boyse is the only poet, so far as I remember, who is said to have appeared in public without that article of attire. But this singularity was in him only occasional, and must doubtless have impaired the man's genius, such as it was. Altogether it appears to me that your friend Mr Wordsworth has here fallen into the common error of many foreigners with reference to Scotland, in overlooking the distinction between the different divisions of that country. The occurrence of intellect or poetry in an Ayrshire

ploughman, or a Selkirkshire shepherd, is as different a phenomenon as possible from a miracle of the same kind springing up in a Highland parish, where the inhabitants are wholly unaccustomed to clothe either their thoughts or their thighs in a Saxon dress.

It appears, therefore, perfectly plain, that as to the history and locality of your early years, Mr Wordsworth has committed an egregious blunder in trying to make a philosopher of you. How much more suitably would the lot have lighted upon me. In what scenes or circumstances could a youth be more effectually trained to a knowledge of men and things than in those which I have generally described as surrounding me in my boyhood? Not staring for days at a bleak mountain or a swampy glen, but looking sharp about me in large cities and crowded streets—not poring over the stupid features of wedders and black cattle as my only companions and acquaintance, but gathering a reciprocity of intelligence from the eyes of my fellow-men, ready to take every advantage of me if I did not anticipate them in the attempt—not starving upon oatmeal porridge and shivering in a scanty petticoat, but well-fed and warmly clothed, yet fully apprised that the continuance of these comforts from day to day depended on my own vigilance and activity—not moping myself dumb in solitude, or jabbering in a barbarous tongue, but practised to utter or disguise my thoughts as expediency might prompt, and never at a loss either for wit or words. Whether the object was to describe the progress of a poet or of a philosopher, of a man of reflection or a man of experience, here was the shop in which his apprenticeship should have been served. The opening which W. W. could not here see, we, I. T., may some day soon demonstrate, by practical proofs, to be the right road at once to popularity and fame.

II. *Profession and Pursuits of mature years.*

Here I confess the originality of Mr Wordsworth's adoption of your story. I know of no previous attempt to dignify the destinies of a Pedlar. But the question is, whether the Bagman would not have been

equally original and more to the purpose. Let us consider this matter a little in detail.

One of the most important elements of wisdom is experience. Now here I have clearly the advantage of you in several ways. I have already admitted that you had the means of becoming acquainted with a few individuals of your species, and of picking up several family anecdotes. But rate your observations in this way as highly as you please, I undertake to *centuple* them. I have had a wider field than you. *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!* What corner of the island, from Gosport to John-o'-Groats, from Penzance to Peterhead, has not been delighted and benefited by the visits of Tomkins? Then, again, my observations have been much more multifarious. I move at a more rapid pace than you pedestrians, and consequently must see ten times as much in the same time. I travel over more populous districts, and consequently must see twenty times as much as you in the same space. What ups and downs, what choppings and changes have I witnessed in my day, in common as well as in commercial life. How many feasts and frays—how many births and marriages—how many breaches of promise, crimes, and separate maintenances—how many fortunes made and spent—how many imprisonments, *fieri facias*, insolvencies, and bankrupt commissions. If I were to tell you a hundredth part of these last, it would make your hair stand on end. Then, Murdoch, consider that a Bagman is not, like a Pedlar, a solitary, but a gregarious animal. The proverb with you is, Two of a trade—with us, Birds of a feather. You have nothing like our Commercial Room, where we enjoy the benefit of the traditionary wisdom of ages, and the accumulated knowledge of the whole profession. To this hive the whole bees of our commonwealth contribute their honey. This of itself would place us a thousand miles in advance of you and your limited individual gleanings. “O! noctes canaque Deum!” O the three D’s! as Sprigs used to say—Dinners, Drink, and Devils! O! if you heard us in a winter’s night with song upon song, and story upon story. Mr Wordsworth says

that you sing a good stave yourself. He says that, at his request, you would sing

" Old songs—the product of your native hills ;

A skillful distribution of sweet sounds,
Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed
As cool refreshing water."

It does not strike me that this is the description which a person of very musical ear would give of very good music. Is your friend, pray, not a little timber-tuned? But what were these songs of yours? The Flowers of the Forest, or Auld Robin Gray? Neither: They were the product of your native hills. Gaelic, therefore; *Achra fionn, fionn*: or *Machanachourich*, that Jenkins used to sing far better than you could ever do; and no great shakes after all. Then as to stories, what is all the prosy stuff that a parson may tell you, about the people lying in a churchyard among the mountains, compared with what I have seen and heard. By the by, in that chapter, one of the parson's stories seems to me to have a very immoral tendency. I mean, where a girl, that has a natural child, is taken out as a wet-nurse. This is

a thing I never would permit Mrs Tomkins to do. When she did not nurse herself, I always insisted on her having a married woman or a widow. But to return to my own case: I was speaking in praise of the narratives of our Commercial Room, which I assure you would rival, as in some respects they resemble, the Decameron of Boccaccio. Were you ever bankrupt, Macglashan? I dare say not, you never were respectable enough to be in debt. Bankruptcy, I assure you, is a fearful thing until you are accustomed to it, and then it is excessively interesting and romantic. Jack Jones used to say, "There is not a more tragic situation in human life than that there." And then Higgins would reply, "No, nor a more comic one than when you get your certificate!" I wish you had heard Jones; and you may and shall hear him. You and the public shall hear more of him at a future period; and at this present time you shall hear him in a little sketch of commercial distress, extracted from my poetical record, and which I assure you Jones used to give us in a style, at once technical and touching, that was peculiarly his own. Here goes.

" You all have heard,"

The honoured Bagman thus pursued the theme,
" You all have heard of him, my earliest friend,
Who on the banks of Mersey's golden wave
Long grew a flourishing commercial tree,
Fruitful and fair; his roots descended strong
To central earth, his stature reached the sky,
And his broad branches shadowed half the globe.
Many and multifold his dealings were;
Cottons and cooles, and the extracted sweets
Of Occidental India's luscious cane
Enriched his crowded stores: deep laden ships,
Freighted or owned by him in whole or part,
Speckled the sea; and far along the land
In many an enterprise of high design,
The railway rapid, or the slow canal,
His shares were countless as the stars of Heaven.
While East and North and South with joy received
Unnumbered bagmen on his errands bent.
But chiefly was his name and honour known
In every nook within his native shire
As the first partner of a banking firm.
High was their credit in the mouths of men,
And wide as on the pinions of the wind
Their issuing notes in all directions flew,
The mystic shadows of substantial gold.

" Such was the merchant, and the man still more
Was prosperous and blest. A loving wife,
His sleeping partner now for twenty years,
Graced the proud top of his domestic board;
Five daughters and three sons were ranged around,

And for his casual or invited guests
 Daily a dozen covers more were set.
 His stables far resounded with the neigh
 Of coach-horse, hack, and racer, while around,
 The travelling chariot or the family coach,
 With lesser vehicles of varied use,
 Employed the care of many a menial hand.

“ It seemed as if his happy fate had fixed
 A spoke in fortune's wheel ; but now arose
 Reverses sharp and sudden ; favourite stocks
 Fell to a discount ; ships went down at sea,
 And underwriters would not pay the loss.
 Blind, nameless whisperings floated in the air,
 And looks ambiguous, shakings of the head,
 Or archings of the brow, diffused alarm.
 Dim hollow murmurs rumbling in men's ears
 Bespoke to all, except its destined prey,
 The coming earthquake ; and at length it came.

“ One summer morning, at their opening hour,
 The tellers in the bank perceived with dread
 A throng unusual pressing round the doors.
 My friend was sent for ; he was out of town,
 At a fair villa on the Chester road.
 Swiftly he came ; but shuddered when he saw
 That ominous sight ; along the counter's edge
 A row of faces eagerly advanced,
 Demanding audience, while contending hands
 Outstretched displayed their documents of debt,
 Receipt, or banker's note, or bill mature,
 With a black troubled sea of heads behind.
 One row retreating for another row
 Made way incessant, as wave follows wave :
 And now the current setting fiercely in
 Proclaimed too well that dreadful thing—a *run*.
 All day the tide tumultuous rolled along
 With deafening roar—insatiate to devour
 The stately structure of a prosperous life.
 Not on that day was seen with wonted cheer
 The welcome visitor, with treasure fraught,
 Rejoicing to dismiss the anxious charge
 From his own keeping : if he came at all,
 He came with altered countenance, to reclaim
 What he had gladly lent the day before.
 Nor traders only swelled that gloomy crowd :
 The pale mechanic there, now paler seen,
 The trembling beldame, trembling more with fear
 Than with old age, brought forth, in tattered guise,
 The hoarded paper that expressed their all,
 And when they grasped the scarce expected gold
 With upturned eyes of joy fled fast away.
 O who shall tell the merchant's heaving breast
 And heavy heart : not easy was the task
 To wear an aspect smiling or serene,
 While ruin's march was thundering in his ears :
 But when he marked among the rest a face
 Of one he deemed a friend, of one who oft
 Had ate his bread and tasted of his cup,
 Now seen remorselessly to join the cry
 Of that fierce pack that hunted him to death,
 This overcame him quite : and he retired
 To hide his feelings from the face of day.

“ The bank, at last, was almost drained of gold,—
 For at that period Bank of England notes
 Were not a legal tender,—and had now

Began in part to pay in silver coin—

When hark! the tongue of an adjoining clock,

More welcome sound ne'er fell on listening ear,

Proclaimed the hours of business at an end.

" I cannot paint, though I can partly feel
The miseries of that night : I had returned
That evening from my journey to the north,
But did not see my friend : the following morn
I took his letters to him from the post :
I scarcely dared to look on him : but stole
A reverent glance of pity and of fear :
He seemed indeed a strangely altered man,
Yet he spoke cheerily : but when he read
A letter that my hand too rashly gave,
Prone at my feet he fell. The letter told
Of aid spontaneous and unlooked for, sent
By generous friends; and bringing a reprieve
From swift destruction it o'erwhelmed him thus.
The news spread quickly round : and soon the calm
Of confidence dispersed the raging storm.
My friend seemed happy, chiefly that his wife
And daughters had escaped that dreadful day.
But soon I saw the outward ciatrice
Concealed a sad and mortal wound within,
And ere the bank's half-yearly settlements
Thrice struck, had proved his wealth and name repaired,
My friend and patron died, in prime of life,
Beloved and honoured, of a broken heart."

You will not deny that a *run* is a very moving incident ; and if Mr Wordsworth and you may say that my narrative smells too much of the shop and too little of the lamp, do it better yourselves, and I'll engage it shall be popular, at least among our fraternity.

One further point of difference in our experiences I shall notice, which is, that your beat has been chiefly among mere rusties, while mine has led to an intimate acquaintance with the urban population. It cannot, I presume, be disputed that considerable towns are at once the result and the test of civilisation, and that they are the great receptacles of talent and wisdom. Who was the wisest man ? I don't mean according to the Mother's Catechism, in which, perhaps, you are more versant than myself ; but I ask the question with reference to the records of profane history. Ulysses unquestionably. And how was his wisdom acquired ? Horace after Homer tells us the reason :—" Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et agros." How would it do if he had said—" Qui mores hominum paucorum vidit et agros ?" This would seem as well, but would it be as good sense ? Plainly not. On this high authority, therefore, you must concede that your

limited acquaintance with comparatively few persons in the rural districts of the border, is not to be compared with my knowledge of many men in many towns all over the island.

III. *Implements of Trade.*

In further considering our relative claims to poetical dignity, my attention is forcibly arrested by the most conspicuous badge of a Pedlar's calling—I mean THE PACK. The first idea that it suggests is its effect in retarding motion. Resembling as you do a snail in his habits, by carrying, if not your house, yet your shop upon your back, you would fairly outdo him in a race on the donkey principle. But this is the least of it. The snail carries his burden freely and gracefully, because naturally. Your condition as a Packman is a standing violation of the first law of nature in relation to the destinies of man. Let any body look at you with your chest making an angle of 45 degrees with your natural perpendicular, and ask if this is the position in which a lofty character is to be formed ? Well did the poet say in a trite but noble passage—

" Pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera
terram,

Os homini SUBLINE dedit; cœlumque videre

JUSSIT, erectos AD SIDERA tollere vultus."

Your own poet tells us that "the primal duties shine aloft—like stars!" How should you ever get a knowledge of them with a pack on your shoulders? No, Murdoch, you plainly belong to the *cetera animalia*. Down, then, on your marrow-bones, and perform in a suitable position your appropriate functions of a beast of burden! One advantage, indeed, your profession in this respect may have brought with it, that the callosity of your dorsal muscles may have better prepared you for your present flagellation.

As to the pack itself, Mr Wordsworth has made the most of it when he says,

"Within their moving magazines is lodged
Power that comes forth to quicken and exalt

Affections seated in the mother's breast
And in the lover's fancy; and to feed
The sober sympathies of long-tried
friends."

But were we to come to details, how poor and mean would the contents appear. I decline to vulgarise Mr North's pages with an enumeration of articles so essentially unpoetical, and which every reader's fancy can readily supply.

See now the contrast between yourself and me. In attitude how different! Nature, in my case, has not only escaped degradation, but has received assistance and embellishment. Nothing is so good for the carriage as driving a gig. Then, in our paraphernalia, what an immeasurable distance between the pack and the bag! The one all that is coarse and clumsy—the other all that is graceful and genteel; the one all body—the other all spirit; the one prose—the other poetry. O that the pen of Wordsworth had been employed to describe the wonders of this magic repository, which, like Fortunatus's purse, contains such boundless resources in so narrow a compass; always emptying yet never empty; always filling yet never full. But if Wordsworth declines the task, Tomkins himself must try it, and favour you with

THE BAGMAN TO HIS BAG.

1.

My faithful Bag! no tongue can tell
What rising joys my bosom swell,
When, linked with thee, I speed along,
And sound thy praise in many a song,
While here and there I broach the cag,
And drink to thee, my faithful Bag.

2.

Let paltry Pedlars bow the back,
And pant and pech beneath the pack;
Thy soft expansion, void or full,
Is light as lady's reticule.
No porter's load I need to drag
While thou art mine, my faithful Bag.

3.

No cumbrous stores thy depths conceal,
Of hard or soft, of stuff or steel:
But mighty Commerce finds in thee
Her portable epitome.
It costs me neither force nor fag
To wield thy weight, my faithful Bag.

4.

From door to door as forth I go,
And all thy tempting treasures show,
The maidens round enraptured gaze,
And feel their bosoms in a blaze;
While thus their tongues in concert wag,
"Oh the dear Bagman and his Bag!"

5.

In gig or mail, as on I roll,
Thy loved idea haunts my soul.
But most when frosts are biting chill
I blow a cloud, serene and still—
Havannah fine, or simple shag—
And muse on thee, my faithful Bag.

6.

Though varied scenes my eyes survey,
As fate directs my wandering way,
Yet still thy presence fills my heart,
In street or store, in church or mart;
By flood or fell, on knoll or crag,
I think of thee, my faithful Bag.

7.

Place me where ne'er a summer breeze
With balmy breath refreshed the trees,
Where fogs and frowning skies abound,
And not a bill or note is found,
My heart and voice shall never flag
To love and laud my faithful Bag.

8.

Place me where overhead shall run
The car of the too-neighbouring sun,
Where far along the burning zone,
Commercial houses scarce are known—
Till thirst unquenched my mouth shall gag,
I'll fondly sing my faithful Bag.

In the same strain and with equal success, I might contrast your iron-pointed staff with my gig whip—and your thick-soled and clouted shoon with my Sunday Wellingtons or travelling tops.

I think I have now made out a sufficient case against you and Mr Wordsworth, and demonstrated that, in all points of view, my character and history are eminently suited for the hero of a great philosophical poem, and that yours are as eminently the reverse. But before closing my letter let me shortly advert to those points which Mr Wordsworth, conscious of an impending attack, has put forward in his defence.

Mr Wordsworth says that he has ever been ready "to pay homage to the aristocracy of nature," in which category he seems to include your case. I am not sure that I understand the phrase that here occurs in the poet's prose. If by the aristocracy of nature is meant the pre-eminence of mere natural genius, the idea is not peculiarly applicable to your situation, and by comprehending too much will be found to contain nothing at all. In that view, a philosophical poem might be written to celebrate the natural genius of a coalheaver, or hackney-coachman, for I presume that such genius, if it exists, may be found alike in all situations of life. But I would ask whether, in the creation of her aristocracy, Nature does not give *carte blanche* to Education? It seems pretty plain, at least, that Education must affix the seal before the patent can be issued. If by the aristocracy of nature is meant the nobility which results from educated genius, or genius sufficiently educated to make itself seen, the principle contended for may be true, but it is certainly not new. Every body pays homage to genius where it appears, and where it does not appear, homage cannot be expected.

If, again, it is not intended to refer to genius, but to good sense or respectability, here, too, the sentiment is sufficiently trite, but it is not very relevant. Every body may not pay "homage," in a literal sense, to an honest or sagacious man in a shabby coat, but every body that knows what he is will have a certain regard for him proportioned to his good qualities. But it is one thing to have a liking or

respect for a worthy or decent man in the rank of a mechanic or travelling merchant, and another thing to exalt him above other men, equally worthy and decent, but of higher station and accomplishments, and to make him the oracle of a philosophical poem.

In short, the more I consider the expression in which this apology for you is conveyed, the less I understand it. We are *all* of us, in one sense, of nature's making, and, in another sense, we are all of us the product, not of nature, but of education and society. Mr Wordsworth does not mean to set up as a model a man of natural genius with *no* education and *no* calling or social employment; for he gives even you some education, and he gives you a profession not more natural than that of a general officer or a retired judge. If some education, then, may enter into the composition of nature's aristocracy, why not a good education? If some profession may be allowed, why not the best and most extensive? Sure I am that, if the aristocracy of nature may be illustrated in you, it may be equally found in me, being, as I am, of at least equal natural endowments, and of analogous though superior pursuits. If nature allows her "peerage" to tramp about the country as pedlars, she need not to object to recognise them when driving their gig as bagmen. Upon the whole, I suspect we should return to our old notions on this subject, and admit that the seeming prejudices of society are here, as elsewhere, founded in truth. As a general rule, it will be found that noblemen, gentlemen, and bagmen are in the most favourable position for mental improvement, and that the idea of making heroes and sages out of pedlars or potters is visionary and absurd. But indeed Mr Wordsworth shows us, in Peter Bell, the true effects of a wandering pedestrian life. Peter, from birth and habits, might have been called up to nature's House of Lords as well as yourself. But the truth there was too clear to be tampered with; and thus one of your associates by act of Parliament (see *supra*, Edward VI.), is written down a blackguard, while you, who are not essentially different, are promoted to be a gentleman and an aristocrat.

But Mr Wordsworth refers to an authority in prose in support of his

poetry. He appeals to Heron's Journey in Scotland. Now I have been often enough at the assizes as party or bystander to know that this evidence would be treated as coming from a somewhat suspicious quarter. Heron, if I mistake not, was a native of Scotland, and it would be rash to trust too far to the testimony of a Scotchman, particularly of the last century, where the honour of his country, or the station of his countrymen, was involved. But let us examine what the witness says, and see whether it bears internal evidence of sober truth and strict impartiality. Passing over the reference to ancient history as mere hearsay, and the sneer against missionaries as not to the purpose, we come to his description of what he professes to know as actual facts.

"It is further to be observed," Mr Heron says, "for the credit of this most useful class of men, that they commonly contribute, *by their personal manners*, no less than by the sale of their wares, to the *refinement* of the people among whom they travel." This is somewhat new. In this view, the manners of a packman should have become proverbial, yet I never heard them so characterised. A vagrant Chesterfield is quite an original idea. "Their dealings form them to great *quickness of wit*, and acuteness of judgment!" That you may be acute enough in your dealings I don't deny, but it is a pity that your poet's plan did not permit him to give us specimens of the *wit* here lauded. May we soon expect a collection of your *mots*? If you don't favour us, however, we can fall back on the merry and humorous achievements of John Cheap the Chapman, a pamphlet well known in your own country, affording, for the price of one halfpenny, a good deal of *wit*, but not certainly remarkable for that *refinement* which Mr Heron had praised in the preceding sentence. "Having constant occasion to *recommend themselves and their goods*, they acquire habits of the most obliging attention, and the most *insinuating address*." In recommending your goods, Puff, the auctioneer, was probably nothing to you, but as to your insinuating address, what did it consist in beyond what belongs to the most ordinary shopman in the most ordi-

nary haberdasher's shop? "As in their peregrinations they have opportunity of contemplating the manners of various men, and various cities, they become *eminently skilled in the knowledge of the world*." What are the various cities you were acquainted with? Two or three at the most; Perth and Dumfries, Edinburgh and Carlisle. But what parts of those cities did you visit? Not certainly the most elegant or improving; who ever saw you on Prince's Street in the metropolis of your own country? No one; you put up at the Highlander's Salutation in the Grassmarket, nor ever visited a more fashionable district than the Candlemaker Row, or Bristo Port: while your *houffs* in the other places were of a similar respectability. "As they wander, each alone, through thinly inhabited districts, they form habits of reflection and sublime contemplation." This seems the main passage in the evidence; but I think I have already obviated it. I can allow of no sublime contemplation in a traveller who bears a burden on his back, that won't let him hold up his head, or look beyond his shoe-tie. "With all these qualifications, *no wonder* that they should often be, in remote parts of the country, the *BEST MIRRORS OF FASHION* and censors of manners; and should contribute much to polish the roughness, and soften the rusticity of our peasantry!" O Murdoch, this of you; you the *best mirror of fashion*! with those corduroy *knees*, drab-coloured *spats*, as you call them, and ribbed blue stockings between; not to speak of that waistcoat with the flaps! This is *too much*; it out-Herons Heron; "Gentlemen of the jury," as my friend Buckram used to say, "after this can you believe a word that this witness has told you?"

From the rest of this Mr Heron's statement it appears that the travelling merchant turns out, after all, to be no waiter, but a Knight Templar. "When, after twenty years absence in that honourable line of employment, he returned with his acquisitions to his native country, he was regarded as a *gentleman to all intents and purposes*!" So then the Pedlar does not rest satisfied with belonging to the aristocracy of nature, but takes his place as an Esquire in the ranks of artificial socie-

ty, and probably dines once a month with *Custos Rotulorum* himself, if he does not ultimately sit for the county. This shifting of your ground won't do, Murdoch. It is very plain, on your poet's own showing, that you are no gentleman, even in your retirement; and if in this and other points the testimony in your favour is shaken, it must altogether fall.

But if there is any truth in the passage quoted from Heron, assuredly it applies not to you but to me. *Mutato nomine de me Tabula narratur*. There would be nothing absurd in applying to me all the encomiums that are so misplaced as they stand. The personal manners and refinement—quickness of wit, and acuteness of judgment—the habits of obliging attention and insinuating address, all belong more appropriately to Tomkins the Bagman than to any other being. Then unquestionably my peregrinations give me that opportunity of contemplating the manners of various men and various cities, and of acquiring an eminent knowledge of the world, the possession of which can be but scantily predicated of you. As to solitary wanderings and the formation of habits of reflection and sublime contemplation, who can boast of these advantages so justly or so largely as myself? Alone in my gig I traverse, not only the

most populous, but also the most thinly inhabited districts of the island. Within an hour's drive from my own door in Sheffield, I find myself on my midland circuit in the wildest solitudes of the Derbyshire hills, and there, inspired by the genius of the place and an occasional auxiliary to enthusiasm of a more potent kind, I can indulge my sublime contemplations to a degree of intensity that would be incompatible with the prosecution of a pitiful pedestrian journey. With all these qualifications, indeed, no wonder that I should be often the "best mirror of fashion" that a country bumpkin can dress himself by. But you—that is a very different affair.

Nothing more, then, need be said. The Excursion is undoubtedly a fine poem, and Mr Wordsworth is the greatest poet of his day; but he was quite wrong when he chose you for a hero, instead of giving the preference to,

Yours always (in the way of business),

ISAAC TOMKINS.

On hand at present an unusually excellent assortment of grates, stoves, and fire-irons. The smallest order executed with the same punctuality as the largest.

ON CATHOLICISM, PROTESTANTISM, AND PHILOSOPHY IN FRANCE.

BY M. GUIZOT.

WE have, in several papers of late years, given our readers many interesting details respecting the state of religion in France. We have therein expressed our opinion that the subject in that country is becoming gradually ascendant, and experience has completely justified this opinion. The very fact that M. Guizot has felt himself called upon to publish a grave essay, having the above title, proves this. That distinguished person is, by his position, and the character of his mind, eminently a *practical* man, and he would not devote an hour of his time to any matter which he did not deem had immediate practical bearings. Religious questions then have, it appears, come to have an acknowledged importance in France, which will, we feel persuaded, become more and more prominent every day. When one of the most illustrious authors, and one of the soundest statesmen in Europe, gives to the world, therefore, under this conviction, his deliberate thoughts on such serious topics, the sentiments he enunciates thereupon cannot fail to attract general attention, and to exert a considerable influence on the public mind. There is something very striking, too, in an active politician, in one who has been a leading Cabinet Minister in a great nation, and who is likely to be so again, considering discussions of a theological nature to fall within the domain of politics. But the reason of this is, that the *political* condition of the French kingdom is *palpably* affected, not merely remotely so, as it were, by under-currents of health, or of disease, but *materially*, on its surface as well as in its heart, both by the general indifference and laxity, and by the very partial earnestness of religious belief which prevail throughout that land. It is then *necessity*—a dire political necessity which there urges men, engrossed in state affairs, to pay an anxious attention to the external effects of the two adverse Christian creeds, and of philosophy, in the positions which they respectively hold in France. Deeper than this they enquire not, and there is, therefore, nothing satisfactory in

their speculations. Politicians who are philosophers rather than Christians, are, of all men, the most inapt to understand even the *political* operations of religion. The little work of M. Guizot, now under our consideration, makes this most manifest. It is, nevertheless, a singularly important production. It may be almost regarded as an historic document, and future historians may refer to it as to a most authentic source of information respecting the moral and religious situation of the French people at the present period. We shall consequently, although it has been already widely circulated in the French journals, lay it, with as little mutilation as possible, before our readers. From its literary merit alone it deserves a careful translation. It is, indeed, a masterpiece of the artful style of composition. Never before, perhaps, except in the writings of Bossuet, was there an instance of more skill than this essay exhibits, in giving to superficiality, by the shadow of a deep mind reflected on it, the appearance of profundity. We shall reserve our comments for the concluding part of this article, and proceed now to the translation.

"It is," M. Guizot begins, "of Catholicism and of Protestantism, not of religion, nor even of Christianity in general, that I design to speak. I regret that it is not possible to designate *philosophy* by any definite denomination. But, to be at once and clearly understood, I hasten to say, that, on the present occasion, I mean by *philosophy*, every opinion, under any name or any form, which admits not of any system of faith as obligatory on the human intelligence, and which leaves man, on the subject of religion, as on all others, free to believe or not to believe, depending solely on himself for his interior convictions. It is of France and of France alone that I write. The state of Catholicism, of Protestantism, and of philosophy, is not the same in France, after our moral and social revolutions, in a country which has undergone such revolutions, as it is elsewhere. I will advance nothing which does not result from positive facts, and

which cannot have a practical application. The moment has arrived to confront facts themselves, real facts, and to discard general terms which elude the questions they seem to decide. I am convinced that Catholicism, Protestantism, and philosophy, may, in the bosom of our new society, in the France of the *Charte*, subsist together in peace among themselves, and with her,—in a peace not only material but moral, not merely forced but voluntary, without renouncing or compromising their distinct and separate views,—in truth and in honour. This I will prove.

“ I maintain as my first argument absolutely, that this must be, it must be necessarily. The following is the state of things :—The Catholicism, the Protestantism, and the philosophy of the new French society can neither destroy each other, nor undergo such modifications as may seem good either to the one or to the other of them. They are ancient facts, powerful, full of life, indestructible, at least for an incalculable length of time. They have stood their ground in the midst of the severest trials—trials of periods of tranquillity and order—and of seasons of violence and chaotic confusion. Our New France, the France of the *Charte*, has been in process of formation and developement for centuries. All things have warred with her, and all has concurred to her triumph ; the church, the nobility, royalty, the court ; the grandeur of Louis XIV., the indolence of Louis XV., the Wars of the Empire, and the Peace of the Restoration. She has risen above her own faults as above the ascendancy of her enemies. Catholicism was born at the same time as modern Europe, in the same cradle. It has been identified with all the operations of European civilisation. It has survived all its transformations. In our days it has encountered the most terrible shock which ever struck a creed or a church. It has been lifted up even by the hand of its destroyers. It is regaining strength visibly day by day. Let us enter domestic circles ; let us visit the provinces, and we shall see what power it still possesses, despite the lukewarmness of many of its adherents, and even of many of its priests. The destinies of Protestantism in France have been severe. It has been opposed by our kings and the people, by the literature

of the seventeenth century, and the philosophy of the eighteenth. At times it has seemed to be extirpated by Catholicism, and at others to be absorbed by philosophy ; but it has succumbed neither to persecution nor to disdain ; it subsists, and hardly has it been endowed with liberty, when it recovers at the same time its ancient fervour. As to philosophy, it has experienced many checks in the midst of its triumphs ; its vanities and mistakes may be easily exposed ; it has much to repair, but nothing to fear ; it remains master of the field. The principles which it has proclaimed have become rights ; these rights have become facts ; the new social state which it has produced will be no less favourable to it than the old one it has vanquished. Evidently these three powers are full of life, and have long prospects before them. They have been roughly assailed, but in vain ; they have received no mortal blow, neither are they more subject to change than to death. Doubtless they may adopt certain modifications in accordance with their new situation ; they will listen to reason ; they will recognise necessity ; but without denying their principles, without abdicating their nature. Such concessions they cannot make ; all that is characteristic and vital in them will endure. Without transformation, then, and such as God and time has made them, they must exist, side by side, under the same social canopy.

“ If they live not together in peace, in sincere peace, what will happen ? We shall see recommence the wars which our fathers have witnessed ; the war between Catholicism and Protestantism ; the war between Christian creeds and philosophy ; between the Church and the New State ; we shall see a revival of every sort of fanaticism, lay and ecclesiastic, philosophic and religious. But this is not probable. One meets here and there, in books and in journals, sometimes even in graver publications, certain attempts towards such a retrogression, certain Catholic acerbities against Protestant impiety, Protestant against Papist idolatry, bigoted against reason and enlightenment, philosophical against faith and the clergy. Yet all this constitutes mere verbal disputes, often sincere, generally cold, and always impotent. No doubt the old

leaven of hatred and of feud deposited in all human convictions, still remains there, but it can no longer find a response in society. It is abhorrent to our manners, and still more to our laws. The Will will soon be wanting, even in hearts most inclined to this evil disposition, to give it effect. Those who continue to preach irritation either in Christian communions among themselves, or from the philosophic chair against Christianity, preach with the voice of the dying, abandoned on a conquered field where they persist in remaining. Here is what is more likely to happen. Living neither in peace nor at war, neighbours without friendship, and jealous without passion, Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy, and with them society at large, will become low, cold, and feeble. Dignity and force, which result from lively, moral reciprocities, will both fail them. A dry and sterile spirit will pervade their purely official and formal intercommunications. And we shall see that state of indifference, at once disdainful and subaltern, that naked frigidity of character, which must characterise communities depending barely on the mechanism of human laws, on a bureaucratic administration, devoid of morality,—that is, of faith and devotion,—spread, harden, become permanent, and in a manner legally and socially consecrated among men. Is it then to reach this goal that the human intelligence has for so many centuries unfolded its resources with so much brilliancy in our country? Is it to be quelled at this barren and ignoble term—at this degradation,—that all mighty believing hopes, that all puissant moral energies have striven together, with so much exasperation, and so much glory, for the mastery of our society? No. They must save themselves, they must save our country from this shameful peril. They must adopt, they must respect, they must serve loyally our new social state. They must live in harmony with mutual respect. I say they *must*. An immense advance is made in every great design, when success is regarded as indispensable, as vital. The conviction of necessity gives to those to whom this conviction is pleasing, great strength; to those to whom it is displeasing, great resignation. A passionate desire is more sustain-

ing than deceiving. And certainly such an ardour ought to be felt here, for the honour and the moral repose of our society are, for a long stretch of time, at stake. It cannot remain in the state of apathy and disquietude, of langour and strife, in which it exists at present. The soul must have at once more activity and more security, a firmer resting-place, and a higher flight; and a real pacification of the great contending intellectual powers can alone accomplish this. How, then, is this to be brought about? I shall grapple without hesitation with the most prominent and gravest difficulty which besets this project—the nature of Catholicism, and the conditions on which alone it can subsist in harmony with the new society which has made with it, and on which it has retaliated, such fierce war. But I leave out of consideration religious questions, properly so called, questions which regard the intimate relations between God and man, in which the salvation of the human soul is interested.

“Not that I regard these questions with indifference; not that their importance is not now what it has ever been, immensely dominant. It is essential, on the contrary, constantly to repeat this, for in our time it is too much forgotten. The real object, the root, the essence of religion consists, in fact, in its spiritual properties. Its morality is valuable, no doubt, as the rule of conduct of men in their intercourse with other men; it is valuable also in calming the mind to resignation in the midst of the trials of life. These are the effects of religion upon the earth, where it occupies a vast space. But its sphere of action is much wider, extends far beyond human society and the world; it binds man to God, reveals to him the secret of this awful communion, teaches him what he should believe, and what he should do in his connexion with the Almighty, and in his prospects of eternity. These are indestructible facts, from which man may for a moment withdraw his attention, but which he cannot efface from his nature. These are sublime wants, from which he cannot dis sever himself even when he abuses and denies them. The logic of these facts, the satisfaction of these wants, that is to say, doctrine and its consequences, is truly religion, is es-

pecially the Christian religion, the first which has really comprehended and embraced its objects. But in these questions, and in the doctrines in which they receive their more specific expression, there is nothing which excites conflict between Catholicism and civil society. The State proclaims in this matter not only liberty but the rights of the Church, and declares herself incompetent to meddle with them. . . .

Under this point of view, therefore, peace is assured, and may easily be maintained with sincerity between Catholicism and our new society. The real difficulty lies in the following consideration. The Government of the Catholic Church consists in a power in all matters of faith and salvation which claims the character of infallibility. I put aside, however momentous they may be, all second questions respecting what conditions, and within what limits, this infallibility exists, or to whom it belongs; whether to the Pope or Councils, or to the Pope and Councils united. I grasp the principle alone which pervades the Catholic faith under its every aspect. This principle itself is founded on the perpetuity of the Divine revelation, faithfully preserved in the Church by tradition; and, in case of need, renewed by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, which ceases not to descend upon the successor of St Peter, placed by Jesus Christ himself at the head of the Church. This is the essential vital principle, the base and the pinnacle, the alpha and the omega of Catholicism. Before a power of such a nature, of such an origin, all discussion, all resistance, all separation, is rebellious. The new society, the France of the *Charte*, has also her principle, which has become that of her Government. It is this, that all human power is fallible, and ought to be controlled and limited; that all human society, directly or indirectly, in such or such measure, under such or such form, has the right of controlling and limiting the power which it obeys.

"I attempt not to attenuate the problem. I set forth with exactness the two principles; they differ essentially; it is said that they are at strife. They would truly be at strife if they ever met, if they acted within the same sphere. But here I again light upon the remedy which I have alluded to above. When the church, many centuries ago, insisted so perseveringly upon the distinc-

tion of spiritual and temporal things, she acted in the interest of her own dignity, and to establish her own liberty. But she did more, she maintained the dignity of human nature, and laid the foundations of liberty of conscience. The separation of spiritual and temporal things, the doctrine of the church, and the separation of the religious from the civil state, the doctrine of the *charte*, the independence of religious society in matters of faith, the conquest of the Catholic church in the first ages of our Europe, and liberty of conscience, the conquest of our new society;—these rest fundamentally on one and the same principle. In their applications and their forms they vary; in their origin and moral signification they accord thoroughly. Herein there is consequently a medium of pacification and of harmony between Catholicism and the new society. . . . What is the obstacle to be encountered? One, rather historic than rational, arising from the past facts of the ancient life of the two powers, much more than from their prime principles and their actual relations. The separation between spiritual and temporal affairs had its origin in the chaos of the middle ages. From thence it emerged like the sun from a dark and stormy sky. Principles, powers, ideas, situations, were all for a long time in this European world of ours prodigiously confused, obscure, insequent, incomplete. For a long time temporal things were mixed with spiritual, and spiritual things with temporal, deeply and inextricably, in the existence and constitution of Church and State. Hence arose temptations and incentives frequent and terrible to reciprocal usurpations. The confusion of facts, and the violence of passions, strove incessantly together against the principle which had surged up to regulate and appease them. . . . But now, when those great ambitions which have troubled the world are no more than vain pretensions, it behoves them to avoid with care the last risk they have to run, that of falling into ridiculous wranglings. Let the two powers, instead of submitting to the painful abasement of a momentary replunge into the effete and putrid elements of the old confusion, recognise fully, in right and in fact, their mutual incompetence. Let each take up its firm position in its own sphere, and profess with energy its own prin-

ciple; the Catholic Church, her infallibility and religious order; the State, freedom of enquiry, and social order. Not only will they then live in peace, but they will respect and strengthen each other, not merely in hollow semblance, which would be unworthy of them both, but in earnest reality.

As to the benefits which would result from this pacification to the Catholic Church and constitutional France, they are immense. What is the great evil which disorders our temporal society? The enfeeblement of authority. I speak not of that force which compels obedience; never, perhaps, had power more of it; never, perhaps, so much; but of that authority which is anteriorly recognised in principle and in a general manner, which is adopted and felt as a right, which has no need of recourse to force; of that authority to which the heart and the understanding yield a voluntary allegiance, which speaks from on high with the empire not of constraint, and yet of necessity. This is truly authority. It is not, nevertheless, the only principle of the social state. It suffices not for the government of men. But nothing can suffice without it, neither reasonings repeatedly reiterated, nor self-interest well understood, nor the material preponderance of numbers. Wherever this authority is wanting, however great the physical force may be, obedience is always precarious and base, always bordering on servility or rebellion. But Catholicism contains the spirit of authority—of authority systematically conceived and organized, laid down as a fundamental principle, and carried out into practice, with great firmness in doctrine and a rare knowledge of human nature.

Catholicism is the greatest and most holy school of respect the world has ever seen. France has been formed in this school, in spite of the abuses to which human passions have often turned its precepts. These abuses are little to be feared in future, and the great benefits may flow from the inculcation of the precepts, of which we have great need. Catholicism has also its evils. Its coldness, its formality, its predominance of forms over realities, of exterior ceremonies over interior convictions. But these evils arise from the incredulity, mostly hypocritical, of the eighteenth century, with which the present age is also in-

fectured; and also from the predominance, which was long excessive, in the church, of the governing over the vital principle, of ecclesiastical authority over a religious life. . . . What, then, has saved Catholicism from shipwreck? The popular faith. The Government fell, but the Catholic people survived. M. de Montlosier is right. In our days also, a cross of wood has saved the world. But this salvation is incomplete. The church is raised from the ground, but souls languish. Catholicism is wanting in faith, of a faith springing out of deep inward convictions. . . . The situation of Protestantism is more simple; some persons affect to believe it better. The general spirit which, since 1830, has prevailed in our political and domestic affairs and alliances, the analogy of principle between constitutional France and Protestant England, has given rise to an opinion that Protestantism is in favour. There are even some people who pretend to have discovered a grand conspiracy to render France Protestant. This absurdity has no need of confutation. A very little time back Protestantism appeared not to be so well established in France. I speak not of the Restoration. But under the empire it was said that Protestantism had a republican tendency, that its maxims were opposed to all stable order, and to all strong power. The Protestant spirit and the revolutionary spirit were represented as being closely allied.

"The same assertion is still repeated. It has become the theme of a party who persevere in exhibiting Protestantism as incompatible with social order, tranquillity of conscience, and the monarchy. Happily Protestantism is not a religion of yesterday in Europe. It has an history to reply to this accusation. . . . The French Reformed Church ought especially to be exempt from this ridiculous reproach. She enjoys her new liberty with modesty and gratitude. Never has a religious society been more disposed to show deference to the civil authority. . . . Protestantism, therefore [we have omitted the reasons as too generally appreciated, and too trite to be repeated to an *English public*], in this country can inspire no fears of a political nature; and in a religious point of view it may effect much good, but not in proselytizing and convert-

ing. Conversions on one side and on the other will be henceforward extremely rare; and the importance which certain persons attach to them, either as a matter of gratulation or complaint, is somewhat puerile. Truly such conversions are facts most grave to those who are engaged in them, but they are of no moment to society. France will not become Protestant; Protestantism will not perish in France. Among many other reasons, the following is decisive. It is not between Catholicism and Protestantism that a struggle for mastery exists at present. Impiety and immorality are the enemies they both have to contend with. To revive the influence of religion is the work to which they are jointly summoned; an immense work, for the evil thereby to be removed is immense. When one reflects with any seriousness upon this evil—when one sounds, though but partially, its abysses,—the moral state of the masses of our population,—the popular mind so vagrant, the popular heart so empty, desiring so much, hoping so little, fluctuating so rapidly from the fever to the languor of the soul, one is seized with melancholy and dismay. Catholics or Protestants, priests or laymen, whoever you are, if you are believers, do not molest each other, but direct all your zeal towards those who have no faith. There is your field, there is your harvest. An open field for Protestantism as for Catholicism, where the one and the other may find full occupation, and where each has peculiar aptitudes and peculiar merits to labour profitably. We are suffering under diverse moral maladies. Some are tossed with doubt, and a sickly wavering understanding. These require the shelter of a port where no tempest can intrude, of a light which never flickers, of a hand ever present to uphold their faltering steps. They demand from religion rather support for their feebleness, than aliment for their activity. In raising them it must sustain them; in touching their heart it must subdue their intelligence; in animating their interior sensibilities, it must, at the same time, and above all, impart to them a profound sentiment of security. Catholicism is marvellously suited to this character so frequent in our days. It has satisfactions for desires, and remedies for sufferings. It possesses at the same time the art of subjugating and of pleasing.

Its anchors are strong, and its perspectives full of attraction to the imagination. It excels in giving at once occupation and repose to the soul, and opens a welcome haven after great fatigues; for without leaving the heart cold or idle, it spares it much effort, and lightens the burden of its responsibility. For other minds, diseased also, and severed from religion, more intellectual and personal activity is necessary. They also experience the want of returning to God and to a faith. But they have the habit of examining every thing for themselves, and will receive nothing for truth which results not from their own reasonings. They would flee from infidelity, but liberty is dear to them; and there is in the religious bent of their disposition, more thirst than lassitude. To these Protestantism may find access, for, in urging upon them piety and faith, it not only allows, but exhorts them to exercise their reason and their liberty. It has been accused of coldness, but wrongfully. In appealing incessantly to a free personal examination, Protestantism works its way deeply into the soul, and generates a strong faith, in which the activity of the intelligence alimets the fervour of the heart, instead of extinguishing it. And by this characteristic it harmonizes well with the spirit of the age, which was, in the days of its youth, at once inquisitive and enthusiastic, as eager for conviction as for liberty, and which, despite its momentary exhaustion, has not changed its nature, but will resume infallibly its double character.

“Let Catholicism and Protestantism then never lose sight of our society. Let them each, according to its peculiar principle, seek out and medicine our social wounds, and cater to those moral wants which they are, respectively, most adapted to satisfy. In this task lies their true mission, their efficacious mission, not in eyeing each other constantly with hostility, and renewing old controversies. In general, controversy has but little effect, and that not of a religious kind. . . . They should, therefore, discard controversy, and bend all their energies to their joint and yet separate work. Thus they may live in peace not only with our new society, but with each other. . . . This alliance must take place. I repeat, it *must*. I close as I commenced this paper, by insist-

ing on this necessity. Peace between religious creeds is at present imposed on them all by our social state. Harmony in liberty is their legal condition ; it is the *Charte*. Let them adopt it, then, heartily as a fact ; let them render a loving obedience to this rule. I fear not the disrepute of a false prophet in predicting that religion will gain by it as much as society," &c. &c.

A production more completely *French* than the one from which we have laid such ample extracts before our readers, we believe was never before given to the world. Almost every moral and mental characteristic of Frenchmen, and of Frenchmen, too, of the highest class of mind, is therein exhibited with a distinctness, a brevity, and a burnish of artful phrases and bastard logic which it wellnigh tortures the sense to contemplate within so narrow a compass.

In what other country than France, upon the face of the whole earth, would a statesman undertake, not to restrain external actions, but to *dictate, ex cathedrâ, to mind*, regarding the thoughts and convictions of men on the most vital topics, as subject, even in their intellectual and spiritual developments, to the mouldings and limitations of a barely political and social expediency ? In what other country in the world could religious creeds and philosophy be viewed barely as *material facts*, to be dealt with, not in their outward forms, but in their inward life, in the same manner as if they were purely conventional institutions ? For it is to the *inward life* of Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy, that M. Guizot addresses his dogmatic dialectics. Despite the refining verbal distinctions he makes, this is the fact. He would regulate the internal spirit of faith in France, under its two broad divisions, as well as that of the infidelity of indifference which he calls philosophy. In this we discern the radical passion of Frenchmen for *organizing*, as they call it, all things. Mind itself they would manage as a great military chief would manage masses of material force under his command. They would array and order it, and send a detachment here and a detachment there, under different captains and different banners, to achieve certain conquests which they deem desirable. There is a pro-

fundity of impious assumption of the Divine power in such designs ; and it is precisely a design of this kind, most flagrantly set forth, that the Essay of M. Guizot unfolds. The French in their Great Revolution attempted to usurp a dominancy of this sort. Their *will* was to destroy, their *will* was to create, their *will* was to mould and wield all the elements of human society, just as if they had to work upon plastic matter to be shaped by the hands of the artificer. And this abrupt, impatient, arbitrary wilfulness they called freedom. It is much the same now. Persecution, in principle at least, they abjure ; liberty, especially intellectual liberty, and liberty of conscience, they proclaim emphatically ; but whilst they believe it within their competence, as it were, to *organize* all mental energies, however diverse in nature, and make them act together as parts of the same machine, towards the fulfilment of certain temporal and national purposes, there is the sublimation of tyranny in the very conception. Yet what else does M. Guizot propose ? All the great conflicting opinions of men within the French territory are, he affirms, to hear his voice, and kiss and be friends. He considers them, therefore, as susceptible of yielding obedience to some intellectual *fiat* external to themselves. However absurd this phrase may sound, it simply expresses the substance of M. Guizot's meaning. But let us examine his propositions a little closer.

He would bring about a pacification between the three powers : Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy. But this is only possible in one way, viz : by neutralizing them all. It is in vain to say that each may find separate work without interfering with the others. They are in a most prominent sense *relative* existences. Take away their mutual relations of opposition, and they become at best but feeble prevarications. Their mutually antagonistic qualities constitute, wherein they differ, their very essence. It is preposterous to maintain that the doctrines of each can be zealously propagated, without hostile reference to the doctrines of the other two, especially when they are all placed in active juxtaposition : for they are severally at variance, not on points of acknowledged minor importance, but on the most vital questions of revelation. It

is only by regarding these questions themselves as of very secondary moment, that the pacification, on which M. Guizot insists, can be accomplished; and whenever this may happen, they will all fade away into a colourless neutrality.

But No, says M. Guizot; each of the powers should preserve its distinctive characteristics. How, however, being reconciled together, can this be? One of their most distinctive characteristics is reciprocal opposition, as a distinctive characteristic of the gospel in the earliest ages of the Church was opposition to Judaism, Paganism, and the schools of the Philosophers. M. Guizot's argument is absurd, and at contradiction with itself. If it be worth any thing, the apostles at that period alluded to, should have carefully preserved all the distinctive characteristics of their doctrine, and made peace at the same time with the Jews, Pagans, and Sophists. They should have said to the devout Jews, go you and preach the Mosaic laws, we shall not interfere with you; and to the devout Pagans, go you and preach your gods and idolatries, we shall not interfere with you; and to the Philosophers, go you and enlighten the world with your philosophy, we shall not interfere with you. We shall merely address ourselves to the rabble, who believe in nothing, and who have no philosophy. And then they would have established exactly the same kind of pacification that M. Guizot recommends now. He would have Catholics, Protestants, and Philosophers, all act on this system. He would have them avoid all disputes and controversy. Controversy, he assures us, has never done any great good, and asserts, in a passage which we have omitted, that it was never called into prominent action till the time of the Reformation, though it is evident from the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles of St Paul, that the inspired ambassadors of Christ were engaged, almost incessantly during their arduous lives, in controversial discussions with all gainsayers.

M. Guizot will not, of course, admit the justice of the parallel we have drawn between the Christians, Jews, and Pagans of ancient times, and the Protestants and Catholics of the present day; and yet the comparison is a just one. The conversion of Papists will ever be in the estimation of genuine Protestants as deeply needful as

the conversion of Jews and Pagans appeared to the primitive Christians, or as the conversion of the most reprobate of the outcasts of society, and *vice versa*. But M. Guizot would interdict this field of exertion both to Catholics and Protestants. Why? Because he would not have them molest those who have already a creed which he considers, if it be sincerely and cordially embraced, quite sufficient to answer every desirable purpose. He would have religious impressions rife among the populace, but cares not of what kind they are, so they be recognised in Christendom. And he would have this view adopted by religionists who hold the most opposite doctrines. He would urge upon them the utmost zeal in the propagation of what they deem truth, and impose upon them, at the same time, complete carelessness with respect to the errors which corrupt and destroy the truths for which they are incited to be so zealous. He would thus mate an enthusiastic earnestness with a sterile indifference. A grosser contradiction cannot be conceived.

But it is easy to divine the thought of his heart. It is this: That Catholicism, Protestantism, and creedlessness, which he calls Philosophy, have all good in them, if not in equal measures. He perceives that they have each certain properties, and produce certain effects which he has noted as beneficial. He has observed that the religious sentiment, even where it is denied, is common to them all; and it is this sentiment that he would desire to see cultivated. Whatever development it may assume, at least within the range of Christian and philosophic denomination, is to him equal. He wishes spiritual conviction to abound in society, but whilst he would allow these convictions to attach themselves to particular tenets and forms of worship, he would have it, nevertheless, admitted without dispute, that, in their *generality*, under all their guises, their operation is most excellent. The *substance* of religion he sees solely in a vague sentiment, resulting in some determined persuasion of the mind; its doctrines he looks upon as mere accidents.

And this view is one very commonly adopted by those who call themselves, in a large and liberal sense, as they say, the friends of religion. They do, no doubt, recollect

that Jews and Pagans, Stoics and Epicurians, and all the other numerous worshippers and philosophers of antiquity, entertained each the kind of sentiments and the kind of convictions they insist upon as constituting the essence of religious truth. But this consideration does not at all disturb their theory. Why? Because there is a profound incredulity at the bottom of all their speculations which have a theological aspect. They regard Christianity chiefly as a *historical fact*—a fact, they are willing to avow, which has been prolific of immense benefit to mankind. In this sense they may deem it divine, and call it, with some sincerity, a revelation; but that it is a revelation in the rigorous signification of that term,—that it contains an absolute and essential rule and standard of right and wrong with respect to the spiritual and moral nature of man; that such a rule and standard is any where to be found; that natural truisms do not comprehend the substance of religion; that the doctrines of the Gospel are not mere accommodations and helps to the one universal sentiment of which we have spoken, which pervades all bosoms; that they are not, therefore, plastic to manifold meanings of a Protean complexion; of a chameleon changefulness, compliant to every variety of temperament and humour, and to the social and political changes of the world—they have no notion. Christianity appears to them principally admirable from its vagueness; and its divinity they emphatically see in this: viz. that, whether Catholic or Protestant, philosopher or infidel, civil society has been much improved by its influence.

We repeat, however, that this elastic conception of the Christian faith, with whatever plausibility it may be put forward, is rooted in incredulity. It proclaims that there is nothing positive and specific in Revelation of any paramount value; that its general propositions alone which respond to a common feeling and common want in the heart of man, are important; that all the rest is conventional; convenient it may be or not; for the most part effectively useful within a proper narrow sphere; but always to be kept in the back-ground, and never suffered to interfere, by wranglings about its minor matters—differences about what people foolishly call fun-

damental doctrines, and such comparative trifles—with these broad generalities, on which all are agreed, and on which the cause of vital religion is represented to depend.

It is impossible to put any other construction than this on M. Guizot's scheme of religious and philosophic pacification in France. But how is it that he is blind to the fact, that this scheme, though now for the first time formally and dogmatically announced and recommended, has, without the expenditure of either wisdom or wit, logic or religious zeal towards its promotion, been in active operation in that country for at least half a century? He gives a most eloquent and fearful picture of the feverous unbelief, not disbelief, and the consequent extreme demoralization of mind which prevails among the overwhelming majority of his countrymen; but in what, we ask, has this state of mind originated, but in the attenuation and dilution of all decided and definite doctrines and opinions with reference to revelation? Superstition produces one effect; infidelity, or a positive denial of the truth of revelation, another; and latitudinarianism, or a willingness to admit and to interfuse the claims to acceptance of diverse creeds, a third; and it is with this last evil of which M. Guizot complains that French society is at present labouring; yet the remedy he proposes, is to carry the evil out to its utmost extent. He fancies, that when it has reached its climax, fervour will coalesce with indifference; that the false proverb, as old as the hills, "*that all religions are equally true and good, if they be embraced with sincerity,*" which is the burden of his essay from beginning to end, and which, limiting the scope of this proverb to the faith of Christendom, he sets forth as a discovery, would, if cordially received as an unquestionable axiom, kindle an ardour in each separate class of religionists devotedly to propagate their peculiar tenets. This is the jet of his scheme. The scheme itself has, as we have said, been long, and is at present, working spontaneously in various parts of the world, to the production of consequences the very reverse of those which M. Guizot contemplates. But it has not certainly yet attained that full-orbed completion which he anticipates for it, and would urge forward. When that consummation arrives,

which seems, indeed, to be fast ripening, we may see truly much shame conviction, and much futile ardour, strong seeming attachments to particular systems of belief, fantastically conceived, combined with a general embracement of them all in one bond of fraternization. In brief, *mysticism*, which flimsifies religion and whatever it touches into transcendental sentimentalities, which regards all creeds as bare administrations of occult verities, and which, therefore, can see truth everywhere and error nowhere, will be ascendant. By this mysticism, the accordance, or rather the collusion,—the harmony in liberty,—between all churches and all ideas, of which M. Guizot speaks, may doubtless be brought about. Whether he aims at this result or not his scheme most assuredly tends towards its realization.

But that distinguished person goes on to mention a further power, in addition to the three already named, to which we beg now to direct the attention of our readers. This fourth power he calls "*our new social state*," and keeps it aloof and apart from the other three. And if by the words "*social state*," he means merely *state*, if he alludes to a form of government, the administration of public affairs, according to constitutional principles, his distinction holds good, as certainly every state regarded in the light of a legal legislative and executive authority is separated in its nature and in its functions from the religious and intellectual convictions and proceedings of its subjects, so long as thereby *legal* morality and *civil* order are not contravened. But when we find joined to the word "*state*" the word "*social*," an altogether different signification is conveyed. The term *social state* includes in its meaning, not merely the public institutions, but the manners, morals, the style of thinking, the habits of life, the prevailing character and situation, domestic as well as political, of a whole people. And it is in this sense, we take it, that M. Guizot uses the phrase, for he makes it synonymous with *the France of the Charter*, and with "*our new Society*," neither of which expressions can describe barely a government. Are we, therefore, to believe that we have put the right construction on his words in the true meaning we have affix-

ed to the term *social state*? If so, we affirm, what no one will deny, in contradiction to his argument, that the *social state* of every community, so far from being disconnected from its religion and its philosophy, is mainly derived, constituted, and developed, from these two sources.

If, however, we are mistaken in both our conjectures with respect to the interpretation he would have attached to the words "*social state*," as, upon a reperusal of his essay, we are persuaded we are,—if by that term he means neither the government nor the general condition of the nation, but emphatically that strong bias of the popular mind which is called "*the spirit of the age*,"—then we would say, leaving philosophy at present out of the question, that if religion rules not the *strength* of man, the sooner its influence is altogether shaken off the better; but if it should rule this *strength*, the mention of any other power which is to exert an independent force can result only from the extremest confusion of understanding, or from a desire to perplex and mystify the understandings of the simple. If religion labours under an incapacity of accompanying and giving moral guidance to the mind in all its developments, there is no truth in her; and those who make the distinction M. Guizot has made, and insist upon relegating the religious and the working, discursive, enterprising, speculative intellect of a country, with which society ferments and is moved (consecrating the latter as a separate power), to different spheres of action, prove thereby their thorough disbelief in the Christian Revelation.

We admit, nevertheless, that this separate power, of which the French statesman speaks, does exist—that it is daily on the increase—that it is triumphing, and is likely still further to triumph, especially in France; but far from recognising in the existence of this fact, as he does, matter of hope; far from according to it, not merely our acquiescence, but our approving admiration; far from considering it as sacredly excellent, as an element of national energy, pregnant with benefits to succeeding generations, we regard it as a most terrific evil, as *THE EVIL* which is the spring-head of all others which afflict nations and individuals, and which it is the grand

work of religion to grapple with and overcome.

Yet, in the spirit of the view M. Guizot has taken, viz. that the power which he calls "our new social state" is to occupy that master-position in the government of the world's heart which has been occupied heretofore by religion, or by a strong anti-religious reaction, one understands why he places creeds the most at variance with each other on the same level, for, in accordance with his doctrine, they can have but a ministerial underwork to perform, and it must be of extremely small consequence which of them has the precedence, when they are indifferently to be overtopped by a distinct supreme influence, under whose shadow only they are to act.

But this is all a base juggle of words, the perfect quackery of rhetoric, and M. Guizot knows it to be so. He knows very well, that the genius of every people, and all their national destinies, are characterised completely by the religious and philosophic tenets which are received among them. It would have been a task, then, worthy of his high reputation, of his talent, and especially of his position, to have shown how the three powers he speaks of have operated on society. With all the experience of history before him, he could not have failed to have traced the effects of each up to their respective fountain-heads. He had Italy and Spain, affording an unexceptionable illustration of the unequalled working of Catholicism; he had France, to exemplify the fruits of that infidelity which he calls philosophy; and he had Prussia, Holland, England, and America, exhibiting palpably the results of Protestantism. But he has not fulfilled the task which his subject, to be fairly and instructively treated, imposed upon him. He has skimmed it most superficially over. He has discriminated only to shuffle his discriminations up together in a common heap, the moment after he has made them. He concludes nothing either against or in favour of any one of the three powers he has mentioned above the others. From the three great master-lessons which Christendom, through the long travail of centuries, has brought forth and furnished to mankind, he has determined to learn nothing, to infer nothing, but that these lessons should mutually neutralize each other. He perceives in none

of them the right path, and in none of them the wrong indicated; but maintains that they all contain such a confused mixture of both, that any preference that may be made between them is a matter for private taste to decide upon, and not for any graver or more comprehensive judgment. He sees neither warning beacons nor guiding lights any where.

And yet, surely, those fundamental opinions and views of men, which occasion such immense distinctions, not only betwixt individuals, but betwixt whole nations, merit the most intense and conscientious attention on the part of statesmen. These high persons cannot, if they deserve their name, be neutral on such topics, but must, if they are not mere pretenders, entertain thereupon the most distinct and positive convictions; not that thereby liberty of conscience or of intellect may be restrained, but that they may discern wherein the true moral welfare of a community consists; and then by reason and by eloquence, and by every unforced means, encourage the growth and spread of those principles which they may deem most salutary.

And this is the work which M. Guizot seemed pointed out by Providence to perform in France. He might have passed in grand circumspective review—a work for which his propensity for generalizing renders him peculiarly apt—the aberrations of his country from Christianity, both in Popery and Infidelity; he might have shown how all the noble qualities with which God has endowed her natives have been exaggerated and distorted into curses by these two malignant stars of her destiny; and he might have put it to his countrymen, seriously to ask themselves whether there is no excellent medium to be found between superstition and incredulity, other than a barren indifference, or a fantastic metaphysical mysticism. And it must be confessed too, that France is well disposed to listen to reasonings and exhortations of this kind respecting her mental and religious state. It is now more than half a century since she freed herself from the bond-slavery of Romanism in all but the name; she has got weary, too, of the sterile negations of infidelity; a certain blind reaction has taken place in her bosom towards religion; she invokes even the superstition which she ere while abominated and

threw away ; which comes not, however, at her call, though painfully mimicked, and showing signs of animation as a galvanized corpse may imitate the motions of life. She prefers the grossest absurdities of credulity to the craving void which unbelief leaves in the heart ; and feels that general sickening swell of fatigued thought, of disappointed hope, of baffled efforts, which, from the very prostration, not final exhaustion, the very fluctuating indecision of mind it produces, is most favourable to the reception of a new mould and recast of character.

Mean-time Protestantism has experienced a partial but most promising revival within the French territory. It is unknown, also, otherwise than historically to Frenchmen in general. And M. Guizot being a Protestant, it certainly became him at this crisis, so full of hope and of fear, in this season of transition, which must terminate, after no considerable interval, in the developement of some new aspect of French energies, to recommend his own creed to the anxious enquiries of his countrymen. That they *want* religion, he confesses ; and he declares also, in the very Essay on which we are commenting, that Catholicism is only fitted for mental imbecility, whilst the reformed faith exercises strongly the intelligence. And he must know that a religion which does not strongly take possession of the *mind*, which carries not with it the consent of the *reason*, which is not *excogitated* with respect to the evidences of its truth, must be, at the present time, perfectly futile ; that mankind cannot be lulled back again into the dreaminess of passive credulity ; or that, if the weakest portion of a community may be so drugged into a treacherous dormancy, the *activities* of a people, all their energies which make them what they may be, cannot be controlled and directed by religious convictions which are not intellectual as well as spiritual, which will not bear examination, and which do not obtain a manifest superiority and mastery over their leading mundane thoughts and speculations. Now Catholicism can never again obtain this sort of supremacy, which she owed formerly during the dark middle ages sheerly to ignorance, and to the despotic rule of kings and priests, before the will of the multitude had any weight in na-

tional councils. But Protestantism has possessed it, and may continue to possess it, in lands where civil freedom has been carried out to its greatest lengths, and where almost every individual has a voice in public affairs. And, as we at present speak of nations, we maintain, from this historic experience, that Protestantism is the last stronghold of Christianity. Those, therefore, who are not bigoted Catholics, and yet take not up their firm stand upon Protestant ground, show thereby that there is some vague tendency of hope within them, some blind inclination in their hearts which would realize an unknown state of things beyond even Christianity itself.

And this reflection, we believe, furnishes the key to unlock the meaning of M. Guizot's production, now under our consideration, from all the intricate involutions of words in which he has shut it up. He talks abundantly of religion, and of the weakest and most contemptible kind of philosophy, the scorn of all but the smallest fry of witlings, which he doubles up with Christian creeds, holding it, as may be thence inferred, as of no unequal importance with divine revelation itself ; whilst it is evident, from this very impious association of profane and sacred things, that there is some towering conception within the ken of his mental vision before which he deems Christianity, under its every denomination, should shrink into insignificance.

This perspective, too, explains why, though a Protestant, M. Guizot seems to give his preference to Catholicism. That appalling corruption of the gospel interferes not, or rather can interfere no longer, with reason ; and that being the case, it forms a most delectable paradise of shadows, where fatigued and exhausted intellects may find repose, where the imagination may be recreated, and where the conscience of man towards God may be stilled by a retreat into a religious recess, out of the sphere of thought, a recess of enchantments suited to all tempers and all tastes, where even the learned and the active may love to retire at odd moments from the labour of mental exertion to the supine enjoyment of an indolent religiosity. These are charms and qualities which Protestantism possesses not. That creed, on the contrary, is apt to be extremely importu-

nate with human reason, which it leaves not to its own devices, but will either control or reprove its acts and speculations. This is an awkward peculiarity both of the reformed and of the primitive faith, which are one. It contravenes and baffles very effectively the projects and hopes of those who, in their career of movement and progress, as they imagine, are impatient of impediments and restraints, especially of a religious description. Popery seems to them much more convenient. Its *anti-rationality* is its great recommendation, for, thereby, it is at the actual epoch, and for all future time, incapacitated from influencing as a *directing moral* power the political affairs and the secular temper and aspirations of the world. It comports, in this particular, well with the wilful spirit of the age, which would not be without spiritual blandishments and delusions, without a nominal religion, but only free from allegiance to any superior authority over the *mind*—a species of allegiance which the Church of Rome can never again obtain, but which the reformed Church enforces pertinaciously, and extorts even from the rebellious, frustrating, or moderating, or leavening with her own will all their schemes.

From whatever cause it may have arisen, it is certain, at least, that M. Guizot, in his Essay, shows a strong partiality towards Popery. He says that that superstition has been associated with all the advances of European civilisation, whilst he knows very well that modern civilisation dates from the Reformation, and has ever met in Catholicism its main antagonist. He says that the Church of Rome first proclaimed the distinction between the spiritual and temporal power, and is thus the mother of civil liberty all over the world, whilst he knows whatever contrary doctrine, at a particular moment, for a subdolous purpose, may have been announced by that church, she has ever been the direst foe of freedom of all kinds; and that, far from renouncing her claims to supremacy over kings and governments, despite the distinction she is asserted to have made, she has ever, when she has had the power, held fast by them; and that no later than eight years ago, Charles X. of France was hurled from his throne, in consequence of yielding to her pretensions to direct his councils, and mould to her will the policy of his

Cabinet. It is needless, however, to show the hollowness of all M. Guizot's coaxing and flattering arguments in favour of Romanism; they carry their own refutation with them to every one who has the smallest instruction in the gospel or in history.

But we must take notice of another assertion which that gentleman makes. He affirms that Catholicism is acquiring a revived influence in France. We doubt the fact. We have ourselves lately travelled through many of the French provinces for the purpose of ascertaining their religious state; we possess, also, means of obtaining the most authentic information on the subject, and all that we have seen and all that we have learnt on this matter leads us to conclude that Popery has lost its hold upon the French populace, never effectually to recover it. Yet, granting that we may be under a mistake in this particular, to what does the revival of Catholicism, of which M. Guizot speaks, amount? He has himself described, in the little work before us, that superstition, when thinking to do it honour, as the *Cloaque*, the common sewer of human infirmities, as a fit receptacle only for the diseased and the rickety in understanding, for those who can only think and feel passively by receiving impressions from others, for those who love, in abandoning themselves to an external guidance, to stimulate and becalm their imagination with opiates, and who are not shocked but edified, as they deem, by seeing the most degrading and disgusting mummeries married to pomps and splendours the most imposing. And at the same time that he was giving this description of Romanism, a ceremony, which affords a choice illustration of the truth of this description under its most striking aspect, took place in Paris. There, in one of the first churches, the one where the royal family and the chief nobility are to be seen most frequently, three church bells have lately been christened. The Duke de Berwick and the Count de Lobau were the godfathers, and two noble dames, whose names we have forgotten, the godmothers. The bells were covered with white linen,—the sign of the cross was traced upon them,—they were sprinkled with holy water, and solemnly baptized in the *name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost*. And this, and such ceremonies as this, constitute the revi-

val of Catholicism, in which M. Guizot rejoices. By such abominable exterior rites, and by an internal superstition so forcibly depicted by his eloquent pen, the Romish, as distinct from the Protestant faith, is alone to be discriminated. When one, therefore, who is not a Catholic, and who professes not to be an infidel, congratulates his country upon the reascendency of these abominations, as exhibiting a genuine expression of Christianity, he is guilty of the most blasphemous outrage upon Christ and his gospel it is possible to conceive. Popery is a delusion, infidelity is a denial of revelation altogether; but when an individual, who is neither Papist nor unbeliever, sets forth a crapulous tawdry mockery, which his judgment must abhor, and which he has himself confessed to be adapted only to mental feebleness, as the Christian religion, he pours a scalding ignominy upon that religion such as it has never before received. Neither the corruption nor the renunciation of Christianity are so dishonouring and deadly to it as its identification with imbecility, or a fantastic indolence and enthusiasm of the fancy, which is equivalent to a relinquishment of the reasoning faculties.

But it is time now to lift the veil from M. Guizot's real motive in publishing the Essay on which we are commenting. The pacification between powers essentially antagonistic, however dogmatically and impiously insisted on, is evidently proposed merely as a mask to conceal his real object. M. Guizot is not a man seriously to recommend an impracticability, or to waste his time on abstruse, flimsy germanisms. The purpose of his production before us is, no doubt, a *specific* one; and it is not difficult to discover what that is. He announces emphatically, at the beginning, in the middle, and at the close of his article, that the pacification of which he speaks *must* take place; and this triple reiteration of the word *must*, in the same sense, printed in italics, opened our eyes at once to the meaning and jet of his whole argument. The *must* proclaims, most assuredly, some premeditated physical restraint to be imposed upon one, at least, of the three powers on which he descants.

Now, as it is manifest that infidelity is not liable to constraint of this kind, and that Catholicism, both from its

extensive establishment in France, and from the encouragement it is meeting with from the French Government, has no severity from that quarter to fear, but, on the contrary, much promotive kindness to trust in, it is clear that the emphatic reiterated *must* of M. Guizot is to fall upon Protestantism.

The French Protestants form a weak party, and the few of that denomination, who are zealous for the propagation of their creed, are a compact little body, peculiarly exposed to assault and oppression from the temporal authorities. They, too, have been of late years, and are likely to continue to be, the only disturbers of the pacification scheme. It is evident, therefore, at whom the thunder of M. Guizot's *must* is pointed. He has been put forward to prepare the way for some tyrannic policy, of which the evangelical Protestants of France are to be the victims. Whenever any atrocious act of public injustice is to be perpetrated in that country, it is sure to be preceded by a pompous display of set phrases, in which the liberality and enlightenments of tyranny are sought to be demonstrated; and as words usually stand for things with Frenchmen, this verbal logic, in the face of contradictory facts, suffices generally to persuade them that they possess the freedom and superlative wisdom of which so loud a boast is made.

We do not mean, nevertheless, to be understood that the French Government is bigoted, or has any disposition to enter on a course of religious persecution. On the contrary, we are thoroughly convinced that nothing can be more distasteful or abhorrent to the inclinations of that government than conduct of this character. The desire of Louis Philippe, of his Ministers, and of the whole Legislature of France, is, I am persuaded, to be largely tolerant in all which relates to religion. But this tolerating spirit has its origin in an impartial indifference towards all creeds, or rather perhaps in the latitudinarian sentiment respecting Christian faiths, which M. Guizot's Essay so vividly exhibits. Proselytism, therefore, appears to them to be a very malignant species of superstition; and they would consequently check the zeal of Protestants to make converts in the same degree as they

would keep down the dominating exclusive pretensions of Popery, or probably with much greater severity. Should Protestantism remain quiet within its present bounds in France, it would assuredly receive their protection, and be guarded scrupulously from all molestation. But all efforts that may be made to *extend* its influence in an aggressive direction upon the pagan irreligiosity which overspreads that land, brought about by the Church of Rome, by exposing the errors of that church, will certainly be met by the utmost repressive rigour from the French judicial tribunals. Instances of this have already several times occurred, in which justice and law, the *Charte* and the most indisputable principles of religious freedom, have been set aside, in order to obstruct the *progress* of the Gospel. And we perceive a very clear intimation in the pages under our review, that proceedings of this kind are to be systematically persevered in, whenever occasion may offer, for the same purpose.

It behoves, then, French Protestants to understand well their position, and they cannot do this without understanding their own importance. If they consider themselves as what they numerically are, a mere fraction of the French population; if they regard themselves as nationally an insignificant body of men; if they believe that the action of their zeal should be confined to narrow circles; that individual conversions, however numerous, should form the limit of their hope, they misconceive, we apprehend, the peculiar nature of their situation. Its peculiarity and its extreme momentousness consists in this, viz., that the great mass of their countrymen, Popish and Infidel, must receive the light of the Gospel from them, or they will, according to all human appearances, never be visited by it at all. In Popery for the intellect, and beyond Protestantism, there is no Christianity. If Frenchmen, therefore, cannot be brought over to the adoption of the reformed faith, they must for ever remain destitute of religion. The thought that this great change among them may be to any considerable extent effected, may, we know, strike our readers as preposterously absurd; yet they should reflect, that as there is but one step from the

sublime to the ridiculous, so also there is only one step from the ridiculous to the sublime. M. Guizot himself has said with brilliant and profound conciseness:—" *Quand on a raison, on a souvent beaucoup plus raison qu'on ne croit,*"—which may be thus paraphrased:—"a right principle, vigorously asserted, may stretch in its consequences infinitely beyond the most sanguine anticipations." There are, besides, many considerations which should elevate the hope of zealous Protestants to take a wide view of the work which Providence has entrusted to them in France; and the principal of these is, that the place which religion should hold in the heart of man is there unoccupied, whether by infidelity, or philosophy, or superstition, or any strong popular interest in public affairs, or revolutionary passion, all of which have fallen into a febrile atrophy, whilst the *void* which is left in the bosoms of Frenchmen is so painfully *felt*, that there is a cry for spiritual aliment from one end of the land to the other. "*Who will show us any good?*" is the question with which every production that issues from the French press teems—the burden of the intellect and of the affections of the whole nation. To that nation then, at large, Protestantism should address itself; and if the Evangelical party of that kingdom were thoroughly convinced of this—if they comprehended the grandeur of their mission, they would derive inspiration from the large perspective it opens before them; and every effort to discourage or restrain their zeal would only afford them proof of their past success, and, instead of disheartening, would bring with it a fresh supply of courage to speed them on their philanthropic career. It is the genius of the Gospel to produce by small despised means great effects. These *great effects* should, consequently, never be lost sight of. To entertain *petty prospects* as the result of the proclamation and energetic enforcement of divine truth, is to betray a sentiment strongly akin to incredulity; and this very pettiness of prospect, which springs from a shrunken timid soul, delivers over those who aspire not beyond it an easy prey into the hands of the oppressor.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

PART V.

CHAPTER I.

THE question of Liberty and Necessity has been more perplexed and impeded in its solution by the confounding of a peculiar and very important distinction, than by all the other mistakes and oversights burdened upon it besides. The distinction to which we allude is one which ought to be constantly kept in mind, and followed out as a clue throughout the whole philosophy of man—the distinction, namely, between one's existence *for others*, and one's existence *for one's self*; or, in other words, the distinction between unconscious and conscious existence. This distinction, we remark, is very commonly confounded; that is to say, the separate species of existence specified, instead of being regarded as *two*, are generally regarded as only *one*; and the consequence is, that all the subsequent conclusions of psychology are more or less perplexed and vitiated by this radical entanglement, and more particularly is the great question just mentioned involved in obscurity thereby, and, to all appearance, doomed to revolve in the weary rounds of endless and barren speculation. We have already, in various parts of this discussion, endeavoured to establish a complete distinction between these two kinds of being; and now, with a view of throwing some light on the intricate question of Liberty and Necessity, not derived from *reasoning*, but from immediate *fact*, we proceed to illustrate and enforce this discrimination more strenuously than ever.

What, then, is our existence *for others*; and in what respect is it to be taken into account in a scientific estimate of ourselves? A little reflection will explain to us what it is, together with all its actual or possible accompaniments.

It will be admitted that except in man there is no consciousness any where throughout the universe. If, therefore, man were deprived of consciousness, the whole universe, and all that dwell therein, would be destitute of that act. Let us suppose, then, that

this deprivation actually takes place, and let us ask, What difference would it make in the general aspect and condition of things? As far as the objects of the external universe, animals and so forth, are concerned, it would confessedly make none; for all these are without consciousness at any rate, and therefore cannot be affected by its absence. The stupendous machinery of nature would move round precisely as heretofore. But what difference would the absence of consciousness make in the condition of man? Little or none, we reply, in the eyes of a *spectator ab extra*. In the eyes of a Being *different* from man, and who regards him, we shall suppose, from some other sphere, man's ongoing *without* consciousness would be the same, or nearly the same, as they were *with* consciousness. Such a Being would occupy precisely the same position towards the unconscious man as the conscious man at present holds towards the unconscious objects of creation; that is to say, man would still exist for this Being, and for him would evolve all his varied phenomena. We are not to suppose that man in this case would be cut off from any of those sources of inspiration which make him a rational, a passionate, a sentient, and an imaginative creature. On the contrary, by reason of the very absence of consciousness, the flood-gates of his being would stand wider than before, and let in upon him stronger and deeper currents of inspiration. He would still be visited by all his manifold sensations, and by all the effects they bring along with them; he would still be the creature of pleasure and of pain; his emotions and desires would be the same as ever, or even more overwhelming; he would still be the inspired slave of all his soft and all his sanguinary passions, *for*, observe, we are not supposing him deprived of any of these states of being, but only of the consciousness, or reference to self, of them—only of that notion and reality of self which generally accompanies them—a partial cur-

tailment perfectly conceivable, and one which sometimes actually takes place; for instance, in that abnormal condition of humanity denominated somnambulism. In the case we are supposing, then, man's reason or intelligence would still be left to him. He would still be a mathematician like the bee, and like the beaver a builder of cities. He might still, too, have a language and a literature of a certain kind, though destitute, of course, of all allusions and expressions of a conscious or personal character. But the "Goddess" or the "Muse" might and would still infuse into his heart the gift of song; and then an unconscious Homer, blind in soul as well as blind in sight, filled by the transmitted power of some foreign *afflatus*, might have sung the wrath of an unconscious Achilles, and the war waged against Troy by heroic somnambulist from Greece. For poetry represents the derivative and unconscious, just as philosophy represents the free and conscious, elements of humanity; and is itself, according to every notion of it entertained and expressed from the earliest times down to the present, an inspired or fatalistic development, as is evident from the fact, that all great poets, in the exercise of their art, have ever referred away their power from themselves to the "God," the "Goddess," the "Muse," or some similar source of inspiration always foreign to themselves.* "*Est Deus*," says the poet,

"*Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.*"

Listen, also, to the testimony of our own Milton, who, in one of his elegies, gives voice to the belief that he owed his genius to the spring, and, like a tree in the budding woods, was wont to blossom into song beneath the vivifying spirit of that genial time. "*Fallor?*" he asks,

"*Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris-adept?*" †

The sublimest works of intelligence, then, are quite possible; and may be easily conceived to be executed with-

out any consciousness of them on the part of the apparent and immediate agent. Suppose man to be actuated throughout his whole nature by the might of some foreign agency; and he may realize the most stupendous operations, and yet remain in darkness, and incognizant of them all the while. A cognizance of these operations certainly does not necessarily go hand in hand with their performance. What is there in the workings of human passion that consciousness should necessarily accompany it, any more than it does the tossings of the stormy sea? What is there in the radiant emotions which issue forth in song, that consciousness should naturally and necessarily accompany them, any more than it does the warblings and the dazzling verdure of the sun-lit woods? What is there in the exercise of reason, that consciousness should inevitably go along with it, any more than it accompanies the mechanic skill with which the spider spreads his claggy snares? There is obviously nothing. The divorce, then, between consciousness, and all these powers and operations, may be conceived as perfectly complete; and this conception is all that is here necessary for the purposes of our coming argument.

Existence, then, together with all the powers and operations just indicated, might be truly predicated of man, even in his unconscious state. And even more than this might be affirmed of him. We could not, indeed, with propriety, say (the reason of which will appear by and by) that man, without consciousness, would be invested in any degree with a moral character. Yet even here, according to the moral philosophy of Paley and his school, in which morality is expounded as the mere adaptation of means to ends in the production of the social welfare—which adaptation might be perfectly well effected without any consciousness on the part of man, just as bees and other animals adapt means to ends without being aware of what they are about—according to this view, man, although unconscious, would still be a moral creature. Neither, without consciousness, would

* Hence the truth of the common saying—*Poeta nascitur non fit*; an adage which is directly reversed in the case of the philosopher—*Philosophus fit non nascitur*.

† Miltoni Poemata. Elegia quinta. In adventum Veris.

man possess laws in the proper sense of the word ; but here, too, according to the Hobbesian doctrines which make law to consist in the domination or supremacy of force, and the power of a supreme magistrate all that is necessary to constitute it, man might, in every respect, be considered a finished legislator, and a creature living under laws.

But it is time to turn these preliminary observations to some account. Let us now, then, ask, depriving man of consciousness, what is it we actually leave him, and what is it we actually deprive him of? We leave him all that we have said. We leave him existence, and the performance of many operations, the greatest, as well as the most insignificant. But the existence thus left to him, together with all its phenomena, is, we beg it may be observed, only *one* species of existence. It is a peculiar kind of existence which must be noted well, and discriminated from existence of *another* species which we are about to mention. In a word, it is existence merely *for others*. This is what we leave man when we suppose him divested of consciousness.

And now we again ask, depriving man of consciousness, what do we really deprive him of? and we answer, that we totally deprive him of existence *for himself*; that is, we deprive him of that kind of existence in which alone *he* has any share, interest, or concern; or, in other words, by emptying him of consciousness, we take away from him altogether his personality, or his true and proper being. For of what importance is it to *him* that he should exist *for others*, and, for them, should evolve the most marvellous phenomena, if he exists not *for himself*, and takes no account of the various manifestations he displays? What reality can such a species of existence have for him? Obviously none. What can it avail a man to be and to act, if he remains all the while without consciousness of his Being, and his actions? In short, divested of consciousness, is it not plain that a man is no longer "I," or self, and in such circumstances, must not his existence, together with all its ongoing, be, in so far as *he* is concerned, absolutely zero, or a blank?

Thus existence becomes discriminated into two distinct species, which,

though they may be found together, as they usually are in man, are yet perfectly separate and distinguishable; existence, namely, for others, and existence for one's self. Recapitulating what we have said, this distinction may be established and explained thus, in a very few words:—Deprive man of consciousness, and in one sense you do *not* deprive him of existence, or of any of the vigorous manifestations and operations of existence. In one sense, that is, *for others*, he exists just as much as ever. But in another sense, you *do* deprive him of existence as soon as you divest him of consciousness. In this latter sense he now ceases to exist; that is, he exists no longer *for himself*. He is no longer that which was "I," or self. He has lost his personality. He takes no account of his existence, and, therefore, his existence, as far as he is concerned, is virtually and actually null. But, if there were only one species, and one notion of existence, it is impossible that man, when denuded of consciousness, should both exist, and not exist, as we have shown he does. If existence were of one kind only, it would be impossible to reconcile this contradiction, which is yet seen to be perfectly true, and an undeniable matter of fact. The conclusion, therefore, is inevitable and irresistible, that existence is not of one, but of two kinds; existence, to wit, for others, and existence for ourselves; and that a creature may possess the former without possessing the latter, and that, though it should lose the latter by losing consciousness, it may yet retain the former, and "live, and breathe, and have a being in the eyes of others."

Does some one here remark that consciousness is not our existence, but is merely the *knowledge* of our existence? Then we beg such a person to consider what would become of his existence, *with respect to him*, if he were deprived of the knowledge of it. Would it not be, in so far as he was concerned, precisely on the footing of a nonentity? One's knowledge, therefore, or consciousness of existence, is far more than *mere* consciousness of existence. It is the actual ground of a species of existence itself. It constitutes existence for one's self, or personal existence; for without this consciousness a man would possess no personality, and each man's per-

and it is his true and proper being.

Having divided existence, then, into two distinct kinds, the next question is—to what account do we propose turning the discrimination? If it is of no practical use in removing difficulties and in throwing light upon the obscurer phenomena of man, it is worthless, and must be discarded as a barren and mere hair-splitting refinement. What application, then, has it to the subjects we are engaged in discussing; and, in particular, what assistance does it afford us in clearing up the great fact of Human Liberty—that key-stone in the arch of humanity, without which all our peculiar attributes, morality, responsibility, law and justice, loosened from their mighty span, would fall from their places, and disappear for ever in the blind abysses of Necessity?

In availing ourselves, then, of the assistance of this distinction, and in applying it to our purposes, the first circumstance connected with it which attracts our attention is the following *fact*, deserving, we may be permitted to say, of very emphatic notice; that while the one of these species of existence precedes the act of consciousness, the other of them *follows* that act. Our existence for others is antecedent, but our existence for ourselves is *subsequent* to the act of consciousness. Before a child is conscious, it exists for others; but it exists for itself only *after* it is conscious. Prior to consciousness, or in the absence of that act, man is a one-sided phantasmagoria; vivid on the side *towards others* with all the colours, the vigorous ongoing, the accomplishments, and the reality of existence; but on the other side, the side where he himself should be, but is not yet, what is there? a blank—utter nothingness. But, *posterior* to consciousness, and in consequence of it, this vacuity is filled up, new scenery is unfolded, and a new reality is erected on the blank side behind the radiant pageant. The man himself is now there. The one-sided existence has become doubled. He no longer exists merely for others; he exists also for himself—a very different, and, for him, a much more important matter.

Existence for one's self, then, personal existence, or, in other words, that species of Being which alone properly concerns man, is found not to precede,

but to follow the act of consciousness; therefore the next *fact* of humanity to which we beg to call very particular attention is this; that man, properly speaking, *acts* before he *exists*; for consciousness is, as we have already shown, and will show still further, a pure act, and partakes in no degree of the nature of a passion. At the same time, the proof that consciousness is of this character will convince us that it cannot have its origin in the first-mentioned and given species of existence, which we have called existence for others, or existence without consciousness. But this is not the place for that proof. It will be attempted by and by.

This fact, that man *acts* before he truly and properly *exists*, may, perhaps, at first sight appear rather startling, and may be conceived to be at direct variance with what are called “the laws of human thought;” for it may be said that these laws compel us to conceive man *in Being* before we can conceive him *in act*. But if it should be really found to be thus at variance with these laws, our only answer is, that facts are “stubborn things,” and that we do not care one straw for the laws of human thought when they contradict the facts of experience; and a fact of experience we maintain it to be (let people conceive or not as they please or can), that man's true *Being* follows and arises out of man's *act*—that man, properly speaking, cannot be said to *be* until he *acts*—that consciousness is an act, and that our proper existence, being identical and convertible with our personality, which results from consciousness, is not the antecedent but the consequent of that act.

Need we say any thing further in enforcement and illustration of this very extraordinary fact? Every man will admit that his true Being is that which for him is “I.” Now suppose no man had ever thought himself “I,” would he ever have become “I,” or possessed a proper personal Being? Certainly not. It is only after thinking one's self “I,” and in consequence of thinking one's self “I” that one becomes “I.” But thinking one's self “I” is an act—the act of consciousness. Therefore the act of consciousness is anterior to the existence of man, therefore man is in Act before he is truly and properly in Being; or, in other words, he performs an act before he has an existence (i. e. a *standing out*) for himself.

But how can man *act* before he *is*? Perhaps we cannot perfectly explain the *How*, but we can state, and have stated the *That*, namely, that the fact is so. But at the same time we beg it to be understood that it is only in one sense that this is true. We would not be misunderstood. We here guard ourselves from the imputation of saying that in every sense man is absolutely a nonentity before he acts, or that he actually creates his Being. This we are very far indeed from affirming. Prior to the act of consciousness, he possesses, as we have said, an existence in the eyes of others; and this species of existence is undoubtedly *given*. Anterior to this act, the foundations of his Being are wonderfully and inscrutably laid. He is a mighty machine, testifying his Creator's power. But at this time being destitute of consciousness, we again maintain that he is destitute of personality, and that therefore he wants that which constitutes the true reality and proper life of humanity. We maintain further, that this personality, realized by consciousness, is a new kind of existence reared up upon the ground of that act; that, further, there was no provision made in the old *substratum* of unconscious Being for the evolution of this new act; but that, like the fall of man (with which perhaps it is in some way connected), it is an absolutely free and underived deed, self-originated, and entirely exempt from the law of causality; and, moreover, in its very essence, the antagonist of

that law. This we shall endeavour to make out in the following chapters, and if we can succeed in showing this act to be primary original and free, of course it will follow that the Being which results from it must be free likewise. But, whether we succeed or not, we at any rate think that, having shown fully that the thought "I" precedes and brings along with it the reality or existence "I," and that this thought "I" is an act, we have now said enough to establish this important truth in psychology, that man, when philosophizing concerning himself, does not do well to commence with the contemplation, or with any consideration of himself as a *Being* (we say this with an especial eye to the substance and doctrine of "Mind"), for his proper Being is but a secondary articulation in his actual developement, and therefore ought to form but a secondary step in his scientific study of himself, and ought to hold but a subordinate place in his regard. But he ought to commence with the contemplation of himself as an *act* (the act of consciousness), for this is, in reality, his true and radical beginning; and, therefore, in speculation, he ought to follow the same order; and, copying the living truth of things in his methodical exposition of himself, should take this act as the primary commencement or starting-point of his philosophical researches. Such, in our opinion, is the only true method of psychological science.

CHAPTER II.

Man's existence for others, his unconscious existence, is immediately *given*; his existence for himself, his conscious personal existence, the reality *ego*, is not immediately given, but is realized through an act. Thus a radical distinction between these two sorts of existence is established, the one being found to precede, and the other to follow that act. The Necessitarian, however, takes no note of this distinction. He breaks down the line of demarcation between them. He runs the two species of existence into one; and the Libertarian, usually acquiescing in this want of discrimination, places in his adversary's hand the only weapon with which he might success-

fully have combated him. Disagreeing widely in their conclusions, they yet agree so far in their premises, that both of them postulate, in an unqualified manner, man's existence, as a *substratum* for his actions. On this account, therefore, it must be confessed that the victory, in point of logic, has always been on the side of the Necessitarian, however much common-sense and moral principle may have rebelled against his conclusions. For a given or compulsory existence can never be free in any of its acts. It can merely serve to *conduct* the activity transmitted to it from other quarters; and the peculiar inflections, whatever these may be, whether to evil or to

good, which it may appear to give to that activity, cannot be owing to any original or undervived power it possesses, but must depend upon its natural construction, just as a prism has no power in itself to refract this way or that the rays of light which pass through it, but is determined to this refraction by the particular angles into which, without being consulted, it was at first cut by the hand of its artificer. In point of fact, the activity of such a being is no activity at all, but pure passivity; for a derivative act is not properly *action*, but *passion*. In merely receiving and passing on an act, a creature is not an agent, but a patient. Such a creature, bringing nothing original into the field, cannot, in any sense, be said either to operate or co-operate. All its doings being derivative, are done for it or necessitated; therefore it is free in nothing, and, by the same consequence, must remain devoid of morality and responsibility.

The usual reasoning on this subject, therefore, being utterly fatal to the cause of Human Liberty, we have endeavoured, in the foregoing chapter, to lay the groundwork of a new line of argument; the only argument by which, in our opinion, the conclusions of the Necessitarian can be met and disproved. In clearing away the weeds by which the premises of the question were overgrown, and in bringing them under our close and immediate inspection, we found that these premises, when viewed and tested *as facts* (as all premises ought to be, if we would ascertain their exact truth and value), are directly the reverse of those usually laid down, and allowed to pass current. We found, in a word, that an act is the *substratum* of man's proper existence, and not *vice versâ*.

But this draws the controversy respecting Liberty and Necessity to its extremest or narrowest point. For it may here be asked, and indeed must be asked—Whence comes this act? We have divided man's existence into two distinct species, one of which, that, namely, which we may now call his natural existence, was found to be given and to precede the act of consciousness. Now, does not this act naturally spring out of that existence? Is it not dependent upon it? Is it not a mere developement from a seed sown in man's natural being; and does it not unfold itself, after a time, like any

other natural germ or faculty of humanity? We answer, No. It comes into operation after a very different fashion. It is an act of pure will; for precisely between the two species of existence we have indicated, Human Will comes into play, and has its proper place of abode; and this new phenomenon, lying in the very roots of the act of Consciousness, dislocates the whole natural machinery of man, gives a new and undervived turn to his development, and completely overthrows, with regard to him, the whole law and doctrine of causality; for Will (as contradistinguished from, and opposed to, wish or desire) is either a word of no meaning and intelligibility at all, or else it betokens a primary absolute commencement—an undervivative act. But as the Necessitarian may admit the former of these alternatives, and may hold Will, when applied to man, to be an unmeaning word, it will be proper to postpone any discussion on that subject at present; and, without involving ourselves in what, after all, might be a mere skirmish of words, to do our best to go more simply and clearly to work, by addressing ourselves as much as possible to facts, or the realities of things.

But lest it should be urged that man, although perhaps really free, is yet incompetent to form a true and adequate conception of Liberty; and that, therefore, his freedom must, in any event, be for him as though it were not; lest this should be urged, we deem it incumbent upon us, before proceeding to establish Human Freedom as fact, to endeavour to delineate a faithful and correct representation of it; in short, to place before our readers such a conception as *would be* Liberty if it were actualized or realized in fact. Before showing that Liberty is *actual*, we must show on what grounds it is *possible*.

The ordinary conception of liberty, as a capacity bestowed upon a given or created being, of choosing and following any one of two or more courses of action, is no conception at all, but is an inconceivability. It is, in truth, so worthless and shallow as hardly to be worthy of mention. On account, however, of the place which it holds in ordinary philosophical discourse, we must contribute a few words to its exposure. It arises out of a miserable attempt to effect a compromise be-

tween liberty and necessity; and the result is a direct and glaring contradiction. This doctrine endeavours to hold forth an act, as at once original and yet derived, as given and yet not compulsory or necessitated, as free and yet caused. No wonder that human liberty, embodied in an act of this kind, should halt upon both feet, and harbour in the dingiest lurking-places of a perplexed and vacillating metaphysic—a thing not to be scrutinized too narrowly.

But since we are examining it, let us do so as closely and narrowly as possible. What, then, does this conception of liberty amount to, and what does it set forth? There is, in the first place, the being in question—man—a derivative creature, we are told, from the alpha to the omega of his existence. In the next place, there is the power with which he is said to be invested, of choosing between two or more lines of conduct. In virtue of this power, he is at first indifferent, or equally open to all these courses. He must follow one of them; but is not constrained to follow any one of them in particular: and precisely in this indetermination it is said that human liberty consists. In the third place, when the choice is made, there is the practical following out of the course fixed upon. Such are the three elements usually noted in the process. But, allowing the dust occasioned by this language to subside, let us see whether nothing has escaped us in the confusion. We observe, then, that the power of choice said to be given, is, at first, undetermined; that, indeed, it is on this openness or want of determination that the essence of the liberty here described is placed. But while this indetermination continues, the power of choice, of course, remains inoperative. Before any of the courses laid down can be followed, this power must be determined to the particular course fixed on, that is to say, an act of determination (the choice itself) must intervene between the undetermined *power* of choice, and the course chosen. Here, then, we have a new element, an element seldom specifically or rigidly noted in the usual analysis of the process. The statement now stands thus:—1st, The given being. 2d, The undetermined power to choose—the power as yet open to several courses of conduct;

3d, The act of determinate choice—the power now adstricted to one course; 4th, The actual performance itself. Now the third element of this statement—the one usually passed over without notice, is the only step which we would raise any question about. We ask what adstricted the power to the course selected? Whence comes this act of determination? Is it, too, given, or is it not? If it is, then what becomes of human freedom? The act of determination being given or derivative, the being in question was of course determined to the conduct adopted, not by an original act, but was determined thereto out of the source from whence his act of determination proceeded. It was therefore absurd to talk, as we at first did, of several courses having been open to him. In truth, his act of determination being derived, or compulsory, no course was ever open to him, except the one which he followed, and was necessitated to follow in obedience to that act. On the other hand, is this act of determination not given or enforced?—then here has a new and undervived act started into light; one which plays an important part, and forms an essential ingredient in his composition; and what now becomes of the assumption upon which this modified conception of liberty proceeded, namely, that man is *throughout* a derivative creature? The conclusion is, that human liberty is impossible and inconceivable, if we start with the assumption that man is, in every thing, a given or derivative being; just as, on the other hand, the conception that man is altogether a derivative being is impossible, if we start with the assumption that he is free.

But our present object is to realize, if possible, a correct notion of human liberty. Nothing, then, we remark, can be more ineffectual than the attempt to conceive liberty as a power of choice, resting in a state of indetermination to two or more actions; because this state would continue for ever, and nothing would be the result, unless an act of determination took place in favour of some one of these actions; so that, between the undetermined power and the action itself, an act of determination always intervenes; and therefore, the question comes to be—not, whence com-

man's undetermined power of choosing; but, whence comes his act of particular choice or determination? Is it derivative? can it be traced out of him up into some foreign source? Then, of course, his liberty vanishes. Is it not derivative? Then his liberty stands good; but is no longer found to consist in a state of indeterminateness to several courses of action. It must be conceived of as an underived or absolutely self-grounded act of determination in favour of one.

Thus, then, the conception of liberty is reduced to some degree of distinctness and tangibility. If there be such a thing as human liberty, it must be identical with an absolutely original or underived act; and the conception of the one of these must be the same as the conception of the other of them. But it is still our business to show in what way the conception of such an act is possible.

It is palpably impossible to conceive liberty, or an underived act, as arising out of man's natural or given existence. According to our very conception of this species of existence, all the activity put forth out of it is of a derivative or transmitted character. As we have already said, such kind of activity is not activity at all, but passivity. Not being originated absolutely by the creature who *apparently* exerts it, every particle of it falls to be refunded back out of this creature into the source from whence it *really* comes; and this clearly leaves the being in question a mere passive creature throughout; and, at any rate, incapable of putting forth a primary and underived act.

But though it is impossible for us to conceive an underived act put forth out of man's natural existence, there is yet nothing to prevent us from conceiving an act of this kind put forth *against* man's natural or given exist-

ence. If we consider it well, we shall be satisfied that it is only on this ground that the conception of an underived act is possible: and, moreover, we shall see that, on this ground, the conception of such an act is inevitable.

For if we suppose an act of antagonism to take place against the whole of man's given existence, against all that man is born—it is impossible that this act itself can be given or derivative; for the supposition is, that this act is opposed to *all* the given or derivative in man, and is nothing except in so far as it is thus opposed. If, therefore, it were itself derivative, being no longer *the opposite* of the derivative, it would be a nonentity; or, it would be a suicidal act, exterminating itself. Therefore, if we are to form a conception at all of such an antagonist act, we *must* conceive it as absolutely primary and underived; and on the other hand, if we would frame a true conception of human liberty, or an underived act, we can only conceive it as the antagonist act we have been describing—we *must* conceive it as an act opposing or resisting every thing in man which is given, passive, natural, or born.

Thus, then, we have now shown in what way a correct conception of human liberty is to be framed; or, in other words, we have pointed out the grounds upon which man's freedom is possible. It is possible, because the particular act described as identical and convertible with it, namely, an act of determinate antagonism against the natural or unconscious man, can, at any rate, be conceived. But, admitting that it may be conceived, we must now ask, Is it also practised? Is Human Liberty actual as well as possible? Besides finding its realization in thought, does it also find its realization in fact?

CHAPTER III.

For an answer to this question we must refer ourselves to observation and experience. But observation and experience have already decided the point. Consciousness itself is the actualization of the conception we have been describing. Lying *between* the two species of human existence discriminated at the commencement of this

paper, consciousness is an act of antagonism against the one of them, and has the other of them for its result. A glance at the very surface of man showed it to be a matter of general notoriety, that sensation and the consciousness of sensation, passion and the consciousness of passion, never coexist in an equal degree of intensity. We

found the great law connected with them to be this; not that they grew with each other's growth and strengthened with each other's strength, but, on the contrary, that each of them gained just in proportion as the other lost. Wherever a passion was observed to be carried to its greatest excess, a total absence or cessation of consciousness was noticed to be the result, and the man lost his personality. When consciousness began to re-assert itself, and to regain its place, the passion, in its turn, began to give way, and, becoming diminished or suspended, the man recovered his personality. The same was observed to be the case with regard to sensation. A sensation is notoriously *most* absorbing when the *least* consciousness of it has place; and, therefore, is not the conclusion legitimate that it would be still more effective—that it would be *all*-absorbing, provided *no* consciousness of it interfered to dissolve the charm? And does not all this prove that consciousness is an act of antagonism against the modifications of man's natural being, and that, indeed, it has no office, character, or conceivability at all, unless of this antagonist and negative description?

But this act has, as it were, two sides, and although single, it fulfils a double office. We have still to show, more clearly than we have yet done, how this act, breaking up the great natural unities of sensation and of passion, at once *displaces* the various modifications of man's given existence, and, by a necessary consequence, *places* the being which was not given—namely, the “I” of humanity—the true and proper being of every man “who cometh into the world.” This discussion will lead us into more minute and practical details than any we have yet encountered.

The earliest modifications of man's natural being are termed “sensations.” These sensations are, like all the other

change of man's given existence, purely passive in their character. They are states of suffering, whether that suffering be of pleasure or of pain, or of an indifferent cast. There is obviously nothing original or active connected with them. There is nothing in them except their own given content, and these are entirely derivative. In the smell of a rose, for instance, there is nothing present except the smell of a rose. In a word, let us turn and twist, increase or diminish any sensation as we please, we can twist and turn it into nothing except the particular sensation which it is.

Let us suppose, then, a particular sensation to be impressed upon any of man's organs of sense—let us suppose it propagated forwards along the nerves—let us trace it forth unto the brain—let us admit Hartley's or any other philosopher's “vibrations,” “elastic medium,” or “animal spirits,” *to be facts*; and finally, let us suppose it, through the intervention of the one or other of these, landed and safely lodged in what metaphysicians are pleased to term the “mind;” still we maintain that, in spite of this circuitous operation, the man would remain utterly unconscious, and would not, in consequence of it, have any existence as “I” (the only kind of existence which properly concerns him), nor would the external object have any existence *as an object* for him. He would not *perceive* it, although *sentient* of it; the reason of which is, that perception implies an “I,” and a “not I,” a subject and object; and a subject and object involve a duality; and a duality presupposes an act of discrimination. But no act of discrimination—no act of any kind is involved in sensation—therefore, man might continue to undergo sensations until doomsday, without ever becoming “I,” and without ever perceiving an external* universe.

* The statement that we become acquainted with the existence of an external world through, and in consequence of, our sensations, besides its falsehood, embodies perhaps the boldest *petitio principii* upon record. How are we assured of the reality of an external world? asks the philosophy of scepticism. Through the senses, answers the philosophy of faith. But are not the senses themselves a *part* of the external universe? and is not this answer, therefore, equivalent to saying that we become assured of the reality of the external universe through the external universe? or, in other words, is not this solution of the question a direct taking-for-granted of the very matter in dispute? It may be frivolous to raise such a question, but it is certainly far more frivolous to resolve it in this manner—the manner usually practised by our Scottish philosophers.

How then *does* man become "I?" how *does* he become percipient of an external universe? We answer, not through sensation, but by and through an act of discrimination, or virtual negation. This negation is not, and need not be expressed in words. It is a silent, but deep deed, making each man an individual person; and it is enough, if the reality of it be present, even although the expression and distinct conception of it should be absent. But, if the reality were actually absent, then there would be a difference indeed. If "no," in thought, and in deed, were taken out of the world, man would never become "I," and, for him, the external universe would remain a nonentity. Sensation, passion, &c., would continue as strong and violent as ever, but consciousness would depart; man and nature, "I," and not "I," subject and object lapsing into one, and every thing merging in a great unity, would be as though they were not. Indeed, the consequences of the disappearance of this small and apparently insignificant element are altogether incalculable.

An illustrative view will help to render our meaning more distinct, and our statement more convincing. Let us suppose man to be visited by particular sensations of sight, of smell, of touch; and let us suppose these induced by the presence of a rose. Now, it is evident that, in this process, the rose contributes nothing except the particular sensations mentioned. It does not contribute the element of negation. Yet, without the element of negation, the rose could never be an object to the man (and unless it were an object to him, he of course would never perceive it); neither without this element could the man ever become "I." For let us suppose this element to be absolutely withdrawn—to have no place in the process, then "I" and the rose, the subject and object, being undiscriminated, a virtual identification of them would prevail. But an identification of the subject and object, of the Being knowing and the Being known, would render perception, consciousness, knowledge, inconceivable; for these depend upon a setting asunder of subject and object, of "I" and "not I." But a setting asunder of subject and object, depends upon a discrimination laid down between them. But a discrimi-

nation laid down between them implies the presence of the element of negation, that is to say, knowledge, consciousness, perception, depend upon the restoration of the element we supposed withdrawn, and are inconceivable and impossible without it. It is therefore evident, that if man, in sensation, were virtually identified with the object, were the same as it, he would never perceive it,—it would never be an object to him, and just as little would he be "I." But the only way in which this virtual identification is to be avoided, is by and through an implied discrimination. Then only do the "I" and "not I" emerge, and become the "I" and the "not I." But an implied discrimination involves an act of negation, either implicitly or explicitly. Therefore, an act of negation, actual or virtual, is the fundamental act of humanity—is the condition upon which consciousness and knowledge depend—is the act which makes the universe an object to us—is the ground, and the placer of the "I" and the "not I."

Do metaphysicians still desire information with respect to the "nature of the connexion," the "mode of communication" which subsists between matter and what they term "mind?" or do they continue to regard this question as altogether insoluble? About "mind" we profess to know nothing. But if they will discard this hypothetical substance, and consent to put up with the simple word and reality "I," instead of it, we think we can throw some light on what takes place between matter and "me," and that the foregoing observations have already done so. The point at which all preceding philosophers have confessed the hiatus to be insurmountable, the hitch to be inscrutably perplexing, was not the point at which the impression was communicated to the organ of sense—was not the point where the organ communicated the impression to the nerves—was not the point where the nerves transmitted it to the brain,—but was the point where the brain, or ultimate corporeal tissue, conveyed it to the "mind." Here lay the gap which no philosophy ever yet intelligibly cleared; here brooded the mist which no breath of science ever yet succeeded in dispersing. But, repudiating the hypothesis of "mind," let us use the word, and attend to the

reality "I," and we shall see how the vapours will vanish, how the prospect will brighten, and how the hiatus will be spanned by the bridge of a comprehensible fact. In the first place, in order to render this fact the more palpable, let us suppose, what is not the case, that the "I" is immediately given—comes into the world ready-made; and that a sensation, after being duly impressed upon its appropriate organ of sense, and carried along the nerves into the brain, is thence conveyed into this "I." But we have just seen that, along with this transmission of sensation, there is no negation conveyed to this "I." There is nothing transmitted to it except the sensation. But we have also just seen that without a negation, virtually present, at least, there could be no "I" in the case. This supposed "I," therefore, could not be a true and real "I." Its ground is yet wanting. In point of fact it may be considered to lapse into "mind," and to be as worthless and unphilosophical as that spurious substance which we have been labouring to get rid of. Throwing this "I," therefore, aside, let us turn back, and supposing, what is the case, that the "I" is *not* immediately given, let us follow forth the progress of a sensation once more. A particular impression is made upon an organ of sense in man, and what is the result? Sensation. Carry it on into the nerves, into the brain, what is the result? Mere sensation. Is there no consciousness? As yet there is none. But have we traced the sensation through its whole course? No: if we follow it onwards we find that somewhere or other it encounters an act of negation—a "no" gets implicated in the process, and then, and then only, does consciousness arise—then only does man start into being as "I"—then only do subject and object stand asunder. We have already proved, we trust with sufficient distinctness, that this act *must* be present, either actually or virtually, before man can be "I," and before the external universe can be an object to him—that is, before he can perceive it—and therefore we need not say any thing more upon this point. But does "the philosopher of mind" now ask us to redeem our pledge,

and to inform him distinctly what it is that takes place between "matter" and "me" (matter presenting itself, as it always does, in the shape of a sensation? then we beg to inform him that *all that takes place* between them is an act of negation, in virtue of which they are what they are; and that this act constitutes that link (or rather *unlink*) between body and mind—if we must call the "I" by that name—which many philosophers have sought for, and which many more have declined the search of out of despair of ever finding it.

We must here guard our readers against a delusive view of this subject which may be easily taken up. It may still, perhaps, be conceived that "mind," or the "I," is immediately given—is sent into the world, as we have said, *ready-made*—and that it puts forth this act of negation out of the resources of its natural being. Such a doctrine borrows its support, as we have already hinted, from what are called "the laws of human thoughts," but is utterly discountenanced by facts; that is to say, by the sources themselves from whence these laws are professedly, although, as it appears, incorrectly deduced. This doctrine directly reverses the truth of facts and the real order of things. It furnishes us with a notable instance of that species of misconception and logical transposition technically called a *husteron-proteron*;^{*} in vulgar language, it places the cart before the horse. For, as we have all along seen, the being "I" arises out of this act of negation, and therefore this act of negation cannot arise out of the being "I." All the evidence we can collect on the subject—every ray of light that falls upon it, proves and reveals it to be a fact, that the act of negation precedes the being "I," is the very condition or constituent ground upon which it rests, and therefore the being "I" cannot possibly precede or be given anterior to this act of negation. We may say, if we please, that this act of negation is the *act* "I," but not that it arises out of the being "I," because the whole testimony of facts discountenances such a conclusion, and goes to establish the very reverse. The perfect truth is, that man *acts I*

* *husteron-proteron*—a last-first.

before he *is I*, that is to say, he acts before he truly is—his act precedes and realizes his being;—a direct reversal of the ordinary doctrine, but a most important one as far as the establishment of human liberty is concerned; because, in making man's existence to depend upon his act, and in showing his act to be absolutely original and undervived—an act of antagonism against the derivative modifications of his given nature, we encircle him with an atmosphere of liberty, and invest him with a moral character and the dread attribute of responsibility, which, of course, would disappear if man, at every step, moved in the pre-ordained foot-prints of fate, and were not, in some respect or other, unconditionally free. And move in these foot-prints he must, the bondsmen of necessity in all things, if it be true that his real and proper substantive existence precedes and gives rise to his acts.

If this act of negation never took place, the sphere of sensation would be enlarged. The sensation would reign absorbing, undisputed, and supreme; or, in other words, man would, in every case, be monopolized by the passive state into which he had been cast. The whole of his being would be usurped by the passive modification into which circumstances had moulded it. But the act of negation or consciousness puts an end to this monopoly. Its presence displaces the sensation to a certain extent, however small that extent may be. An antagonism is now commenced against passion (for all sensation is passion), and who can say where this antagonism is to stop. (We shall show, in its proper place, that all morality centres in this antagonism.) The great unity of sensation, that is, the state which prevailed anterior to the dualization of subject and object, is broken up, and man's sensations and other passive states of existence never again possess the entireness of their first unalloyed condition—that entireness which they possessed in his infantine years—that wholeness and singleness which was theirs before the act of negation broke the universe asunder into the world of man and the world of nature.

This, then, proves that consciousness, or the act of negation, is not the harmonious accompaniment and dependent, but is the antagonist and the

violator of sensation. Let us endeavour once more to show that this act, from its very character, must be undervived and free. The proof is as follows. Sensation is a given or derivative state. It has, therefore, from the first a particular positive character. But this act is nothing in itself; it has no positive character; it is merely the opposite—the entire opposite of sensation. But if it were given and derived as well as sensation, it would *not* be the entire opposite of sensation. It would agree with sensation in this, that both of them would be given. But it agrees with the sensation in nothing. It is thoroughly opposed to it. It is pure action, while the sensation is pure passion. The sensation is passive, and is opposed to consciousness *because* it is derivative. Consciousness is action, and is opposed to sensation *because* it is not derivative. If consciousness were a given state it would not be action at all; it would be nothing but passion. It would be merely one passion contending with another passion. But it is impossible to conceive any passion or given state of Being without some positive character besides its antagonist character. But this act of negation has no positive character—has no character at all except of this antagonist description. Besides, it is opposed to *every* passion. If consciousness co-exist with *any* passion, we have seen that it displaces it to a certain degree. Therefore, if consciousness were itself a passive or derivative state it would be suicidal, it would *prevent itself* from coming into manifestation. But passing by this *reductio ad absurdum*, we maintain that consciousness meets the given, the derivative in man, at every point—that it only manifests itself by doing so—and therefore we must conclude that it is not itself derivative, but is an absolutely original act, or, in other words, an act of perfect freedom.

Let us here note, in a very few words, the conclusions we have got to. At our first step we noticed the given, the natural, the unconscious man—a passive creature throughout all the modifications of his Being. At our second step we observed an act of antagonism or freedom taking place against sensation, and the other passive conditions of his nature, as we have yet more fully to see: and at our third step we found that man in virtue of this antagonism had become "*I*." These

three great moments of humanity may be thus expressed. 1st, The natural or given man, is man in passion—in enslaved Being. 2d, The conscious

man—the man working into freedom against passion—is man in action. 3d, The “I” is man in free, that is, in real personal Being.

CHAPTER IV.

Are we then to hold that man does not become “I” *by compulsion*—that he is not constrained to become “I”? We must hold this doctrine. No man is forced or necessitated to become “I.” All the necessitated part of his Being leans the other way, and tends to prevent him from becoming “I.” He becomes “I” by fighting against the necessitated part of his nature. “I” embraces and expresses the sum and substance of his freedom—of his resistance. He becomes “I” with his own consent—through the concurrence and operation of his own will.

We have as yet said little about Human Will, because “Will” is but a word; and we have all along been anxious to avoid that very common, though most fatal, error in philosophy—the error, namely, of supposing that words can ever do the business of thoughts, or can, of themselves, put us in possession of the realities which they denote. If, in philosophy, we commence with the word “Will,” or

with any other word denoting what is called “a faculty” of man, and keep harping on the same, without having first of all come round the reality *without* the assistance of the word,—if we seek to educe the reality out of the word,—the chances are a thousand to one that we shall end where we began, and never get beyond the region of mere words. It makes a mighty difference in all kinds of composition, whether the reality suggests the word, or whether the word suggests the reality. The former kind of suggestion alone possesses any value—it alone gives truth and life both to philosophy and to poetry. The latter kind is worthless altogether, either in philosopher or poet; and the probability is, that the reality which the word suggests to him is not the true reality at all.*

Without employing the word “will,” then, let us look forth into the realities of man, and perhaps we shall fall in with the reality of it when we are

* Some curious considerations present themselves in connexion with this subject. Human compositions may be divided into two great classes. In the first, the commencement is made from feelings, ideas, or realities. These beget and clothe themselves in words. These precede the words. The workers in this order are, in poetry, the true poets. But the words having been employed and established, it is found that these of themselves give birth to feelings and ideas which may be extracted out of them without recourse being had to any other source. Hence a second class of composers arises, in whom words precede ideas—a class who, instead of construing ideas into words, construe words into ideas—and these again into other words. This class commences with words, making these feel and think for them. Of this class are the poetasters, the authors of odes to “Imagination,” “Hope,” &c., which are merely written because such words as “hope,” “imagination,” &c., have been established. These are the employers of the hereditary language of poetry. In philosophy the case is precisely the same. An Aristotle, a Leibnitz, or a Kant, having come, by certain realities of humanity, through an original exertion, and not through the instrumentality of words, makes use of a certain kind of phraseology to denote these realities. An inferior generation of philosophers, finding this phraseology made to their hand, adopt it; and, without looking for the realities themselves independently of the words, they endeavour to lay hold of the realities solely through the words; they seek to extract the realities out of the words, and, consequently, their labours are in a different subject-matter, as dead and worthless as those of the poetaster. Both classes of imitators work in an inverted order. They seek the living among the dead: that is, they seek it where it never can be found. Let us ask whether one inevitable result—one disadvantage of the possession of a highly cultivated language is not this—that, being fraught with numberless associations, it enables poetasters and false philosophers to abound—inasmuch as it enables them to make words stand in place of things and do the business of thoughts?

never thinking of the word, or troubling ourselves about it; perhaps we shall encounter the phenomenon itself, when the expression of it is the last thing in our thoughts; perhaps we shall find it to be something very different from what we suspected; perhaps we shall find that it exists in deeper regions, presides over a wider sphere, and comes into earlier play than we had any notion of.

The law of causality is the great law of nature. Now, what do we precisely understand by the law of causality? We understand by it the keeping up of an uninterrupted dependency throughout the various links of creation; or the fact that one Being assumes, without resistance or challenge, the state modification, or whatever we may choose to call it, imposed upon by another Being. Hence the law of causality is emphatically the law of virtual surrender or assent.

Now the natural man—man as he is born—is clearly placed entirely under the dominion of this law. He is, as we have often said, a mere passive creature throughout. He dons the sensations and the passions that come to him, and bends before them like a sapling in the wind. But it is by no means so obvious that the conscious man—the man become “I”—is also placed under jurisdiction of this law.

The “I” stands in a direct antithesis to the natural man; it is realized through consciousness, an act of antagonism against his passive modifications. Are we then to suppose that this “I” stands completely under the law of causality, or of virtual surrender—that the man entirely assents, and offers no resistance to the passive states into which he may be cast?—then, in this case, no act of antagonism taking place, consciousness, of course, disappears, and the “I” becomes extinct. If, therefore, consciousness and the “I” become extinct beneath the law of causality, their appearance and realization cannot depend upon that law, but must be brought about by a direct violation of the law of causality. If the “I” disappears in consequence of the law of causality, it must manifest (if it manifests itself at all) in spite of that law. If the law of virtual assent is its death, nothing but

the law of actual dissent (the opposite of causality) can give it life.

Here, then, in the realization of the “I,” we find a counter-law established to the law of causality. The law of causality is the law of assent—and upon this law man’s natural being and all its modifications, depend. But the life of the “I” depends upon the law of dissent—of resistance to all his natural or derivative states. And if the one of these laws—the law of assent—is known by the name of causality—the other of them, the law of dissent, which, in man, clashes with the law of causality at every point, is, or ought to be, known by the designation of will; and this will, this law of dissent, which embodies itself in an act of antagonism against the states which depend upon the law of causality—and which may therefore be called the law of freedom, as the other is the law of bondage, is the ground-law of humanity, and lies at the bottom of the whole operation of consciousness, at the roots of the existence of the “I.” Much more might be said concerning these two great laws, which may be best studied and understood in their opposition or conflict with one another.

But we have dug sufficiently deep *downwards*. It is now time that we should begin to dig *upwards*, and escape out of these mines of humanity, in which we have been working hard, although, we know, with most imperfect hands. We have trod, we trust with no unhallowed step, but with a foot venturous after truth, on the confines of those dread abysses which, in all ages, have shaken beneath the feet of the greatest thinkers among men. We have seen and handled the dark ore of humanity in its pure and elemental state. It will be a comparatively easy task to trace it forth in its general currency through the ranks of ordinary superficial life. In our next and concluding discussion, we will endeavour to point out the consequences of the act of consciousness; and we trust that the navigation through which we shall then have to steer will be less intricate and perplexing than that through which our present course has lain.

A GLANCE OVER THE POETRY OF THOMAS WARTON.

THERE is a loud demand from all the quarters of the globe for *Our Two Vases*. But we do nothing on compulsion—therefore the world must wait. Besides, we are from home. Maga has undertaken to edit herself during our absence, and we confess that we are not a little curious to see what kind of an October Number she may bring forth. Indeed we have resigned the Editorship till the New Year, and are now but an occasional Contributor. Poor dear soul! we wonder what she is doing with herself during such weather. We shrewdly suspect there has been no summer, and perhaps it was unreasonable to expect one, as there had been no spring. We ought not to have left her all by herself in Edinburgh among the owls and

satyrs—but let us trust that she is with Mrs Gentle in the Lodge. No jealousy between the Widow and the Virgin—and we hear them whispering into each other's ears—"O yes! they always mention him"—with tenderest epithets, the name of Christopher North.

On parting with Maga some six weeks ago, we told her insidiously with a kiss that we should employ the first dry day on an Article, assured in our weather-wisdom that no such day would occur before our return. Accordingly, it has never ceased raining, where we have been, from that day to this; and so far from ceasing on this, rain enough has fallen within these few hours to satisfy any ordinary month. As Armstrong sings or says.—

“ Steep’d in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew’d, our seasons droop: incumbent still
A ponderous Heaven o’erwhelms the sinking soul.
Lab’ring with storms, in heapy mountains rise
Th’ imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the South descends.
Scarce in a showerless day the Heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful East
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of summers, balmy air, and skies serene.
Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change! the brooding elements,
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix’d in the decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent Nature! O dissolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: give the genial West
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year; not mix in every monstrous day.”

Would that we had, by way of a change, some of that sort of weather. We should be contented to see the “circling seasons mix,” not in every, but in *one* “monstrous day”—now a dry cold cutting blast of spring—now a rattling thunder-storm worthy of summer—now a flood of which Autumn had no need to be ashamed—and now a blash of sleet or a fall of snow creditable to winter. But we defy mortal man to tell to what season of the year this day is entitled to

lay claim. We question much its being a day at all—it is merely the afternoon of a month’s rain, and there go the rest of the hay-cocks sailing along the meadow to the sea.

We are driven in despair to the Library, and blindly take down a book. Oh dear! what great big clumsy volume have we got? Yet there is something refreshing in this cloud of dust. Rarely have we seen a larger spider. Fear not, Arachne—for thou preservest the leaves from moth and

fly—and we are sorry to have disturbed thee in thine ancient web. Volume XVIII. of Chalmers' English Poets, we declare!

Maga! though "absent long and distant far" from thee, the jewel of our soul, this instant shall we sit down—thus—nor rise up till we have written an article—on the poet who shall first appear on our opening these prison doors. THOMAS WARTON!

Now frown not, nor mutter "pshaw!" Not one in a hundred of you—we venture to say—has read a line of him, "whose head," saith Thomas Campbell, "filled the laurel with more learning than it had encompassed for a hundred years"—of whom, saith Robert Southey, "there is no man of his generation to whom our literature is so much indebted, except Percy. We had a great share in what may be called our poetical reformation—in recalling us from a blind faith in idols, to the study of the true books." These poets were then speaking of him as the editor of Milton, the annotator on Spenser, and the historian of English poetry; we shall be disappointed if you do not agree with us in thinking that our selection from his own poems proves him to have been likewise a man of genius. We know that with you the love of poetry is sincere, and therefore not exclusive; and that so far from being fastidious, it finds delight in every touch of nature. You are not among the number of those who hold their heads so high as to overlook all poets, but a few of the greatest, and who would scorn

to drop a glance on the poetasters at their feet. In the House of Genius there are many mansions; and worthy of everlasting remembrance on earth are all the departed sons of song.

It is pleasant to us who, from our boyhood, have known all that has been said about him, to read again, even in the words of the clumsy Chalmers, of Thomas Warton—as Southey finely says—"happy-natured man, who carried with him a boy's heart to the grave." But it is of his poetry, not of his life and character that we would now say a few words; and but a few—for our article shall consist, as it ought to do, for your delight, chiefly of Specimens. It has this moment struck us, that tens of thousands would thank us for a Series of such articles—for what a mine of silver and of gold is the great Body of English Poetry!

In the "Pleasures of Melancholy," composed in his seventeenth year, there are some passages of no mean power—and that will bear comparison with any thing written at so early an age by the best of our poets. Indeed, we agree with Thomas Campbell in thinking that "it gives promise of a sensibility which his subsequent poetry did not fulfil;" and, though it cannot be truly said that in after life he did not follow the bidding of his own genius, yet, by following it, he seems to have allowed to languish in disuse many feelings and emotions with which his thoughtful heart had in early boyhood been familiar, and almost to have forgotten them in his devotion to the lore of Chivalry and Romance.

"Beneath yon ruined abbey's moss-grown piles
Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,
Where through some western window the pale moon
Pours her long-levelled rule of streaming light;
While sullen sacred silence reigns around,
Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his bower
Amid the mouldering caverns dark and damp,
Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves
Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
Invests some wasted tower. Or let me tread
Its neighbouring walk of pines, where mused of old
The cloistered brothers: through the gloomy void
That far extends beneath their ample arch
As on I pace, religious horror wraps
My soul in dread repose. But when the world
Is clad in Midnight's raven coloured robe,
'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame,
Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk
Along the glimmering walls; or ghostly shape
At distance seen, invites with beckoning hand

My lonesome steps, through the far-winding vaults
 Nor undelightful is the solemn moon
 On night, when haply wakeful from my couch,
 I start : lo, all is motionless around !
 Roars not the rushing wind ; the sons of men,
 And every beast in mute oblivion lie ;
 All nature's hushed in silence and in sleep
 O then how fearful is it to reflect,
 That thro' the still globe's awful solitude,
 No being wakes but me ! till stealing sleep
 My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
 Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
 My senses lead through flowery paths of joy ;
 But let the sacred genius of the night
 Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
 When through bewildering Fancy's magic maze
 To the fell house of Eusyrane, he led
 The unshaken Britomart ; or Milton knew,
 When in abstracted thought he first conceived
 All Heaven in tumult, and the seraphim
 Come towering, armed in adamant and gold."

Not in the following passage less impressive :—

" The tapered choir, at the late hour of prayer,
 Oft let me tread, while to the according voice
 The many-sounding organ peals on high,
 The clear slow-dittied chant, or varied hymn,
 Till all my soul is bathed in ecstasies,
 And lapped in paradise. Or let me sit
 Far in sequestered ile of the deep dome,
 There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,
 Which, as they lengthen through the Gothic vaults
 In hollow murmurs reach my ravished ear.
 Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
 And solitude returns, would I forsake
 The solemn mansion, but attentive mark
 The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,
 Measuring time's flight with momentary sound."

In these fine passages, equally as in the productions of his maturer genius, Warton discovers "that fondness for the beauties of Architecture which was an absolute passion in his breast." But there is in them, if we mistake not, a depth of feeling hardly to be found in the best descriptions of the same objects and places in his later poems. They are always brought by him before our eye with wonderful distinctness—but rather by a vivid conceptive than imaginative power ; and his pictures, beautiful or solemn though they be, want, we fear, what Wordsworth could have given them,

" The Consecration and the Poet's Dream."

Yet we may be doing them injustice—and you may prefer the celebrated passages—for once they were celebrated—in his "Triumphs of Isis," written in his 21st year—and in his "Verses on Sir Joshua's Painted Window at New College," written in advanced life—and justly called by Campbell "spirited and splendid—blending the point and succinctness of Pope with the richness of the elder and more fanciful school."

" Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
 Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time ;
 Ye massy piles of old munificence,
 At once the pride of learning and defence ;
 Ye cloisters pale, that lengthening to the sight,
 To contemplation, step by step, invite ;
 Ye high-arched walks, where oft the whispers clear
 Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear ;

Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
 Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise ;
 Lo ! your loved Isis, from the bordering vale,
 With all a mother's fondness bids you hail !—
 Hail, Oxford, hail ! of all that's good and great,
 Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat ;
 Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
 By truth exalted to the throne of fame ;
 Like Greece in science and in liberty,
 As Athens learned, as Lacedemon free."

Sir Joshua was proud, as well he might be, of the Laureate's praises, but seems to have felt that the poet, after all, loved in his heart the old "wreathed Gothic window," where "hues romantic tinged the gorgeous pane," better than the "portraits of attic art" he had been induced to celebrate. "I owe you great obligations for the sacrifice which ye have made, or pre-

tend to have made, to modern art ; I say pretend, for though it is allowed that you have, like a true poet, feigned marvellously well, and have opposed the two different styles with the skill of a connoisseur, yet I may be allowed to entertain some doubts of the sincerity of your conversion." No wonder—for what can be finer, in its way, than this ?

" Ah, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
 Those faultless forms of elegance and grace !
 Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
 With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass !
 Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combined,
 The fond illusions of my wayward mind !
 For long enamoured of a barbarous age,
 A faithless truant to the classic page ;
 Long have I loved to catch the simple chime,
 Of minstrel harps, and spell the fabling rhyme ;
 To view the festive rites, the knightly play
 That decked heroic Albion's elder day ;
 To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,
 And the rough castle, cast in giant mould ;
 With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
 And muse on the magnificence of yore.

" But chief, enraptured have I loved to roam,
 A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
 Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
 Their mingling branches shoot from side to side ;
 Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
 O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew ;
 Where Superstition with capricious hand
 In many a maze the wreathed window planned,
 With hues romantic tinged the gorgeous pane,
 To fill with holy light the wondrous fane ;
 To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
 By no Vitruvian symmetry subdued ;
 To suit the genius of the mystic pile :
 Whilst as around the far retiring ile,
 And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
 Her dark illumination wide she flung,
 With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
 The caves of death, and the dim arches frowned.
 From bliss long felt unwillingly we part :
 Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart !
 Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
 Phantoms that shrink at reason's painful gleam !
 That softer touch, insidious artist, stay,
 Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray !"

It would not, we suspect, be easy for any one of our living poets to surpass what we have been copiously quoting; if you think so, you had better try. Strip Warton of his antiquarianism, we have heard it said, and seen it written, and you leave him bare. Strip a cathedral of its antiquity, and it becomes a barn. Play at the innocent game of strip-Peter-naked till you are tired, but let Tom wear his weeds. There is much in what Joseph Warton relates of a visit he and his brother had with their father, in very early youth, to Windsor Castle. The old man—who had been Poetry-Professor in his day too, and ought to have been better—was angry with Tom for not having expressed any pleasure at the spectacle; “Thomas goes on, and takes no notice of any thing he has seen;” but Joe, who never forgot the remark, in maturer years observed, “I believe my brother was more struck with what he saw than either of us.” And Dr Huntingford (late Bishop of Salisbury

—a wise and good man) who communicated the anecdote—if anecdote it be—to Dr Mant (now Bishop of Down—a wise and good man too), says well, “there is good reason to think that the peculiar fondness for *Castle Imagery*, which Warton, on many occasions, strongly discovers, may be traced to this incident of his early days.” Perhaps all the most pleasing characteristics of Warton’s genius are, we think, exhibited in his Stanzas written at Vale-Royal Abbey in Cheshire—a monastery of Cistercian monks founded by King Edward the First, in consequence of a vow which he made when in danger of being shipwrecked, during his return from a crusade. It was first founded in Dernhall, in the same county, in the reign of Henry the Third; but Edward translated it to a place on the river Wever, not far distant, to which he then gave the name of the Vale-Royal. The versification—and the measure is a noble one—is equal to that of Davenant, Dryden, or Gray.

WRITTEN AT VALE-ROYAL ABBEY IN CHESHIRE.

“ As evening slowly spreads his mantle hoar,
No ruder sounds the bounded valley fill,
Than the faint din, from yonder sedgy shore,
Of rushing waters, and the murmuring mill.

“ How sunk the scene, where cloister’d leisure mus’d !
Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow ;
And, lavish of magnificence, diffus’d
His crowded spires o’er the broad mountain’s brow !

“ The golden fans, that o’er the turrets strown,
Quick glancing to the Sun, wild music made,
Are roft, and every battlement o’ergrown
With knotted thorns, and the tall sapling’s shade.

“ The prickly thistle sheds its plummy crest,
And matted nettles shade the crumbling mass,
Where shone the pavement’s surface smooth, impress’d
With rich reflection of the storied glass.

“ Here hardy chieftains slept in proud repose,
Sublimely shrin’d in gorgeous imagery ;
And through the lessening files, in radiant rows,
Their consecrated banners hung on high.

“ There oxen browse, and there the sable yew
Through the dun void displays its baleful glooms ;
And sheds in lingering drops ungenial dew
O’er the forgotten graves and scatter’d tombs.

“ By the slow clock, in stately-measur’d chime,
That from the massy tower tremendous toll’d,
No more the plowman counts the tedious time,
Nor distant shepherd pens his twilight fold.

“ High o’er the trackless heath at midnight seen,
No more the windows, rang’d in long array,
(Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between
Thick ivy twines) the taper’d rites betray.

“ Ev’n now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths,
(While kindred thoughts the pensive sounds inspire,)
When the weak breeze in many a whisper breathes,
I seem to listen to the chanting quire.

“ As o’er these shatter’d towers intent we muse,
Though rear’d by Charity’s capricious zeal,
Yet can our breasts soft Pity’s sigh refuse,
Or conscious Candour’s modest plea conceal ?

“ For though the sorceress, Superstition blind,
Amid the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
O’er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,
Oft bade her visionary gleams arise :

“ Though the vain hours unsocial Sloth beguil’d,
While the still cloister’s gate Oblivion lock’d ;
And thro’ the chambers pale, to slumbers mild
Wan Indolence her drowsy cradle rock’d :

Yet hence, inthron’d in venerable state,
Proud Hospitality dispens’d her store :
Ah, see, beneath yon tower’s unvaulted gate,
Forlorn she sits upon the brambled floor !

“ Her ponderous vase, with Gothic portraiture
Emboss’d, no more with balmy moisture flows ;
Mid the mix’d shards o’erwhelm’d in dust obscure,
No more, as erst, the golden goblet flows.

“ Sore beat by storms in Glory’s arduous way,
Here might Ambition muse, a pilgrim sage ;
Here raptur’d see religion’s evening ray
Gild the calm walks of his reposing age.

“ Here ancient Art her dædal fancies play’d
In the quaint mazes of the crisped roof ;
In mellow glooms the speaking pane array’d,
And rang’d the cluster’d column, massy proof.

“ Here Learning, guarded from a barbarous age,
Hover’d awhile, nor dar’d attempt the day ;
But patient trac’d upon the pictur’d page
The holy legend, or heroic lay.

“ Hither the solitary minstrel came
An honour’d guest, while the grim evening sky
Hung lowering, and around the social flame
Tun’d his bold harp to tales of chivalry.

“ Thus sings the Muse, all pensive and alone ;
Nor scorns within the deep fane’s inmost cell
To pluck the gray moss from the mantled stone,
Some holy founder’s mouldering name to spell.

“ Thus sings the Muse :—yet partial as she sings,
With fond regret surveys these ruin’d piles :
And with fair images of ancient things
The captive bard’s obsequious mind beguiles.

" But much we pardon to th' ingenious Muse ;
Her fairy shapes are trick'd by Fancy's pen :
Severer Reason forms far other views,
And scans the scene with philosophic ken.

" From these deserted domes new glories rise ;
More useful institutes, adorning man,
Manners enlarg'd, and new civilities,
On fresh foundations build the social plan.

" Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight
Essays, escap'd from Superstition's shrine ;
While freed Religion, like primeval light
Bursting from chaos, spreads her warmth divine."

But by far the noblest of Warton's inspirations are his two odes—the *Crusade*—and the *Grave of King Arthur*. "They have," quoth the author of *Hohenlinden* and *Lochiel*, "a genuine air of martial and minstrel enthusiasm." And again, "the spirit of Chivalry he may indeed be said to have revived in the poetry of modern times." Scott took a motto for the *Minstrelsy of the Border* from Warton—a most appropriate one—

" The songs, to savage virtue dear,
That won of yore the public ear ;
Ere polity, sedate and sage,
Had quenched the fires of feudal rage."

But Scott was indebted to Warton for far more than a motto—and has somewhere acknowledged the obligation—his genius was kindled by "the *Crusade*," and "the *Grave of Arthur*"—nor has he surpassed, if indeed he has equalled them in any of his most heroic strains. The *composition* is more perfect than that of any thing Scott ever wrote—the style more sustained—and the spirit more accordant with the olden time.

"The *Crusade*" is supposed to have been the Song composed by Richard and Blondel, and sung by that minstrel under the window of the Castle in which the King was imprisoned by Leopold of Austria.

THE CRUSADE.

" Bound for holy Palestine,
Nimble we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel arrayed ;
O'er the wave our weapon played,
And made the dancing billows glow ;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung :

" Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
English Richard ploughs the deep !

Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy
From distant towers, with anxious eye,
The radiant range of shield and lance
Down Damascus' hills advance :
From Zion's turrets as afar
Ye ken the march of Europe's war !
Saladin, thou paynim king,
From Albion's isle revenge we bring !
On Acon's spiry citadel,
Though to the gale thy banners swell,
Pictured with the silver Moon ;
England shall end thy glory soon !
In vain, to break our firm array,
Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray :
Those sounds our rising fury fan :
English Richard in the van,
On to victory we go,
A vaunting infidel the foe."

" Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crowned,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.

" Soon we kissed the sacred earth
That gave a murdered Saviour birth ;
Then with ardour fresh endued,
Thus the solemn song renewed.

" Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
Heaven's favoured hills appear at last !
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel's almond shaded steep,
We feel the cheering fragrance creep :
O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
Waves the date empurpled palm :
See Lebanon's aspiring head
Wide his immortal umbrage spread !
Hail, Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
Wet with our Redeemer's gore !
Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn ;
Your ravished honours to restore,
Fearless we climb this hostile shore !
And thou, the sepulchre of God !
By mocking pagans rudely trod,
Bereft of every awful rite,
And quenched thy lamps that beamed so
bright ;

For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host !
Aloft in his heroic hand,
Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
O'er the far-affrighted fields,
Resistless Kaliburn he wields.
Proud Saracen, pollute no more
The shrines by martyrs built of yore !
From each wild mountain's trackless
crown

In vain thy gloomy castles frown :
Thy battering engines, huge and high,
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy ;
And, rolling in terrific state,
On giant wheels harsh thunders grate.
When eve has hushed the buzzing camp,
Amid the moon-light vapours damp,
Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
Haunt us on the tented plain :
We bid the spectre-shapes avault,
Ashtaroth, and Termagant !
With many a demon, pale of hue,
Doomed to drink the bitter dew
That drops from Macon's sooty tree,
Mid the dread grove of ebony.
Nor magic charms, nor fiends of Hell,
The Christian's holy courage quell.

" Salem, in ancient majesty
Arise, and lift thee to the sky !
Soon on thy battlements divine
Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
Ye barons, to the Sun unfold
Our cross with crimson wove and gold ! "

" The Grave of King Arthur " is even a still nobler strain. King Henry the Second having undertaken an expedition into Ireland to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderic, King of Connaught, commonly called O'Connor Dunn, or the brown Monarch of Ireland, was entertained in his passage through Wales with the songs of the Welsh Bards. The subject of their poetry was King Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of those Welsh poems sung before Henry, it was recited that King Arthur, after the Battle of Camlan in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury Abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards, Henry visited the Abbey, and commanded the spot, described by the bard, to be opened ; when, digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the groundwork of the ode ; but it is told with some slight variations from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The

Castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teivi in Pembrokeshire, and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the warriors at Hastings.

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

" Stately the feast, and high the cheer :
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendour, Henry sate ;
Prepared to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.

" ' Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flamed aloof :
From massy cups, with golden gleam
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream :
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty-windowed hall,
The storied tapestry was hung :
With minstrelsy the rafters hung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glittered bright :
While gifted bards, a rival throng
(From distant Mona, muse of song
From Teivi, fringed with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude),
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose ;
And to the strings of various chyme
Attended thus the fabling rhyme.

" ' O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest
roared,
High the screaming sea-mew soared ;
On Tintagel's topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower ;
Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whirling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering side
The surges of the tumbling tide :
When Arthur ranged his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's crimsoned banks :
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed !
Yet in vain a paynim foe
Armed with fate the mighty blow ;
For when he fell, an elfin queen,
All in secret, and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue ;
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enamelled steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
From flowers that in Arabia grew :

On a rich enchanted bed
 She pillow'd his majestic head ;
 O'er his brow with whispers bland
 Thrice she waved an opiate wand ;
 And to soft music's airy sound,
 Her magic curtains closed around.
 There, renew'd the vital spring,
 Again he reigns a mighty king ;
 And many a fair and fragrant clime,
 Blooming in immortal prime,
 By gales of Eden ever fan'd,
 Owns the monarch's high command :
 Thence to Britain shall return
 (If right prophetic rolls I learn),
 Borne on Victory's spreading plume,
 His ancient sceptre to resume ;
 Once more, in old heroic pride,
 His barbed courser to bestride ;
 His knightly table to restore,
 And brave the tournaments of yore.'

" They ceas'd : when on the tuneful
 stage

Advanc'd a bard, of aspect sage ;
 His silver tresses, thin besprang,
 To age a graceful reverence lent ;
 His beard, all white as spangles frore
 That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
 Down to his harp descending flow'd ;
 With Time's faint rose his features
 glow'd :

His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire,
 And thus he wak'd the warbling wire.

" Listen, Henry, to my read !

Not from fairy realms I lead
 Bright-rob'd Tradition, to relate
 In forged colours Arthur's fate ;
 Though much of old romantic lore
 On the high theme I keep in store :
 But boastful Fiction should be dumb,
 Where Truth the strain might best be-
 come.

If thine ear may still be won
 With songs of Uther's glorious son,
 Henry, I a tale unfold,
 Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
 Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower ;
 Which in my youth's full early flower,
 A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
 Who spoke of kings from old Loerine,
 Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
 Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
 What time the glistening vapours fled
 From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's head ;
 And on its sides the torrents gray
 Shone to the morning's orient ray.

" When Arthur bowed his haughty
 crest,

No princess, veiled in azure vest,
 Snatched him, by Merlin's potent spell,
 In groves of golden bliss to dwell ;
 Where, crowned with wreaths of mistletoe,
 Slaughter'd kings in glory go :
 But when he fell, with winged speed,
 His champions, on a milk-white steed,
 From the battle's hurricane,
 Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,

In the fair vale of Avalon :
 There, with chanted orison,
 And the long blaze of tapers clear,
 The stoled fathers met the bier ;
 Through the dim files, in order dread
 Of martial wo, the chief they led,
 And deep entombed in holy ground,
 Before the altar's solemn bound.
 Around no dusky banners wave,
 No mouldering trophies mark the grave :
 Away the ruthless Dame has torn
 Each trace that Time's slow touch had
 worn ;

And long, o'er the neglected stone,
 Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown :
 The faded tomb, with honour due,
 'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew !
 Thither, when conquest has restor'd
 Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,
 When Peace with palm has crown'd thy
 brows,

Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
 There, observant of my lore,
 The pavement's hallowed depth explore ;
 And thrice a fathom underneath
 Dive into the vaults of Death.
 There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
 On his gigantic stature gaze ;
 There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
 All in warrior-weeds array'd ;
 Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
 And weapons huge of old renown.
 Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
 From dark oblivion Arthur's grave !
 So may thy ships securely stem
 The western frith : thy diadem
 Shine victorious in the van,
 Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan :
 Thy Norman pike-men win their way
 Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay :
 And from the steep of rough Kildare
 Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare :
 So may thy bow's unerring yew
 Its shafts in Roderic's heart imbrew.'

" Amid the pealing symphony
 The spiced goblets mantled high ;
 With passions new the song impressed
 The listening king's impatient breast :
 Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes ;
 He scorns awhile his bold emprise ;
 E'en now he seems, with eager pace,
 The consecrated floor to trace,
 And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
 The treasure of the wondrous tomb :
 E'en now he burns in thought to rear
 From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
 Rough with the gore of Pictish kings :
 E'en now fond hope his fancy wings,
 To poise the monarch's massy blade,
 Of magic-tempered metal made :
 And drag to day the stunted shield
 That felt the storm of Canan's field.
 O'er the sepulchre profound
 E'en now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
 He plans the chantry's cloist' shrine,
 The daily din, and rites divine."

These two Odes work on our imagination more powerfully than "The Bard" of Gray. To us they appear to be more poetical, and you may laugh at us for saying so, as sardonically as your face will permit. "Was ne'er prophetic sound so full of woe," cannot with any truth be said of the rhetorical style of that Ode—and we should not have suspected from the stately composure of his speech, occasionally corrugated with affected vehemence, that with haggard eyes the Prophet stood on a rock. Yet it was on some occasion during the current year that we heard some simple soul like ourself called over the coals for the heresy we now have been guilty of, by some truculent critic who seemed to think his own character involved, heaven knows how, in the lyrical genius of Gray.

By the way, Thomas Warton has, in our opinion, described Abbeys and Cathedrals, within and without, much better than Walter Scott.

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,

Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;

When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,

Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair."

The second couplet has no business there—and forcibly brings before us an image which should have been totally excluded from the picture. Omit these two lines and you will at once feel how the effect is deepened of the night vision. Besides, they are in themselves bad—for daylight did never yet "*gild* ruins grey"—much less "*flout*" them—and these are, moreover, ugly words. The next four lines are excellent; though to our ear and eye, in so short a passage, so many monosyllabic epithets sound and look oddly—"fair," "pale," "gay," "grey," "black," "cold." The but-

tresses are alternately in light and in shadow—and the Last Minstrel says "alternately they seem of ebon and ivory." That is pure nonsense. They seemed to be of stone. The change of substance is the reverse of a process of imagination—for it destroys the shadowy beauty given to the edifice by moonlight, substituting in its place something to the last degree fantastic—say at once ridiculous. We doubt the truth of "silver edges the imagery and the scrolls," but you may like because you understand it. The silver as well as the ebon and the ivory had been far better away. But the fatal fault—and it is to us an astounding one—is, "And the owlet hoots o'er the dead man's grave." That line not only disturbs but destroys the spirit pervading—or intended to pervade—the description—that of stillness—sadness—beauty—peace—"Was never scene so sad and fair!"—"Then view St David's ruined pile" is a needless repetition—and comes in very awkwardly after "ruined central tower,"—nor is that an inconsiderable blemish in such a picture. "Soothly swear" seems to us rather silly—but if you admire it we shall try to do so too—and 'tis but a trifle. Some of our other objections to this far-famed description are radical and vital—and it will be easier for you to rebuild Melrose Abbey than set them aside.

We are told that

"Short halt did Deloraine make there;
Little reck'd he of the scene so fair;"

from which the reader might well have supposed that the Abbey was then in ruins. The moss-trooper and monk proceed together to the Wizard's Tomb; and the Minstrel describes the interior of the Abbey.

"By a steel-clenched postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small:
The key-stone that lock'd each ribbed aisle
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound."

This description, so minute and unimpassioned, should not have been

introduced here between the lines about the monk gazing on the streamers in the north, and those about the dying lamps burning before the tomb of the Douglass. In themselves they are unpoetical—and they are ill-written. The roof of the “*tall*” chancel rises “*high*” on “*lofty*” pillars!! Then mark how the Minstrel returns to the pillars to re-describe them—and how he spoils the effect—such as it is—of his own picture. “The pillars were lofty and light and small,” is well—but who can bear to be told after that, that they

“Seem’d bundles of lances which garlands
had bound!”

Such a simile might be pardoned or approved in a lightsome mood, when people are allowed or expected to be fanciful and ingenious—but here—at midnight—on the quest by monk and warrior of Michael Scott’s awful book, lying on his breast in his grave—it is most unhappily out of time and place.

“The moon in the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;

Thou would’st have thought some fairy’s
hand,

’Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was
done,

And changed the willow-wreaths to
stone.”

Sir Walter says in a note, that it is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey, and alludes to Sir James Hall’s ingenious idea, that the Gothic order, through its various forms and cunningly eccentric ornaments, may be traced to an architectural imitation of wicker-work, of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. Possibly. But that affords no justification of such a description as this, natural or not in itself—poetical or prosaic; for it is utterly destructive of the solemn—the awful feelings which it was the aim of the Minstrel to awaken and to sustain. He had just said,

“O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition lowly laid!”

And this fanciful or rather fantastic

affair of the Fairies must, at such a juncture, be offensive to every reader who accompanies Doleraïne and his guide in a state of any emotion. ’Tis a prettiness worthy but of a lady’s Album.

With the exception of Cibber, the Poets Laureate of England have all been respectable—some have been—one is now—illustrious. Warton wore the laurel gracefully; and some of his odes—classical in conception and execution—are delightful reading to this day. Dr Mant says well, “Sure I am that he has executed the office with surprising ability; that he has given variety to a hackneyed argument by the happiest selection and adaptation of collateral topics; and has shown how a poet may celebrate his sovereign, not with the fulsome adulation of an Augustan courtier, or the base prostration of an Oriental slave, but with the genuine spirit and erect front of an Englishman.” “The Probationary odes,” witty as they were, are now forgotten; and Warton’s are not remembered. We believe the rogues printed the Laureate’s first ode, which was rather a rum concern, among the Probationary; and sent him a copy with an editorial letter expressing their gratitude to him, for having set “the example of a Joke”—“an inimitable effort of luxuriant humour.” Dr Joseph says, that his brother “of all men felt the least, and least deserved to feel, the force of the Probationary odes, written on his appointment to the office; and that he always heartily joined in the laugh, and applauded the exquisite wit and humour that appeared in many of those original satires.” Laureates do not like to be laughed at, more than other office-bearing men—but Warton had more humour and as much wit as the Set—and, on this occasion, rubbing his elbow, merely chuckled, “black-letter dogs, Sir.” Not a wit of them all could have written these Two odes.

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1787.

“In rough magnificence array’d,
When ancient Chivalry display’d
The pomp of her heroic games;
And crested chiefs, and tissued dames,
Assembled, at the clarion’s call,
In some proud castle’s high-arch’d
hall,

To grace romantic Glory's genial rites :
 Associate of the gorgeous festival,
 The minstrel struck his kindred string,
 And told of many a steel-clad king,
 Who to the turney train'd his hardy
 knights ;
 Or bore the radiant red-cross shield
 Mid the bold peers of Salem's field ;
 Who travers'd Pagan climes to quell
 The wisard foe's terrific spell ;
 In rude affrays untaught to fear
 The Saracen's gigantic spear.
 The listening champions felt the fabling
 rhyme
 With fairy trappings fraught, and shook
 their plumes sublime.

“ Such were the themes of regal praise
 Dear to the bard of elder days ;
 The songs, to savage virtue dear,
 That won of yore the public ear ;
 Ere Polity, sedate and sage,
 Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage,
 Had stemm'd the torrent of eternal strife,
 And charm'd to rest an unrelenting age.—
 No more, in formidable state,
 The castle shuts its thundering gate !
 New colours suit the scenes of soften'd life ;
 No more, bestriding barbed steeds,
 Adventurous Valour idly bleeds :
 And now the bard in alter'd tones,
 A theme of worthier triumph owns ;

By social imagery beguil'd,
 He moulds his harp to manners mild ;
 Nor longer weaves the wreath of war
 alone,
 Nor hails the hostile forms that grac'd the
 Gothic throne.

“ And now he tunes his plausible lay
 To kings, who plant the civic bay !
 Who choose the patriot sovereign's part,
 Diffusing commerce, peace, and art ;
 Who spread the virtuous pattern wide,
 And triumph in a nation's pride ;
 Who seek coy Science in her cloister'd
 nook,
 Where Thames, yet rural, rolls an artless
 tide ;
 Who love to view the vale divine,
 Where revel Nature and the Nine,
 And clustering towers the tufted grove
 o'erlook ;
 To kings, who rule a filial land,
 Who claim a people's vows and
 pray'rs,
 Should Treason arm the weakest
 hand !
 To these his heart-felt praise he bears,
 And with new rapture hastes to greet
 This festal morn, that longs to meet,
 With luckiest auspices, the laughing
 Spring :
 And opes her glad career, with blessings
 on her wing !

ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4TH, 1788.

“ The noblest bards of Albion's choir
 Have struck of old this festal lyre.
 E'er Science, struggling oft in vain,
 Had dar'd to break her Gothic chain,
 Victorious Edward gave the vernal bough
 Of Britain's bay to bloom on Chaucer's brow :
 Fir'd with the gift, he chang'd to sounds sublime
 His Norman minstrelsy's discordant chime :
 In tones majestic hence he told
 The banquet of Cambuscan bold ;
 And oft he sung (howe'er the rhyme
 Has mouldered to the touch of time)
 His martial master's knightly board,
 And Arthur's ancient rites restor'd ;
 The prince in sable steel that sternly frown'd,
 And Gallia's captive king, and Cressy's wreath renown'd

“ Won from the shepherd's simple meed,
 The whispers wild of Mulla's reed,
 Sage Spenser wak'd his lofty lay
 To grace Eliza's golden sway :
 O'er the proud theme new lustre to diffuse,
 He chose the gorgeous allegoric Muse,
 And call'd to life old Uther's elfin tale,
 And rov'd through many a necromantic vale,
 Portraying chiefs that knew to tame
 The goblin's ire, the dragon's flame,
 To pierce the dark enchanted hall,
 Where virtue sate in lonely thrall.

From fabling Fancy's inmost store
 A rich romantic robe he bore ;
 A veil with visionary trappings hung,
 And o'er his virgin queen the fairy texture flung.

" At length the matchless Dryden came,
 To light the Muses' clearer flame ;
 To lofty numbers grace to lend,
 And strength with melody to blend ;
 To triumph in the bold career of song,
 And roll the unwearied energy along.
 Does the mean incense of promiscuous praise,
 Does servile fear, disgrace his regal bays ?
 I spurn his panegyric strings,
 His partial homage, tuned to kings !
 Be mine, to catch his manlier chord,
 That paints the impassion'd Persian lord,
 By glory fired, to pity sued,
 Rous'd to revenge, by love subdued ;
 And still, with transport new, the strains to trace,
 That chant the Theban pair, and Tancred's deadly vase.

" Had these blest bards been call'd, to pay
 The vows of this auspicious day,
 Each had confess'd a fairer throne,
 A mightier sovereign than his own !
 Chaucer had made his hero-monarch yield
 The martial fame of Cressy's well-fought field
 To peaceful prowess, and the conquests calm,
 That braid the sceptre with the patriot's palm :
 His chaplets of fantastic bloom,
 His colourings, warm from Fiction's loom,
 Spenser had cast in scorn away,
 And deck'd with truth alone the lay ;
 All real here, the bard had seen
 The glories of his pictur'd queen !
 The tuneful Dryden had not flatter'd here,
 His lyre had blameless been, his tribute all sincere !"

Warton had a fine eye and a feeling heart for nature—as indeed he had for every thing good—and perhaps some of his unambitious descriptive verses may please you more than his statelier Odes. It has been said that they are rather deficient in sentiment—too purely descriptive ; some of them are so—others not—and we think that objection will by none be felt to lie against his delightful lines entitled "The Hamlet." Headley calls it "a most exquisite little piece," and says "it contains such a selection of beautiful rural images as perhaps no other poem of equal length in our language presents us with." Headley, we think, was a Trinity man, and as such must have loved Warton, and his praise may need pruning ; but he was a good judge because a fine genius. "The Hamlet" is "written on Whichwood Forest" which lies towards the western side of Oxfordshire, and near the Poet's parish of Cuddington.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

" Beneath this stony roof reclin'd
 I sooth to peace my pensive mind ;
 And while, to shade my lowly cave,
 Embowering elms their umbrage wave ;
 And while the maple dish is mine,
 The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine ;
 I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
 Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

" Within my limits lone and still
 The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;
 Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
 Tho wren has wove her mossy nest ;
 From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
 To lurk with innocence, she flies ;
 Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
 Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

" At morn I take my custom'd round,
 To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
 And every opening primrose count,
 That trimly paints my blooming mount :
 Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
 That grace my gloomy solitude,

I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

"At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Portray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed :
Then as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn ;
And at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

"While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who would but smile at guilty state ?
Who would but wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot ?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray ;

"His certain life that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content :
The smooth leaved beeches on the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent :
His life is neither tost on boisterous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease ;
Pleased and full blest he lives where he his God can please.

"His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place,
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face ;
Never his humble house or state torment him,
Lesse he could like, if lesse his God had sent him,
And when he dies, green turfs with grassie tomb content him."

Joseph and Thomas Warton, as all the world once knew, were most affectionate brothers—and Tom seldom left Oxford but to visit Joe at Winchester, which he did annually as long as he lived, and where he was the delight of the boys, writing for them their themes and tasks, and mingling with their amusements till the very last. Before Joseph's elevation to the mastership, he went abroad with the Duke of Bolton, and on that occasion Thomas indited the beautiful lines, "Sent to a Friend on his leaving a favourite Cottage in Hampshire."—

SENT TO A FRIEND.

"Ah mourn, thou lov'd retreat ! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore !
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
Who now shall climb its brows to view
The length of landscape, ever new,
Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide !
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm :

And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage ?"

Headley remarks, too, that the leading idea of these lines was suggested by an account of the life of a peasant in Phineas Fletcher's "Purple Island." Dr Mant agrees with him ; but we see small reason or none for thinking so, and believe that the "leading idea," which is obvious to all mankind, was suggested to Warton many hundred times during his walks in the Forest of Whichwood. Fletcher's stanzas, however, are "beautiful exceedingly"—as these two declare.

The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof :
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall :
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train :
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire !

"Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way ;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean !
Who mid thy nooks of hazle sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit ;
And listening to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak !
Who, through the sunshine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower ?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckow's vernal lay ?
Who musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embower
The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
With azure flow'rets idly grac'd !
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn ;

Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote :
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evenings shade the sky !

" For lo ! the Bard who rapture found
In every rural sight or sound ;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
No charm of genuine nature pass'd ;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires :
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With shadowy shapes, and airy powers.

" Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms !
From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed
shoots,

Th' unwilling genius flies forlorn,
His primrose chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
The pathless copse and hedge-row brake :
Where the delv'd mountain's headlong
side

Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green summit, ambush'd high,
No longer Echo loves to lie.
No pearl-crown'd maids with wily look,
Rise beckoning from the reedy brook.
Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
No fairies run in fiery rank ;
Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread
The violet's unprinted head.
But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest-oaks, that, pale and lone,
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.

" So by some sage enchanter's spell,
(As old Arabian fablers tell,)
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd :
From sapphire rocks the fountains
stream'd,

With golden fruit the branches beam'd ;
Fair forms, in every wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood ;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at distance, beauties new :
While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers
Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.
If bound on service new to go,
The master of the magic show,
His transitory charm withdrew,
Away th' illusive landscape flew :
Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning smote the blooming mould :
In visionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous castle disappeared ;
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain."

We call these beautiful lines ; nor does
it detract much from their merit that
they have little or no claim to origina-

lity—for if much of the images be bor-
rowed from books, as much is taken
from nature, and the whole is finely
fused together by an affectionate heart
and a glowing fancy, and comes from
the process, Poetry. The close was,
perhaps, imitated from Akenside—

" So fables tell,
The adventurous hero, bound on hard ex-
ploits,

Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells
Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,
A visionary paradise disclosed
Amid the dubious wild, &c.

But Akenside imitated Addison, and of
the three fine pictures, Addison's is the
finest—as you will confess. We have
it by heart. " We are every where
entertained with pleasing shows and
apparitions ; we discover imaginary
glories in the heavens and in the earth,
and see some of their visionary beauty
poured out on the whole creation.
But what a rough unsightly sketch of
nature should we be entertained with,
did all her colouring disappear, and
the several distinctions of light and
shade vanish ? In short, our souls are
at present delightfully lost and bewil-
dered in a pleasing delusion, and we
walk about like the enchanted hero in
a romance, who sees beautiful castles,
woods, and meadows, and at the same
time hears the warbling of birds and
purling of streams ; but, upon the
finishing of some secret spell, the fan-
tastic scene breaks up, and the discon-
solate knight finds himself on a bar-
ren heath, or in a solitary forest."

It is something—much—to deserve
the name of a descriptive Poet even of
the lowest order. No man can de-
scribe natural objects *well*, without
some feeling of their beauty—with-
out the power of re-awakening in
himself that feeling, by an act of the
imagination. The feeling keeps him
to the truth, and inspires him to paint
it. And he who has this power of
feeling is so far a Poet. He who has
it not, or in whom it is faint and fluc-
tuating, may have no inconsiderable
pleasure, even beyond that of the
senses, in the charms of nature ; but
in attempting to describe them, he
makes but sorry work of it, and the
more gorgeous his imagery, and the
more laboriously gathered, the more
prosaic is his picture. Often now-
a-days they who have little or no
knowledge of nature, and therefore

who can have little or no pleasure in her appearances, try to deceive themselves into the belief that they are haunted—possessed by a sense of her most potent charms, and to escape the tame assume the intense ! Such gentry would despise Warton's lines "On the approach of Summer." But you will not despise them—you will read them with delight.

" Oft when thy season, sweetest queen,
Has dress'd the groves in liv'ry green ;
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bow'r to build !
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And mists in spreading streams convey
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay :
Then, goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in museful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's
flood ;
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There thro' the dusk but dimly seen,
Sweet ev'ning-objects intervene :
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants,
The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense ;
Nor tangled woodbine's balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume :
Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet :
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant tinkling bell :
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot :
Rustle the breezes lightly borne,
O'er deep embattled ears of corn :
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.
Meantime, a thousand dyes invest
The ruby Chambers of the West !
That all aslant the village tow'r
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze :
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light :
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies ;
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
Portrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My softened soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,

Till from the path I fondly stray
In musings lap'd, nor heed the way ;
Wandering through the landscape still,
Till Melancholy has her fill ;
And on each moss-wove border damp
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

" But when the sun, at noontide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tow'r ;
Me, heart-rejoicing goddess, lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead :
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng ;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath :
There as my listless limbs are thrown
On couch more soft than palace down,
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil that hums around ;
And see the team shrill tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

" But ever, after summer shower,
When the bright Sun's returning power,
With laughing beam has chased the storm,
And cheered reviving Nature's form ;
By sweet-brier hedges, bathed in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue ;
There issuing forth the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail,
While, as I walk, from pearled bush
The sunny sparkling drop I brush ;
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue ;
And so loud the blackbird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock ;
From bowering beach the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe ;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.
But ever against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arched seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock ;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone ;
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around ;
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its side with mantling woodbines wove ;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells ;
Or noon-tide grot where Sylvan sleeps
In hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.

" Me, goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day ;
Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
His with'ring hawthorn on the heath ;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve !
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sand-
Smote with keen heat, the traveller stands ;
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,

Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wish some cooling wave
To slake his lips, or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.

"Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage Solitude!
There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark,
Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twind,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Ilianus' laureate shore.
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!

"Or to the forest-fringed vale,
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowslips, clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midst, with sedges gray
Crown'd, a scant riv'let winds its way,
And trembling thro' the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen:
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
Save that by fits an heifer lows:
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his pensive old might choose
On virtue's holy lore to muse.

"Yet still the sultry noon t' appease
Some more romantic scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn:
Or bower in Vallombrosa's shade,
By legendary pens portrayed.
Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state, where waving wide,
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven towers
Of that proud castle's painted bowers,
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warrior guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quiv'ring lance and twanging string.
As through the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,
To teach enquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dashed into dust the solemn pile."

Verily there is poetry in these verses
—nor are they, to our mind at least,
the worse but the better of being besprinkled with colourings from Milton. We do not call that plagiarism
—nor is it borrowing; Warton lays

no claim to a diction peculiarly his own; and having studied Milton all his life, he had become imbued with the language of his minor poems, which he rejoiced to use in love and reverence of his mighty master. The flow of thought, and sentiment, and imagery proceeds from his own genius thus enriched; and had he not been a true poet (nobody calls him a great one), his familiarity with Milton would have been shown but in Centos.

His "Humorous Pieces" are very pleasant—and "the Progress of Discontent" (written in his eighteenth year) has been pronounced by Dr Joseph to be "the best imitation of Swift that has yet appeared." Here it is.

THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

"When now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus, in form of humble suitor,
Bowing accosts a reverend tutor:
'Sir, I'm a Gloucestershire divine,
And this my eldest son of nine;
My wife's ambition and my own
Was that this child should wear a gown;
I'll warrant that his good behaviour
Will justify your future favour;
And, for his parts, to tell the truth,
My son's a very forward youth;
Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
And mouths out Homer's Greek like
thunder.

If you'd examine—and admit him,
A scholarship would nicely fit him;
That he succeeds 'tis ten to one;
Your vote and interest, sir!'—'Tis done.

"Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,

Are with a scholarship completed:
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college rules are heavy chains:
In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns;
And now, intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

"When nine full tedious winters past,
That utmost wish is crown'd at last:
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot:
'These fellowships are pretty things,
We live indeed like petty kings:
But who can bear to waste his whole age
Amid the dulness of a college,
Debar'd the common joys of life,
And that prime bliss—a loving wife!
O! what's a table richly spread,
Without a woman at its head!

Would some snug benefice but fall,
Ye feasts, ye dinners ! farewell all !
To offices I'd bid adieu,
Of dean, vice præ.—of bursar too ;
Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
Come, tithes, and house, and fruitful
fields !'

" Too fond of freedom and of ease
A patron's vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail incumbent's doubtful health ;
At length, and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear !
With breast clate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
' What a convenient house ! how neat !
For fuel here's sufficient wood :
Pray God the cellars may be good !
The garden—that must be new plann'd—
Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand ?
O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
The flow'ry shrub of thousand dyes :—
Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay :
While thick beneath its aspect warm
O'er well-rang'd hives the bees shall
swarm,

From which, ere long, of golden gleam
Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream ;
This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
We'll alter to a modern privy ;
Up yon green slope, of hazels trim,
An avenue so cool and dim
Shall to an harbour at the end,
In spite of gout, entice a friend.
My predecessor lov'd devotion—
But of a garden had no notion.'

" Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the squire ;
Not over weighty in the purse,
But many doctors have done worse ;
And though she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve and make birch-wine.

" Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel ;
Finds his church-wardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning ;
With tithes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice fees ;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews ;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club's carousing ;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells ;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot ;

" His country's hope, when now the blooming heir
Has lost the parent's or the guardian's care ;
Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy ?

Plants cauliflow'rs, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year ;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies ;
Builds in his copse a fav'rite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.
" But ah ! too soon his thoughtless
breast

By cares domestic is oppress ;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin :
For children fresh expenses yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.
' Why did I sell my college life ?
(He cries) ' for benefice and wife ?
Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
I found in reading, or in leisure !
When calm around the common room
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume !
Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
At annual bottlings, corks selected :
And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious founder !
When impositions were supply'd
To light my pipe—or sooth my pride—
No cares were then for forward peas,
A yearly-longing wife to please ;
My thoughts no christ'ning dinners crost,
No children cry'd for butter'd toast ;
And every night I went to bed,
Without a modus in my head !'

" Oh ! trifling head, and fickle heart !
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art ;
A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And sick of pleasures scarce enjoy'd !
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases."

Of "Newmarket," a satire, Dr
Mant somewhat too boldly says, " I
do not think it can be deemed inferior
to the best satirical compositions of
Young and Pope." That will never
do. There is too much whipping and
spurring of his Pegasus, who makes
play from the start. The truth is,
that the Laureate liked a race-course,
and between heats used to leave the
stand for a booth. It could not be
said of him, " facit indignatio versus"
—and he indulges in such exaggera-
tion as shows him not to have been
quite sincere in his ire. But here is a
passage worthy of all admiration—on
account of the beautiful picture it pre-
sents of the " good old seat" of " the
good old English gentleman."

Of each rash frolic what the source and end,
His sole and first ambition what?—to spend.

“ Some squires, to Gallia's cooks devoted dupes,
Whole manors melt in sauce, or drown in soups :
Another doats on fiddlers, till he sees
His hills no longer crown'd with tow'ring trees ;
Convinced, too late, that modern strains can move,
Like those of ancient Greece, the obedient grove :
In headless statues rich, in useless urns,
Marmoreo from the classic tour returns.—
But would you learn, ye leisure-loving squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent sires ;
How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame ;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground !

“ What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
When the good Knight at last retir'd to rest !
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park :
That park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age ;
In simple state where genuine Nature wears
Her venerable dress of ancient years ;
Where all the charms of chance with order meet
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which Druids might adore ;
With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue :
Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
Glowing in gay diversities of green :
There the full stream thro' intermingling glades
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
Nor wants there hazle copse, or beechen lawn,
To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.

“ And see the good old seat, whose Gothic tow'rs
Awful emerge from yonder tuft'd bow'rs ;
Whose rafter'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
And dealt to Age and Want their daily bread ;
Where crested knights with peerless damsels join'd,
At high and solemn festivals have din'd :
Presenting oft fair Virtue's shining task,
In mystic pageantries, and moral mask.
But vain all ancient praise, or boast of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth !
At once a bankrupt and a prosperous heir,
Hilario bets,—park, house, dissolve in air ;
With antique armour hung, his trophied rooms
Descend to gamblers, prostitutes, and grooms.
He sees his steel-clad sires, and mothers mild,
Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd ;
All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace ;
Debas'd, abused, the price of ill-got gold,
To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
The parish wonders at the unopening door,
The chimnies blaze, the tables groan, no more.
Thick weeds around the untrodden courts arise,
And all the social scene in silence lies.
Himself, the loss politely to repair,
Turns atheist, fiddler, highwayman, or play'r ;
At length, the scorn, the shame of man and God,
Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.”

We *feel* our article has nearly reached its limits. Another extract will do the business—and the final page of a number should be candid towards its close.

PROLOGUE ON THE OLD WINCHESTER PLAYHOUSE OVER THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

“ Whoe’er our stage examines, must excuse
The wondrous shifts of the dramatic Muse;
Then kindly listen, while the prologue rambles
From wit to beef, from Shakspeare to the shambles!
Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The monarch swaggers, and the butcher swears!
Quick the transition when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia’s moans to mutton-chops!
While for Lothario’s loss Lavinia cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes!
Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark.
Cleavers and scimitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and sheep below!
While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,
Rebellow to the roar the staggering ox.
Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidneys and kings, mouthing and marrow-bones.
Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,
And form a tragi-comedy around.
With weeping lovers, dying calves complain,
Confusion reigns—chaos is come again!
Hither your steelyards, butchers, bring, to weigh
The pound of flesh, Anthonio’s bond must pay!
Hither your knives, ye Christians, clad in blue,
Bring to be wetted by the ruthless Jew!
Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom’d to eat,
Cast a sheep’s-eye on this forbidden meat—
Gaze on sirloins, which, ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midst of legs of mutton—starve!
But would you to our house in crowds repair,
Ye generous captains, and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near.
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain.”

Hark! the Bell ringing “dress for dinner.” We have nothing to do but—to shave. Sorry to feel that we are not hungry—for we love to sit down voracious—then our wit fires a volley between courses—our dry humour flavours the weeping Parmesan—our wit refreshes the Desert. And how happens it that we are not hungry, pray? We were betrayed into Lunch. Why, really we have passed a pleasant day. Frequent peals

of laughter, soft in themselves, and softer through that door, ever and anon excited us gently at our task to wish to know what was the harmless scandal—but we shall be let into the secret on the sofa after tea, when the old people are at cards. Will this Rain continue to Doomsday? We begin to have serious fears of the Harvest. They are groundless—
“WE PROPHECY A FALL IN THE PRICE OF BREAD.”

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXVII. NOVEMBER, 1838.

VOL. XLIV.

Contents:

	PAGE
OUR POCKET COMPANIONS,	573
HISTORICAL COINCIDENCES,	597
TICK ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES,	612
COLONIAL MISGOVERNMENT,	624
A CRUSTACEOUS TOUR. BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER,	637
THE CORN LAWS,	650
LEGENDARY LORE—THE ONYX RING,	664
NEW SOUTH WALES,	690

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH:

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXVII. NOVEMBER, 1838.

Vol. XLIV.

OUR POCKET COMPANIONS.

WHAT a day it has been, and what a night it is, and what a hurley-burley yet in heaven! The winds must be mad to keep howling in that way so long after sunset; and we fear to think—far off as it is—of the sea—God spare the ships. In this glen there is nothing with life the tempest can well destroy. The cattle may be eerie, but they are all lying in the lee of the hills—and so are the sheep—or in the hollows of those green waves that undulate along the glen, but are for ever at rest. Hours ago the shepherds left the mountains; and all its inmates are by the fireside of every household. As for this hut, it is as still within as a bit of moonlight, and seems to have nothing to do with the storm.

"Where have you been a' day, my boy Katy?"

We cannot tell. We know where we were yesterday—among the braes of Bulwhiddler. But to-day—a night-like day—there was no sun of any sort—without mist there would have been darkness—and such a mist there was, that the crags, side by side, could not see one another's faces. Yet at some times it was gloomier than at others—and we kept walking out of one dungeon into another, like a prisoner vainly attempting to escape in his sleep. We passed along the edges of lochs—and heard them dashing as if they were wide; and often all at once saw a cataract. But no mountain tops—only black breasts of heather

shower-shrouded—and rushes bleakly rustling as we plashed across the moors. There was no grandeur in the gloom—no hope of thunder. Clouds could not create themselves out of such a barren sky—the atmosphere was rain—as it was getting blacker and blacker the rivers rose—and coming to a stand-still, we naturally asked ourselves, "to-night where shall we sleep?"

Providentially, at this juncture, a storm, which, unknown to us blind mortals, had been brewing in a sma' still in cloudland, began to muster strength for a burst, and though we cannot say that "far off its coming shone," yet we heard it in the distance, like a concerto of cracked bag-pipes. The rain had no chance with the whirlwind, and in an hour or less the night began to break up—we had almost said beautifully—into a regular storm. We were delighted to behold huge masses of clouds rolling along, some with brown, some with black, and some with bloody edges, far above the region of mist; and would you believe it! there, rushed out the great full moon at the rate of a Locomotive, and absolutely blazed along a line of sky as blue as the day it was born! We had a glimpse—for miles down—of a glen which we saw must be inhabited—and keeping a respectful distance from the river, "on the swelling instep of the mountain's foot"—like an old stag in search of provender—we ere long entered an enclosure,—and

heard a house laughing in a loun place, not as if in defiance, but in ignorance of the storm.

Like a drowned rat we never can be—so we stooped into the hut, unruffled as an eagle or a swan. No man ever saw a “drookit” eagle or a “drippiu” swan, even in a driving deluge; and no man ever saw Christopher North discomposed by the elements. The rain brings the roses into his cheeks, and the blast brightens them; through mist his eyes kindle like angry stars. The house is small, and we have called it a hut; but not small the household. What a dowgs! a decoction of bark! But they soon saw we were no tatterdemallion, and leapt whining up to our breast. One colley, with a cross of the Newfoundlander—a devil, no doubt, at the ducks—we recognised, and he us, as an old acquaintance, and it was manifest he called to mind our having shaken paws with him in Prince’s Street as he was on his way through Edinburgh, on a visit with his master to some friends in Fife. Men—women—children, of course—uprose at our entrance; and a better feeling, we hope, than pride expanded our breast when, on doffing our bonnet—

“An eagle plume his simple cap adorns”—and bowing like a chief—as we are—we heard a voice by name hail CHRISTOPHER NORTH. Pooh, pooh, for your fashionable assemblages—in London and Edinburgh, and Paris and Vienna, and Berlin and St Petersburg, with all their literary lions—where’er we go—we are welcomed in the wilderness, and there is brightness of joy in the obscurity of our fame.

Who are they? Shepherds and herdsmen. That old man fought in Egypt—and though “curst ophthalmia” killed his eyes, he has long forgot that he is blind. With both hands on his grandchild’s head he sees she is fair—nor think you that shines not for him on the mountains the morning light.

And here we have been for an hour or more—you may imagine not idle—though now we are beginning to take some repose. We are by ourselves now in the Spence—as dry as a whistle—having dined and supped on bannocks of barley-meal, eggs, butter, and honey—while the household—it we had heard laughing, and not the house

—has said its prayers and gone to bed.

Where are we? We said we did not know—but we were lying—yet the world shall not be let into the secret—some spots in the Highlands are sacred still from the intrusion of tourists—and this is felt to be as much our own as if it were one of our dreams. Is it selfish to keep to oneself—unnamed in outer air—the knowledge of the local habitations, in the mighty regions of nature, where not in visionary ministrations, but in real offices of humanity, the soul of an old wanderer, conducted by his good genius, who has never yet threatened to desert him, continues yet to find a happiness he had ceased to hope for—and in the midst of trouble unexpected visitings of peace?

We are comfortably and classically wrapt up in a blanket, like John Kemble in *Coriolanus*. Just look at our Library—arranged on the earthen floor before the peat-fire—to dry; for though the oil-skin linings of our Many-Pocketed are water-proof, as if Mackintoshen, some of the vols. were specky, and the damp has now exhaled. Tiny vols. one and all; and we should not be surprised to find in the morning that some of them had been stolen by the Faires. Diamond editions of twenty of our best English writers—in prose and in verse. We pick up one with our toes—as prehensile as our fingers—and what is it but—YOUNG’S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

“Tired Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep!”

Why, we are not a whit tired—never were less sleepy in our lives—and, without winking, could outwatch the Bear. He must have rather a rough time of it to-night—“surlier as the storms increase.” That must be an old pine groaning—but he has stood many a blast, and, steel to the backbone, will bend but not break. Well, let us commence with Old Young—for though he be somewhat gloomy—so at times are we, and we hope you—for is not “man born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards?” That reminds us that if we do not put on some more peats the fire will be out—and should this “brief candle” follow its example, we may break our shins against that cutty-stool on the

way to our heather-bed. Lo! sudden
the illumination as one of our own
bright thoughts.

"Among the hills a hundred homes have
we;

Our table in the wilderness is spread;
In such lone spots one human smile can
buy

Plain fare, warm welcome, and a rushy
bed."

Our single small tallow yields an
uncertain glimmer in the gloom, and
we fear to snuff it with our fingers
lest it should leave us where Moses
was when his candle went out. Our
peat-fire has again subsided—and
there is neither moon nor star. Yet
with our eyes shut we could read from
the book of memory, at any given
catchword, the finest passages in the
Night Thoughts; and they are in
thousands—swarming—murmuring—
humming—though the image is not
that of bees. Shakspeare alone is
fuller of "thick-coming fancies" than
Young. Lavish as he is—profuse—
prodigal of his riches, we feel that his
stores of thought, imagery, and senti-
ment are inexhaustible—his mind as
opulent, after all that magnificent out-
lay, as before—the "treasures of the
deep" as wonderful in their undiscover-
ed caves as those that have been
thrown up on the surging sea.

"My hopes and fears

Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow
verge

Look down,—on what? a fathomless
abyss,

A dread eternity."

That is indeed Poetry. Recoils the
soul from the brink of the abyss?
Stands it shuddering there? By hor-
rid temptation is it instigated to leap
out of time? Or, calmed by awe,
leans it an ear to the mystery moaning
far down like some perpetual tide, and
learns therefrom to walk at all times
guardedly along the paths of life?

"Thought, busy thought, too busy for my
peace,

Through the dark postern of Time long
elapsed,

Led softly by the stillness of the night,
Led like a murderer"—

And whom is he going to murder?
God knows. But his hand is palsied,
for he

"meets the ghosts

Of my departed Joys"

They terrify him—he faints—he dies
—and is himself a ghost. 'Tis a world
of Shadows.

"Embryos we must be till we burst the
shell,

Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to
life,

The life of Gods."

"*Yon ambient azure shell!*" A hedge-
sparrow's egg is of the most beautiful
blue—for violets are not blue—that
smiles on earth; but we immortals
chip the sky, and, full-fledged at the
moment of that birth, fly to heaven.

"Why then *their* loss deplore that are not
lost?

Why wanders wretched Thought their tombs
around

In infidel distress?"

Why? The question is asked, but
not answered—for the pathos is in it-
self—and wretched Thought must
pause till Doomsday for a reply. Yet
'tis not of such a one the Poet says,

"here buries all his thoughts,
Inters celestial hopes, without one sigh."

He inters them not—they seem be-
fore his eyes to bury themselves—he
looks on with many a sigh—deeper
than any grave—but they cease, for
'tis an imaginary funeral, and Fear
comes at last to know as well as Hope,
that 'twas all a delusion of the soul
sick unto death. *Then*, we can think
of that great line and be comforted:

"How populous! how vital is the grave!"

And of that other line, so tender and
so true,

"He mourns the dead who lives as they
desire."

Try to say a new good thing about
Time. Don't be afraid of failure, for
on such a subject commonplaces are
the world's delight—and wisdom is at
one with the world. Then take Young.

"The day is past

Like a bird struggling to get loose in
going;

Scarcely now possessed so suddenly 'tis
gone."

"Where is to-morrow? In another
world."

"All men think all men mortal but them-
selves."

"How swift the shuttle flies that weaves
thy shroud."

"Time wasted is existence—used is life."

Or seek ye some more elaborate

image? Then here is one—and on its wings you may either sink or soar.

"To man's false optics (from his folly false),

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,

And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him when past by; what then is seen,

But his broad pinions swifter than the wind?"

Oh! the dark days of vanity! cries the Poet; while here how tasteless—and how terrible when gone! You—I—any one could have said *that*—but that is prose—not poetry—the poetry is to come—and here it comes—

"When gone!

Gone! *they ne'er go*; when past, they haunt us still;

The spirit walks of every day deceased;
And smiles an Angel, or a Fury frowns."

We live in a world of spirits—for there are three hundred and sixty-five ghosts in the year.

But every hour is an angel—a messenger.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;

And ask them what report they bore to Heaven,

And how they might have borne more welcome news.

Their answers form what men experience call."

There can be no experience, worth the name, without communion with heaven. The worldly-wise man is a mere mole—or at the best a bat.

"Should not each dial strike us as we pass,

Portentous, as the written wall which struck,

O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale?"

Many men might have said that, but few could have said this—

"That solar shadow, as it measures life,
It life resembles too; life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still.

The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:
Too subtle is the moment to be seen,
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone."

What more could be said? No more?—Ay—listen—

"In reason's eye

That sedentary shadow travels hard."

That intensifies the idea and its emotion—and no poet need speak—unless he chooses—of a sun-dial again.

But Young is not done with the image—or rather the image is not done with Young—it haunts him still, and tells him

"That all mankind mistake the time of day,

Even age itself."

And then he illustrates that truth told him by the gnomon, in simpler language and less scientific, the originating idea of the whole recurring solemnly at the close.

"Fresh hopes are hourly sown

In furrowed brows. To gentle life's descent

We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter for a spring,
And turn our blessing into bane. Since oft

Man must *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
He scarce believes he's older for his years."

The world used to have by heart one celebrated passage on friendship—and we shall not quote, as we hope she has not forgotten it; but we call on single lines—though we trust she remembers them too—

"Poor is the friendless master of a world."

Almost as immense as Shakspeare's—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Do this and be happy—

"Judge before friendship, then confide till death."

"When such friends part,

'Tis the survivor dies."

Friendship has been called many million times a flower—and it is a flower; but Young asks you for whom it blossoms? and seeing you hesitate—in the multitude of the thoughts within him he sums up them all in

"Abroad they find who cherish it at home."

Who was Philander? We know not. But how the poet must have loved him, who thus lamented his loss!—

"Thy last sigh

Dissolved the charm; the disenchanted earth

Lost all her lustre. Where her glittering towers?

Her golden mountains where? All darkened down

To naked waste ; a dreary vale of tears ;
The great magician's dead !"

The great poet is true to nature here—if too often—and we fear it is so—he plays her false—and wilfully follows phantasies when imaginations were ready to crowd into his arms. And true to her is he in another place—far away from the above—but halloved by the same spirit of grief.

"I loved him much, but now I love him more,

Like birds, whose beauties languish, half-concealed ;

Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes

Expanded shine with azure, green and gold ;

How blessings brighten as they take their flight !"

Call not that image fanciful—but if it affects you not as assuredly it affected the Poet, sympathize with the awe that for a while held him back from depicting the deathbed of such a friend.

"Yet am I struck ; as struck the soul,
beneath

Aërial groves' impenetrable gloom ;

Or, in some mighty ruin's solemn shade ;

Or, gazing by pale lamps on high-born dust,

In vaults ; thin courts of poor unflattered kings ;

Or at the midnight altar's hallowed flame.

Is it religion to proceed ? I pause—

And enter, awed, the temple of my theme.

Is it his deathbed ? No : it is his shrine ;

Behold him there just rising to a God."

Or turn from that august spectacle to this—the saddest—and but for the written promise unsupportable—

"And oh! the last—last what? Can words express?

Thought reach it? *the last silence* of a friend."

These are the speechless griefs that justify the Poet in saying—

"Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep."

And we now call to mind another strain, in which he sings of some strange, wild, sudden accumulation of sorrows—such as often befalls the children of men—and when heard of strike us all with dismay—"because that we have all one human heart."

"This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews ;
And each tear mourns its own distinct distress ;

And each distress, distinctly shown, demands

Of grief still more, as heightened by the whole.

A grief like this *proprietors* excludes ;
Not friends alone such obsequies deplore ;
They make mankind the mourner ; carry sighs

Far as the fatal fame can wing her way ;
And turn the gayest thought of gayest age
Down the right channel through the vale of death."

From whom of all our living Poets could we select such pregnant lines as many of the above ? We glance over the pages, and how thick the gems !

"When gross guilt interposes, labouring earth,
O'ershadowed, mourns a deep eclipse of joy."

"Through chinks, styled organs, dim life peeps at light ;
Death bursts the involving cloud, and all is day."

"Like lavish ancestors his earlier years
Have disinherited his future hours."

"Is not the mighty mind, that son of Heaven,
By tyrant life dethroned, imprisoned, pained ?
By death enlarged, ennobled, deified ?
Death but entombs the body, life the soul."

"Earth's highest station ends in 'here he lies,'
And 'dust to dust,' concludes her noblest song."

"Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout ;
But when it glows its heat is struck to heaven ;
To human hearts her golden harps are strung ;
High Heaven's orchestra chants 'amen' to man."

"The keen vibration of bright truth—is hell."

"Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars ;
But Pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the ground."

"The world's infectious ; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn."

"How wretched is the man who never mourned."

"Truth shows the real estimate of things,
Which no man, *unafflicted*, ever saw."

"But some reject this sustenance divine ;
To beggarly vile appetites descend ;
Ask alms of earth for guests that come from heaven."

"Irrationals all sorrow are beneath,
That noble gift ! that privilege to man."

"Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

"Like damaged clocks, whose hand and bell dissent,
Folly rings six while nature points at twelve."

"Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines."

"Age should.....
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon."

"Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedged lies open in life's common field ;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast."

"Like other tyrants, Death delights to smite,
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of power,
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate ;
The feeble wrap the athletic in his shroud ;
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb.
Me thine, Narcissa."

"Our morning's envy, and our evening's sigh."

"Man's lawful pride includes humility ;
Stoops to the lowest ; is too great to find
Inferiors ; all immortal, brothers all !
Proprietors eternal of thy love."

"Who lives to Nature never can be poor ;
Who lives to Fancy never can be rich."

"Resolve me why the Cottager and King,
He whom sea-severed realms obey, and he
Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,
Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,
In fate so distant, in complaint so near ?"

"His grief is but his grandeur in disguise ;
And discontent is immortality."

"Man's misery declares him born for bliss."

"If man can't mount
He will descend—he starves on the possest."

"Shall we, this moment, gaze on God in man ?
The next, lose man for ever in the dust ?"

"Heaven starts at an annihilating God."

"A Christian dwells, like Uriel, in the Sun."

"Too low they build, who build beneath the stars."

"Truth never was indebted to a lie."

"No man e'er found a happy life by chance."

"And, without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as without piety, for peace."

"The house of laughter makes a house of woe."

"Is it greater pain

Our soul should murmur, or our dust repine."

"Could human courts take vengeance on the mind,
Axes might rust, and racks and gibbets fill.

Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the rest to fate."

"Though tempest frowns,

Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heaven!

To lean on Him on whom Archangels lean!

With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,

They stand reflecting every beam of thought,

Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;

For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old

In Israel's dream, come from and go to Heaven."

"Patience and resignation are the pillars

Of human peace on earth."

"Some joys the future overcast, and some

Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb."

Ah! dear Thomas Campbell! Thou hast dealt out scant and scrimp praise to the Bard of Night—but it was of such lines as these that thou said'st with thy native felicity, "he has individual passages which Philosophy might make her texts, and experience select for her mottos."

Gloomy indeed! Is not the Poem called "The Complaint?" If "Night Thoughts" are not gloomy—then nothing is gloomy on this side of the grave. There is a Poem, you know, called "The Grave," and a noble one—"Gloomy it stood as Night." Who? Death.

We have been familiar with Young's Night Thoughts from boyhood—and half a century ago the volume was to be seen lying—with a few others of kindred spirit—beside the Holiest—in many a cottage in the loneliest places in Scotland. The dwellers there were grave—not gloomy—but they loved to look into deep waters, which, though clear, are black because of their depth and their overshadowings—yet show the stars.

"Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters!
twins

From ancient Night, who nurse the tender
thought,

To reason, and on reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man,
Assist me!"

To sing a cheerful song—a merry roundelay? No—such a song as may help to save his soul alive—the souls of some—many—of his brethren—and if the Powers he invokes do hear—

—— "I will thank you in the grave."

But Silence and Darkness are but the angels of God. And the Poet, inspired by them, ventures another invocation—

"But what are ye?—Thou who didst put
to flight

Primeval silence, when the morning star,

Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball!

O Thou! whose word from solid darkness
struck

That spark the sun, strike wisdom from
my soul,

My soul which flies to Thee!"

Assuredly the opening strain is magnificent; and what farther, is his prayer?

"Through this opaque of nature and of
soul,

This double night, transmit one pitying
ray,

To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind,
A mind that fain would wander from its
wo,

Lead it through varied scenes of life and
death;

And from each scene the noblest truths
inspire.

Nor less inspire my conduct than my song.
Teach my best reason reason; my best
will

Teach rectitude, and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrears;
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain."

Compare this with the opening of any other Great Poem in our language, and its sublimity will not sink in the comparison.

Perhaps there may be some exaggeration in the sentiment as well as in the imagery, in parts of this noble introduction. But a great poet has dread thoughts at the dead of night, ruminating on the destinies of the race, and collecting all his powers to sing them, within the shadow of the grave.

"Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!

Nor eye, nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps!"

The bell strikes—and "'tis as if an angel spoke."

"I feel the solemn sound—if heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the hours before
the flood!"

Young, they say, was a disappointed man, and was world-sick because of unsuccessful ambition. Well he might be—for his talents, learning, eloquence, genius, and virtue ought to have elevated him to a conspicuous station in the Church. But has he pictured the world worse than it is?—Nor is it of the world—in the vulgar sense—that he sings—though with a bitter scorn he sometimes exposes its follies and its mockeries. His poem is "Of man, of nature, and of human life"—

as they are by the necessity of their being—and who can blacken beyond the truth the character of sin and guilt "that makes the nature's groan?"

We are not among the number of those, who from "golden urns draw light," and then make a display of their borrowed lustre—an audacious trick of many a mean-spirited thief, imagining that the world will admire his head as if it shone like that of Christopher among the Mountains, while children, at first scared by the glimmer in the hedge, soon scorn the illuminated turnip. We steal from no man—

"But like Prometheus draw the fire from Heaven."

But at times we delight to borrow from the rich—that, by scattering the treasure abroad, we may exalt the fame of its creator and owner, and thereby enlarge the sphere of his empire, and increase the number of his subjects. Who has written on the genius of Young? Johnson—poorly—very very poorly indeed; and Her-

bert Croft, the frog, that, with that bull in his eye, puffed himself up till he realized the fable. Thomas Campbell somehow or other missed it—the only miss he ever made—and when one poet goes wrong about another, he is neither to "haud nor to bin'," and flings the stones and gravel from his heels in a style that shows it would be the height of imprudence to attempt to follow. Bulwer alone has written worthily about "one among the highest, but not the most popular of his Country's Poets." And with a crow-quill delicately nibbled by Mrs Gentle, two years ago, we copied in our Oberonic calligraphy, on the fly-leaf of this our Diamond Edition, this fine and philosophic criticism from "The Student."

"Standing upon the grave—the creations of two worlds are round him, and the grey hairs of the mourner become touched with the halo of the prophet. It is the time and spot he has chosen wherein to teach us, that dignify and consecrate the lesson: it is not the mere human and earthly moral that gathers on his tongue. The conception hallow the work, and sustains its own majesty in every change and wandering of the verse. And there is this greatness in his theme—dark, terrible, severe—Hope never deserts it! It is a deep and gloomy wave, but the stars are glassed upon its bosom. The more sternly he questions the World, the more solemnly he refers its answer to Heaven. Our bane and antidote are both before him; and he only arraigns the things of Time before the tribunal of Eternity. It is this, which, to men whom grief or approaching death can divest of the love and hankerings of the world, leaves the great monitor his majesty, but deprives him of his gloom. Convinced with him of the vanities of life, it is not an ungracious or unsoothing melancholy which confirms us in our conviction, and points with a steady hand to the divine SOMETHING that awaits us beyond;

'The darkness aiding intellectual light,
And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
And truths divine converting pain to peace.'

"I know not whether I should say too much of this great poem if I should

call it a fit Appendix to the ‘Paradise Lost.’ It is the Consolation to that Complaint. Imagine the ages to have rolled by since our first parents gave earth to their offspring, who sealed the gift with blood, and bequeathed it to us with toil :—imagine, after all that experience can teach—after the hoarded wisdom and the increasing pomp of countless generations—an old man, one of that exiled and fallen race, standing among the tombs of his ancestors, telling us their whole history, in his appeals to the living heart, and holding out to us, with trembling hands, the only comfort which earth has yet discovered for its cares and sorrows—the anticipation of Heaven! To me, that picture completes all that Milton began. It sums up the human history, whose first chapter he had chronicled ; it preacheth the great issues of the Fall ; it shows that the burning light then breathed into the soul, lives there still ; it consummates the mysterious record of our mortal sadness and our everlasting hope. But if the conception of the ‘Night Thoughts’ be great, it is also uniform and sustained. The vast wings of the

inspiration never slacken or grow fatigued. Even the humours and conceits are of a piece with the solemnity of the poem—like the grotesque masks carved on the walls of a cathedral, which defy the strict laws of taste, and almost inexplicably harmonise with the whole. The sorrow, too, of the poet is not egotistical, or weak in its repining. It is the great one sorrow common to all human nature—the deep and wise regret that springs from an intimate knowledge of our being and the scene in which it has been cast. That same knowledge, operating on various minds, produces various results. In Voltaire it sparkled into wit ; in Goethe, it deepened into a humour that belongs to the sublime ; in Young it generated the same high and profound melancholy as that which excited the inspirations of the Son of Sirach, and the soundest portion of the philosophy of Plato.”

Here is a passage that itself justifies even such an eulogy—for where is its superior—we had almost said its equal—either in poetry or philosophy—throughout the whole range of the creation of English genius?

“How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man !
How passing wonder me who made him such !
Who centred in our make such strange extremes !
From different natures marvellously mix’d,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !
Distinguish’d link in being’s endless chain !
Midway from nothing to the Deity !
A beam eternal, sullied and absorb’d !
Though sullied and dishonour’d, still divine !
Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
A worm ! a god ! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost ! At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own : how reason reels !
Oh, what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress’d ! what joy, what dread !
Alternately transported, and alarm’d !
What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
An angel’s arm can’t snatch me from the grave ;
Legions of angels can’t confine me there.

“ ‘Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof,
While o’er my limbs sleep’s soft dominion spreads.
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O’er fairy fields ; or mourn’d along the gloom
Of pathless woods ; or, down the craggy steep
Hurl’d headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool ;
Or scaled the cliff ; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature

Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ;
 Active, ærial, towering, unconfined,
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
 Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal :
 Even silent night proclaims eternal day.
 For human weal, Heaven husbands all events :
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain."

The last paragraph is admirable—but the first is wondrous—and would have entranced Hamlet. "I have of late (but, wherefore, I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises : and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave, o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is *this quintessence of dust ?*" The ghost of one, "in form and moving, how express and admirable," was gliding through his imagination—and he knew that what was once "its smooth body,"

"A most instant tetter barked about
 Most lazarus-like with vile and loathsome
 crust ;"

his mother, whom that ghost, when in the body—

"Would not betem the wind of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly"—

now forgetful of "the buried Majesty of Denmark," and soaking "in the rank sweat of an incestuous bed ;" "the serpent that did sting his father's life now wearing his crown ;" "confusion worse confounded" among all the holiest thoughts and things that had made to him the religion of his being—beneath all that horrible and hideous oppression—and in the revealed knowledge of possibilities of wickedness in nature, otherwise "beyond the reaches of his soul," he thought of heaven and earth, and man—and spoke of them still as glorious and godlike—while there was quaking in his soul an ineffable trouble never more to be appeased,

stirred up from its unfathomed depths by the voice of the dead disclosing deeds that changed the face of the firmament, and into worse than "beasts that want discourse of reason," turned the creatures God had formed after his own likeness, "magnanimous to correspond with Heaven."

But not Shakspeare—not Young, ever drew such a picture of MAN as the one now emerging from the still deep waters of our memory—by whom painted? One of the Masters in Israel.

"And first, that he hath withdrawn himself, and left this his temple desolate, we have many sad and plain proofs before us. The stately ruins are visible to every eye, that bear in their front (yet extant) this doleful inscription: "Here God once dwelt." Enough appears of the admirable frame and structure of the soul of man, to show the divine presence did sometime reside in it, more than enough of vicious deformity, to proclaim he is now retired and gone. The lamps are extinct, the altar overturn'd. The light and love are now vanisht, which did the one shine with so heavenly brightness, the other burn with so pious fervour. The golden candlestick is displac'd, and thrown away as an useless thing, to make room for the throne of the Prince of Darkness. The sacred incense, which sent rowling up in clouds its rich perfumes, are exchang'd for a poisonous hellish vapour, and here is, instead of a sweet savour, a stench. The comely order of this house is turn'd all into confusion. The beauties of holiness into noisom impurities. The house of prayer, to a den of thieves, and that of the worst and most horrid kind, for every lust is a thief, and every theft, sacrilege ; continual rapine and robbery is committed upon holy things. The noble powers which were design'd and dedicated to divine contemplation and delight, are alienated to the service of the most despicable idols, and employ'd unto vilest

intuitions and embraces; to behold and admire lying vanities; to indulge and cherish lust and wickedness. What, have not the enemies done wickedly in the sanctuary! How have they broken down the carved work thereof, and that too with axes and hammers; the noise whereof was not to be heard in building, much less in the demolishing this sacred frame. Look upon the fragments of that curious sculpture which once adorn'd the palace of that great king: The reliques of common notions; the lively prints of some undeaf'd truth; the fair ideas of things; the yet legible precepts that relate to practice. Behold! with what accuracy the broken pieces shew these to have been engraven by the finger of God, and how they now lie torn, and scatter'd, one in this dark corner, another in that, buried in heaps of dirt and rubbish. There is not now a system, an entire table of coherent truths to be found, or a frame of holiness, but some shiver'd parcels. And if any, with great toil and labour, apply themselves to draw out here one piece, and there another, and set them together, they serve rather to show how exquisite the Divine workmanship was in the original composition than for present use, to the excellent purposes for which the whole was first design'd. Some pieces agree, and own one another; but how soon are our enquiries and endeavours non-plust and superseded! How many attempts have been made since that fearful fall and ruin of this fabrick, to compose again the truths of so many several kinds into their distinct orders, and make up frames of science, or useful knowledge; and, after so many ages, nothing is finish'd in any one kind. Sometimes truths are mis-plac'd, and what belongs to one kind is transferred to another, where it will not fitly match; sometimes falsehood inserted, which shatters or disturbs the whole frame. And what is with much fruitless pains done by one hand, is dash'd in pieces by another; and it is the work of a following age to sweep away the fine-spun cobwebs of a former. And those truths which are of greatest use, though not most out of sight, are least regarded. Their tendency and design are overlookt; or they are so loosen'd and torn off, that

they cannot be wrought in, so as to take hold of the soul, but hover as faint, ineffectual notions, that signify nothing. Its very fundamental powers are shaken and disjointed, and their order, towards one another, confounded and broken. So that what is judg'd considerable is not consider'd. What is recommended as eligible and lovely, is not loved and chosen. Yea, the truth which is after godliness, is not so much believ'd, as hated, held in unrighteousness, and shines as too feeble a light in that malignant darkness which comprehends it not. You come amidst all this confusion, as into the ruin'd palace of some great prince, in which you see here the fragments of a noble pillar, there the shatter'd pieces of some curious imagery, and all lying neglected and useless among heaps of dirt. He that invites you to take a view of the soul of man, gives you but such another prospect, and doth but say to you, behold the desolation, all things rude and wast. So that should there be any pretence to the divine presence, it might be said, If God be here, why is it thus? The faded glory, the darkness, the disorder, the impurity, the decay'd state in all respects of this temple, too plainly show the Great Inhabitant is gone."

From "The Living Temple" of John How!

Sometimes we have fears about our memory—that it is decaying; for, lately many ordinary yet interesting occurrences and events, which we regarded at the time with pain or pleasure, have been slipping away almost into oblivion, and have often alarmed us of a sudden by their return, not to any act of recollection, but of themselves, sometimes wretchedly out of place and season, the mournful obtruding upon the merry, and, worse, the merry upon the mournful—confusion, by no fault of ours, of piteous and of gladsome faces—tears where smiles were a duty as well as a delight, and smiles where nature demanded and religion hallowed a sacrifice of tears.

Yet we forget no beautiful or glorious passages in prose or verse—that had been committed to memory, either by the heart or by the soul—and, like another star stealing through the sky to join its constellation—lo! another Light of Song.

"On man, on nature, and on human life,
 Musing in solitude, I oft perceive
 Fair strains of imagery before me rise,
 Accompanied by feelings of delight
 Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed;
 And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
 And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
 Or elevates the mind, intent to weigh
 The good and evil of our mortal state.
 —To these emotions, whensoever they come,
 Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
 Or from the soul—an impulse to herself,
 I would give utterance in numerous verse.
 —Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,
 And melancholy fear subdued by faith;
 Of blessed consolations in distress;
 Of moral strength, and intellectual power;
 Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
 Of the individual mind that keeps her own
 Inviolate retirement, subject there
 To conscience only, and the law supreme
 Of that intelligence which governs all;
 I sing:—‘fit audience let me find, though few!’

"So prayed, more gaining than he asked, the bard,
 Holiest of men.—Urania, I shall need
 Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
 Descend to earth, or dwell in highest heaven!
 For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
 Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
 To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.
 All strength—all terror, single or in bands,
 That ever was put forth in personal form;
 Jehovah—with his thunder, and the choir
 Of shouting angels, and the empyreal thrones,
 I pass them, unalarmed. Not chaos, not
 The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
 Nor aught of blindest vacancy—scooped out
 By help of dreams, can breed such fear and awe
 As fall upon us often when we look
 Into our minds, into the Mind of Man,
 My haunt, and the main region of my song.
 —Beauty—a living presence of the earth,
 Surpassing the most fair ideal forms
 Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed
 From earth's materials—waits upon my steps;
 Pitches her tents before me as I move,
 An hourly neighbour. Paradise, and groves
 Elysian, Fortunate Fields—like those of old
 Sought in the Atlantic main, why should they be
 A history only of departed things,
 Or a mere fiction of what never was?
 For the discerning intellect of man,
 When wedded to this goodly universe
 In love and holy passion, shall find these
 A simple produce of the common day.
 —I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
 Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
 Of this great consummation:—and by words
 Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
 Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
 Of death, and win the vacant and the vain
 To noble raptures; while my voice proclaims
 How exquisitely the individual mind
 (And the progressive powers perhaps no less

Of the whole species : to the external world
 Is fitted :—and how exquisitely, too—
 Theme this but little heard of among men—
 The external world is fitted to the mind ;
 And the creation / by no lower name
 Can it be called : which they with blended might
 Accomplish :—this is our high argument.
 — Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
 Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes
 And fellowships of men, and see ill sights
 Of madd'ning passions mutually inflamed ;
 Must hear humanity in fields and groves
 Pipe solitary anguish ; or must hang
 Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
 Of sorrow, barricaded ever more
 Within the walls of cities ; may these sounds
 Have their authentic comment—that even these
 Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn !”

And are we—the defenders of the faith—never to see more of the “ Recluse ” but the “ Excursion ”—the great Philosophical Poem, of the design and scope of which these matchless lines have been said by Wordsworth to be “ a kind of Prospectus ? ” What right has the next age to exclude us from such a possession ? What right has the poet ? We men alive love and reverence him—what more would he desire ? To us, his worshippers, that revelation is due—if withheld till we are dead, wrong will have been done us all ; and perhaps the next age, blind as the past—and far blinder than the present—for the wisdom of nations, though progressive, often pauses and sometimes recedes—may punish the poet by its ingratitude, denying—when he himself like us is dust—that homage to his genius which we have ever paid, in the spirit of knowledge and of truth.

Well—let us change our tone—and dissert to the Neophytes. The spirit of this nation is characterised as “ a practical spirit ; ” and the temper which Wordsworth has desired to contribute his aid to counteract, is this practical spirit in excess. For it is to be considered that human life is divided to the two powers of speculation and action, and that to both these several destinations of man are appropriated great affections of mind and high faculties of execution ;—with such allotment, that, while minds of great power have appeared among us as given up some to one destination, and some to the other, it is difficult for us to pronounce to which of them the chief admiration of men has been given ; and we should rather

say, that the admiration of their species has been *divided* to the two classes of minds which have been thus distinguished from one another.

Now, it seems reasonable to suppose that, if, in the character of an individual, or in the character of a nation, these two spirits could be united in equal measure, and, at the same time, in great strength, that character would appear to us the very excellence of our nature ; but if either should be in great excess, it is to be apprehended that in such a mind, and much more in such a nation, great defects, and of immediate consequence, would manifest themselves. It appears to be the opinion of Wordsworth that in our own country, in this age, at least, the spirit of action is carried to pernicious excess. The nature of the injurious consequences of each several excess may be best understood by considering a little more fully what is the essential nature of the spirit itself.

The spirit of thought or speculation turns the mind inward upon itself ; its essence is retirement from the external world, from all outward life, into the recess of its own thoughts, into the depth of its own being. The danger of such a spirit is the separation of the mind from those affections by which we are united to men. It is to be expected that the mind, forsaking the life of the world to retire to a life within itself, may become self-loving, and lose alike the use and the estimation of those principles of its nature by which it is drawn and constrained to make sacrifice of itself upon requisition of the welfare of others. It is also to be expected that in thus relinquishing the natural happiness of

men, it will deceive itself, and, not finding a happiness commensurate with that to which it was born, will introduce principles of pain into its existence, and with them a disaffection to good.

On the other hand, the spirit of action carries the mind to mix itself in the life of men, and to unite its own condition with theirs. And here there is a twofold danger. First, because that active intercourse with men must involve much intercourse of hostility; there is danger that the selfish principles of action will be brought out into predominant form, and acquire an unnatural sway over the mind; and in the second place, it must necessarily happen that this principle tending entirely to outward life and the external world, there will be an estranging of the mind from all the deep and awful feelings which lie, it may be said, in its own solitary depth, and by degrees an actual oblivion of all the knowledge which holds to those feelings.

William Shakspeare! John How! Edward Young! William Wordsworth! all with us—in the spirit—in this Highland hut.

It must be further on into the night than we had supposed—for the storm is utterly dead. We heard the wind long moaning—then sobbing—then sighing—but now there is not a breath—and the river has the whole glen entirely to itself—filling it with a loud but a placid voice. Let us go to the door and look at the night. What a starry host! The great golden moon, who plunged through the storm—why art thou absent from a calm like this? Yet the stars seem glad thou art not here to bedim their lustre; and that planet is almost as splendid as thyself, burning apart, and were the rest obscured, sufficient softly to illumine the skies.

And 'tis a lovely glen—though without wood—here and there but a few trees—

“The grace of forest trees decayed
And pastoral melancholy.”

The darkenings from the mountains show the knolls greener between—and which is the more peaceful, our heart knows not, the lights or the shadows. Peaceful, too, the mountains all—awake in the beauty of midnight—but the clouds look as if they had taken

up their rest in heaven, and, in companies, were asleep. A living calm not unpartaken by our grateful heart. Heaven's blessing be on this hut! Ere we stoop beneath the humble lintel, one other look at the sky. Emmanuel Kant, we recite our extemporaneous version of some of thy noblest words.

“Two things fill my soul with ever-increasing wonder and reverence, the more steadily and continually reflection is busied with them—the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within my own being. Both of these I must not merely seek and suspect as things veiled in darkness and beyond my sight; for I see them before me, and I knit them intimately with the consciousness of my own existence. The first begins from the space I occupy in the outward world of sense, and enlarges the connexion in which I stand into the illimitable great, with worlds above worlds, in all the boundless terms of their periodic movements, their beginning, and their duration. The second begins from my invisible self—my individuality—and places me in a world which has real infinitude, but is investigable only to the understanding, and with which I recognise myself, not, as in the other case, in merely accidental, but in universal and necessary connexion. The first, as part of a countless multitude of worlds, annihilates my importance as an animal being, that must again give back the matter, out of which it was made, to the Planet—a mere point in the universe, after it has been a short time, no one knows how, provided with living power. The second, on the other hand, raises infinitely my worth, as an intelligence, through my individuality, in which the moral law reveals to me a life independent of animal nature, and even of the whole world of sense. For the mysterious destination of my existence, through this moral law, is not limited to the condition and bonds of this life, but stretches into the Infinite.”

Perhaps “The Night Thoughts” are gloomy over-much—yet can we forget longer than a moment the awful lot of man on earth even in presence of that transcendent sky! A softened strain arises in our memory—but it, too, deepens into sadness—and, but for the Hope that keeps alive, would darken into despair.

"Blest be that hand Divine that gently laid
 My heart at rest beneath this humble shroud.
 The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas
 With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;
 Here, on a sallow plank, thrown side ashore,
 I hear the howl of the distant storm;
 As that of seas remote, or dying storms:
 And hesitate on scenes more silent still,
 Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
 Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
 I see Ambition's fiery race I see;
 I see the circling haunt of noisy men,
 Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
 Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
 As wolves for rapine, as the fox for wiles,
 Till Death, that mighty hunter, earth's them all."

That impressive passage was awakened in our memory, perhaps, by one line,—

"Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut."

With the poem in our hand, and that heaven overhead, we have now in our

heart a higher—a holier strain; and we can recite it without book—as we have done a hundred times, when lonelier than we are now, walking by ourselves, at midnight, along the mountain ranges, and sometimes almost afraid to gaze on the spiritual countenance of the boundless sky.

"Oh, may I breathe no longer than I breathe
 My soul in praise to Him, who gave my soul,
 And all her infinite of prospect fair,
 Cut through the shades of hell, great Love! by thee,
 O most adorable! most unadorned!
 Where shall that praise begin which ne'er should end?
 Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!
 How is night's sable mantle labour'd o'er!
 How richly wrought with attributes divine!
 What wisdom shines! What love! This midnight pomp,
 This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid!
 Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
 For others this profusion: Thou, apart,
 Above! beyond! Oh, tell me, mighty Mind!
 Where art thou? Shall I dive into the deep?
 Call to the sun, or ask the roaring winds
 For their Creator? Shall I question loud
 The thunder, if in that the Almighty dwells?
 Or holds he furious storms in straiten'd reins,
 And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid car?
 "What mean these questions?—Trembling I retract;
 My prostrate soul adores the present God:
 Praise I a distant Deity? He tunes
 My voice (if tuned); the nerve, that writes, sustains;
 Wrapp'd in his being, I resound his praise:
 But, though past all diffused, without a shore
 His essence, local is his throne (as meet),
 To rather the dispersed (as standards call
 The listed men, afar: to fix a point,
 A central point, collective of his sons;
 Since finite every nature but his own.

"The nameless He, whose nod is nature's birth,
 And nature's shield, the shadow of his hand;
 Her dissolution has suspended smile!
 The great First-Last! pavilion'd high he sits
 In darkness from excessive splendour born,
 By gods unveen, unless through lustre lost.

His glory, to created glory, bright,
 As that to central horrors : he looks down
 On all that soars ; and spans immensity.
 " Though night unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,
 Boundless creation ! what art thou ? A beam,
 A mere effluvium of his majesty :
 And shall an atom of this atom world
 Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of heaven ?
 Down to the centre should I send my thought,
 Through beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems :
 Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay ;
 Goes out in darkness : if, on towering wing,
 I send it through the boundless vault of stars ;
 The stars, though rich, what dross their gold to Thee,
 Great ! good ! wise ! wonderful ! eternal King !
 If to those conscious stars thy throne around,
 Praise ever pouring, and imbibing bliss ;
 And ask their strain ; they want it, more they want,
 Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
 Languid their energy, their ardour cold :
 Indebted still, their highest rapture burns ;
 Short of its mark, defective, though divine."

What a spence ! Of the three—the best is peat—then wood—then coal. Or what do you say to all three together ? Extravagant—they devour one another—and though the light be like that of Greek fire, and the power like that of alpha intensive, they burn but to expire, and fiercely rush to ashes. What hands unseen have heaped our hearth ? Brownie's. Banned from the low countries he took to the hills—and, insulted among the hills, sought refuge among the mountains. The race was never numerous, and now must be thin—for they are all male—and they are not immortal. Or have the fairies heard of our arrival ? Titania is a tidy creature—and though that is not the name she bears in the Highlands, the same queen reigns over all the silent people, from the *tomans* of Lorn and Lochaber, to the sparry caves of the Orient. Or what if it were the blind man's Christian Flora—sitting up to serve the stranger—that stole for a minute into the chamber—and having set all to rights, put by the auld ballad, lay down and fell asleep ?

Fortunate old man ! in all our wanderings through the Highlands for sixty years (what is our age ?), at to-fall of the day we have always found ourselves at home. What though there were no human dwellings on that side of the Loch. We cared not—for we could find a bedroom

among the inclinations of any clachan of rocks, and of all curtains the wild briar forms itself into the most gracefully festoon'd draperies, letting in green light alone from the intersected stars. Many a cave we know of—cool by day and warm by night—where no man but ourselves ever slept, or ever will sleep—and sometimes on startling a doe at evening in a thicket, we have lain down in her lair, and in our slumbers heard the rain pattering on the roofing birk-tree, but felt not one drop on our face till at dawning we struck a shower of diamonds from its fragrant tresses. Strange sights and fair have we seen in such dormitories—and heard have we, too, strange sounds and sweet ; but the words we invented, to shadow out their looks and melodies, to you would have no significance—and 'tis a language we speak but in dreams, and have taught to the creatures of our dreams.

Have we been talking in our sleep ? Nay writing—and writing legibly too—which is more than we can do when awake—except to our good friends, Ballantyne's most cunning of compositors. Where is the Diamond ? In our hand to be sure—and our thumb at a passage that proves Young to have been "a metaphysician and something more"—but your only Philosophers, after all, are the Poets.

" Where thy true treasure ?"

Seek it in thyself,
 " Seek in thy naked self, and find it there ;

In being so descended, formed, endowed ;
 Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race !
 Erect, immortal, rational, divine !
 In senses, which inherit earth, and heavens ;
 Enjoy the various riches nature yields ;
 Far nobler ! give the riches they enjoy ;
 Give taste to fruits ; and harmony to groves :
 Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright sire ;
 Take in at once the landscape of the world,
 At a small inlet which a grain might close,
 And half create the wondrous world they see.
 Our senses, as our reason, are divine.
 But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
 Earth were a rude, uncoloured chaos still.
 Objects are but the occasion ; ours the exploit ;
 Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
 Which nature's admirable picture draws ;
 And beautifies creation's ample dome.
 Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,
 Man makes the matchless image man admires.
 Say, then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
 Superior wonders in himself forgot,
 His admiration waste on objects round,
 When Heaven makes him the soul of all he sees ?
 Absurd ! not rare ! so great, so mean, is man.
 " What wealth in senses such as these ! What wealth
 In fancy, fired to form a fairer scene
 Than sense surveys ! in memory's firm record,
 Which, should it perish, could this world recall
 From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years ;
 In colours fresh, originally bright,
 Preserve its portrait, and report its fate !
 What wealth in intellect, that sovereign power !
 Which sense and fancy summons to the bar ;
 Interrogates, approves, or reprehends ;
 And from the mass those underlings import,
 From their materials, sifted and refined,
 And in truth's balance accurately weighed,
 Forms art and science, government and law ;
 The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,
 The vitals and the grace of civil life !
 And manners (sad exception !) set aside,
 Strikes out, with master hand, a copy fair
 Of his idea, whose indulgent thought
 Long, long ere chaos teemed, planned human bliss.
 " What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range around,
 Disdaining limit, or from place or time ;
 And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
 The Almighty *Fiat*, and the trumpet's sound !
 Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
 What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be ;
 Commanding with omnipotence of thought,
 Creations new in fancy's field to rise !
 Souls that can grasp whate'er the Almighty made,
 And wander wild through things impossible !
 What wealth, in faculties of endless growth,
 In quenchless passions violent to crave,
 In liberty to choose, in power to reach,
 And in duration (how thy riches rise !)
 Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss ! "

Perhaps the most delightful pas-
 sage, in the most delightful of all
 poems, is that in which Cowper closes

" The Task," with the picture of the
 Happy Man,—

“ Whose life, even now,
Shows something of that happier life to
come ;
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil
state,
Is pleased with it, and were he free to
choose,
Would make his fate his choice ; whom
peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one
Content, indeed, to sojourn while he must.
Below the skies, but finding there his home.”

There is a heavenly serenity shed
over all the picture ; of the life led
there ; its paths are, indeed, the paths
of pleasantness, and its end is peace.

“ Stillest streams
Of water, fairest meadows,”

images at once its tranquillity, its
beauty, and its bounty ; and we sym-
pathize with the Poet in his prayer,
“ So glide my life away !”

“ O blest retirement, friend to life's decline.”

Cowper is one of the most original of
Poets ; and we do not know that he
has so much as even unconsciously
borrowed one felicitous word. But
Young seems to have been one of his
few favourites ; and here there are, we
think, touches like Young's.

“ The world o'erlooks him in her busy
search

Of objects, more illustrious in her view ;
And occupied as earnestly as shè,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the
world.”

“ Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the skies ;
Like ships in sea, while in, above the world.

“ With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm ;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob ! a wandering herd ! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale ; in all unlike !
His full reverse in all ! What higher praise ?
What stronger demonstration of the right ?

“ The present, all their care ; the future, his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame ; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature ; his, exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court ; and he, his own.
Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities ;
His, the composed possession of the true,
Alike throughout is his consistent peace ;

And again—

“ His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er him-
self,
And never-withering wreaths, compared
with which,
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.”

So, too, 'tis like Young to speak
of the world—the “ self-approving
haughty world,” “sweeping him with
her rustling silks”—an image that
perhaps had better been away, for
though it pictures to our fancy the
world, the personification of her as a
“ City Madam,” is felt by us to be
somewhat incongruous with the indi-
viduality of the “ Happy Man ” and
his absolute seclusion. But we must
not criticise Cowper. Who but he
could have written,

“ Perhaps she owes,

Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming
spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he
makes,
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at even-tide,
And thinks on her, who thinks not for her-
self.”

Perhaps Wordsworth might ; and
indeed Wordsworth, in his “ Old
Cumberland Beggar,” was indebted to
the close of the “ Task,” for some of
the thoughts and feelings too in that
affecting and elevating Poem.

But here is Young's “ Happy Man.”

All of one colour, and an even thread ;
 While particolour'd shreds of happiness,
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
 A madman's robe ; each puff of fortune blows
 The tatters by, and shows his nakedness.
 " He sees with other eyes than theirs. Where they
 Behold a sun, he spies a Deity :
 What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
 Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees ;
 An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
 They things terrestrial worship as divine ;
 His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
 Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
 Titles and honours (if they prove his fate),
 He lays aside, to find his dignity :
 No dignity they find in nught besides.
 They triumph in externals (which conceal
 Man's real glory), proud of an eclipsæ.
 Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
 And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.
 Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect
 Another's welfare, or his right invade :
 Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
 They kindle at the shadow of a wrong :
 Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
 Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe :
 Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
 A cover'd heart their character defends ;
 A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
 With nakedness his innocence agrees ;
 While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
 Their no joys end where his full feast begins ;
 His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
 To triumph in existence his alone ;
 And his alone triumphantly to think
 His true existence is not yet begun.
 His glorious course was, yesterday, complete ;
 Death, then, was welcome ; yet life still is sweet."

" The dispute about religion," says Young, in one of his prefaces, " may be reduced to this—' Is man immortal, or is he not ? ' " And he adds—" I am satisfied that men, once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians." In proof, therefore, of that most fundamental truth, he offers arguments derived from principles that infidels admit, and which appear to him irresistible—and irresistible they are in his hands, which are those of a giant.

It is melancholy to think that even in our own day, a philosopher, and one of high name too, should have spoken slightly of the universal desire of immortality, as no argument at all in proof of it, because arising inevitably from the regret with which all men must regard the relinquishment of this life. By thus speaking of the desire as a delusion necessarily

accompanying the constitution of mind which it has pleased the Deity to bestow on us, such reasoners but darken the mystery both of man and of Providence. But this desire of immortality is not of the kind they say it is, nor does it partake, in any degree, of the character of a blind and weak feeling of regret at merely leaving this present life. " I would not live away," is a feeling which all men understand—but who can endure the momentary thought of annihilation ? Thousands, and tens of thousands—awful a thing as it is to die—are willing to do so—" passing through nature to eternity"—nay, when the last hour comes, death almost always finds his victim ready, if not resigned. To leave earth, and all the light both of the sun and of the soul, is a sad thought to us all—transient as are human smiles, we cannot bear to see them no more—and there

is a beauty that binds us to life in the tears of tenderness that the dying man sees gushing for his sake. But, between that regret for departing loves and affections, and all the gorgeous or beautiful shows of this earth—between that love and the dread of annihilation there is no connexion. The soul can bear to part with all it loves—the soft voice—the kindling smile—the starting tear—and the profoundest sighs of all by whom it is beloved—but it cannot bear to part with its existence. It cannot even believe the possibility of that which yet it may darkly dread. Its loves—its passions—its joys—its agonies are *not itself*. They may perish, but it is imperishable. Strip it of all it has seen, touched, en-

joyed, or suffered—still it seems to survive—bury all it knew, or could know in the grave—but itself cannot be trodden down into the corruption. It sees nothing like itself in what perishes, except in dim analogies that vanish before its last profound self-meditation—and, though it parts with its mortal weeds at last, as with a garment, the life of the soul is felt at last to be something not even in contrast with the death of the body, but to flow on like a flood, that, we believe, continues still to flow after it has entered into the unseen solitude of some boundless desert.

Young brushes away all such silly sophistries like cobwebs.

“ O death !

Come to my bosom, thou best gift of Heaven !
Best friend of man ! since man is man no more.
Why in this thorny wilderness so long,
Since there's no promised land's ambrosial bower,
To pay me with its honey for my stings ?
If needful to the selfish schemes of Heaven
To sting us sore, why mock'd our misery ?
Why thus so sumptuous insult o'er our heads ?
Why this illustrious canopy displayed ?
Why so magnificently lodged despair ?
At stated periods, sure returning, roll
These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
Their length of labours and of pains ; nor lose
Their misery's full measure ?—Smiles with flowers,
And fruits, promiscuous, ever-teeming earth,
That man may languish in luxurious scenes,
And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys ?
Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
For such delights ? Bless'd animals, too wise
To wonder, and too happy to complain !

“ Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene ;
Why not a dungeon dark, for the condemn'd ?
Why not the dragon's subterranean den,
For man to howl in ? Why not his abode
Of the same dismal colour with his fate ?
A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expense
Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
As congruous as, for man, this lofty dome,
Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire ;
If, from her humble chamber in the dust,
While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,
The poor worm calls us for her inmates there ;
And, round us, death's inexorable hand
Draws the dark curtain close—undrawn no more.

“ Undrawn no more !—Behind the cloud of death,
Once, I beheld a sun ; a sun which gilt
That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold.
How the grave's alter'd ! fathomless as hell !
A real hell to those who dream'd of heaven,
ANNIHILATION ! How it yawns before me !
Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense,
The privilege of angels, and of worms,
An outcast from existence ! and this spirit,

This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
 This particle of energy divine,
 Which travels nature, flies from star to star,
 And visits gods, and emulates their powers,
 For ever is extinguish'd."

Magnificent!

If intellect be, indeed, doomed utterly to perish, why may not we ask God, in that deep despair which, in that case, must inevitably flow from the consciousness of those powers with which he has at once blessed and cursed us—why that intellect, whose final doom is death, and that final doom within a moment, finds no thought that can satisfy it but that of Life, and no idea in which its flight can be lost but that of Eternity? If this earth were at once the soul's cradle and her tomb, why should that cradle have been hung amidst the stars, and that tomb illumined by their eternal light? If, indeed, a child of the clay, was not this earth, with all its plains, forests, mountains, and seas, capacious enough for the dreams of that creature whose course was finally to be extinguished in the darkness of its bosom? What had the soul to do with planets, and suns, and spheres, "and all the dread magnificence of heaven?" Was the soul framed merely that it might for a few years rejoice in the beauty of the stars, as in that of the flowers beneath our feet? And ought we to be grateful for those transitory glimpses of the heavens, as for the fading splendour of the earth? But the heavens are not an idle show, hung out for the gaze of that idle dreamer Man. They are the work of the Eternal God, and he has given us power therein to read and to understand his glory. It is not our eyes only that are dazzled by the face of heaven—our souls can comprehend the laws by which that face is overspread by its celestial smiles. The dwelling-place of our spirits is already in the

heavens. Well are we entitled to give names unto the stars, for we know the moment of their rising and their setting, and can be with them at every part of their shining journey through the boundless ether. While generations of men have lived, died, and are buried, the astronomer thinks of the golden orb that shone centuries ago within the vision of man, and lifts up his eye, undoubting, at the very moment when it again comes glorious on its predicted return. Were the Eternal Being to slacken the course of a planet, or increase even the distance of the fixed stars, the decree would be soon known on earth. Our ignorance is great, because so is our knowledge; for it is from the mightiness and vastness of what we do know that we imagine the illimitable unknown creation. And to whom has God made these revelations? To a worm that next moment is to be in darkness? To a piece of earth momentarily raised into breathing existence? To a soul perishable as the telescope through which it looks into the gates of heaven?

"Oh! star-eyed science, hast thou wandered there

To waft us home—the message of despair?"

No; there is no despair in the gracious light of heaven. As we travel through those orbs, we feel, indeed, that we have no power, but we feel that we have mighty knowledge. We can create nothing, but we can dimly understand all. It belongs to God only to *create*, but it is given to man to *know*—and that knowledge is itself an assurance of immortality.

"Is it in words to paint you? O ye fallen!

Fallen from the wings of reason and of hope;

Erect in stature, prone in appetite;

Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain;

Lovers of argument, averse to sense;

Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains;

Lords of the wide creation, and the shame;

More senseless than th'irrational you scorn;

More base than those you rule; than those you pity,

Far more undone! O ye most infamous

Of beings, from superior dignity;

Deepest in woe, from means of boundless bliss!

Ye cursed by blessings infinite; because

Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost !
 Ye motley mass of contradiction strong !
 And are you, too, convinced, your souls fly off
 In exhalation soft, and die in air,
 From the full flood of evidence against you ?
 In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of sense,
 Your souls have quite worn out the make of heaven,
 By vice new cast, and creatures of your own :
 But though you can deform, you can't destroy ;
 To curse, not uncreate, is all your power.

" Lorenzo ! this black brotherhood renounce ;
 Renounce St Evremont, and read St Paul.
 Ere rapt by miracle, by reason wing'd,
 His mounting mind made long abode in heaven.
 This is freethinking, unconfined to parts,
 To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
 Through all the provinces of human thought :
 To dart her flight through the whole sphere of man ;
 Of this vast universe to make the tour ;
 In each recess of space and time, at home ;
 Familiar with their wonders : diving deep ;
 And like a prince of boundless interests there,
 Still most ambitious of the most remote ;
 To look on truth unbroken, and entire ;
 Truth in the system, the full orb ; where truths
 By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
 An archlike, strong foundation, to support
 Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
 Conviction : here, the more we press, we stand
 More firm ; who most examine, most believe.
 Parts, like half-sentences, confound : the whole
 Conveys the sense, and God is understood,
 Who not in fragments writes to human race.
 Read his whole volume, sceptic ! then reply."

Renounce M. Evremont ! Ay, and many a Deistical writer of higher repute now in the world. But how came they by the truths they did know ? Not by the work of their own unassisted faculties—for they lived in a Christian country ; they had already been embued with many high and holy beliefs, of which their souls—had they willed it—could never have got rid—and to the very last the light which they, in their pride, believed to have emanated from the inner shrine—the penetralia of Philosophy—came from the temples of the living God. They walked all their lives long—though they knew it not, or strived to forget it—in the light of revelation, which, though often darkened to men's eyes by clouds from earth, was still shining strong in heaven. Had the New Testament never been—think ye that men in their pride, though

" Poor sons of a day,"
 could have discerned the necessity of framing for themselves a *religion of humility* ? No. As by pride we are

told the angels fell—so by pride man, after his miserable fall, strove to lift up his helpless being from the dust ; and, though trailing himself, soul and body, along the soiling earth, and glorying in his own corruption, sought to eternize here his very sins by naming the stars of heaven after heroes, conquerors, murderers, violators of the mandates of the Maker whom they had forgotten, or whose attributes they had debased by their own foul imaginations. They believed themselves, in the delusion of their own idolatries, to be " Lords of the world and Demigods of Fame," while they were the slaves of their own sins and their own sinful Deities. Should we have been wiser in our generation than they, but for the Bible ? If in moral speculation we hear but little—too little—of the confession of what it owes to the Christian religion—in all the Philosophy, nevertheless, that is pure and of good report, we see that " the day-spring from on high has visited it." In all philosophic enquiry there is, perhaps, a tendency to the soul's

exaltation of itself—which the spirit and genius of Christianity subdues. It is not sufficient to say, that a natural sense of our own infirmities will do so—for seldom indeed have Deists been lowly minded. They have talked proudly of humility. Compare their moral meditations with those of our great divines. Their thoughts and feelings are of the “earth earthy;” but when we listen to those others, we feel that their lore has been God-given.

“It is as if an angel shook his wings.”

Thus has Christianity glorified Philosophy; its celestial purity is now the air in which intellect breathes. In the liberty and equality of that religion, the soul of the highest Philosopher dare not offend that of the humblest peasant. Nay, it sometimes stands rebuked before it—and the lowly dweller in the hut, or the shieling on the mountain side, or in the forest, could abash the proudest son of Science, by pointing to the Sermon of our Saviour on the Mount—and saying, “I see my duties to man and God *here!*” The religious establishments of Christianity, therefore, have done more not only to support the life of virtue, but to show all its springs and sources, than all the works of all the moral Philosophers who have ever expounded its principles or its practice.

We have been thinking of Night the Fourth—the Christian Triumph. But in Night the Sixth, and Night the Seventh—the Infidel Reclaimed—Young flies on a high and steady wing through the whole argument “that vindicates the ways of God to man;” and shows prodigious power in his elucidations of the great truth, from the constitution of our Conscience and our Passions.

Conscience! Speak not of weak and fantastic fears—of abject superstitions—and of all that wild brood of dreams that have for ages been laws to whole nations. Though we might speak of them—and without violation of the spirit of true philosophy, call upon them to bear testimony to the truth. But think of the calm, purified, enlightened, and elevated conscience of the highest natures—from which objectless fear has been excluded—and which hears, in its stillness, the eternal voice of God. What calm celestial joy fills all the being of a good man when conscience

tells him that he is obeying God's law! What dismal fear and sudden remorse assail him, whenever he swerves but one single step out of the right path that is shining before his feet! It is not a mere selfish terror—it is not the dread of punishment only that appals him—for, on the contrary, he can calmly look on the punishment which he knows his guilt has incurred, and almost desires that it should be inflicted, that the incensed power may be appeased. It is the consciousness of offence that is unendurable—not the fear of consequent suffering; it is the degradation of sin that his soul deplures—it is the guilt which he would expiate, if possible, in torments; it is the united sense of wrong, sin, guilt, degradation, shame, and remorse, that renders a moment's pang of the conscience more terrible to the good than years of any other punishment—and it thus is the power of the human soul to render its whole life miserable by its very love of that virtue which it has fatally violated. This is a passion which the soul could not suffer—unless it were immortal. Reason, so powerful in the highest minds, would escape from the vain delusion; but it is in the highest minds where reason is most subjected to this awful power—they would seek reconciliation with offended Heaven by the loss of all the happiness that earth ever yielded—and would rejoice to pour out their heart's-blood if it could wipe away from the conscience the stain of one deep transgression! These are not the high-wrought and delusive states of mind of religious enthusiasts, passing away with the bodily agitation of the dreamer; but they are the feelings of the loftiest of men's sons—and when the troubled spirit has escaped from their burden, or found strength to support it, the conviction of their reasonableness and of their awful reality remains; nor can it be removed from the minds of the wise and virtuous without the obliteration from the tablets of memory of all the moral judgments which conscience has there recorded.

These feelings, then, are all intimately connected with the conviction which man has of his being an accountable creature. We believe that all his moral actions proceed from good or evil motives—and that there is a great moral law which he recog-

nises to rule over all natural life. That this law should be violated with impunity—or that its violation, however wicked, should yet subject him to no greater evils than such as we see befalling the bad in this world, is a belief which no mind can fully embrace—while to the general sense of mankind it has ever appeared contradictory to all the suggestions of moral feeling and all the reasoning of intel-

ligence. “From this judgment,” says Plato, in language resembling the sublimity of Scripture, in his *Laws*, “let no man hope to be able to escape—for though you should descend into the very depth of the earth, or flee on high to the extremities of the heavens, yet should you never escape the just judgment of the Gods.”

Let us recite a sublime adjuration—and then to our heather-bed.

“ ‘ By Silence, death’s peculiar attribute ;
 By Darkness, death’s inevitable doom ;
 By Darkness and by Silence, sisters dread !
 That draw the curtain round night’s ebon throne,
 And raise ideas solemn as the scene !
 By Night, and all of awful night presents
 To thought or sense (of awful much, to both,
 The goddess brings !) By these her trembling fires,
 Like *Vesta’s*, ever burning ; and, like hers,
 Sacred to thoughts immaculate and pure !
 By these bright orators, that prove and praise,
 And press thee to revere the Deity ;
 Perhaps, too, aid thee, when revered awhile,
 To reach his throne ; as stages of the soul,
 Through which, at different periods, she shall pass,
 Refining gradual, for her final height,
 And purging off some dross at every sphere :
 By this dark pall thrown o’er the silent world ;
 By the world’s kings, and kingdoms, most renown’d,
 From short ambition’s zenith set for ever ;
 Sad presage to vain boasters, now in bloom ;
 By the long list of swift mortality,
 From *Adam* downward to this evening knell,
 Which midnight waves in fancy’s startled eye,
 And shocks her with a hundred centuries,
 Round death’s black banner throng’d in human thought !
 By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,
 And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear !
 By tombs o’er tombs arising ; human earth
 Ejected, to make room for—human earth ;
 The monarch’s terror and the sexton’s trade !
 By pompous obsequies, that shun the day,
 The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
 Which makes poor man’s humiliation proud ;
 Boast of our ruin—triumph of our dust !
 By the damp vault that weeps o’er royal bones ;
 And the pale damp, that shows the ghastly dead,
 More ghastly through the thick incumbent gloom !
 By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
 The gliding spectre, and the groaning grave !
 By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan
 For the grave’s shelter ! By desponding men,
 Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt !
 By guilt’s last audit ! By yon moon in blood,
 The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
 And thunder’s last discharge, great nature’s knell !
 By second chaos ; and eternal light—
BE WISE.”

HISTORICAL COINCIDENCES.

OUR March Number* contained some remarks upon the supposed elevation of this age above all which have preceded it,—in purity of public morals,—in scientific views of government,—in the application of practical wisdom to national occasions,—in the perception of, and the inclination to pursue, those courses which really tend to the common welfare. We noticed Lord John Russell's expression of "binding by the fetters of the 17th century the talent and merit of the present enlightened age." We also quoted a more lively exposition, which must be here in part repeated, of the same doctrine.

"The science of government is an experimental science, and therefore it is, like all other experimental sciences, a progressive science. . . . Society, we believe, is constantly advancing in knowledge. The tail is now where the head was some generations ago. But the head and tail still keep their distance. . . . The absolute position of the parties has been altered; the relative position remains unchanged. . . . It is delightful to think, that in due time the last of those who now straggle in the rear of the great march will occupy the place now occupied by the advanced guard."—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. lvi., p. 535.

"The publicity which has of late been given to Parliamentary proceedings, has raised the standard of morality among public men."—*Ibid.* vol. lviii., p. 242.

We now proceed to furnish some additional proofs, that such opinions can only be assented to with very great modifications. In the real improvements of our own days we place our chief glory and delight; and if the current notion of our universal superiority were but a harmless fancy, we should not whisper a doubt of its reality. But we regard it as a mischievous delusion, strongest in reference to those very matters in which we are least improved; forming the very groundwork of our daily legislation, and of the most important trans-

actions of the time;—a belief which is leading us away from all the true sources of wisdom, which has left us without any moral standard to which public measures can be referred, and has taught each man to shape his conduct, not by his own conscience and his own judgment, but according to the will of *what he conceives to be* the people.

Lord Melbourne said, in 1831, that having always opposed Parliamentary Reform, he then supported that measure in obedience to the popular demand for it. Can Popery itself enjoin any thing more slavish! "Mankind are entitled, or rather bound" (see Mackintosh, *Eth. Philos.* p. 91), "to form and utter their own opinions, and most of all on the most deeply interesting subjects." Such unlimited deference for opinion and popular usage would justify conformity to the worst practices of the most wicked nations upon earth. We are daily told that power and responsibility should go together; and as no statesman should attempt to govern by violence, and against the wish of the nation, so no statesman should retain power (if power it may be called) which he is obliged to employ in a manner unsatisfactory to his own mind. To what end have man's faculties been bestowed, if he is to throw off all personal responsibility, and to be moved only by extraneous influences?

But it is said that we may safely give up our own convictions, and follow the pure current of opinion of the nineteenth century. Now, in thinking of the ignorance and immorality of the last age, and of the passions by which its public men were actuated, we are too apt to forget that the next century may recognise the same moral features in ourselves. Men are still beset with temptation, and not yet steeled against it. Periods may be divided and classified by historians; but nations do not rapidly change, and their existence has a certain continuity which bridges over these ima-

* See vol. 43. p. 360. A striking illustration of the truth of our remark (p. 364) on the conduct of the Opposition during the late war, will be found in a speech of Lord Grey's in 1810, at p. 419 of the same vol.

ginary chasms. We may fix dates and eras as we please; but still, in all that goes to make up national character, and in all that results from it, the men of this day are extremely like their ancestors.

How often is temperament hereditary, even where talent does not descend!

The Duchess of Marlborough says (*Correspondence*, ii. 147) of Queen Anne—"She had such a diffidence of herself, that she would always yield to the persuasions of those she liked, even though they had still less judgment than herself."

Clarendon (*Hist. Reb.* vi. 238) has preserved the very same trait of her grandfather, Charles I.—"He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself."

In the address of Junius to the Duke of Bedford—"You have nice feelings, my lord, if we may judge from your resentments,"—we may trace the germ of that little simmering implacability which we see in one of his descendants, ever and anon bubbling forth against the Bishop of Exeter.

It is evident that men sprung of the same blood, in the same climate,—their minds formed by the same literature and institutions,—cannot be very unlike each other, though born at the interval of a century. But we may find maxims familiarly known two thousand years ago, which are hailed as discoveries in modern times. For instance, Mackintosh's sensible, but obvious remark, that "Governments

are not made, but grow," occurs in Cicero's *De Republica*.* And in the same work are several notices of character and of political affairs, very much corresponding to the appearances of modern Europe. Sir Robert Peel might not inaccurately apply the following words to his own conduct:—

"I might have lived in retirement with more advantage than other men, on account of the delightful variety of the tastes which I had cultivated from my earliest years. If any misfortune overwhelmed society, I was threatened with no peculiar danger. I could be no worse off than other people; yet I did not hesitate to face the storm in all its fury, that I might save my countrymen from destruction, and at my own risk secure the public tranquillity." †

"Could any more momentous crisis arise than that in which I was called upon to act? Yet what could I have done on that occasion, had I not been at the head of the government? and how could I have held that station, had I not pursued from my youth upwards that career by which alone I could arrive, though the son of a simple knight, at the highest dignity of the commonwealth?" ‡

We are told, too, of a statesman,

"Who, being the only man who could lend effectual aid to the State, then involved in the utmost difficulty and peril by the derangement of its foreign relations and the pressure of intestine agitation, while some innovation was every day attempted by seditious men, and all quiet citizens and men of property were alarmed—was yet prevented from serving his country by the hostility of one section of the Senate." §

* "Nec temporis unius, nec hominis, esse constitutionem rei publicæ."

† "Is enim fueram, cui cum liceret aut majores ex otio fructus capere, quam cæteris, propter variam suavitatem studiorum, in quibus a pueritia vixeram; aut si quid accideret acerbius universis, non præcipuam sed parem cum cæteris fortunæ conditionem subire; non dubitaverim me gravissimis tempestatibus ac pæne fluminibus ipsis obvium ferre, conservandorum civium causâ, meisque propriis periculis parere commune reliquis otium."—*Cic. de Rep.* I. 4.

‡ "Quasi vero major cuiquam necessitas accidere possit, quam accidit nobis; in quâ quid facere potuissem, nisi tum consul fuisset? consul autem esse qui potui, nisi eum vitæ cursum tenuissem a pueritia, per quem equestri loco natus pervenirem ad honorem amplissimum?"—*Cic. de Rep.* I. 6.

§ "Obstretractores et invidi Scipionis . . . tenent . . . senatus alteram partem dissidentem a nobis . . . neque hunc, qui unus potest, concitatis sociis et nomine Latino, fœderibus violatis, triumviris seditiosis-imis aliquid quotidie novi moventibus, bonis viris locupletibus perturbatis, his tam periculosus rebus subvenire patiuntur."—*Cic. de Rep.* I. 19.

The "enlightenment" in which Lord John Russell rejoices, as characteristic of a perfectly new and improved state of society, seems to have visited Berlin (according to Tieck) at the end of the last century.

"I had early remarked this tone of arrogance and all knowingness which so often offended foreigners. What we designate by the word *Illumination*, used in a bad or reproachful sense, had been spread especially from . . . [query

Edinburgh?] as a centre; that shallowness which, without any feeling for depth or mysteriousness, brought every thing which it was unable or unwilling to comprehend before the judgment-seat of so-called plain common-sense."

To return, however, to our own country:—We cannot see that the spirit of party has been ameliorated, since it was described in a paper contained in the Harleian Miscellany (Vol. II. p. 352), and entitled

THE CHARACTER OF AN HONEST AND WORTHY PARLIAMENT-MAN.

—"He could not but smile to see, in our late times of dissension, so many, in all outward appearance, honest and thinking men, continually jog on, like a gang of pack-horses, after the leaders of their several parties; and though they wander after these blazing but deceitful lights into never so many crooked and by-paths, yet, with an implicit and blind faith, still believe themselves to be in the right way."

The race of political hacks next mentioned is not yet extinct.

"Those false and treacherous friends who have formerly gone along with, nay, much before him in the same cause, . . . yet who, when our Church and State were designed for immediate ruin, with the same mercenary breath, servilely offered themselves to be employed as tools in the destruction of them both."

Patriotism is now a very cheap vir-

tue, and servility to the multitude is as base as servility at Court. In fact, the same turn of mind which impelled man to cultivate the favour of the dispensers of power, long ago, leads their descendants to apply themselves to the dispensers of power in modern times. We shall see that the topics of political attack are little changed since the last century. Invective, of course, is not to be mistaken for history, but we may fairly infer that similar criticisms must have been provoked by similar conduct. We quote again, from the Harleian Miscellany (II. 254), a paper which, did it not bear the date 1705, might almost seem to have been written from observation of the shifts and devices of the present Administration. It is headed

THE CHARACTER OF A SNEAKER.

Lord Palmerston, who once represented Cambridge, might feel interested in the first sentence.

"He has been a member of Parliament for one of our universities, yet shrinks back from the defence of the doctrines" (at least of that which ensures the dissemination of the doctrines) "of that church which is acknowledged by his electors for the only true one."

What would another member of the Government say to the following description?—

"He is a gentleman who has *slept away the remembrance* of what recommended him to be knight of the shire for ———" [query, Inverness?] "and *droscnt himself into a place* in the Exchequer, which has dazzled his eyes so, and confounded his understanding, that he sits down as if

at his journey's end, with a *pension of fifteen hundred pounds per annum* [the very amount, we believe], and thinks he has done enough for his county (who sent him up to town to do their business, not his own), in making provision for himself." . . . "His heart is as good as any man's in England for the Church established; but charity begins at home, and let the national religion sink or swim as long as one is taken care of."

"He is an Aristotelian, though he loves the Mammon of unrighteousness too much to be a philosopher; and his actions are sufficient arguments to show that the corruption of one thing is the generation of another, i. e. he makes it appear that the defection of a good man to a bad party is the accession of an ill one."

But mark what follows:—

"Though he is not qualified to be one

of his Grace of Canterbury's chaplains, because he is not a churchman good enough, he may serve for one of his watermen, *for to look one way, and row another, is their business.* He was put into a post, under pretence of being a Churchman, but imagines the ready way to keep in it is not to be against the Dissenters, for somebody has said, 'They are too great a body to be disoblged;' *and he knows he stands but on slippery ground, while he gives not implicit obedience to somebody's orders.*"

"He is one that has been deputed by the people to make new laws, and thinks it of no consequence what becomes of the old. He is of a modern cut; and the very reason that should be of force with him to stand up for the Church, slackens his resolutions to defend it. She has been a church from the beginning." . . .

"He is a pretended stickler for the Queen's authority, just so long as he receives the Queen's money; while to show how undeserving he is of her royal favour, he confederates himself for the downfal of the Queen's religion. He is an Englishman with a Scotch heart, an Irish pair of heels, and a Spanish countenance. His policy consists in a demure look, his courage in withdrawing himself when there is an occasion; his constancy is variation; and his honesty is what you think fit to call it, for I know not where to find it."

"He is for a single Ministry, that he may play the Tom-double under it, and had rather the management of affairs should be *in one great lord's or court lady's hands* than in several, because the fewer the superintendents, the more may be the miscarriages of those that are subordinate to them, without being discovered, not that he is of this temper for any other account; since, notwithstanding his pretended zeal for her Majesty's person and Government, he leans more towards a commonwealth than a monarchy, and had rather the executive Government was to be intrusted with a committee of safety, and he to be the Obadiah of the party, than to be lodged where it is."

"He is like the Satyr in the fable, that blows hot and cold with the same breath, and never does any thing praiseworthy but when he blushes for shame of his playing at hide-and-seek with his old principles."

.... "He plays the child's part, and because he shuts his own eyes, thinks no creature in the world sees him."

Servile and unconstitutional Ministers will, in all ages, be driven to have recourse to similar expedients.

Lord Melbourne, in defiance of the established usage of the monarchy (we will not urge any topics of a personal nature), haunts the palace with inveterate assiduity, that he may be "a great court lord," and that "the management of affairs" may thus be in his hands. In the mean-time, he neglects all his official duties, and exhibits a degree of ignorance of public business—colonial, foreign, and domestic, perfectly worthy of the colleague of Lord Normanby, who believes that "Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon," was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, under James II. (the illustrious Hyde, the first Earl of Clarendon, having in fact been driven into exile, from which he never returned, early in the preceding reign)!

Lord Melbourne has frequently spoken in the tone of a good Churchman, but his measures (for instance, the marriage and registration acts, the church-rate scheme, &c.) have been, almost without exception, either dictated by the Dissenters, and conceived in a spirit of hostility and persecution towards the Church of England; or, if well intended, given up to conciliate the Dissenters. But that upon which the whole character of his Government depends, its Irish policy, has been pursued in "implicit obedience" to the Irish Roman Catholic Dissenters; for "*Somebody*" has said, "we are too great a body to be disoblged." Who is "*Somebody*?" He is the person with whom Lord Melbourne, "to show how undeserving he is of the Royal favour, has confederated himself for the downfal of the Queen's religion;" and "he knows he stands but on slippery ground, while he gives not implicit obedience to *Somebody's* orders."

It is indisputable that a large majority of the English members of the House of Commons are against the present Ministers, and that they maintain themselves only by the favour of the *Scotch* and *Irish* Radicals. And Lord John Russell showed "an Irish pair of heels," that is, "his courage was evinced in withdrawing himself, when there was an occasion," on Mr W. S. O'Brien's motion against the Spottiswoode subscription. What a spectacle he then presented! a Minister of the Crown, a Leader of the House of Commons, attempting to

escape, but locked in, and compelled to return, pale and agitated, to give a reluctant vote!

We find an egregious instance of "looking one way and rowing another" in the conduct of Ministers, when they announced their determination to uphold the Royal authority in Canada, and at the same moment lent the most indecent and unconstitutional support to the Radical candidates for Middlesex and other places, by whom the Canadian traitors were instigated and encouraged.

They "blew hot and cold with the same breath," when the members of the Cabinet voted against the Ballot, and caused their sons, brothers, and all their immediate friends and official subordinates to support it—much after the old fashion in the Civil Wars, when father and son generally took different parts, that so the estates might in any event be preserved to the family.

They "looked one way and rowed another," when they appointed a Commission to enquire, at the expense of more than £30,000, into spiritual destitution in Scotland; which it now appears they never intended to relieve, whatever might be the tenor of the Report.

They "blew hot and cold with the same breath" when Lord Melbourne denied all connexion with Mr O'Connell, adopting at the same time Mr O'Connell's policy, and negatived the alleged treaty of Lichfield House, upon the ground of which treaty, or "compact alliance," Mr Shiel publicly justified his adherence to the Government, an adherence which has of late been so munificently rewarded.

They "looked one way and rowed another" when, during Sir Robert Peel's Administration, they met his Address with an amendment, which they then said was not intended—but which Sir John Hobhouse (in his speech on Lord Londonderry's Embassy) afterwards admitted to have been intended—to cause Sir Robert's resignation.

They "blew hot and cold with the same breath" last session; when Lord John Russell, in a spiteful tone, expressed his intention of maintaining the Established Church in Ireland; while, to recall to their allegiance any wavering Radicals, Lord Howick, a

Cabinet Minister, announced at the same time his hostility to its existence:—and when they justified, yet disavowed, Lord Durham's ordinances; which no man of political probity would either have approved, without enforcing, or have annulled, without disapproving.

They showed "that their constancy is variation," when, without any alteration in circumstances, they changed sides on the Pension list enquiry. They "played at hide-and-seek with their old principles," when, having taken office, pledged to carry, and only *because* they were pledged to carry, the Irish Appropriation clause into effect,—they introduced a measure in which, after several days' consideration, their own oldest friends could not say whether the famous clause was embodied or not; but in which it ultimately appeared that this, the very key-stone of their policy, had been tacitly abandoned.

These tactics had been described, almost prophetically, by a great master of intrigue.

"The ocean which environs us is an emblem of our Government, and the pilot and the Minister are in similar circumstances. It seldom happens that either of them can steer a direct course, and they both arrive at their port by means which frequently seem to carry them from it. But as the work advances, the conduct of him who leads it on with real abilities clears up, the appearing inconsistencies are reconciled, and when it is once consummated, the whole shows itself so uniform, so plain and so natural, that every dabbler in politics will be apt to think he could have done the same. But, on the other hand, a man who proposes no such object, who substitutes artifice in the place of ability, who, instead of leading parties and governing accidents, is eternally agitating backwards and forwards by both, who begins every day something new, and carries nothing on to perfection, may impose a while on the world; but a little sooner or later the mystery will be revealed, and nothing will be found to be couched under it but a thread of pitiful expedients, the ultimate end of which never extended further than living from day to day."

... "The sum of all his policy had been to amuse the three parties of the day, as long as he could, and to keep his power as long as he amused them. When it became impossible to amuse mankind any longer, he appeared plainly at the end of his line."—*Bolingbroke, Letter to Sir William Blackstone, Works*, i. 23.

Our own ministers are not yet plainly "at the end of their line," only because of *their line*,—the proposing organic changes,—*there can be no end*. Next, we have an account of the state of parties at the accession of George I.

"The minds of some Ministers are like the 'Sanctum Sanctorum' of a temple I have read of somewhere; before it a great curtain was solemnly drawn; within it nothing was to be seen but a confused group of misshapen and imperfect forms, heads without bodies, bodies without heads, and the like. To develop the most complicated cases, and to decide in the most doubtful, has been the talent of great Ministers; it is that of others to perplex the most simple, and to be puzzled by the plainest. *No man was more desirous of power than the Minister here intended, and he had a competent share of cunning to wriggle himself into it; but then his part was over, and no man was more at a loss how to employ it.* The ends he proposed to himself he saw for the most part darkly and indistinctly; and if he saw them a little better, he still made use of means disproportionate to them."

We are likewise informed that those

"With whom and by whom he had risen, expected much from him. Their expectations were ill answered; and I think that such management as he employed would not have hindered them long from breaking from him, if new things had not fallen in, to engage their whole attention, and to divert their passions.

"The two parties were, in truth, become factions in the strict sense of the word. I was of one, and I own the guilt; which no man of the other would have a good grace to deny. In this respect they were alike; but here was the difference—one was well united, well conducted, and determined to their future, as well as their present objects. Not one of these advantages attended the other. The Minister had evidently no bottom to rest his Administration upon, but the party at the head of which he came into power; if he had rested it there, if he had gained their confidence, instead of creating, even wantonly, if I may say so, a distrust of himself in them, it is certain he might have determined them to every national interest during the Queen's time, and after her death. But this was above his conception as well as his talents. He meant to keep power as long as he could, by the

little arts by which he had got into it; he thought that he should be able to compound for himself in all events, and cared little what became of his party, his mistress, or the nation. That this was the whole of his scheme appeared sufficiently in the course of his Administration; was then seen by some, and has been since acknowledged by all people.

"For this purpose he coaxed and persecuted Whigs; he flattered and disappointed Tories; and supported by a thousand little tricks his tottering Administration."—Bolingbroke's Works, i., 340.

ἀμέραι ἐπίλοιποι
μάρτυρες σοφώτατοι.

The recurrence of similar events in our own times is the best proof of the truth of Bolingbroke's description; as, on the other hand, his account of a past age throws a very powerful light upon our modern history.

The following passage must recall to every mind the insolent sycophancy of a certain party about the time of the late King's death; their pretended "Orange plot in favour of the Duke of Cumberland;" their indecent attempt to compromise the Queen; and their various low artifices at the elections.

"The Whigs desired nothing more than to have it thought that the successor was theirs, if I may repeat an insolent expression which was used at that time." . . .

"The art of the Whigs was to blend, as undistinguishably as they could, all their party interests with those of the succession, and they made just the same factious use of the supposed danger of it, as the Tories had endeavoured to make some time before of the supposed danger of the Church. As no man is reputed a friend to Christianity beyond the Alps and the Pyrenees who does not acknowledge the Papal supremacy, so here no man was to be reputed a friend to the Protestant succession, who was not ready to acknowledge their supremacy."

The manner in which they surrounded and engrossed the new and inexperienced sovereign is described in a quotation from Goldsmith in our former article on this subject. P. 366.

Is all this unlike what we are witnessing around us? And if not—is there not the same meanness and unstatesmanlike artifice afloat now which was detected and held up to contempt in the last century? How, then, has "government been a progressive sci-

ence?" We repeat, not at all, as regards the management of party politics—or, at least, the progress has not been made by those who are supposed by the Reviewer to lead the "great march." If such be the "leaders," we shall "straggle in the rear."

Let us now call the attention of the Edinburgh Reviewer to a piece of modern legislation, which almost tempts us to reverse his illustration, and to allege that the "head is now where the tail was a century since." In what has been called Mr Macaulay's Indian Code, is the following provision:—

"113. Whoever, by words, either spoken or intended to be read, or by signs, or by visible representations, *attempts to excite feelings of disaffection to the Government established by law in the territories of the East India Company, among any class of people who live under that Government*, shall be punished with banishment for life, or for any term, from the territories of the East India Company, to which fine may be added, or with simple imprisonment for a term, which may extend to three years" [imprisonment in the tropics, certain death!], "to which fine may be added, or with fine."

What would become of poor "H. B." and his "visible representations" under such a law? But it may be said that conviction by a jury must precede these inflictions. Are Indian juries then infallible? are they impartial in disputes between men of different blood? The Whigs have subscribed for a monument to Muir and Palmer, alleged to have been unjustly convicted by a *British* jury, and will they give such powers as these to an *Indian* jury? But perhaps this is part of Mr Macaulay's plan for depriving British subjects of British justice, and even the safeguard of an Indian jury is not to be interposed between the Government and its victims. This immoderate severity of punishment for libels against the Government is the more remarkable, as private character is scarcely protected at all by the new code. A free press may, for aught we know, be a bad thing for India, but if so, a censorship should be manfully established and avowed.

We are thankful that we live in Britain. Any exposure of misconduct in a governor, any criticism upon crude legislation, any departure, even in a private letter, from the most slavish

Oriental deference to rulers, may be punished as detailed above. There is something of *retrogression* here. Lord Byron's Moorish King had anticipated Mr Macaulay. His Majesty was pleased to observe,

"There is no law to say such things
As may displease the ear of Kings."

And as the subject continued his impertinent remarks, *attempting*, no doubt, to *excite feelings of disaffection to the Government*,

"As these things the old Moor said,
They severed from his neck his head;"
and many would prefer this simple and efficacious remedy for sedition to Mr Macaulay's complicated and tyrannical alternatives of persecution. All we say is, if this law holds good,—
"Woe is me" Calcutta!

We feel, and joyfully feel, the vast social improvement which has taken place within the last two hundred years—we feel that the laws are observed, that peace (except at elections) is maintained; that arbitrary power can no longer be exercised in Great Britain,—at least, by the Crown. Dead bodies are no longer found in Tower Ditch to the number of two or three a-week, as in James I.'s time, nor are travellers robbed on Blackheath or Finchley Common, as they were at the accession of George III. No statesman now living would imitate the Duke of Marlborough, who betrayed to the French Court the secret of an expedition intended against Brest; in consequence of which treason the expedition failed, and many English lives were lost. But has, in point of fact, any new principle been incorporated into our Constitution? And if not, how has "Government, as a science, been progressive?" It is in the improved *practical* enforcement of our rights that our superiority consists. But it would be difficult to name any important element of liberty or public tranquillity that has not been known for ages. We act, it is true, upon principles of religious toleration, still, who can certainly pronounce how far our ancestors could have safely adopted such maxims, in dealing with those who would have scorned mere toleration, and who aimed at ascendancy; and who had, moreover, evinced, by their conduct when in power, so ferocious a hatred to the monarchy, and so intolerant a spirit towards the church? Errors were com-

mitted in this matter, no doubt, but civil war had but lately subsided, and it does not follow that, because good and peaceable citizens may be tolerated, therefore, our forefathers were blind and blundering when they refused—too harshly, it may be allowed—to indulge the dangerous and scheming sectarians of the 17th century. Up to this time, our latest and most important experiment of this kind has not been so decidedly satisfactory and triumphant in all its consequences as to entitle us to exult with unalloyed self-confidence over those who were less conciliatory than ourselves. South speaks (iv. 176) of “a faction which nothing can win, nothing oblige, and which will be sure to requite such a favour once done them, by turning it to the utmost reproach and ruin (if possible) of those who did it.” He then appeals to the judgment, reading, and experience of all who have in any measure applied themselves to the observation of men and things, *whether they ever yet found that any, who pressed for indulgences and forbearances, did it with a real intent to acquiesce, and take up in these forbearances once granted them, without proceeding any further. None, I am sure, ever yet did, but used them only as an art or instrument to get into power, and to make every concession a step to a further demand; since every grant renders the person to whom it is made so much the more considerable, and dangerous to be denied, when he shall take the boldness to ask more. To grant is, generally, to give ground; and such persons ask some things, only in order to get others without asking; for no encroachers upon, or enemies to any public constitution, ask all at first. Sedition itself is modest in the beginning, and no more than toleration may be petitioned for, when in the issue nothing less than empire and dominion is designed.*

“The nature of man acts the same way, whether in matters civil or ecclesiastical. And can we so soon forget the methods by which that violent faction grew upon the throne between the years forty and sixty? Did not the facility and goodness of King Charles I. embolden their impudence, instead of satisfying their desires? Was not every condescension, every concession, every remission of his own right, so far from allaying the fury of their greedy appetites, that, like a breakfast, it rather called up the stomach, and fitted it

the more for a dinner? *Did not craving still grow upon granting, till nothing remained to be asked on one side, or given on the other, but the life of the giver?*

“Thus it was with the State; and I would fain hear any solid reason to prove that it will not fare alike with the Church. For how has the Papacy grown to that enormous height, and assumed such an extravagant power over sovereign princes, but by taking advantage from their own grants and favours to that rapacious and ungrateful see? which still took occasion from thence to raise itself gradually to further and further pretensions; till courtesy quickly passed into claim; and what was got by petition, was held by prerogative; so that at length insolence, grown big and bold with success, knew no bounds, but trampled upon the neck of emperors, controlled the sceptre with the crosier, and, in the face of the world, openly avowed a superiority and pre-eminence over crowned heads. Thus grew the Papacy, and by the same ways will also grow other sects; *for there is a Papacy in every sect or faction*; they all design the very same height or greatness, though the Pope alone hitherto has had the wit and fortune to compass it.”

The Irish Roman Catholics have turned their emancipation to the utmost reproach and ruin of those who granted it. Did they “press for those indulgences with a real intent to acquiesce, without proceeding any further?” They told us they had no wish to interfere with the Established Church. Now it is a nuisance, an “insult to the people of Ireland,” and it must be demolished. They have made “every concession a step to a farther demand.” They made the abolition of the Penal Laws “a step to the demand of” Emancipation. They have made the concession of Emancipation a step to the demand of the abolition of tithes, and the repeal of the Union. Mr O’Connell said he took the remission of part of the tithes as an “instalment;” and he said, “Give me the Municipal Corporation Bill, and I will get all the rest for myself;”—that is, he knew it would make him “so much the more considerable, and dangerous to be denied, “when he should take the boldness to ask for more.”

In 1829, when the Roman Catholic Relief Bill was passed, the *Edinburgh Review* thus expressed the current vaticinations of its party:—

“Even Lord Eldon will live to see that

his king O'Connell has lost the crown of Ireland, and it is again on the head of George IV. We have taken off our stinking premium on faction, and given loyalty its due and honourable encouragements.

"Protestant families of the middling class, will not be driven to emigration by a pressure, and by an atmosphere which they dare not stand. It is a safety-lamp for their neighbourhood. . . .

"It will be henceforth a matter of indifference what is the creed of any man. One law for the rich, and another for the poor, will soon be a thing as incredible as among ourselves. We need no more alternate between the rival dangers of Ireland's strength or Ireland's misery. That withered arm of the empire is restored to health and vigour. Her prosperity is now all ours. We shall feel it in the budget, when Irish taxation pours in its supplies. We shall feel it in the release of those numerous regiments that have stood sentinel over our prisoner. We shall feel it in the respectful caution of those continental courts which have lately trespassed on our divisions, and defied our weakness."—*Ed. Rev.* Vol. xlix, p. 266.

Nine years have elapsed since this was written, most of them years of conciliation, concession, and suberviency. Are the Roman Catholics satisfied? Is the Established Church really strengthened? Is it a matter of indifference in Ireland what is the creed of any man? Hear the Agitator—

"The battle of Ireland must be fought over again.—*We have gained nothing.* . . .

"We will complain of the tithe system. Without its extinction there can be no religious liberty. I own an affection in my heart for our domestic legislature. Ireland, therefore, is *commencing* agitation—justice requires it: it is not a question of compromise or trafficking. O tell them we seek equal franchise, equal corporate reform, equal liberty of conscience, and I tell them that Ireland is pledged to get all these, and will not take one particle less. I would have taken less before last year, I would have taken less the present year, but I'll not take less next year. I'll get it all, or I'll have repeal! I am yet strong enough, hale and young enough, to commence the new agitation!"—[*Spoken by Mr O'Connell at a Dinner in Cork, Monday, 27th August, 1838.*]

There can be no difficulty in applying to domestic struggles the maxim which Hume tells us (*Hist. of Eng.* c. 64), that the illustrious John de Witt relied on in his foreign policy,

viz., "That no independent government should yield to another any *evident point of reason or equity*; and that all such concessions, so far from preventing war, served to no other purpose than to provoke fresh claims and insolences." We have seen the "fresh claims and insolences" of Mr O'Connell; here, then, the predictions of the Edinburgh Review have failed. But have they been verified in other respects! Has there been no emigration of Protestants? Are there fewer troops in Ireland? Is it through "respectful caution" that Russia has seized a British vessel, the *Vixen*, carrying on a fair trade with an independent country? and that Prussia has bound all Germany in an engagement to exclude our manufactures? and that Austria, with the other two, prevents us, in the teeth of the treaty of Vienna, and of our foreign Minister's pledge, from having a consul at Cracow? and that France retains Algiers in spite of her promise to evacuate it? that Spain slights us, after the sacrifice of 10,000 men—the Dutch hate us, and even Portugal laughs at us?

Yet Lord John Russell, a professed student of the science of government, conceives interminable concession to be the only remedy for perpetual demand. He said (*Mir. Parl.* 7th Feb. 1837),—"Whenever I have to look for a high authority upon the constitution of this country—whenever I wish to seek for enlarged principles with respect to the manner in which the Government of this country should be carried on, I do not refer to the theories of Locke, or to the legal statements of Blackstone; but I refer, whenever I can, to the authority, the precepts, and the maxims of Mr Fox. He stated in a very eloquent speech (delivered in 1797) the principles upon which he conceived the Government of Ireland should be conducted. He stated in his usual frank—it might be almost called incautious—manner, that he conceived *that concession ought to be made to the people of Ireland.* He said, *if he found he had not conceded enough, he would concede more.*" Alas, can he not remember "how craving still grew upon granting, till nothing remained to be asked on one side or given on the other, but the life of the giver?" "Concerning which," South lays down this assertion, "that what effects and consequences any thing

has had formerly and usually, and what in its own nature it tends to, and is apt to produce, it is infinitely sottish and irrational to imagine or suppose that it will not produce or cause in the world for the future." And he "believes hardly any nation or Government but ours would suffer the same cheat to be trumped upon it twice immediately together."

From the many proofs with which history abounds of the accuracy of South's observations, we may select one or two. They will be found in Milton's prose works. The first was written after all the most objectionable acts of the Government of King Charles I. It is from the Treatise "of Reformation in England," A. D. 1641.

"There is no civil Government that hath been known, no, not the Spartan, not the Roman, though both for this respect so much praised by the wise Polybius, more divinely and harmoniously tuned, more equally balanced, as it were, by the hand and scale of justice, than is the commonwealth of England, where, under a free and untutored monarch, the noblest, worthiest, and most prudent men, with full approbation and suffrage of the people, have in their power the supreme and final determination of highest affairs.

"Now, if conformity of Church discipline to the civil be so denied, there can be nothing more parallel, more uniform than when, under the Sovereign Prince, Christ's *vicegerent*, using the sceptre of *David according to God's law*, the godliest, the wisest, the learnedest ministers in their several charges, have the instructing and disciplining of God's people, by whose full and free election they are consecrated to that holy and equal aristocracy."

Nothing can be more loyal to the Crown than this, though the abolition of Episcopacy was the object. From this time the reign of Charles I. was one series of concessions. What was the effect upon those to whom the concessions were made? Many years after, in a short piece called "The Present Means and Brief Delineation of a Free Commonwealth, easy to be put in Practice, and without Delay; in a Letter to General Monk," Milton writes,

"First, all endeavours speedily to be used, that the ensuing election be of such as are already firm or indurable to constitute a free Commonwealth, . . . *without single person or House of Lords.*"

And again, in his work called "The

Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth," (1660),

"The Parliament of England, assisted by a great number of the people who appeared, and stuck to them faithfullest in defence of religion and their civil liberties, judging *kingship*, by long experience a government unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous, justly and unanimously abolished it, turning regal bondage into a free Commonwealth, to the admiration and terror of our emulous neighbours.

. . . "The happiness of a nation must needs be firmest and certainest in full and free and full council of their own electors, *where no single person but reason only (!) sways.*" . . .

Compare the next paragraph with the first quoted.

"I cannot but yet further admire on the other side how any man who hath the true principles of justice and religion in him, can presume or take upon him to be a king, and lord over his brethren, whom he cannot but know, whether as men or as Christians, to be for the most part every way equal or superior to himself, how he can display with such vanity and ostentation his regal splendour so supereminently above other mortal men; or, being a Christian, can assume such extraordinary honour and worship to himself, while the kingdom of Christ, our Common King and Lord, is hid to this world, and such Gentilish imitation forbid in express words by himself to all his disciples. All Protestants hold that Christ in his church hath left us *vicegerent* of his power; but himself, without deputy, is the only head thereof, governing it from heaven; how, then, can any Christian man derive his kingship from Christ, but with a worse usurpation than the Pope his headship over the Church, since *Christ not only hath not left the least shadow of a command for any such vicegerents from him in the State*, as the Pope pretends for his in the Church, but *hath expressly declared, that such legal dominion is from the Gentiles, not from him, and hath strictly charged us not to imitate them therein?*"

"I doubt not but all ingenuous and knowing men will easily agree with me, that a free Commonwealth, without single person or House of Lords, is by far the best government, if it can be had."

"On the contrary, if there be a king, which the inconsiderate multitude are now so mad upon, mark how far short we are likely to come of all those happinesses which, in a free State, we shall immediately be possessed of?"

The next passage is illustrative of

the *compulsory liberty* of a Republic. We recommend to especial notice its doctrines as to the rights of a judicial minority to bind the majority.

"They who, past reason and recovery, are devoted to kingship, perhaps will answer, *that a greater part by far of the nation will have it so, the rest therefore must yield.* Not so much to convince those, which I little hope, as to confirm them who yield not, I reply, that this greatest part have, both in reason and trial of just battle, lost their right of election what the Government shall be: of them who have lost that right, whether they for kingship be the greater number, who can certainly determine? Suppose they be, yet of freedom they all partake alike, one in control Government, which, if the greater part value not, but will deliberately forego, is it just or reasonable that most citizens against the main end of government should endure the less number that would be free? More just, it is, doubtless, if it come to force, that a *less number* compel a greater to retain, which can be no wrong to them, their liberty, than that a greater number, for the pleasure of their baseness, compel a less most injuriously to be their fellow slaves."

In other words, a majority is only binding when it is in favour of one's own opinions. "There is," as South remarks, "a Papacy in every sect or faction." So much for concession.

The countenance which has of late been afforded to those who resist the law by the spirit in which the law has been administered in Ireland, and by the proceedings of Ministers with regard to church-rates;—their readiness to sacrifice any impost which any man will be bold enough and factious enough to resist;—to say nothing of the conduct of Lord Fitzwilliam and others during the Reform agitation—makes it desirable to keep in view the principles asserted in the following passage:—

"With what face or confidence can they expect the protection of the Government they live under, when they profess themselves to live by a law wholly differing from those laws, to the observers of which alone that Government promises protection? Is it reason that my neighbour should live at peace by me, and enjoy his estate only by my conscience of, and obedience to that law, which forbids me to rob and steal from him, and he, in the mean time, proceed by an inward law which exempts him from the same obli-

gation, and allows him, when he pleases, to seize upon my estate and rifle me?" [Or, which is the same thing, detain from me what is due, and murder me if I attempt to collect it.] "I say, is there, can there be any reason that such a fellow should be safe from me by my subjection to the laws of my country, and I not be mutually safe from him by his subjection to the same? No, certainly; where the benefit of the law is his, the obligation of it ought to reach him too, or there will be no equality, and, consequently, no society. He, therefore, who shall presume to own himself thus led by an inward voice, or instinct of the Spirit, in opposition to the laws enacted by the civil power, has forfeited all right to any protection from that power, and has, *ipso facto*, outlawed himself, and accordingly as an outlaw ought to be dealt with."—(South, IV. 26.)

But it will be said, that in education at least, we have arrived at a new principle. The dominant party, smarting under their frequent experience of the hostility of learned and thinking men, and baffled in all the unfair and ungenerous attacks which they have made upon Oxford and Cambridge, feel that they never can have the educated classes with them, while education is independent of the Crown; and therefore they exult in the new and brilliant idea of a Minister of Public Instruction. In pursuance of this notion, they have given to the Home Office an absolute control over the Senate of the University of London. To the Senate, again, they have attempted to give power over all places of education, by enabling it to examine for degrees the students of any academical institution which it may think fit. Yet sixty years have elapsed since their own oracle, Adam Smith, argued most conclusively against such a power, which was a well-known appendage of despotic governments before the French Revolution.

"If the authority to which a teacher is subject resides, not so much in the body-corporate of which he is a member, as in some other extraneous persons, in the bishop of the diocese, for example, in the governor of the province, or perhaps in some Minister of State, it is not indeed in this case very likely that he will be suffered to neglect his duty altogether. All that such superiors, however, can force him to do is to attend upon his pupils a certain number of hours; that is, to give a

certain number of lectures in the week, or in the year. What those lectures shall be, must still depend upon the diligence of the teacher; and that diligence is likely to be proportioned to the motives which he has for exerting it. An extraneous jurisdiction of this kind, besides, is liable to be exercised both ignorantly and capriciously. In its nature it is arbitrary and discretionary; and the persons who exercise it, neither attending upon the lectures of the teacher themselves, nor perhaps understanding the sciences which it is his business to teach, are seldom capable of exercising it with judgment. From the insolence of office, too, they are frequently indifferent how they exercise it, and are very apt to censure or deprive him of his office wantonly and without any just cause. The person subject to such jurisdiction is necessarily degraded by it, and, instead of being one of the most respectable, is rendered one of the meanest and most contemptible persons in the society. It is by powerful protection only that he can effectually guard himself against the bad usage to which he is at all times exposed; and this protection he is most likely to gain, not by ability or diligence in his profession, but by obsequiousness to the will of his superiors, and by being ready at all times to sacrifice to that will the rights, the interest, and the honour of the body-corporate of which he is a member. Whoever has attended for any considerable time to the administration of a French university, must have had occasion to remark the effects which naturally result from an arbitrary and extraneous jurisdiction of this kind."—*Wealth of Nations*, Vol. V. c. 1.

Accordingly, though Lord John Russell expressed his unwillingness to hamper the "talent and merit of this enlightened age," he quashed the very first resolution of any moment, at which the said collective "talent and merit" had arrived; and the same "talent and merit," in obedience to his Lordship's imperial rescript, did not hesitate to reverse their own solemn decision, and to exclude all sacred subjects from their list of the branches of a liberal education! Not two years has the institution existed, and already have we "had occasion to remark the effects which naturally result from an arbitrary and extraneous jurisdiction of this kind." Public attention has been called to the proceedings of the King of Hanover, who dismissed certain Professors of the University of Gottingen, for remonstrating against

an act of State. We do not profess to understand the merits of this question; but assuredly such dismissals would not be confined to Hanover, if the Whigs, who cannot trust their own liberal University to their own liberal Senate, should succeed in obtaining the power to tyrannize over learning and learned men. It would be amusing to speculate on their probable literary ordinances. They would substitute Colonel Napier for Thucydides, and "Don Carlos" for Agamemnon.

But if the *ideas* and the policy of these times appear to us for the most part old, so neither do we deem the *men* new or extraordinary. Lord Melbourne, indeed, described Mr O'Connell as a being of a lofty but indefinite nature, one of a kind that rarely visits this planet. In him we see only an able man, a specimen of the demagogue common to all unsettled societies, and thus described by Cicero.

"From this untamed, nay, savage people, some one is generally chosen as a champion against the nobles, already driven from their places and sent to the wall; some daring foul-mouthed fellow, who insolently runs down men who have performed great public services, and who courts the multitude by presenting to them other people's property and his own too [here the resemblance fails]. . . . At last he is found to be the tyrant of the very men to whom he owes his power."

"Ex hoc enim populo indomito vel potius immani deligitur aliquis plerumque dux contra illos principes adfectos jam et depulsos loco, audax, impurus, consecretans proterve bene sæpe de republica meritos, populo gratificans et aliena et sua: . . . postremo a quibus producti sunt, existunt eorum ipsorum tyranni."—*Rep.* I. 44.

We have seen this man arise from among the untamed Irish Roman Catholics. We have seen him drive Lord Duncannon, Sir Henry Parnell, Mr Spring Rice, and the Irish Protestant Whigs (adfectos et depulsos loco), out of all the towns and counties which they had so long represented; and, strange to say, we have seen these very men courting his alliance, notwithstanding this mortifying intrusion. We hate calling names, but really Mr O'Connell cannot escape the very strongest of Cicero's epithets, if he thinks proper to call the

Duke of Wellington "a stunted corporal"—and to write (see his letter dated 6th September, and published in the *Times*, September 13th) "Wellington may be what is called a great captain, but as a statesman he is contemptible, and a very driveller;"—with similar trash flung at Sir Robert Peel. This foolish vituperation reminds us of a letter of Horace Walpole's, addressed to the Earl of Stafford, and dated 10th November, 1783.

"Indeed, when the Parliament does meet, I doubt, nay, hope, it will make less sensation than usual. The orators of Dublin have brought the flowers of Billingsgate to so high perfection, that ours, comparatively, will have no more scent than a dead dandelion. If your Lordship has not seen the speeches of *** and ***, you may perhaps still think that our oysterwomen can be more abusive than members of Parliament."

How completely Mr O'Connell is the tyrant of those to whom he owes his power, will appear from a comparison of the present state of Ireland, with her condition at the gloomiest period of our history.

"A.D. 1687.—But what afforded the most alarming prospect was the violent and precipitate conduct of affairs in Ireland. Tyreconnel was now vested with full authority, and carried over with him as chancellor one Fitton, a man who was taken from a jail, and who had been convicted of forgery and other crimes, but who compensated for all his enormities by a headlong zeal for the Catholic religion. He was even heard to say from the bench, that the Protestants were all rogues, and that there was not one among forty thousand that was not a traitor, a rebel, and a villain. The whole strain of the Administration was suitable to such sentiments. The Catholics were put in possession of the council table, of the courts of judicature, and of the bench of justices. In order to make them masters of the parliament, the same violence was exercised that had been practised in England. The charters of Dublin and of all the corporations were annulled; and new charters were granted, subjecting the corporations to the will of the sovereign. The Protestant freemen were expelled, Catholics introduced, and the latter sect, as they always were the majority in number, were now invested with the whole power of the kingdom. The Act of Settlement was the only obstacle to their enjoying the whole

property; and Tyreconnel had formed a scheme for calling a parliament in order to reverse that Act, and empower the King to bestow all the lands of Ireland on his Catholic subjects. But in this scheme he met with opposition from the moderate Catholics in the King's council. Lord Bellasis went even so far as to affirm with an oath, 'that that fellow in Ireland was fool and madman enough to ruin ten kingdoms.'" *HOME'S History of England*, chap. 70.

When we remember that Lord Normanby is now invested with full authority to bully and insult the Protestant gentlemen of Ireland, to open the jails, and to turn loose upon society men convicted of the blackest crimes; when we remember how lately Mr O'Connell was reprimanded, even in the very House of Commons itself, for a false and scandalous libel, and how many transactions he has borne a part in which must render public confidence in him impossible; when we remember, too, his gross intemperance of tongue, and expressions of "headlong zeal for the Catholic religion;" when, notwithstanding all these damning facts, we know from himself and from the ministerial papers, that the Queen's servants had the wickedness to offer him a most important judicial office in Ireland, we must acknowledge that the disgraceful days of Tyreconnel and of Fitton are no longer unparalleled. In addition to the proofs lately given of the manner in which the English and the Scotch magistracy has been tampered with, disclosures have been made in the House of Lords with respect to the Irish magistracy, too numerous and too disgusting to be here gone into in detail, but evincing, that the operation of "putting the Catholics in the possession of the bench of justices," is in progress, as clearly as the late appointments to the Mastership of the Rolls and to the Chief-Baronship, mark the design of giving them the preponderance in the higher Courts of Judicature. The "Council Table" is already all that they could wish it to be. On these subjects it is enough to refer to the still continued clamours of Mr O'Connell for a "revision of the magistracy," and to the opinion of the Duke of Wellington, impartial as he is even to a fault, that the present Government is making the administration of justice subservient to party purposes.

In these matters, that is, in all that depends on the Executive, the Roman Catholic faction is as rampant now as in the days of James II. It is no fault of theirs that they have not also succeeded in their endeavours to cause "the charters of Dublin and of all the corporations to be annulled, and new charters to be granted, subjecting the corporations to the will of the Sovereign," that is, now as then, to the will of the Roman Catholic priests. The resemblance is still more striking in another point. The Whigs found it the practice in Ireland for the Judges to name the Sheriffs, and the high principle and impartiality which those eminent persons displayed in the selection, secured justice to all the king's subjects. But this did not suit the new régime; the Lord Lieutenant has taken into his own hands the nomination of Sheriffs, and as the Sheriffs nominate the Jurors, the Government may thus truly be said to nominate the Juries. The executive Government nominate the Juries! Why have we Juries at all? Expressly to secure *independence*; for judges appointed by the Crown would have more *intelligence*. Destroy, therefore, the *independence* of the Jury, and it becomes the most clumsy, useless tribunal that can be devised, possessing neither professional acuteness nor an upright spirit. Yet this tyrannical benighted practice has been introduced by the "enlightened Whigs" of the nineteenth century! Even this was borrowed. Lord Lyndhurst read to the House of Lords, when he exposed this corrupt and despotic innovation, several documents drawn up *for the assistance of the ministers of James II., in the very same process of nominating the Sheriffs upon political grounds*. Why need we allude to the intrusion of Roman Catholics, or to Protestants who are content to labour for the downfall of their own religion, into every office which the Irish government has to bestow, or to the enormous patronage which has been created for the express purpose of providing for them? A more important question is behind.

"In order to make them masters of the Parliament," what more could they wish than the decision at which so many committees of the House of Commons, conscientiously, no doubt, and on the highest principles of judi-

cial integrity, thought themselves bound to arrive—against opening the Irish Registers? Observe the practical effect of this conclusion. *A barrister named by the Crown, and removable at pleasure, may place definitively upon the register all claimants whom he thinks fit, and no human tribunal can review his decisions!*

In other words, the Crown may, through the barrister, nominate the electors. *This gives the whole legislative power to the Crown.*

We have seen that the Crown may, through the sheriffs, nominate the juries in every cause, civil and criminal, throughout the country. *This gives the whole judicial power to the Crown.*

How it would rejoice the heart of Stafford to see his favourite objects secured! How entirely may Austria or Prussia, or any other despotic government, point to Ireland, and laugh at our boasted free Constitution! And to be told of "*enlightenment*," forsooth! and "*progress*," and freedom from "the fetters of the 17th century," by those who are thus labouring, in the very spirit of James the Second's policy, to bring back the government of the dark ages! It might almost seem that we are fighting with a shadow; but really the profound conviction expressed in the writings and speeches of many public men, that we live in a perfectly new and improved state of society, renders it necessary to show how completely, in politics at least, we are going over the old ground.

We have seen the Whigs, during the whole of the present, and the most momentous portion of the last reign, make a prodigious parade of their Court influence, arrogate to themselves exclusively the virtue of loyalty, and strive to enlist in the support of their revolutionary measures, that feeling of veneration with which the English have always regarded the person of the sovereign. The Whigs have no idea of that true unshaken fidelity to the Crown which is unaffected by the acquisition, or by the loss of Court favour; but when they do happen to have a footing at Court, their loyalty is, for the time being, very exuberant. Lord John Russell haughtily and (for a lover of liberty) somewhat despotically demanded, in his letter to the constituency of Stroud, last year, who they

might be who dared to "interpose" between the Queen — mark the constitutional spirit of overpowering the democratic by the monarchical principle, the chivalrous delicacy, the high-minded and respectful propriety of mixing up the name of the youthful Queen with the election squabbles of her Minister) — and her people? The same trick, as we learn from Bolingbroke, was practised by the Whigs of the last century. But our Whigs must be true patriots, notwithstanding their leaning to the Court, for we have seen them claim the most extravagant privileges for the House of Commons, and exercise the most arbitrary power in its name. How can these discrepancies be reconciled? Burke explained, 68 years ago, the whole philosophy of this union of arrogance with servility.

"Those who have been of the most known devotion to the will and pleasure of a Court, have at the same time been most forward in asserting a high authority in the House of Commons. When they knew who were to use that authority, and how it was to be employed, they thought it never could be carried too far. It must always be the wish of an unconstitutional statesman, that a House of Commons, who are entirely dependent upon him, should have every right of the people entirely dependent upon their pleasure. *It was soon discovered that the forms of a free and the deeds of an arbitrary government were things not altogether incompatible.*" — (Thoughts on the Cause of the present Discontents.)

The following picture, contained in the same treatise, though different in circumstance, will be found to present all the moral phenomena with which we have been of late familiarized:—

"But while the ministers of the day appear in all the pomp and pride of power — while they have all their canvasses spread out to the wind, and every sail filled with the fair and prosperous gale of royal favour, in a short time they find, they know not how, a current which sets directly

against them, which prevents all progress, and even drives them backwards. They grow ashamed and mortified in a situation which, by its vicinity to power, only serves to remind them the more strongly of their insignificance. They are obliged either to execute the orders of their inferiors, or to see themselves opposed by the natural instruments of their office. With the loss of their dignity they lose their temper. In their turn they grow troublesome to that cabal, which, whether it supports or opposes, equally disgraces and equally betrays them. It is soon found necessary to get rid of the heads of administration; but it is of the heads only. As there always are many rotten members belonging to the best connexions, it is not hard to persuade several to continue in office without their leaders."

The world has not yet forgotten how Lord Grey appeared "in all the pomp and pride of power," remoulding (with the aid of "royal favour") the Constitution at pleasure, and showering upon his own friends and connexions all the patronage of this mighty empire. It has not forgotten how he was thwarted by illicit obstacles, and by the dark undercurrent of intrigue in his own Cabinet, nor how, "in shame and mortification," he repeatedly sought release, seeing himself opposed by his Irish secretary, and the other "natural instruments of his office;" nor how, "disgraced and betrayed by a cabal," he was ultimately "got rid of" in 1834; the Whigs completing, in his person, the process of "getting rid of the heads of Administration, but of the heads only" — that is of Stanley, of Graham, of every honoured, and every distinguished name: — nor how the inferior members of the party "continued in office without their leaders" — and have in consequence fallen under the guidance of their enemies, and departed from every practice, and from every principle, by which British Statesmen have hitherto been directed.

TICK ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES.

CHAPTER I.

*Of many things—such as Web-spreading.**Introductory.*

OUR Gothic neighbours, cloud-canopied in tobacco smoke, have divided all things into certain regions of art or of science. In this mapping out of the infinite world of fact or idea, not without a high-reaching endeavour after the All of Truth, whether much, or even any thing, in the progression of cycles of innumerable times, and the careful jotting down of every thing, whether valuable or else valueless, which either already exists, or else, by possibility or contingent access of circumstances, may be proved or even supposed likely to exist, shall be laid bare to the eyes of reading and remembering, not to say thinking and reflecting men, is yet dubious enough. This much, however, is certain, that what can be effected by intense smoking and a certain balloon-inflation magnitude of style, where the expansivity and soaring heavenwardness of the gases have full play (the ballast being generally thrown out on first leaving the ground), will be effected by some one or other, or standing in small bodies, and science-united societies, or else by the whole multitude of deep-musing German professors. For strange is it—nay, almost with some touch of awfulness—to reflect on what is every day achieved, or attempted to be achieved, in those dim chambers in high attics of learned Jena, and learned Heidelberg, and the rest, by those skin-dried anatomies who inhabit the same—to outward appearance not without some vague resemblance to humanity, especially such of them as occasionally shave, but, in fact, not being men at all, except in their faint outline and similitude, but actually intellectual or full-brained spiders, weaving ingenious webs, intricate, almost invisible, in their separate lines, but forming altogether a reticulated mesh-work (say rather cloud-grating), through which but dim and indistinct glimpses can be caught by eyes of hieroglyphic-deciphering Champollions, but darker than mid-

night Erebus to the great mass of mankind. What multitudes of wondrous thoughts must, amid this prodigious spreading out of nets, be caught: for in this respect the aforesaid professors differ from most other specimens of the articulate-speaking species man, that they spread out the above-mentioned spider-webs (thereby meaning, in prose language, long dissertations), in order therein to envelope some idea that may happen in that portion of space to be floating by; whereas others, with a prodigality much to be wondered at, send forth their own ideas in such web or word-clothing as pleases God. Yet equally surprising is the thought, how the ideas, so caught by those professors, are cut in pieces, tortured, spun round upon pins, while the buzzing they produce sounds in the ear of the tormentor, nay, and of some bystanders also, as excellent music; for never was child—male sexed, as yet unbreeched—more cruel in his treatment of fly or butterfly—pulling off bright wings and destroying the lustrous featheriness—than those same idea-catching professors with their prey. Thus far in anger, mixed with unimaginable wailings of a love-sorrow, as of a mother over an unfortunate, say rather blameworthy, son—reflecting how useful an equal extent of labour would be in other departments of life; what barren plains might not be made to sing for joy; what mountains might not be levelled; roads mended; nay, shoes made, and tattered habiliments repaired, by an equal intelligent body—or indeed the same—if, instead of poring over books, and waiting in a sort of busy idleness to catch the pretervolating ideas, each learned professor of Jena and Heidelberg, and the rest, were as assiduous with spade or pick-axe, or sharp-pointed awl, or sharper-pointed needle, as his natural tendency might indicate! this barren earth might become a paradise wherein no Adam should be idle, nor Eve unindustrious; and where the soil

would be beautified and hallowed also—for are not holiness and beauty twin sisters—with the footsteps of superior visitants, such as glorified the old time, ere book-idleness, or rather stagnant learning-pools, raised up mists that hid the face of heaven, and the type-inventor Gutenberg, more properly Gensfleisch, ran a huge blot of his ink over God's creation, and created for himself (and for us also) a new world out of sheer prose—a bad world, a prose world, my masters;—for what is prose but verdureless valleys, and hard, rugged, pointed mountains referred into their first elements, and found to consist of so many feet of loam overlying, or else underlying, so many feet of marl or lower green sand, presenting to the eye of science nothing but a succession of strata, one after the other, that may be dug up with shovels, and kept, like pattern bricks of the world's building material, in separate drawers, under glass covers, and guarded from the acquisitive by lock and key? Not long will our loved adoptive fatherland, and its host of web-spreading professors, be without a world-building society, or creative art-union. If to be made of iron, the likelier to be patronised by Birmingham, which would undertake to cast a universe of best carron, at so much the square foot. But, after all, what is this universe of ours but a Brummagem universe already? For has not this learned gentleman found a flaw in the workmanship? and that other learned gentleman found fault with the material? and the whole been proved to us to be a counterfeit, a sham—not God's universe at all, but only an imitation? and all this from the web-spreading of Jena—or rather Freyberg professors? If at this quick march of the world we go on for fifty years what shall we not have done? We shall have made light of the old wish to have the wings of the dove to flee away and be at rest,—for shall we not have our steam-horse—say, rather, condensed hurricane—brought round to us, to be mounted at our doors; and by turning cock, or other simple mechanical process, give scope to its wild fury, and hurl onward in a speed-mantle of invisibleness; for who shall see the bodily presence of a sunbeam darting quicker than thought? Shall we not have subject-ed balloons to helm or rein, with crew,

whether of tame gentlemen or tamer tigers—and made visits to the moon? All these and thousands more will have happened; and Wonder, which is next of kin to Religion, if it be not Religion's self, will have expired—a prisoner, wracked, tormented, and finally disembowelled till it died—in the secret dungeons of that new Inquisition whose name is Demonstration. For as there are synthetical philosophers who put universes together, fitting in every nail, and oiling all the hinges—so are there also analytical philosophers who take the whole fabric to pieces, as if it were little else than a Nürnberg time-piece, or simple Dutch clock. And not without professors are we in this true English land. Oxonian Buckland, with tub and drainer, therewith to submerge this poor earth of ours in perpetual deluge; Metropolitan Lyell, Hastings Fitton, and many more,—each with tame earthquake to lift vast continents above the sea; which earthquake they keep docile and fit for work, by feeding him on fresh volcanoes; and move him hither and thither as ordinary carter cries *lup!* or *gee!* to mere terrestrial horse. Peace be to them and to their labours—for web-spreading is not confined to erudite spiders in learned Jena, learned Heidelberg, and the rest.

Since, then, the whole world is about to be disenchanted by the very universality of enchantment (as Fortunatus's cap would become mere felt covered beaver in a nation where wishing caps were as numerous as wishing heads); since, we say, the grim giant—mummy-hearted—spectacle-nosed—Demonstration, is about to cut up the separate limbs of beauty, and show us that the smile-dimpled cheek is but a collection of *cutes* and flesh; the eye—life giving, soul-expressing,—nothing but various coloured globules of an indurated semi-transparent substance; since all things, we say, are to be laid open to the enquiring observation, not of web-spreading professors merely, but of all and every—soldier, dandy, and even book-devouring pedant; let due honour be given to those who, with far-reaching effort, have already stript off the sophisticated concealments of truth, and have presented her to us *in puris*. Foremost among those stands one whom our soul honours, and whom

this present lucubration of ours will render more celebrated than his innate modesty has hitherto allowed him to become.

Under what canopy of bright sky—woven in sun-loom with golden threads, and spread over the basking earth, shall we look for this philosopher, this MAN? Where Ganges rolls his tide—ocean-staining—through parched plains, or else through deep-lying green savannahs, with myriads of worshippers on his banks, and also many crocodiles, and slimy scale-monsters in his waters? 'Twas there where man's reason-torch was first lighted at the sun-fire of inspiration, whose faint rays still brighten round about, more by refraction of bypast light than positive illumination; for the first descendants of our great ancestors spread themselves rapidly over those earth-ocean plains, and retained long time—nay, retain till this hour (dim veiled beneath allegoric Vishnus and figurative Camdeos)—the original gospel truths of immortality and love. But it is not to those regions that we must look for the hero of this panegy-

ric, which with rapid pen we are now inditing; nor where Mississippi comes down to ocean—a king meeting a king, with broad banner and a certain, not inarticulate herald-message that his Andes throne is of equal dignity with that of the old sea;—but this wonder of modern days—this new Prometheus, who with fire (whether stolen from heaven or else produced from his own box of Lucifers) has put life and motion, given reason, strength, dignity, to what was formerly a dead thing, seen and known by all—by some few not wholly unworshipped, yet secretly, as by them that fear ridicule, or even burning, hanging, or some milder form of persecution; and has made this thing—once dead but now alive—a walking, visible, tangible thing—a potentia, a power—the man who has done all this is not to be found in Hindostan nor in the far West, but up one flight of stairs in gold-enamelled, mirror-walled lodgings, in the Chaussée d'Antin, in the city of Paris, in France. But of him—of his name and his performances, somewhat more largely in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Wherein appear the Author and his Preface.

Far-seeing Clerk, in Eldin solitudes, watching small vessels on small lake, and, with helm up and tiny sails, sending these six-inch leviathans with gallant prow through the centre of the battle-line of yon proud galleys, which, with penknife or else gully, he has shaped with his own hand, presents to the eye of contemplation a sight seldom equalled among men. Whence amid those dusk mountains, or on the dust-covered plainstones of Edinburgh city, has come to him vision of noble fight on the ocean plain? Hears he, while bending over that still water—call it horse-pond or mountain tarn—the booming of the artillery, and the flapping of innumerable sails all swelling out from squared yards, by St Vincent's famous cape? or the louder thunder and more majestic rush of canvass wings by the deep waters of Trafalgar? If indeed such sounds were not in his ears, yet were thoughts of the meteor flag in his heart, and ever is he to be classed among the nobles of his land. Yet

has his glory some drawbacks. Grandest of theorists, pity that with him theory was all! If, in addition to the bodiless Thought of which he was the father, he had also been sire of the world-subduing Deed, how doubled to us had been his fame! He was but the Vulcan, who in the Etna-caves of his spirit forged the big bolts which the red hand of Jove-Nelson darted; and thus was he dependant on another for the realization of what would otherwise have continued but an idea. Greatest is he who invents and practises, as best is he who preaches and performs. And in this is our hero, Count Hypolite Montmorenci de St Leon, great—say greatest among men—not in the preaching, for we would not have it supposed he preaches, but in the admirable union perceivable in him, of the genius to conceive and the talent to execute. Nor wants he the third requisite in a benefactor to his species, namely, the willingness to communicate to his fellow-mortals the fruits of his reflections or experience.

This will become more apparent when we relate the mode of our acquaintance with him, and such other particulars as we shall see fit to confide to the public.

Literature has not seldom, of late years, been made a topic of loud talk in the British House of Commons, and by sundry of those six hundred and fifty-eight Solons has it been dandled and nursed in such fashion as was Gulliver by the gigantic monkey in Brobdingnag—only saved from its perilous condition by tender Glumdalelitch Talfourd or tender Glumdalelitch Bulwer. In nothing has more stir been made than in what is called international copyright law. These words we can understand, but the comments made thereon, and side turns—reciprocal exchanges, counter guarantees, and the like—seeing we are but human beings and not altogether illumined, we have but feeble glimmerings of; yet have our active French neighbours, if not clearer heads, yet quicker eyes than ours—and not few nor light nor unexpensive in carriage are the book packages and paper rolls which have been sent over to us with letters (civil and complimentary, as is the nature of the Gaul), requesting our assistance in securing, first, a large sale for the said books and papers, and secondly, all the profit resulting therefrom to the authors.

Why they should fix on us we cannot guess, and modesty will not allow us to translate the expressions of our correspondents. Haply a knowledge of our access to the great Maga may have contributed to this peculiar effect; for with deference approaching somewhat too nearly to the sin of idolatry, do many of our applicants rave, encomiastic, say rhapsodical rather—about *Le Bon Kit*, probably (as what little religion any of them may possess is Roman Catholic), mistaking him for his namesake St Christopher. But this matter we leave, and plunge at once into the middle of things. Count Hypolite writes to us in flowery French, which we will traduce into our own plain English, thus—

“You are a man of too wide-grasping an intellect and too well-strung nerves to be either startled or astonished at the title of my book. The

art of contracting Debts (*L'art de faire des Dettes*) has hitherto been practised in your country more extensively than in any other, yet ignorantly, fortuitously as it were, and with no touch of true philosophy. This want I am ambitious to supply, and direct myself to you, sir, whose well-known,” &c. &c. &c.

The book so sent to us is a small duodecimo, printed on dim mysterious looking paper, in types which to the soul of a Ballantyne would inflict worse than purgatorial pains; the price, two francs (which, at tenpence to the franc, seems a prodigious overcharge), and altogether as poor looking a tome as is often to be seen. Yet may the shabbiest box hold gold,—nay, diamonds,—and from wooden platter may be supped green fat.

“Nor am I ignorant,” continues the Count, “that at the very announcement of my volume, small-souled men will look with eyes in which despair has taken the front parlours, at their day-books and ledgers; but the great of soul, the utilitarian, the sage, the philanthropist, will rejoice. The Time of great truths is come. As a writer who has not more genius than I have (*qui n'a pas plus de genie que moi*) has said, ‘The human race is in progress.’* Reasoning on individualities, or for individualities, is absurd—we must reason *on* the masses, or *for* the masses, if we wish to reason well. It is only when viewed in this way that the works of Nature herself are grand, harmonious, sublime. Separately considered, or reduced to their first principles, they are ludicrous, nor unfrequently disgusting. Piteous is it to behold, on fine holiday, a black cloud, rain-pregnant, come to an untimely accouchement on the Clos Vougeot—(say, for your English understanding of the illustration), on June or July-Regent Street, at four o'clock,—yet would you not have the heavens shut up, and earth cry aloud in the agonies of thirst, merely for the sake of the Clos Vougeot, or June and July-Regent Street. Eh bien!” exclaims the philosophic Hypolite, proud of this similitude, “*petits esprits, cerveaux etroits, vues courtes! apprenez que l'art de faire des dettes et de ne point les payer, est l'un des elemens de*

* “Le genre humain est en marche.”—M. DE PRADT.

l'ordre social. Well, then, small-souls ! little-wits ! short-sights ! learn that the art of contracting debts, and never paying them, is one of the elements of the Social System ! And this," he adds, "is no *contre sens*, unless to my grocer—a truth which I am now to demonstrate. The subject is brilliant and abstract. I shall endeavour to be, if possible, less pompous than M. de Chateaubriand, and more clear than M. Bantam."

Much thought and great turning hither and thither among dictionaries, artistic, scientific, and biographical, has it cost us to discover who the last-named gentleman may be ; but unless the author rudely and irreverently, under such fowl and dunghill cognomen, designates the late Jeremy, we confess ourselves in a state of ignorance, which is *not* bliss. What, then, some person may say, are we in this pure Maga-field sowing seeds of iniquity, nay, swindling ? Or are we rather in her rich soil planting trees which shall spread their thick leaves to heaven, and shelter unnumbered myriads of men, and women, and children, who, from their pressed-down branches, shall pluck golden fruit ? In truth we know not, yet have we vague suspicions that there are honesty and good intention hid beneath all this word-covering, which the clear-sighted will perceive ; and only do we suspect that the whole volume may be a phrase-quiz, a sham, and not a reality, when we meet with such world-wisdom as the following :—

"In a great state where laws and rulers were perfectly *just*, every thing would be in its place—property of what nature soever would be inviolable—commerce and industry would go on their way rejoicing—public employments (say rather state offices called shortly 'place,') would be given to merit only—and the government and the governed would present the image of a family, whereof the first should be the parent, and the second the children. But nowhere, alas ! is this chimera endowed with real existence, and the reason of it is clear : Boast as we like of electors and representatives—let us make finest laws, raise armies, create prefects, mayors, and even justices of the peace—nay, let us give Orders, Hanoverian-Guelphic or otherwise, to whom we please—red gowns to our judges and blue

uniforms to the police—we cannot, with all these palisadoes and cheveux-de-frise, keep out the assaults of ambition, intrigue, cupidity, which shiver to pieces this pretended equilibrium, and kick its fragments into limbo. No ! while the earth shall continue earth, this Cerberus will turn all things topsy-turvy, will excite wars—the unjust against the just—anarchy against order—people against kings—kings against people. Such is the eternal cause of all revolutions and all upsets. Hence it will follow that in the best of countries, under the best of governments, a nation is always divided into injurers and injured—('Une nation se partage toujours en *invidus Lesans*, et en *leses*.') But at the same time we may remark, that, spite of so many causes of disorder, there does always exist an absolute equilibrium of justice, which every effort tends to re-establish. The injured has ever a lively recollection of his injury, and the right (if not legal, yet natural), to be on the look-out for compensations. We perceive, then, that Ambition, Intrigue, Cupidity, are constantly destroying the social balance, and that those monsters must be struggled against—yea, subdued. Hereto have we come in this logical sequence, and we may assume that changes inseparable from all conditions, fluctuations in trade, uncertainty in governments, and other incidents, leave in every great public a body of (say, for argument's sake), a hundred thousand individuals, who, under an order of things perfectly just, would enjoy the fortunes or the places to which they are entitled by their good qualities, whether innate or acquired. These hundred thousand men,' continues Count Hypolite, in frenzy sublime, with true French—say rather Paris-refined modesty, 'These hundred thousand men are necessarily the *elite* of the nation. Would not this descendant of time-honoured ancestors—of whom the 'De' that marshals his name is least of his nobility ensigns, if property had been regularly transmitted from sire to son, by primogeniture fixed law—would he not have had thousands of rent-roll, and the axle of his chariot of gold ? This other—would he not have been counsellor of state, if we had had one government more ; this other, would he not have been Marshal of France

if we had had one government less? One has scattered his patrimony on the road to Coblenz; another on the highway to Ghent; another still amid the byways of Cannes. Most believed there would be no return from Hartwell; no re-appearance from Elba isle. They made proclamations, speeches, oaths—signed parchments and state declarations, without considering that such formalities meant any thing real;—and, finally, stocks fell, and speculative men were ruined. Have not all these things produced crashes, vanishing of goods, falls, and lastly, a multitude of Injured? Doubt not that society owes these men compensation. Society must provide for these hundred thousand victims whom she has disinherited."

Thus, in this strict logical induction, not without glimmerings here and there of a high-hearted philosophy, does the young Count proceed in what may be considered his epistle introductory. What in this clear statement surprises us most is the universal truthfulness of his premises assumed—namely, the fact that society, from its artificial subdivisions into men with property, men with no property, men who *had* property and have lost it, men who were without property and have gained it, has so taken Man out of his natural sphere as to make him entirely forgetful of his original destination, instincts, feelings. Can dream suggest more utterly unnatural association of ideas than of man, earth's lord, heaven's heir,—and of signboard on every side, "Trespasses will be prosecuted with utmost rigour of law?" What trespass? what law? What makes it one man's trespass and another man's law? Certain parchment skins, written over in strange hand, with seals and signatures, kept in green tin box. 'Tis this that gives right to say to fellow-men, "Thus far, and no farther." What mystic power is this, that to old sheep-skin gives virtue greater than ring of Solomon? that throws gyves round free men's limbs, and leads them, if refractory, to pillory or treadmill? Morally considered, these are only infringements on the dignity of our nature, which it were well to abolish. But how is such feat to be performed? Let us listen to the eloquent exposition of the Count.

"It is a long time since M. J. B.

Say, celebrated economist, has demonstrated that society divides itself into Producers and Consumers. Now, whenever in society a person acts as a producer, he is entitled to the equivalent of the thing produced. I know not if I make myself understood, but to me it appears plain that if I prove that I—or any other man, *comme il faut*—*produce*, then society becomes my debtor. But what do I produce? Question fit only for a fool to ask—yet deign I to answer it. Thus, granted you never see me bending over a loom, or bustling in a market, carrying in crops in autumn, or putting in seed in spring. I have no thousand infants struggling sixteen hours a-day, elevating me into a cotton lord on a throne of human skeletons, nor do I import shawls or tallow—but because I have no counter, and employ no shipping, it would be a capital error to suppose that I do not *produce*. I stir not from bed till noon, and by that considerate indolence diminish the number of idlers who encumber the busy population of our towns. I tie my neckcloth my *own* tie—and give an impulse to the manufacture of muslin or the importation of Bandanas. I breakfast at Tortoni's, and by the delicacy of my choice produce an enlarged consumption. I bring *Ortolans à la Provençale* into fashion—or give a run to 'Truffles à l'Italienne.' Thus a whole province is enriched by that one breakfast; the population of Perigord, which had long languished in idleness, is occupied at full wages in digging trifles. I have made equipages my study, and, as they flit by me, can annihilate or exalt with a wrinkle of my brow. No one has such an eye for the hang of a Phaeton, the sweep of a Tolento. A judgment delivered in ten words is a source of incalculable riches to saddlers and coach-builders. I approve a certain style of harness, and, behold! leather becomes dear—the breeders of Poissy double their stock, and the tanners are worked to death.

"I dine in the city," he continues, "and hum a new air of Boieldieu or Bellini—a new ballad of Desangiers or Beranger. The copies are exhausted next day, and the Muses themselves are included among the producers in the drawingroom. I am a grower of *bon mots*; a manufacturer of repar-

tees. I repeat the witticisms of Brunet, the absurdities of Potier. 'We must go and see them,' says all the world. The boxes of the theatre, which would have remained empty, are full to overflow—and the benefit is a bumper. If this is not to *produce*, I don't know what is. If this is not to produce, political economy is a humbug, Adam Smith a ninny, and Malthus a spoon. Society ought surely to pay such producers—such models of civilisation, who, by their manners and bon ton, are the ornaments of a coffee-room—bring tailors into vogue, embellish the Boulevards or Bond Street—and supply the attentions which so many husbands are too much occupied to afford. Yes—'tis as an equivalent for these services, as compensation for the places we don't possess—the fortunes we have lost—the opportunities we have missed—that we practise the art which will be detailed to you in this volume. And observe, sir, and through you let the British public observe, that here we make no mention of such low and contemptible branches of the study as getting into debt for a

week's rolls at the bakers, a pair of shoes, or a new hat. Whoso does'nt lift his soul above such pettinesses is unworthy to peruse my book."

So with a loud tap on the drum, and a big trumpet-blow of self-triumph, does the Count conclude the paragraph. Sundry matters are afterwards detailed, to which these few pages will serve as note of preparation. What, indeed, he in bodily shape may be, is to us unknown. Yet have we heard from those who have sojourned in Paris that he is exceeding comely, like a French angel, endowed with chin-forest and broad shoulders, and a profuse show of chains. Some, also, have lamented that in this instance, nature did not depart from her usual niggardliness in the article of fingers and thumbs, as from being limited to merely ten, he is forced to crowd each of them with three rings, which would be somewhat more tastefully arranged if he had had thirty fingers, and one ring only on each. But with these high mysteries we meddle not, and proceed to the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Wherein the Art is Explained.

Corsican Bonaparte, say rather the Emperor Napoleon, war-comet glaring through yon murky atmosphere, and 'mid the death-darkness casting a light, which, though dreadful, was a beacon to the voyagers over yon Anarch sea, was watched on his first appearing with dread, and fear, and terror; by fewest, with love or hope. But soon in the cloudy firmament appeared other stars—red-hued like Mars, and Soult, and Massena, and Ney, were the planets of that new heaven. Fiery meteors, swamp-born, flitted over stagnant blood-pools, and among these, drummer Langlet, called familiarly *Tigre de l'Enfer*, or hell-tiger, was famous in his humbler sphere. What on great scale was performed in unkinged Portugal, or double-kinged Spain, by marshals and heroes; when pictures and jewels and (whisper it not loudly in ear of crowd-huzzaed veteran) uncounted vulgar coin were transferred from orphan Lisbon, or dark-roomed Escorial, to modern Paris dwellings of Junots and

the rest—what in this wholesale and magnanimous manner was practised by great and noble, was at long distance imitated by hell-tiger Langlet of the guards. For him Murillos, nor Claudes, nor Titians had any charms; national treasures were what he did not dream of; yet, what little was within his power he did. Fowls and pigs were the utmost of his exactions in the Commissariat Department,—nor were peasants' ear-rings, nor hard-won earnings left unadmired; and with gallant playfulness (which had earned for him his pet appellation of tiger), not loath was he with sword or musket to maintain the glory of the *grande nation*, by hewing down, or else shooting through the head, who-soever, and of what sex soever, resisted his commands. There is something so inspiring of military ardour in the sound of a drum, that we need not wonder to find drummer Langlet so heroic. Pity that Napoleon grudged such delectations to less men than the marshals; and pity also that

cord in French armies is plentiful, and trees in Spain fertile in strong branches; for the combination of these three things—Napoleon, rope, tree—cut off heroic Langlet in the full march of his fame. No history contains any record of what his last thoughts were fixed on, as he rapidly ascended the Gallican oak, with hempen cravat; and we will, therefore, guess that they reverted to his brave boy, whom, with his mother, he had left behind him in the Faubourg de St Antoine. Brave boy! bright mother! whose admiration of Paris architecture and general philanthropy were so great, that she did nothing but walk the streets, seeking whom she might overwhelm with hospitality. But she also became displeasing to certain ill-natured functionaries, who treated her with a harshness unworthy of a nation famed for its politeness, and in short time the boy was an orphan. He grew up; and many who remember the hell-tiger of the guards, with his bushy beard and thick mustachios, his broad shoulders, and his peculiar taste in rings, are somewhat incredulous about the nobility of Monsieur Le Comte Hypolite Montmorenci de St Leon. With this affair of genealogy, however, we have little to do. Our correspondent is, of course, the best judge on such subjects, and we are satisfied that he is what he has told us. With what high morality, nor less wisdom, worthy of one who is under the presidency of magnanimous Pasquier, does he open!

Property has been hitherto but carelessly defined by the laws, and is much more extensive in its signification than is supposed. Lawyers will tell you that they distinguish property into movable and immovable (*mobiliere et immobiliere*); hence, the miserable prejudice that makes it depend on certain quantities, more or less, of acres of land, pieces of plate, sumptuous furniture, or bags full of gold; so that, under this pitiful system, character, talent, education, are considered infinitely inferior to a land-measuring chain, a silver-weighting scale, and an inventory. Nothing than this theory is so incomplete. The fact is, that independently of these elements of property (which, we grant, are of some value in their way), there are many more real and more incontestible. For instance—

From twenty-five to thirty-five years of age—

Thirty-two teeth the colour of snow—

A constitution of iron—

A stomach of bronze—

Broad chest and strong arms—

Whiskers, black and bushy—

And a calf seven inches in diameter.

The philosophic English, who have preceded us by many centuries in the science of legislation, have adopted this idea. They recognise *personal* property in their statute books, and consider it on a perfect equality with real or immovable property. That this system is the true one—the only one sanctioned by virtue and religion, this one argument will suffice to prove,—“It is Nature herself that bestows this property—are we to go against Nature and make her legacy useless? to deny the value of her gift? to dishonour her bills, as if we doubted her handwriting or the solvency of her affairs?” Never! never! Yet is not Nature a mother kind alike to all,—she has her favourites, and makes *heirs* of the sons she likes best. In this design she calls society to her aid, for it would be absurd to suppose that to the whole number we have stated—namely, a hundred thousand souls in France alone—she gives equal fortunes. To some she gives a draft on society, who is her banker, for one amount; to another, for a different one. We regard, in this disquisition, only the more highly favoured, on whom she settles an amount yielding an annuity of ten thousand francs. The tables will be equally applicable to those who have only half that sum, or a quarter of it, in the proportion of ten to five; or ten to two and a half. In England, a richer country, the documents will be equally available, understanding by francs guineas or sovereigns. Taking it for granted, then, that society will be willing to pay at the rate of five per cent on the original capital, we perceive that the fortune of the man, *comme il faut*, must be estimated at two hundred thousand francs. This is made up of the following funds:—

1. His physical qualities.
2. His education.
3. His disposition or character.

In pursuance of the first branch of the subject we can't go wrong in estimat-

ing the qualities already enumerated at the following sums :—

Five-and-twenty to five-and-thirty years of age, . . .	10,000
Height, from five feet ten to six feet, . . .	5000
Thirty-two teeth (snow white) 50 per tooth, . . .	1600
Constitution of iron, . . .	6000
Stomach of bronze, . . .	3000
Broad chest and strong arms, . . .	3000
Whiskers, black and bushy (500 a-piece), . . .	1000
Calf seven inches in diameter, . . .	2400

Total personal property, representing a capital of . . . 32,000

No political economist can dispute these valuations. Every one who possesses the above items should, therefore, consider himself in the possession of a capital of from thirty to thirty-five thousand francs, and entitled to live at the rate (in so far as they are concerned) of somewhere about fifteen hundred francs a-year. I put a most moderate value on these noble properties, and I know they would be snapped up "by many an old banker and *vieille marquise* if they could get them at double the price." And so for many more pages does the young count take notice of his inheritance, as some of earth's more fortunate children look over their estates. By fewest will it be thought that his estimate is exorbitant, for have there not been in our own land Hertfords and Queensberrys who would have given the thirty-two thousand pounds (at which such properties are estimated in England) for the loan of them for a single year? What marchionesses, whether old or young, might consider them worth in our moral and delicate-minded country, far be it from us to guess. Yet if, as Count Hypolite supposes, the *vieilles marquises* desire such things for their own personal improvement, our notions of female beauty must be different from the Paris standard. For, though we can appreciate, even in the softer sex, the advantages of a constitution of iron and stomach of bronze, we are puzzled what is to be done with the black and bushy whiskers, the broad shoulders, or even the calf seven inches in diameter. Such are the obscurities that arise from international ignorance; for who, in this sea-surrounded island

—almost divided from the whole world—can solemnly predicate that French marchionesses (especially of the old régime) did not sport whiskers and glorify themselves in gigantic legs?

After sundry deep observations, which, for brevity's sake, we pretermit, gay Hypolite, not without deep yearnings after the intellectual advancement of the species, gives his notions on the great subject of education. This he divides into two sorts :

1. Education by books.
2. Education by the eyes.

Of these he gives greatly the preference to the last.

"Book education," he says, "furnishes but few recruits to the class of men *comme il faut*—(parenthetically let us translate this phrase in the language of Hibernian Curran, 'the Clean Potato,')—for book education supposes a degree of knowledge incompatible with genteel life—an acquaintance with our own language deep and searching as Voltaire's or Southey's—of Greek like Thucydides's, or the Bishop of Lichfield's—of Latin like Cicero's or Niebuhr's. They are not content with mathematics unless they know as much of them as Babbage—of astronomy, unless they are as familiar in the milky way as Herschel or Arago. What use can be made of such impracticable spoons? They lodge in a triangle, dine on an experiment, and sup on a problem; glass in hand they gaze round the theatre, where all the performers are stars; attend soirees among the constellations; have Jupiter for their friend and Venus for their mistress. A pair of stout shoes and a biscuit is ample provision for such mortals. But the Eye education is the proper system for the Clean Potato, and is already far more generally cultivated than the other. Nor do a few terms spent at college materially interfere with it; for a sprinkling of such scholastic phrases as 'gyp,' 'scout,' 'chum,' 'procter,' 'oak,' 'commons,' 'battels,' does, indeed, rather tend to place the eye education in a better light, and give an air of high scholarship to one's discourse. You know, vaguely enough (yet still you know), that Cicero is an orator, Virgil a poet, and Horace a wag. The name of Seneca has become so tiresome to you in the mouth of your tutor that you remember without difficulty he is a moralist; Perseus and Juvenal (whom you have never

read) you feel certain were satirists ; and you know as well as Monk or the Sealigers that Livy is full and flowing, Sallust energetic and moral, and Tacitus vigorous and concise. You can't tell at what exact time those notables, and others you have an equal acquaintance with, lived and flourished ; but you know they were Romans, and were the Lions of *Ancient Rome*. This fact is very useful to bear in mind, as it prevents you making any mistake between Ovid and Thomas Moore, Scipio and General Evans, or Tacitus and Doctor Lingard.

“ Your knowledge of life, in the meantime, progresses the more rapidly the less you encumber yourself with books. You know the best hotels, get admittance behind the scenes, attend Persiani's rehearsals, and have a private view of the Bayaderes before their public appearance. You know the cut of a coat, and the shape of a pair of

trowsers better than Stultz or Ashton,—the flavour of wine the moment the cork is drawn, and can give the geography of the Palais Royal more correctly than Malte Brun or Major Renne! could give the geography of the world. I say nothing of your judgment in horse-flesh, in beauty, in music ; nor of your power of small talk and paying compliments,—nor even of your galloping better than Coulon, or waltzing like a Russian Secretary ;—nor do I mention other accomplishments, which, of course, you possess ; for who is there left in this breathing world who can neither scrape on a fiddle nor whistle with a flute ? ”—His education—(in addition to the physical properties mentioned before) represents to the Clean Potato capital of sixty-eight thousand francs, giving a sum-total under both heads of one hundred thousand francs, or an income of five thousand a-year.

CHAPTER III.

Wherein the Art is further developed.

Was it, when James Watt was slumbering in cradle in the far north, revealed by stars (prophet-voiced, though inaudible to our ears), that by that chubby infant should be dragged forth from hid caverns where unknown it lurked, the Steam Giant, and subjected to man's dominion, carrying him over illimitable seas, storm-defying ? Or were the heavens illuminated with no star-manuscript, as if James Watt had been but Jack Robinson or Tom Smith ? Strange subject for contemplation is it,—the earth-destiny of men, say fittest children ; so unknown while yet in long clothes,—so unsearchable by closest observation, either of planet, aspect in sky, or bumps on small cranium. Who could tell whether two-month-old Napoleon would overturn king's seats and elevate new ones, or simply, as village carpenters, repair old chairs, or in busier moments make them ? Small difference perceptible at six weeks old, between Wellington and Espartero ; nor even at quarter of a year between Pitt and Melbourne. So,—before years and experience had developed the faculties in young Count Hypolite, difficult, almost impossible would it have been to decide with certainty, whether he would not creep through life as uselessly as Thiers, or turn out the benefactor of his species—

the Truth-finder, more honourable than King or Kaiser. The few doubts that over our mind hung—like mist on high hill—are now dissolved before those sun-bright verities ; and grateful are we that the author has made us the channel for such fructifying truth-streams ; deeply also do we pray that whatever pecuniary benefit may result from the sale of his volume, may find its way to him,—yet more than dubious are we on such a subject—meantime we can but recommend. Needless is it of this high argument to give all the minute details. Knowledge of life—French, Paris life—is visible in every page, and a wild gleam is thrown over those solid Thought masses, but whether by a flame thrown upward in jets and outburstings, from the Satanic fire-lake of irony and contempt, or else by the mild sparkling of wit, we cannot always determine. The character and disposition are assessed in the fourth chapter of the Treatise at a hundred thousand francs, completing the natural inheritance of the man *comme il faut*, or Clean Potato. As all men have their dispositions (*humeurs*) divided into sinkinesses (*bouderies*) and gaieties, he recommends such an ample discharge of the former in solitude, or on the heads of unfortunate lackey or groom, as to leave free scope for

the gaieties before the eyes of the world. Yet in no chapter is Count Hypolite so altogether sensible and straightforward as in that entitled *The Borrower (L'Emprunteur)*; and gratifying is it beyond all things to us, as lovers of our country, to find the rhapsodic poetic manner in which he lauds England and the national debt in reference to this subject.

"What!" he exclaims, "shall we be told that what is just, honourable, noble in a nation, shall in an individual be thought mean or base?—Nations," he adds, in a spirit of recondite discovery worthy of Macculloch, "are but collections of individuals, and therefore what enriches the whole (as the debt has undoubtedly done to England) it must be patriotic in individuals to practise."—"The power," he says, "which enabled the Sea-Queen to build her vast throne upon the waters—to struggle *æquo Marte* with embattled Europe—to conquer the Indies—chain the colonies of the world to her footstool, and east down the Battle-God Napoleon, had this (the borrowing system) for its basis."—Then follows a strain of panegyric, which we despair of imitating, and therefore omit altogether, on the only standard a true philanthropist would fight under—the lily flag and the tricolor, and even the eagles, being little worth in the comparison—"le drapeau du credit."

High-reaching efforts after the sublime require some relaxation (as people become sleepy on the lofty summit of Chimborazo), and so Count Hypolite lays himself down and murmurs gentle words in a sort of half-sleep. Wisdom among the ancients was typified by an owl, a somnolent-looking fowl; and accordingly Owl Hypolite snores platitudes like a true political economist. "Il faut," he says, "surtout vous endetter, conformément aux saines idées d'économie politique qui veulent une sage division des richesses." "It is

evident," he continues, "that there are many people who have too much, and many more who have too little. Superabundance and deficit are the antagonist principles between which some medium is to be established. To contract debts among people who have too little, what is that but to increase the disorder? 'Tis to add to the misfortunes of the unfortunate."

To contract debts, on the other hand, among people who have too much—this is to establish the equilibrium. If, for instance, the Clean Potato, whose shoes begin to gape, thinks, foolishly, of having a patch put to them by the cobbler in his miserable stall, and allows the poor devil to whistle for his payment, he commits a crime, a sacrilege, a murder. Merely to have dry feet he deprives the poor wretch of his cheese to his brown bread, and of his pint of half-and-half.—Let him have his tops of Holy—his pumps of Dean and Davis—his Hessians of Sakosky—do those gentlemen dine less sumptuously—drink a pint of claret the less, or sport a nag the fewer?—With them there is a *superabundance* of leather; while with the cobbler in his stall there is a deficit.

But not content with this scientific arrangement of his subject, the Count grows still more laboured in his explanations. Minuteness is a characteristic of all philosophers. To him an emmet is as gigantic an object of contemplation as an elephant:—and careful Hypolite subdivides his superabundances—from which a certain percentage is exactable by the Clean Potato—into these three heads:—

Surabondances Budgetaires,

Surabondances Commerciales,

Surabondances Patrimoniales—

The first comprehends all place-holders — employés — Ministers of State — marshals — ambassadors — judges. The second to which a whole chapter is devoted, comprehends—but we will transcribe it entire:—

"SURABONDANCES COMMERCIALES.

Relisez mon Chapitre de L'Emprunteur."

Ominous and pregnant chapter,—not less short than pithy. The *Surabondances patrimoniales* are wine-cellars, partridges, hunters, country houses, seats in curricles, and other advantages contingent on a gentleman

of thick brains and broad acres. These are, as it were, floating capitals—or rather mere waifs and strays, which to the Clean Potato (who may call himself Lord of the Manor, wherever such things are intercepted) appertain

of just right and possession. Pass we now to the conclusion or summing up, where, in high judgment chair, the author recapitulates his instructions.

"Beloved pupil, yea, heart's brother of my soul," he exclaims,—“if you have studied this book attentively, as books are seldom studied now, except at Newmarket, you will perceive that naked as you were born, you possess a capital of two hundred thousand francs” (Anglice, guineas.)

“That none but fools unacquainted with Adam Smith and M. Say, can pretend that you are useless, or a burden on society; since I have proved to you that you *produce*.”

“That in placing your fortune at legal interest, your income is ten thousand a-year.

“That this income must be furnished to you voluntarily;—(for you will find that gentlemen of your profession are generally in favour of the voluntary system in all things;) and paid to you, either in money or equivalents, by those superabundant fortunes where money is unprofitably heaped up, and kept out of general circulation; in return for which the owners of them receive from you counsel, society, amusement, and not unfrequently fashion and notoriety.

“And, finally, that for the attainment of this income you have no power of restraint, except what is furnished by good looks, good manners, strict moral character, exquisite taste in dress, untiring good-humour, and high standing in Crockford's or Almack's. I think I have created for you an enviable existence; spoil it not I entreat you. Preserve the noble independence that befits a Clean Potato. Ask no office under Government; no secretaryship to a commission; no inspectorship save of sweet faces and fair forms. With even half your income and moderate economy you will do very well. You are in a free condition; take no trouble save how to enjoy life the most. Rise late; breakfast and dine copiously; saunter idly, or canter gaily, they are excellent for the digestion; be steady, regular, sober; go out occasionally to

tea with pious ladies; squeeze their hands when they talk of heaven, you will find the effects of it in their wills. The nature of your fortune puts you beyond the chance of uneasiness. Let stocks rise or fall, you are very little disquieted about the matter. You fear no poor-rates, excise-duties, income-tax. You are naturally assured against fires or shipwrecks, without having recourse to the Sun or Phoenix. Finally, brother, be happy as a clear conscience, good appetite, and a total exemption from biliousness can make you; and so farewell.”

And farewell, Bonton, Count Hypolite Montmorenci de St Leon, “sagest of moralists and usefulest of Frenchmen.” If somewhat too clumsily we in our harsh Saxon, not unmixed with Gothic, nor even with Celtic-gutturals, have translated your tripping, light, hop-step jump phrases, forgive us for the amity wherewith we did it. If (as thou threatenest or promisest rather) thou shalt send us the supplement to thy present work, the art of driving Duns (in French idiom, *L'Art de promener vos Creanciers*)—we pray thee so far to exercise thy talents as to convey thy parcel to us by means of the ambassador's bag, for in this unenlightened country there are few people so unwilling to be *promene'd* as the porters of the Bull and Mouth. What for thee can be done by puffing, or else by fair representations of thy merits and achievements, we will do, nay have already done. And when the International Library laws shall be perfected, and we shall (from the liberality of Maga) have received payment for thy copyright, then, oh Hypolite—guide at once and pattern in the ways of honour and virtue—we shall *owe* it thee. Yes! in the words of London's peripatetic philanthropists, who ever in open streets express their sympathy with fat Suffolk or fat Devonshire Squire, whether in search of his hat, wind-blown from his head, or of his purse, finger-lifted from his pocket,—“We wish you may get it.”

COLONIAL MISGOVERNMENT.

THE characters of Lord Glenelg, Lord Palmerston, and the few other despicable trimmers of the class to which those persons belong, are we believe, well understood and duly appreciated by the country. It is right that it should be so. Fortunately, the class is very small, and therefore public men generally are viewed by the people with feelings different to those excited by the Foreign Secretary and the other converted statesmen. If it were otherwise—if truckling the most mean, inconsistency the most glaring, selfishness the most grovelling, unscrupulousness the most flagrant, were observable in many political leaders, the destinies of the nation would truly be confided to men unworthy of the least respect and the slightest responsibility. We pass by Lord Palmerston as one specimen of the tribe with that complete contempt which every honest man in Europe necessarily feels for the beau-Talleyrand, the petty actor in the political stage, whose ambition is to ape that lying and grasping diplomatist without even the ability to copy his manners. But let Cupid revel on; he is fit only for a Melbourne Ministry; to that he is admirably suited; there never can be another, and therefore the creature will die when the present crazy Cabinet falls to pieces, though his name will live long in the land to serve as a synonym for selfishness and folly, or a byword for public scorn. We pass him by; there can be no words fit for these pages and for his lordship too. We rejoice that even in this age of O'Connellism we have not descended quite so low as *that*. But of Lord Glenelg, the smoothed-tongued though somnolent Simon Pure, we must say a very few words, if only for old acquaintance sake. He came into public life ushered in by an excellent and honoured father; a man who deservedly took his place with the Wilberforces and Thorntons of the time, both as a Christian and a politician; and, thus favourably introduced, he obtained the sympathy and regard of the people. He continued with the party to which his father was attached; he associated with supporters of constitutional principles; he

obtained and remained in offices which were generously given before competency was fully developed; and he professed with warmth his ardent affection for the civil institutions, and especially for the religious establishments of the nation. But at length he began to falter; signs appeared of probable changes, and he magnanimously resolved to follow, whithersoever it might lead, the uncertain current of popular feeling. Gradually he fell off more and more; first he temporized, then he trimmed; and lastly screwed up his courage to the sticking point and resolved to adopt new connexions and new opinions. He had his reward. It is a true saying, "A very small man as a Tory is a very great man as a Whig," and Charles Grant the reformer found it so. First he was made President of the Board of Control, then he rose to the post of Colonial Secretary, and finally, without much property, without a single claim to it, except the impossibility of re-election in Inverness-shire, he obtained the long coveted peerage. But that man must be strangely constituted who envies Lord Glenelg in his robes, or would follow him in his devious career. True, he is among the nobles of the land, but his path to power was over every barrier honour and public spirit could present; true, he is a ruler of this vast empire, but the process of his personal aggrandizement has been to crouch to the prosperous, and to abandon the weak. But here we will let him pass too. Let him slumber still, insensible to shame. We merely wish to speak to the British public, to tell them the evils his pernicious influence has produced, to unveil the imbecility of his policy, and to ask seriously if they are indeed content any longer to trust in a Colonial Secretary who has sacrificed principle after principle, and perilled colony after colony; who is treacherous enough to apply doctrines and attempt schemes abroad which he does not venture to mention at home; who tampers with the loyalty of the well-affected, and gives hopes to the conspiracies of the rebels in every corner of the dominions to which his trembling sway is now unhappily extended? We do not wish to enter on

the threadbare subject of Canada misrule, or to comment on proceedings which may be summed up in the single sentence—a Gosford was sent to tranquillize and a Durham to secure. But much, very much remains for consideration, even when this black history is neglected. It is to this matter we now proceed, premising only that we shall attempt to show that Lord Glenelg's Colonial proceedings have been of the same character, and therefore entitled to the same odium as the other measures of the present Government. A more bitter condemnation cannot be recorded than this. It will be seen that Popery has been favoured, Protestantism heavily discouraged, and democratic systems established; that folly in some places, and something worse elsewhere, have weakened the power of England in every foreign possession of the Crown.

When Sir William Molesworth, during last session, brought forward his motion against the Colonial Office, Sir George Grey, as under-secretary, undertook the defence, and conducted it in his usual confident and self-complacent manner. He did not attempt to answer much that was alleged, but contrived, by a multitude of sounding words, to bear down all opposition. "Attack Lord Glenelg?" he exclaimed; "nothing can be more unfair and more unjust. Consider how much good he has done; look at Newfoundland; why, he is so popular there that the House of Assembly have voted a sum of money to procure his portrait." And so they had. The clap-trap *told* in the House of Commons; it was thought that, after all, his Lordship had some bright spots in his character, and had done some good in his official station. But a very few months passed before the whole truth was discovered; and never did truth more completely convict a statesman of miserable misjudgment, or of a more gross dereliction of public duty. We challenge the whole history of this country to produce a more flagrant case of misgovernment than Newfoundland presents. We ask no better evidence than we find there of the tendency of "liberal" opinions; we cannot find, even in the narratives of the French Revolution, more striking and disgraceful specimens of the tyranny of the many over the few. The facts are simply these,

and we ask our readers to mark, learn, and inwardly digest them. Newfoundland is a colony, with a population of 75,000 persons, half Protestant and half Roman Catholic; but this population is a fluctuating one. For instance, Irish emigrants, who are going to the United States or to Canada, very frequently first cross over to Newfoundland, and after making a little money, by two or three seasons of fishing, proceed onward to their destination. Five or six years back, the Papists, finding themselves pretty strong in the colony, and well backed at home, petitioned for a "Parliament." The Whigs, urged by the pressure from without, conceded it; and on the terms of the petitioners, which were simply that all persons having resided one year in the colony should have the franchise! Thus at once was there established a system as near as possible to universal suffrage. The consequences which any reasonable man could have predicted, of course, followed. The Popish priests agitated, excommunicated, and harangued, while the Protestants were disunited. The House of Assembly was, therefore, entirely Popish, and its fifteen members were prepared to obey the behests of their spiritual pastors. Charges were sent home against the Chief-Justice Boulton, and, after the Whig fashion, he was ordered home by Lord Glenelg to be tried by the Privy Council. *He was acquitted, but dismissed.* The order in Council is so true a specimen of the conduct of our present rulers, that we subjoin it. They

"See the right, and yet the wrong pursue."

The Chief-Justice is innocent, the charges are false; but he is unpopular, he has been excommunicated from the altar by the priests in the presence of Mrs Boulton, and, therefore, his doom is sealed by the O'Connell Cabinet, and he falls a victim to their cowardice and folly.

(COPY.)

"At the Court at Buckingham Palace, the 5th day of July, 1838; present—the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, Lord Chancellor, Lord President, Lord Steward, Earl of Albemarle, Earl of Minto, Viscount Palmerston, Viscount Howick,

Lord Holland, Lord Hill, Lord Glenelg, Sir John Hobhouse, Bart., Mr Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Whereas there was this day read at the Board a Report from the Right Honourable the Lords of a Committee of the Privy Council, dated this day, in the words following, viz. :—

"In reporting to your Majesty upon the memorial your Majesty has been pleased to refer to us from your Majesty's Commons of Newfoundland in General Assembly convened, we think it right in the first place to state, that we have not found any thing to justify the tone adopted in the prayer of the memorial, that your Majesty would be pleased to purify the bench of justice in Newfoundland by the removal of the Chief-Justice, inasmuch as we have not found any ground for imputing to the Chief-Justice any corrupt motive, or intentional deviation from his duty as a judge: and we feel it incumbent upon us to express disapprobation at the language and conduct adopted towards the Chief-Justice, as being 'unjust towards him personally, and inconsistent with the respect due to the high office he was filling. We regret, however, to be under the necessity of reporting, that we have found in some of the transactions brought under our consideration, so much of indiscretion in the conduct of the Chief-Justice, and that he has permitted himself to participate so much in the strong feelings which appear, unfortunately, to have influenced the different parties in the colony (although we do not find that his judicial decisions have been affected thereby), that we feel it our duty to state, that we think it will be inexpedient that he should be continued in the office of Chief-Justice of Newfoundland.'

"Her Majesty having taken the said report into consideration, was pleased, by and with the advice of her Privy Council, to approve thereof, and of what is therein recommended, and to order, as it is hereby ordered, that the Right Hon. Lord Glenelg, one of her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, do signify to Chief-Justice Boulton, her Majesty's pleasure thereon.

(Signed) "C. GREVILLE."

When this news reached Newfoundland how was it received? *The Popish bishop ordered a Te Deum to be chanted, and the Popish priests cursed the Chief-Justice from the chapel altar, in the presence of his lady, who*

is a Roman Catholic. The whole story, with the affecting address of Mrs Boulton, in vindication of her husband's honour, will be found in our extracts from the Newfoundland papers. We give the *Te Deum* order and the curse here :—

"The Chief-Justice is now and has been for some months past in England for the purpose of answering the infamous charges which the House of Assembly of Newfoundland had dared to prefer against him; but what has been the conduct of the priests, Sunday after Sunday, with respect to that individual who stands so high in the estimation of all the respectable inhabitants? In the presence of his amiable wife, who has regularly performed her devotions in the chapel, they have poured out the grossest abuse upon him, and last Sunday, when information had been received that the Chief-Justice would not again return to the colony, Father Troy observed at first mass.—

"I have a *Te Deum* after each of the masses, to return God thanks for the removal of Boulton; I hope ye will join in the prayer, for he was tried and condemned, and most shamefully condemned. Every other country has had its scourge from heaven—the cholera morbus, or some other pestilence—but we had worse than all; we had Boulton, the greatest of all pestilence. That is the reason we shall have the hymn of thanksgiving for the removal of the greatest of scourges. Now (observed Troy) let him go to the Canadas, that he helped to set in a blaze!

"Father Walsh, at second mass, gave a lengthy discourse on the same subject, in language the most coarse and vulgar; and, as it would appear, delighted in doing so, as Mrs Boulton was present. He concluded his 'sermon' with the following pious and holy prayer :—

"May the curse of God and the congregation pursue and attend him (Judge Boulton) to his last moments!! May the vengeance of heaven fall on the devoted head of that wretch, who sent some before their Maker before their time, and who robbed you of your wages, and would rob you of your lives if he could!!"

The plain meaning of this is clearly, that the accusers of the Chief-Justice are without excuse for their hostility to Mr Boulton, but, being as powerful in the province as they are prejudiced, their word must be law. The Bishop has only to say, "*Sic volo, sic jubeo—stet pro ratione voluntas.*"*

* As a sequel to this most gross act of misgovernment on the part of Lord Glenelg and his colleagues, we append the following extract from the *Record* of September

It may be easily imagined that this success emboldened the Popish demagogues. Some time after a Mr Kieley, a member of the House of Assembly, used some expressions against the priests, and was at once sent to jail on a charge of breach of privilege. He applied for the benefit of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the Judge, Mr Lilley, having discovered the total informality of the Speaker's warrant, ordered the High Sheriff to release him. What, then, will our readers think was the course pursued by the liberal House of Assembly? They actually tore the Judge from the bench, and sent him also, and the High Sheriff to prison, on the same ridiculous charge as Mr Kieley had encountered! Of course, the Governor, who is a man of spirit, released them, and prorogued the House of Assembly; but we ask Lord Glenelg, if he thought proper, when it was too late, to abolish for a season the House of Assembly in Lower Canada, merely for refusing the supplies, will he have the courage now to show that he dares, in defiance of his Popish allies, to prove his disapprobation of the Newfoundland Whig-Radical Parliament? And we further ask all men to look on this little affair as an evidence of what liberalism means when put into practice, and professed by the ambitious supporters of the Romish superstition? But this is not all. Newfoundland is a favoured spot for Popery, and, accordingly, we find a Popish Bishop paid partly by the local Legislature, and partly by the English House of Commons; but Lord Glenelg neglects all Protestant petitions, and there is, consequently, no Protestant bishop, although the Protestants form not only half of the population, but also the most settled, industrious, intelligent, and wealthy portion of the community. The House of Assembly, following Lord Glenelg's example, leave the Protestants to the casual, the temporary, and insufficient supply of the Society for the Propagation of the

Gospel in foreign parts; but Popery, as we have said, has its bishop, and, we may add, no lack of minor teachers of bigotry and idolatry. Lord Glenelg calls himself a Liberal, and advocates general education; yet he proves his sincerity by leaving the people of Newfoundland without hornbook or schoolmaster, and therefore the British public are compelled to establish and support a Newfoundland school society. His Lordship is slumbering in the quiet enjoyment of place and pay, or if he awake, it is only to dismiss a Chief-Justice, to recall a Sir Francis Head, or to palliate the conduct of Mr Turton. The people of Newfoundland are left to the mercy of a tyrannical popular Assembly, based upon principles which the Whigs, with Lord Glenelg among the loudest, profess to deprecate in England. The administrators of justice are falsely accused, and are then beggared and dismissed because the Secretary for the Colonies cannot find sufficient spirit to punish the perjurers, and is not firm enough to resist their demands. The Protestant Church is left without help or aid; the petitions of the Protestant population are unheeded; and the Papists, flushed with triumph and encouraged by past success, are pampered with honours and public grants; while they are boasting of their Liberalism they are trampling on freedom; while they are talking of their notable Voluntary principle, they are screwing as much as possible from the weakness or liberality of the local Legislature and the home Government. Such is the result of Whig misrule in Newfoundland, such is modern Liberalism, such is Popery. But let it not be thought that we point now to a single example which stands alone among nations. Far from it. The principles of disorganization now rife and popular in Newfoundland are, in fact, the very same principles that are now agitating Europe. Turn to the Netherlands, and enquire what broke up that union, making Belgium

20, "in order to show what sort of priests they were, for whose gratification Chief-Justice Bouton was dismissed: and we may also add, that it is well to remember that the arbitrary dismissal of a Judge by the Crown is not only unjust in itself, but contrary also to English law. It was one of the first, as it was one of the most excellent acts of George III. to render Judges independent; but this principle it appears must now be subverted by 'friends of freedom,' to please a Popish faction."

a separate kingdom? Popery using democracy as its instrument. What is now disturbing Ireland?—Popery pretending to peculiar Liberalism. What is exciting Prussia?—Popery in alliance with revolutionary doctrines. What caused the Canadian revolt?—Popery availing itself of democratic theories and popular discontents. Poor Lord Glenelg is answerable, certainly, for the late events in Newfoundland, but the extent of his offence is *infatuation*. He believed all Popery professed, he believed all its fine and plausible professions, and he continues deluded even after it has thrown off its disguises, and changed from adherence to democracy—to practical despotism. Chief-Justice Boulton differs nothing whatever from Baron Smith, save in name. Against both the Papists have made virulent assaults; both have been dragged before partial tribunals to give account of conduct on the Bench; both have been acquitted of the charges, and both persecuted. It is true that, by the energy of the Conservatives, Baron Smith (whose case is doubtless in the recollection of our readers) was saved; but Chief-Justice Boulton fell by the oppressive mandate of a new Star-Chamber—a certain new court of Privy Council, at whose bar it now appears the most distinguished subjects are liable to be dragged and disgraced. And this, forsooth, is *liberal* government! This is popular freedom! We bid the man in this country who has any thing to lose to look now at Newfoundland, and see there, in full and fair operation, the very principles to which so many men of property are now unfortunately assenting. We bid the Voluntary, who, for his narrow, petty, and sectarian purposes, is now foolish enough to confederate with Popery, to look at that once peaceable colony, to see what has been the consequence of such a confederacy there, and to enquire seriously and earnestly whether similar unions at home can have any different result. Above all, we appeal to those who call themselves enlightened, who tell us so confidently that the days of religious intolerance are gone, and talk so glibly of all Popery is now capable of doing, to consider the lesson that Newfoundland teaches. If that be not sufficient, we turn then to Canada and Nova Scotia,

and request the Liberals to explain the anomalies there existing.

It is well known that Lower Canada is chiefly peopled by Roman Catholics. Their number is not less than 450,000, and they are distinguished (as the populations of Popish countries always are) by the lowest superstition and the most profound ignorance. The established religion is Roman Catholic. There are five Popish Bishops with large incomes. Each parish has one or more priests, with incomes averaging very nearly L.300 a-year. The parish churches are Popish and the cathedrals; and heavy grants have been made by the local legislature for Popish purposes. Now look on that picture and on this. In Upper Canada and Lower Canada together, the Protestant population now amounts to very nearly half a million of souls. The whole number of clergy is only eighty-nine, and these are now chiefly supported by voluntary contributions from England. In Upper Canada the number of persons to each clergyman is not more than 5000, but the number of square miles to each minister is not less than 1,600! Under these circumstances, what has Lord Glenelg done to remedy an evil so enormous? He has first, by a piece of thimblig trickery, ingeniously contrived to cheat the Protestants of two thousand a-year which formerly went to the Bishop of Quebec. It seems that the late Bishop, a most pious and zealous man, found himself towards the end of his life unable to fulfil his onerous duties, and applied for a coadjutor. Accordingly, a new bishopric (that of Montreal) was created, and L.1000 fixed as the annual salary. Soon after, the Bishop of Quebec died, and then Lord Glenelg refused either to fill up the See, or to give the L.2000 a-year the late Bishop enjoyed, to the Bishop of Montreal. The inhabitants of Upper Canada, upwards of 300,000 in number, then applied for a bishop for that district, as there was a Popish Bishop of Kingston. The petition was unheeded, the See of Quebec abolished, and the L.2000 a-year retained by the Liberal Government. Secondly, by an equally creditable proceeding he has thrown nearly the whole of the sixty clergymen in Upper Canada on the charity of the English

public. Formerly a grant was annually voted of £15,000, by the House of Commons, to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for the Upper Canada Clergy. In 1830 this grant was first opposed by Lord Howick, a person who seems distinguished by nothing except a most bitter, ravenous, and wrong-headed hostility to Protestant establishments every where. In 1831, Lord Althorp promised that the grant should be reduced £4000 a-year till it ceased. This scheme was carried out, and in 1835, under Lord Glenelg's sanction, the grant ceased, with the exception of a small sum remaining for the lives merely of a few old clergymen. Thus the means of subsistence on which the sixty clergymen of Upper Canada almost entirely relied, to a very great extent ceased, and they were thrown upon a fund of about £2000 a-year, called the Clergy Reserves, a small sum from Government, and the liberality of the English people. Accordingly, the Upper Canada Clergy Society was established, and Mr Beltridge and others were sent over here as a deputation to obtain voluntary and charitable aid from the public. We believe the simple truth to be, that while in the two provinces of Canada, the Protestants and Roman Catholics are about equal in number, it is no exaggeration to say that the former have not nearly *one-tenth* the amount of public money enjoyed by the latter. We have heard of abuses, but never did we discover one worse than this. We have heard of reform, but never could we hear of a case more urgently demanding reformation. It is said that Lord Durham, in that wonderful wisdom of which we hear so much and see so little, is preparing a plan for establishing a police force in Montreal. Perhaps, when that weighty and statesmanlike undertaking is accomplished, his Lordship will deign to give a moment's attention to the starving Protestant clergy and the abolished bishopric; or more probably, he will, with true liberality, see whether another "heavy blow" cannot be dealt to the Protestant interest, and still more money procured for the Popish professors of the pure Voluntary principle. But, bad as all this undoubtedly is, it will appear far worse when it is remembered that the

£15,000 has been withdrawn from the Protestant clergy at the very time it was most needed. Between the attack on the grant in 1830 and its cessation in 1835, 300,000 persons had emigrated to Canada. Sixty thousand more persons were annually entering the colony, and £4000 less was granted each year to the clergy! Nor was Canada alone in feeling the effects of Whig-Radical Government. A college for the education of young men in the poor but important colony of Nova Scotia had for a long time been supported by an annual grant from the House of Commons. But it had one fault; it was a Protestant school, under the patronage of the Bishop. An assault was therefore made on it, and Lord Glenelg, in obedience to the commands of his supporters on the Treasury benches, withdrew the grant. Windsor College, long a seminary for sound education, long a most useful institution, must now fall, because the Bible has been the foundation of its system, and the Church of England Catechism has been taught to its inmates. It is not difficult to predicate that had another mode of education been adopted, no word whatever of anger would have escaped the lips of the Reformers, and no sentiment of "hunger-bitten economy," would have been allowed to cause its demolition. Its fate was different. It taught the religion Lord Glenelg professes, and Lord Glenelg destroyed it for that reason. Wonderful magnanimity! Marvellous liberality! We need scarcely say that the Dissenters in Parliament very warmly approved of its doom. Mr Baines, for instance, was exceedingly eloquent, according to his fashion, on this and similar topics. When the vote for the "Church in Canada," came before the House, and Mr O'Connell, with profound dissimulation, knowing full well how richly the Canadian Papists were endowed, independently of their portion of that grant, declared his opposition to paying them any thing, and avowed his friendship for the Voluntary principle, Mr Baines rose up to laud the learned Jesuit's consistency, and to protest against "Dissenters paying for the Established Church in Canada." It mattered not to this "conscientious Dissenter" how much Popery received; he said not a word even about the considerable share of

Popery in the petty grant then under discussion. Oh no! he merely could think of the "Established Church in Canada," meaning to hit hard at the Church of England, not knowing that all the time he was striking at Popery, for to that system does the "Established Church in Canada" alone belong. Had he known *that*, no word, no murmur would have escaped him; he would have voted for it readily and zealously; yes, as readily as he supports the endowment of the Popish College of Maynooth. We do, indeed, marvel not only at this gross inconsistency (though we know not why we should be surprised at any thing this Baines may choose to say), but also at the conduct of the Dissenters in general with reference to Lord Glenelg's colonial misgovernment. If in any parish there be a proposition to make a necessary church-rate of a penny in the pound, being a charge, perhaps, on each dissenter therein of about two shillings a-year, how earnest, how active each individual becomes—how violently he protests against the principle of endowment! So, if there be a plan to endow new churches in peopled deserts, how loud, how eager, how determined, is the opposition of every voluntary to the scheme! But then change the scene. Bring forth a plan to endow Popery—to endow dissent—to contribute to dissenting plans of education, or dissenting chapels, or Popish systems of education, and Popish priests, colleges, and bishops—away goes all the zeal, away goes all the determination—silent is all the clamour—and from one end of the kingdom to the other, no petition, no whisper, no discontent, is discovered.

An instance of this kind occurs in the case of New South Wales, another theatre of Lord Glenelg's proceedings. The Whigs, in 1833, were pleased to dissolve the church and school corporation preparatory to new arrangements; but, in consequence of frequent changes in the Colonial Office, no despatch on the subject was sent out till Lord Glenelg was made Colonial Secretary in 1835. The *animus* of his government may be best understood from the fact that he has lately sent, as Chief Governor, to Sydney, a Roman Catholic cousin of Mr O'Connell. What

follows will, therefore, be no matter of surprise. Sir Richard Bourke, who was Governor in 1833, addressed the then Secretary for the Colonies in a despatch on the subject of ecclesiastical establishments and education. This person appears to be tainted, in no ordinary degree, with the fallacious liberalism of the present day. He says,* "I would observe that in a new country, to which persons of all religious persuasions are invited to resort, it will be impossible to establish a dominant and endowed Church without much hostility, and great improbability of its becoming permanent. *The inclination of these Colonists, which keeps pace with the spirit of the age, is decidedly averse to such an institution, and I fear the interests of religion would be prejudiced by its establishment. If, on the contrary, support were given as required, to every one of the three grand divisions of Christianity indifferently, and the management of their churches left to themselves, I conceive that the Public Treasury might be, in time, relieved of a considerable charge*; and, what is of much greater importance, the people would become more attached to their respective churches, and be more willing to listen to and obey the voice of their several pastors." He then goes on to propose that, instead of the Church of England being re-established, an equal hand should be extended to all sects and persuasions alike—that the salary of the Popish bishop should be doubled—that the grants should be withdrawn from the Church of England schools—and that the material system of education now used in Ireland should be introduced to New South Wales. It will be seen by the plan, and by our quotation from the despatch, that the Governor was a supporter, and a shallow one too, of the Voluntary principle. If the Church of England and the Church of Scotland were established in New South Wales as they are in England, what deception and what injury is there in inviting persons of all persuasions to emigrate to the colony? Nay, is it not clear that it is the duty of the Government, as far as possible, to make each colony, as well in its ecclesiastical as in its civil institutions, similar to the mother country? But

* Despatch of His Excellency Sir Richard Bourke, No. 76, 30th September, 1833.

Sir Richard Bourke thought differently, and so did the Earl of Ripon. They absolutely abolished the Established Church, destroyed its charter, confiscated its property; and then proceeded in grand style to make a new code of laws for the future management of the colony. Then came Lord Glenelg's part of the work. In his despatch,* in answer to Sir Richard Bourke's, he apologizes for two years' delay, and then proceeds, in his characteristic and peculiar manner, to get rid of as much trouble as possible, by begging the Governor and Legislative Council to do as they please. He makes no stipulation for the Church of England, no objection to Popery being placed on a level with it; and scruples not to hand over all the churches then in existence, to trustees, after the manner of dissenting chapels in this country. Every thing Sir Richard Bourke says, he almost literally echoes, even to the modest proposal of withdrawing all the means of education from the Church, and handing them over to a new board with liberty to mutilate the Bible. The result has been, that the charge for the Popish religion, which in 1833 was only L.1500, is now rather more than doubled; and L.3000 more has been voted for the national or rather Popish system of religion, against which, four out of seven of the non-official members of the Legislative Council had solemnly protested, and against which Bishop Broughton had protested also. It must be observed, that previously to Lord Glenelg's obtaining power, the mode of educating the people was precisely similar to our own in this country. For instance, besides a grant to the Church of England's schools, L.800 to the Scotch Church College, and L.800 to the Popish schools, were voted in 1833. But mark how liberalism steps in to reform. The English and Scotch schools are shut up, the Popish schools are comparatively neglected, — for what? To establish other schools in which Popery is to make no compromise, in which all the compromise is to be on the Protestant side, for Popery is only to give the children such portions of the Bible as it chooses, and

Protestantism is to see its professors educated in schools where the Bible is held up as a book to be read only by license. And this system is adopted in a colony with 80,000 European inhabitants, of whom only 20,000 (and those chiefly convicts) are Papists! One petition signed by 80, and another petition signed by 1300 respectable persons, were presented against this innovation, but without avail; and New South Wales, therefore, has, at the present moment, a system of Popish education, as many Popish as Protestant ministers, and all for the behoof and benefit of one quarter of the population. Besides this, there is a Popish college at which the sons of Irish convicts are educated as missionaries and teachers.

On this statement there are two remarks to be made; first, as to the Dissenters, and secondly, as to the Church. We desire to know from the Dissenters, how it happens that they, who are so eager for the fray in trifles, who are so earnest against endowments, do not protest against these Colonial endowments of Popery? In India there are not less now than fifty Popish priests paid by Government; while by an express clause in the India Charter Bill (Lord Glenelg's production), the Presbyterian chaplains are limited to a small number. In New South Wales there are now a bishop, and many Popish priests entirely supported by Government; in Newfoundland the same, in Canada and Ceylon the same, and we may add a similar statement of nearly every other colony. How then, we repeat, is it that no conscientious compunctions afflict the Dissenters, so ready with their convenient scruples in this country? Is the voluntary principle only for 'home consumption?' Or is it not true, after all, that in fact it is not the conscience which is afflicted by endowments, but the ambition which is now excited by the position of parties? We guess so. At any rate, it is strange that we hear nothing whatever of complaint as to endowments abroad, even though Popery enjoy them, while anything of the kind at home (so long as it does not come to Dissenters, as part of the annual education grant does,† and the

* Despatch of the Right Hon. Lord Glenelg, dated November 30th, 1835.

† We have never been able to understand why the Dissenters take a grant from Go-

grant for poor Dissenting ministers, and the regium donum grant) is held up to public indignation with all imaginable violence, and with unscrupulous exaggerations. To the churchmen of both England and Scotland, we have a more important observation to produce. We ask them to look at Newfoundland, Upper Canada, and New South Wales, as specimens of *all* the colonies; and then to judge if our present Government has not betrayed and abandoned the principle of Establishments? In some places no notice whatever is taken either of Episcopacy or Presbyterianism; emigrants are invited out, and they arrive to find neither place of worship nor minister, neither school nor Bible. Is this conduct befitting a Christian country? Sir Richard Bourke may affect to be scandalized at the dreadful idea of emigrants finding in New South Wales what they had in England—an Established Church; but we certainly feel that, instead of an evil, it is a benefit, and peculiarly so when the choice is between a Church Establishment and no public means of grace at all. The Irish Protestant who emigrates (as many have done) from the force of persecution, and who goes to a distant colony where he hopes to find peace from Popery, either finds no religion, no churches at all, or Popery on a par with every other persuasion, if not, as in Newfoundland, Lower Canada, Trinidad, &c., dominant and triumphant. This is too bad, and should be altered. We hold that Great Britain does not carry out the intention of an Establishment unless she provide means of religious instruction to every being existing beneath her sway: but what shall we call that system, which ships off thousands, yea, perhaps hundreds of thousands yearly, to places called British colonies, where there is neither freedom nor religious observances? And further, if that be disgraceful, how much worse is it, when, under pretence of providing for those observances, Popery, which our rulers and Queen

solemnly have sworn to be idolatry, is alone endowed, as it is in some places—that is, instead of providing what is good, or nothing, when something grievously wrong is provided! In the very best of our colonies, all that can be truly affirmed is, that absolute indifference exists, so that, in the eye of the State, all religions are alike right, or alike wrong; in some the case is even worse, for error is supported; and in India, under the vain pretext of conciliating the natives, Government sanction is given to heathenism; and the officers, both in the army and the civil service, are compelled to join in some of its abominations. It can be no matter of astonishment, when these things are done by the home Government, that the local Legislatures follow the example. It would be wonderful if it were otherwise. But reasonable and natural as it is, there can be no doubt that there exists in the circumstance much to lament, and much which may hereafter be regretted. On looking at the *Catholic Magazine* of the present month (October), we find that a certain Bishop of Agna has been paying an apostolic visit to the West Indies. He says that there are wanted six more Popish priests in Trinidad, and that the local Legislature has offered to pay four of them in addition to the present establishment. In Granada he asked for three more; in St Vincent for one only, in St Lucia for seven, which the local Legislature promised to provide; in Dominica for four, and for a sum for chapels, and both were guaranteed; in Montserrat he obtained a promise from the governor of an additional chaplain, and one also for Barbadoes. In each of these islands there is a large Popish population, amounting altogether, we believe, to very little less than 100,000 souls.* In Jamaica, also, the Papists are working with extraordinary zeal, endeavouring to avail themselves of the opportunity presented by the recent emancipation, to obtain a hold of a still larger portion of the ignorant population; and if the local Legisla-

vernment towards their schools. If the Voluntary principle be so efficacious, how is it that the people of this country remained in ignorance till Government gave a premium to Voluntary endowment? Or is this far-famed principle conveniently applicable only to religion?

* Some other of the West India islands (and indeed the principal ones) are entirely Popish, as for instance, Martinique, Guadeloupe, St Domingo, Cuba, &c. &c.

tures are disposed, as it seems they are, to fall in with the Atheistical spirit of the age, giving to Popery as readily as to truth, and, like Gallio, "caring for none of these things," it is clear that they have great chances of success, with their attractive and enticing ceremonies. It is equally clear that it is quite useless to look to the Home Government for any impediment to this system, while it is actuated by the principles which at present guide it. On the contrary, the Governors of our Colonies and the local Legislatures, both of whom look very cautiously to the wishes of the Colonial Office, doubtless now find it very gratifying to that department to see any assaults on the Protestant system, and any aid to Popery. Lord Glenelg, therefore, is not only mischievous himself, but the cause of mischief in others; and all this, too, with marvellously pure and patriotic professions, and with the constant cant of liberalism on his lips. Our readers, however, do not need to be told how empty and ridiculous such professions are, and that cant is, when duly examined. In Lord Glenelg's case we are fortunately enabled to appreciate both, by his celebrated Order in Council concerning the Hill Coolies. Applications were made to him to allow the importation into the West India Islands and the Mauritius of certain poor creatures in Bengal called Hill Coolies, who appeared to be fit for West Indian labourers. His liberal Lordship considered the request, and issued an Order in Council authorizing the unholy traffic; and the very consequence has ensued which, perhaps, the applicants and his Lordship wished—namely, a restoration, under another form, of the odious slave-trade. Car-goes have arrived in the Mauritius, in British Guiana, and elsewhere, of weak degenerate natives of an Eastern climate, imported by hundreds, nominally as freemen and actually as slaves. But the Order in Council came to light, the whole iniquitous plan was discovered, and the Colonial Secretary was compelled to promise a rescinding of the Order, and an immediate restoration of the Coolies to their own land. Doubtless the only error the Liberals could see in the whole affair was in its detection. It might have gone on for years without remark or complaint from liberalism; it might have proceeded without com-

ment; and then Lord Glenelg and his coadjutors would be boasting of their love of freedom, and declaring their attachment to liberty, being engaged all the time in a sneaking and pitiful slave-trade, a despicable trick, whereby, under the cover of a sly Order in Council, human beings might be stolen and smuggled like illicit goods, and sold for something more than the freight. Could any thing be more mean and unmanly? Could any thing, both in its commencement and termination, be more worthy of the wretched Melbourne Cabinet, the tottering, hypocritical, imbecile, and vacillating compound of the selfish, the jesuitical, and the absurd? We rejoice that the Order in Council was issued, that it was disclosed, and recalled; because, when we hereafter shall meet any fraudulent pretensions to liberalism in Lord Glenelg and others who were parties to this base transaction, we shall know well at what price to value them, and where to seek for their refutation. Truly, if the Tories in any part of their career had been parties, directly or indirectly, immediately or remotely, to such a transaction, the whole country would have been agitated from one end to the other, by the indignant denunciations of the very men, including Lord Glenelg himself, who have now been parties to this Order in Council. How loud and vehement would have been the invectives of every Whig who now finds himself compelled to be an apologist; how fierce and how fluent would those Liberal members and Liberal associations have been, who now have preserved their silence, and by silence given their assent! We say, then, we rejoice the Order in Council was issued—not that we feel no abhorrence of the light and trivial manner in which a Colonial Secretary dared to treat his fellow-beings; not that we feel little for the captured and deluded Indians, who died on their passage, or pined in slavery for their homes, but because it has taught a lesson worth learning—it has stamped Liberalism for ever with falsehood and tyranny. But we may be told that Lord Glenelg was not to blame, he was only deceived and mistaken. Yes; Canada was in rebellion, and Lord Glenelg had been "mistaken;" Newfoundland is in a state of violent excitement, and Lord Glenelg has only been "inattentive;" the slave-holders in the West Indies

oppress their apprentices, and Lord Glenelg "cannot help it;" Popery is progressing in the Cape of Good Hope, and Lord Glenelg "did not know it;" the Hill Coolies are snatched from their native land, and carried thousands of miles to toil at labour even the Africans themselves will not perform, and Lord Glenelg is merely "deceived;"—these, or such as these, are the only defences his Lordship's advocates ever attempt for him; these, or such as these are the pleas for this liberal statesman's delinquencies. Wherever he is found to have done wrong, his *friends* labour to prove, not that he has done right or tried to do right, but that he was either slumbering or duped. And, indeed, we believe the defence is generally correct, for we know of no end either to the laziness or imbecility for which this liberal and enlightened Reformer is distinguished.

In some respects it must, however, be admitted, that his foolish and mischievous proceedings are merely incidental specimens of the general policy of the Administration, and not independent and headlong acts of personal indiscretion. We allude particularly to the Malta commission. Certain Papists in Malta, with the Bishop at their head, being determined to show, not only that they partook of the spirit, but also were influenced by a right appreciation of the signs of the times, sent home sundry complaints, petitions, and claims to the British Government, with a view, principally, to the establishment of a liberal policy in that island. Our readers will be amused, though not surprised, to hear how Lord Glenelg met these applications. It was in the long vacation; all lawyers were idle; some were weary, some more were desirous to obtain, by travelling, relaxation and health. The opportunity, therefore, was peculiarly tempting, and it was not thrown away. A commission was appointed to go out and enquire! Mr Austin and others, therefore, sailed in a Government vessel, visited Malta, were entertained and lodged, paid regularly five guineas a-day, and then, after two or three months' absence, returned with their valuable report. As they sailed in a man-of-war, and were chiefly entertained in Malta at the local expense, their charge for wages and printing was only L.700—a very

convenient present, no doubt, for having given their valuable holidays to the patriotic undertaking of cruising for pleasure. The Duke of Wellington (a man not accustomed to deal in hard words without much cause and provocation) publicly declared in the House of Lords, during last session, that "this was one of the grossest jobs he had ever heard of." And, indeed, it is quite evident that that censure was well merited; for there were persons in the island, the Governor and others, who must have been far better acquainted with the real wants of the population, and far more capable of advising, than any hungry lawyers who might be honoured with the opportunity of spending a few weeks as guests at the Governor's table. This, however, never appears to have entered the mind of the sapient Lord Glenelg. He prefers the wise and statesmanlike plan of paying for opinions he might have obtained for nothing, and of receiving recommendations from the inexperienced instead of from those most capable of judging and best informed. No one, therefore, will be astonished to hear that he was entirely misled. The commissioners came home to recommend a free press and all other liberal enactments; that is, they came home to recommend precisely those things which their Liberalism would have suggested had they stopped at home, which the Popish Radicals of Malta had demanded, and which the Governor had refused to sanction. But with that keen and simple wisdom for which he is distinguished, the Duke of Wellington at once exposed the fallacy of all these crotchets. He said, and said truly, that Malta was nothing to this country but a fortress in the Mediterranean; that we had no interest in preserving it except in that character; that the people were disinclined to consider themselves English subjects, and were disaffected to our Government; and that, therefore, in such a place, affecting to apply fine theories, and to establish democratic institutions, was perfectly ridiculous. He added, that the Whigs might as well talk of a Parliament for the Tower of London and St Helena, and a republic for Gibraltar. Perhaps they thought so too, and certainly all the governors and experienced persons of the island concurred in the opinion. What, then,

was the secret of the whole affair? Was advice really needed? Were the petitions and claims really incapable of being understood by the local authorities? Was it, in fact, ever intended to make Malta a hotbed of sedition and an insecure possession, like Newfoundland and Lower Canada, by the same process as has led to these results in those colonies? No, certainly not. The secret of the matter consisted in the word *commission*; and though the advice of the governor was amply sufficient, though it was never meant to act by any other recommendation, that magic word settled the conduct of the Administration, and gave vigour even to Lord Glenelg. Well, therefore, may we affirm that the Melbourne policy has no equivocal and back-sliding disciple in his Lordship! Well may we congratulate that noble advocate for "peace, reform, and retrenchment;" that pure No-patronage ruler, on his complete accordance in principle and in his practices with those patriotic persons by whom he is surrounded. Lord Glenelg is one of those reformers who prate very much about Tory corruption. We deny the correctness of the imputation, but this at least is certain:—If it be correct (and Lord Glenelg, having long been a Tory, is perhaps somewhat capable of judging), he has not lost his opportunities of acquiring perfection in the art; if it be not, he has proved that he has at least genius enough to be original in one thing—namely, ingenious Colonial jobbing. Canada shall speak for his energy, Newfoundland for his liberalism, New South Wales for his attachment to the church, the West Indies for his prudence, India for his conscience, Sir Francis Head for his judgment, the Hill Coolies for his humanity, and Malta shall add her testimony to his marvellous economy and purity.

These things we recommend to the attention of the people. It remains for public opinion to declare whether incapable men are to conduct national affairs, and whether Lord Glenelg, who now stands at the head of the incapable class, is to remain in the most important, difficult, and responsible post under the Crown. Already he has done much to alienate the affections of our colonists, already he has done

much to break up that grand colonial system which has long been the pride, and not unfrequently the great source of strength, of this country. He has sent out men as governors who are notoriously incompetent; in some cases he has despatched the very men who are of all others the least qualified to obtain confidence either at home or abroad. Why, for instance, was Sir Andrew Leith Hay, who was the only member in all the House of Commons who opposed the abolition of slavery in 1833, sent as governor to Bermuda? Why was an O'Connell sent out governor of the important colony of New South Wales; the Radical Mr Hutt to South Australia; and Lord Nugent to the Ionian Islands? But, above all, what folly less than complete infatuation could have induced the Ministry to send Lord Durham, Mr Buller, Mr Elice, and Mr Turton, to Canada? And what madness led Lord Glenelg, whose private character none can impeach, to sanction not only these appointments, but also that of *Mr Edward Gibbon Wakefield*? Here, again, his Lordship is only following the example of the rest of the Ministry. If Lord Palmerston can send a Mr Henry Bulwer to Constantinople, a Lord Clanciarde to St Petersburg, a Mr Kennedy to Cuba; if Sir John Hobhouse be content with a Lord Auckland in Calcutta, and a Lord Elphinstone in Madras; if Lord John Russell be allowed to give places to a Whittle Harvey, a Joseph Parkes, and a Fitzsimon; if Lord Melbourne make a Dr Hampden a professor, Evans a K.C.B., and Tom Moore a pensioner,—surely Lord Glenelg, who generally is only one of the "*imitatorum servile pecus*," cannot be seriously blamed for following in the same track, and selecting similar characters for places and honour. If his colleagues establish a half-Popish, half-infidel system of education in Ireland, of course he, in duty bound, does so also, as we have shown, in New South Wales; if they encourage Popery, he does so too; if they pay its priests, he does so likewise; if Lord Normanby makes high sheriffs according to his own caprice, and passes by those who are duly nominated, Lord Glenelg, acting on the same principle, and going a little further in the working of it, hands them over, with the

judges also, to the tender mercies of a Newfoundland House of Assembly. Nor is his Lordship very backward with Radical Reforms, similar to those for which the present Administration is remarkable. We have seen how he has followed up the appropriation principle in Canada, how he has "reformed" the church in New South Wales, and even assailed the university of Nova Scotia. Thus humbly does he labour in his vocation; and the result is, as may be expected, that he destroys the security and the peace of our possessions. With mingled weakness and violence he hurries on, apparently heedless of consequences, and utterly dead to the contempt he encounters. He imparts, by his imbecility, strength to the motives of all our foes, and increases all their demands by displaying to them the existence of squeezable materials in the Cabinet, sufficient to give inducements to all who are willing to use them. How can it be otherwise? Mr Roebuck was the agent of the rebels in Canada, and the Whigs assisted him at Bath. Mr Leader succeeded to the post, and the Whigs voted for him in Westminster; Mr Henry Bulwer was the paid servant of the disaffected in New South Wales, and was rewarded by a good post, first in Belgium, and then in Turkey. All those governors who have done good are recalled, and their energy becomes a recognised and punishable offence. All officers who do their duty are discouraged. So it was with Sir John Colborne and the late Governor of Upper Canada, with Chief-Justice Boulton, Colonel Arthur, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Mr Jeremie and others. Nothing is now required to get rid of a vigilant governor but some false charges. Nothing is wanted to procure any violent measure of innovation but a little proportionately violent agitation, no matter whether in Ireland, Newfoundland, or Van Dieman's Land. When the Roman Catholics want another grant they say, "Of course Lord Glenelg will give it." When they find it necessary to their progress in the Ionian Islands that they should have government aid, they say, "There is no doubt of

Lord Glenelg's assistance;" when they want a few dozen more priests in the West Indies, they exclaim, "Apply to Lord Glenelg, there can be no question of his approbation!"* They display constantly the most contemptuous confidence in his indiscretion, inconsistency, and folly. They have no hesitation in making the most extensive demands, and their past success undoubtedly is calculated to animate them with hope in all their future proceedings to secure their lost ascendancy, and restore their regretted despotism.

Such is a brief statement of Lord Glenelg's colonial misgovernment. No matter where he is traced, no matter how closely or how superficially he is watched, every where and in every thing there is discovered the same incapability. He holds the office some of the ablest men this country ever saw have held, and the only probable consequence of his career seems to be the decay of British influence, if not the actual loss of extensive possessions. By the courage and prudence of men who have (as we have said, and repeat again, and desire to sound loudly through the country) been disgraced and dismissed, Canada was saved when no human foresight could have given a hope of its restoration to tranquillity and submission. He delayed vigorous measures till something more than vigour was required—till, in fact, a dictator could alone secure what earlier measures of a far milder character might have entirely and permanently preserved from peril. And Canada, though it be but one colony among many, is, as an exemplification of Lord Glenelg's imbecility, and of the wretched weakness of the whole Whig-radical Cabinet, a name for the whole empire. How long it shall so continue; how long our most important interests shall be made the sport of a petty and trembling faction, ridiculed at home, imposed upon by foreign countries, braved in the colonies, it is for the people of England to determine. It is idle to attempt to conceal that every year of Whig authority brands the country with disgrace, and loads her with difficulties. It may

* See the *Catholic Magazine* for these and other very edifying proofs of the estimation in which Lord Glenelg is held.

answer the purpose of hirelings to represent, that, although Lord Glenelg is inefficient, Lord Palmerston incompetent, and all the other Ministry wanting both in zeal and discretion, yet they must be kept in, all for the behoof of a Lord Normanby and a Mr Drummond; and on account of the blessings these persons are supposed to confer on Ireland. But this weak invention of the enemy, this paltry clap-trap, has no more power to delude. It has had its day, it has been exposed, and may now serve for a sarcasm, or pass current as a jest. And if it were any thing, would it really outweigh all the misdemeanours of the Ministry, and all the risks to which the nation is subject? But it is not true; it is a vain and valueless, a fraudulent and dishonest pretence; for Ireland, according to the testimony of Parliamentary returns, according to the acknowledgment even of the paupered demagogues themselves, is a

volcano bursting with terrific violence and unprecedented desolation. Well, then, we say, if Ireland too is but another evidence of Whig misrule, there remains not one corner of the empire to which their evil influence and their pernicious counsels have not carried danger and occasioned injuries the most deep and lasting. Every where the same policy has been adopted. Every where the same results have ensued. Time can only develope still more clearly the wounds that have been inflicted on the constitution of the country, its power, and its reputation; nor is there one who in future days (and those not distant ones) will be recognised as the author of more mischiefs and the agent of more destructive and disgraceful measures, than that pretender to statesmanship who now, to the dishonour of the land, feebly acts as the ruler of our colonial dominions.

A CRUSTACEOUS TOUR.

BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER.

Why, then, the world's mine oyster. —

Ancient Pistol.

THE important and difficult question of precedency among oysters has not yet ceased to exist as a "vexata questio" with enlightened and philosophic oyster-eaters. Information upon the subject is scanty, and when facts are few, theories abound, and conclusions are usually false and illogical. I have employed the tedious interval of the spawning season in putting together a few memoranda of a tour in the sister island, which I venture to hope will afford better grounds for instituting an exact comparison between the present state and prospects of oyster-eating in England and Ireland than are any where to be found, and may be the means of settling disputed claims, and of uniting in one natural bond of union and mutual support, oyster-eaters of all denominations.

I am aware that I shall have much to contend with in putting forward the just claims of Irish oysters. I know there exists an anti-Irish faction, eager to depreciate our oysters, and thirst-

ing for their blood. I am well aware of the apathy of the oyster-eating public of England.—But I do not despair.—No, my countrymen—our oysters shall be put on a perfect equality with the oysters of Purfleet and of Milton—the banks of Burren, and Carlingford, and Lissadell, shall be adequately represented in the Imperial oyster-cellars. Are our oysters inferior to their oysters—hence, then, for the Malahides and the Poldoodies, we demand justice—our oysters call for justice—we require for our oysters no more, and our oysters were slaves to be content with less!

The city of Londonderry lends her maiden name to the oyster of Lough Foyle, which finds a ready market in Liverpool, where the judicious tourist will do well to spend a few forenoons, the clean and well-regulated fish market affording every facility to the crustaceous epicure. Heavens! what a goodly show the marble benches boast! Gigantic turbot, already garnished with the live lobster—slimy

soles moist with their native element—gelatinous cod-heads—but I digress.

The Londonderry oyster, then, as best seen in the Liverpool market, is small, well shaped, white, fat, and goodly to the view, but it is by no means a superior fish—on the contrary, there is a villanous after-taste, as of mud, excessively disagreeable—a ground flavour, as if the fish had licked the slimy bed of its nativity. I have eaten this fish within the walls of its native city, but even the exulting recollection of the ancient glories of Derry failed to reconcile me to the modern muddy-tasted Derry oyster. Alas! poor Derry!

Progressing southwards, I arrived at Belfast, which boasts no indigenous bivalve, but adopts for her own the gigantic oyster of Carrickfergus, which, as I am informed, is the name of a city, not of an oyster-bed. Procuring a guide, I requested him to precede my steps to those Cimmerian regions “where oysters most did congregate,” and presently arrived, guided more by the nose than by the other senses, at one of the retired emporia of shell-fish in the Athens of Ireland.

The place was a study—soft unre-sisting mud formed the primitive floor, a board, unplanned and rough, elevated upon a pile of bricks, simulated a divan, while the table was supplied by two of the divan boards stacked together, and extended from end to end of the “salon.” A rushlight flickered in an old iron candlestick, and “a most ancient and fish-like smell” pervaded the apartment. Forthwith appeared a hideous crone, whose breath, redolent of whisky and tobacco, was expended in the business-like enquiry, “Wud ye be for oysters, my man?”

This interrogatory was replied to by an order for half a hundred of her very primest Carrickfergus natives—to begin with. “Half a hunner—a hail half-hunner—Oh! oh! oh! the man’s a haveril—a hail half-hunner o’ Carrieks—save us!” With this ejaculation my hostess, having clutched the rushlight in her palm, decamped, leaving me in a state of tribulation that may be imagined, as the saying is, but beggars all description.

In a few minutes, however, Aleto returned with the rushlight stuck in a trencher of the largest size, upon

which were half a dozen of the most magnanimous oysters I had ever seen. They were natives to be sure, but natives of Patagonia—the least rivalled in circumference the largest saucer I ever saw, while the biggest equalled the periphery of a soup-plate. What a vision for the immortal Dando! What would not Louis des Huitres have given for the dish? For my poor part I never relished making two bites of a cherry, or of an oyster either. Like humble friends, oysters do not take kindly to cutting. Every fish ought to be no more than a mouthful, but it ought to be no less. I leave to more enterprising gourmands than myself the task of a critical analysis of the Patagonian bivalves of Carrickfergus. I ought to observe, in justice to Belfast, that at the excellent tavern of M^r Alister, in Graham’s Entry, where the best supper in supper-eating Ireland may be had, there is to be found occasionally a supply of the real Carlingford oyster. This joyful event, however, is rare, and I lament to observe that the metropolis of the north of Ireland is so debased by a too prosperous trade, so absorbed in the grovelling concerns of her thriving manufactures, that the breeding of oysters is shamefully neglected, and no pains are taken to awaken a patriotic enthusiasm on behalf of native Irish oysters in general, while the “Poldoody Association,” lately established for the constitutional redress of ostracerial grievances, is here regarded by the very oysters themselves with silent contempt! With a sigh I ascended the “Fair Trader” day drag, at five o’clock in the morning, *en route* to the next town of crustaceous interest, passing along the great Dublin road, through a country of amazing fertility and beauty, inhabited by a sober, industrious, and religious people, watered by bubbling gravelly streams, sheltered from the cold north wind by hills whose acclivities were seen white with the bleaching linen, sometimes confounded by the stranger traveller with virgin snow upon the ground, sometimes caught through circling groves like lakes gleaming in the sunshine. To an indifferent person a sight like this might be worth the remembrance, but to me it was as a desert. My impatient soul bounded onwards to Newry, where I knew the “real Carlingfords” were to be had. My no less impatient

stomach, clogged with its material tunics, and sadly embarrassed with its serous, mucous, and muscular coats, gave vent to its ill-humour in awful rumbling noises, such as vex the intestinal canals of Vesuvius or Stromboli. But, lo! at the brow of the hill we pause—in the valley before us lies Newry—beyond, in the far distance, are seen the blue outlines of the Carlingford mountains—beyond them mountains lies the bay—at the bottom of the bay lie the oysters. “Coachman leaves here, sir.” We are in Newry—and before us, on the breakfast-table, in a huge wooden bowl, behold the gelatinous objects of our affections—the real, the undoubted, unsophisticated Carlingfords, and no mistake!

Newry is dear to my remembrances—I have heard it called an odious hole, and so forth—to me it was every thing that was delightful, for the oysters were in season. The waiter at Black’s (for your own sake go to Black’s, the Shakspeare, and order your oysters in Edmund Kean’s favourite room—talked about party squabbles and religious squabbles. I saw nor heard nothing of either, for the oysters were of the primest.

The disaffected grumbled, it is true, about the decline of trade, and taxation, and such stuff; crops, they said, were never so bad—when, may I ask, were oysters better? Thus is it ever with perverse human nature the vice to neglect the blessings we possess, and hanker after the blessings which we possess not, to complain of the unavoidable contingencies of sublunary things, and forget, in over-wrought anticipations of unattainable felicity, that much whereof the happiness of life is made up is still within our grasp, and that whatever evils oppress us, and whatever cares corrode, still there remains for us the consolation that we have oysters of the best, and that our oysters are in season!

I have always been prone to a belief in supernaturals, and a circumstance occurred while I was opening an acquaintance with the natives of Carlingford at Newry that by no means diminishes the Rosicrucianity of my notions of the spiritual. It was near the midnight hour—the candles down almost to the socket—I had supped sparingly on some three quarters of a hundred, more or less, of my favourite fish, scalloped, stewed, and au

nature, kept down by half-a-dozen stiff tumblers of hot brandy and water, less or more—a sort of soporificousness laid hold of me—the full length of the immortal Kean, presented by himself to his friend mine Host of the Shakspeare, reeled in its gorgeous gilded frame—the chamber was locomotive—if I had exceeded in any way I might have supposed myself a little “how came you so?” Be that as it may, however, a rustling noise was heard outside the door, as if a barrel of oysters had been tumbled on the spot, which I verily believe to have been the case, for on a sudden the door opening wide, in came a sea of oysters, rolling heels over head, in waves of confusion to my very feet. It was, in fact, a deputation from Carlingford, sent by the natives there to invite me to a public dinner. Think of that, Master Brook! By one of those legerdmain tricks that occur so frequently at public meetings, the entire deputation got, somehow or other, upon the table, where, having wriggled themselves into something like order, a venerable bivalve, grey with barnacles and age, advanced to the front, and having opened his shell, delivered himself nearly as follows:—“Sir, the natives of Carlingford having heard, to their cost, of your arrival in this neighbourhood, and being well aware of the deadly interest you take in their affairs, have resolved to sacrifice a number of their choicest inhabitants to your judicious palate (‘hear, hear!’ from a little fat oyster); and accordingly, for the honour and reputation of the natives of Carlingford (‘hear!’ from the fat one), a sufficient number of volunteers have generously come forward (bravo!) to die gloriously for their compatriots (‘hear, hear!’ and clattering of shells on all sides). We, the deputation in this matter appointed, do therefore respectfully solicit you to name a day (‘hear, hear!’ from the corpulent bivalve) when we may expect the pleasure of your company at the oyster-beds, for which purpose the Mayor and Aldermen of Carlingford have generously placed an oyster-boat and diving-bell at your disposal. (Great and enthusiastic clattering.)” What answer I might have made to this hospitable proposal I know not, for, having taken umbrage at the eternal “hear, hear!” of the little bloated

native (there always is in deputations, if you observe, one greasy little abomination making his lungs as prominent as his belly), I watched my opportunity, and, catching him between the jaws with my oyster-knife while in the act of ejaculating a "hear, hear!" I opened him in a twinkling, to the evident consternation of the surviving crustacea, who, seeing me bolt their obese colleague, retreated in the same disorder in which they had arrived! I might have treated the whole affair as the natural result of a scanty supper and limited supply of grog, had I not discovered a paper which the deputation left behind in their precipitate retreat, and which is so well considered and temperately expressed, that I do not think it unworthy a place in the records of my peregrinations.

"To the Most Honourable the Marquess of Anglesey, K.G., K.St.P., G.C.B., a General in the Army, Colonel of the Seventh Light Dragoons, Lord-Lieutenant of Angleseyshire, &c. &c. &c.

"The Petition of the *Natives* of Carlingford humbly and respectfully sheweth,

"That petitioners and their ancestors have been, from time immemorial, submarine inhabitants of the oyster-beds in the bay of Carlingford, whereof your Lordship is lord of the soil.

"That they have enjoyed for centuries a reputation for fatness and flavour second to none, superior to most, equal to any.

"That they bring higher prices, and are more in demand than any other description of oyster in Dublin and elsewhere.

"That they regret to state that, of late years, owing to the poverty of the fishermen, or the system of too frequent dredging, or from indiscriminate and rapacious abstraction of the inferior fish, they have suffered in character, are less in demand, and sold at a lower price per hundred than formerly.

"That whereas in personal appearance your petitioners were formerly invariably as round as a ball, white as a nut, and full as a tick, they latterly have become little better than so many bits of slate, owing to the operation of some or other of the causes above stated.

"In tender consideration whereof, your petitioners, regarding the 'Pol-doddy Association' lately established, in common with the other inhabitants of the north of Ireland, with sovereign contempt, turn to your Lordship, as their landlord and natural protector, in the hope that, without injury to the interests of the fishermen of Carlingford, some legislative enactment may be adopted to preserve from further deterioration the Carlingford oyster-beds.

"And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

"Signed, on behalf of the petitioners,

"MOTHER-OF-PEARL."

I take no credit to myself for the announcement of the fact, which I state from undoubted authority, that owing to my exertions in this matter a commission has been appointed to enquire into, and report upon, the state and prospects of the oyster-beds generally, while six and thirty assistant commissioners, with a sufficient supply of biscuits, oyster-knives, and bottled stout, have already been appointed, and have actually set out to prosecute their enquiries on the spot. It is supposed that in twenty years' time there will be sufficient data accumulated to frame *the first* report, and that not more than thirty thousand pounds will be required annually for this commission. Indeed it is generally supposed that our paternal Government, acting on the principle embodied in the Railway report, will discourage oyster-eating generally, except under Government auspices. It has already been calculated that no oyster-cellar under extra-ministerial management will pay more than three and a-half per cent on the sunken capital, and it is predetermined to recommend a "Central Metropolitan Oyster Emporium," to be established in the Castle of Dublin, of which the celebrated Mr Dando, the oyster-eater, is intended to be resident stipendiary commissioner!

Leaving Newry and the North, we cross the Carlingford mountains into Lowth, passing on our way many towns and villages remarkable for beggars and dirt, and one sweet little spot (Castle Bellingham), notorious for cleanliness and humming ale—good ale, rare beverage in this alcoholic clime! Oysters are not cultivated be-

tween Carlingford Bay and the Hill of Howth, the country may therefore as well be obliterated from the maps in future.

Howth deserves our attention—we are on classic ground. That affecting epic touching the life and adventures of Saint Patrick thus alludes to its imposing altitude in one of its thrilling stanzas, which, however, has lost much by the translation :—

“ The Wicklow hills is very high,
And so s the *Hill of Howth*, ma’am,
But there’s a hill much higher still,
’Tis higher nor them both, ma’am.
’Twas on the top of this high hill
Saint Paddy preached the sarmint,
That driv the frogs intil the bogs,
And bothered all the varmint.”

In the touching ballad, “ Molly Malone,” the poet dexterously introduces his subject in the following sublime adjuration, illustrative at once of the altitude of the hill and the towering passion of the hero :—

“ By the *big hill of Howth*—
That’s a bit of an oath.”

Howth is remarkable, too, for its famous *waterproof* asylum harbour, upon which half a million was expended so successfully, under the auspices, as usual, of Government Commissioners, that the whole area of the basin within the piers is dry as a bone at all times of tide, and effectually excludes water “ in the wettest seasons.” It is at present only in use as an arena for the blackguards of the neighbourhood, who find it excellently well adapted for their favourite amusement of “ pitch and toss,” and by no means contemptible as a cock-pit.

The aristocrat smiles at the idea of a Howth oyster. I care not for his smiles—no, nor for his sneers either. I write for posterity, and must distribute equal justice to the oyster of the poor man and the oyster of the rich. Howth furnishes peculiarly the poor man’s oyster—six a penny, sometimes nine, according, of course, to the state of the market. Six may be taken as a fair average, and allow me to tell you, Aristos, that with a fresh penny roll, a pennyworth of good Howth natives, pepper included, and a pennyworth of beer, I have seen a poor hard-working fellow dine as heartily, and thank God as fervently, as if he had been set down *vis-a-vis* with your worship to soup, fish, and dessert.

The singularly happy adaptation of the good things of this life to the tastes and resources of the various classes of recipients has often struck me as a powerful evidence of the intention that gradations should be established in human society. To the poor man the oyster of Carlingford would be no treat—too small—too tasteless ; that of Howth suits his palate as it suits his pocket, of a large size, full, fresh flavour, and plenty for the money. I would not advise an epicure to order Howth oysters, nor, indeed, are they to be had in those emporia adapted to the better classes. If he be desirous to taste them, he will find an abundance on the quays of Dublin, when, if he carry with him, as I do, his pocket oyster-knife and pepper-castor, he may whet his appetite very agreeably with a sixpen’orth.

Behold me now in Dublin, very decently lodged at the Carlingford Tavern on Aston’s Quay, a house which I selected not less on account of the name than by reason of its contiguity to the principal oyster-eating establishments of this metropolis. As sixteen hundred and forty of the folio pages of the intended Oyster-bed Commissioners’ Report are to be devoted to a historical view of the oyster-cellars of Dublin from the earliest periods to the present time, I do not intend to go fully into this part of the subject, replete as it is with matter of the highest antiquarian and economic interest. It will be sufficient to observe, that whereas formerly oysters were invariably eaten below the earth’s surface, in subterranean cavities excavated for that express purpose, they are now chiefly consumed in tidy boxes behind the shops, or in genteel first-floor apartments, neatly fitted up, as was very truly put forward in the last session of Parliament by the Right Honourable Mr Forcible Feeble, as an illustration of the rising importance and growing prosperity of Ireland.

What veteran oyster-eater does not remember the cellar of the once celebrated Queen Casey—a cellar that, from its extent and the number buried within its gloomy walls, might better be denominated a catacomb ? No ray of sun-light ever penetrated further than the top of the companion-ladder leading to the den—no besom had ever profaned the dirty floor or the blackened ceiling—no grindstone had

dared to remove the sevenfold rust from the knives and forks of the establishment—

“No Molly mopp’d it with a mop,
Nor brush’d it with a broom.”

Who that has ever seen her can forget the majesty of Queen Casey herself? Most lamentably tussicated, never without one or more “blue eyes,” a piece of adhesive plaster bestriding her Milesian proboscis—her unkempt hair escaping every where from the contamination of a greasy cap—a pair of elephantine legs, terminating in trotters “to match,” a fine specimen, assuredly of the finest peasantry in the universe. But the glories of old are departed—oysters, darkness, and dirt are no longer necessarily associated—the “school-master” has “walked into” the oyster-cellars with a vengeance, and the sceptre of the once paramount Queen Casey is now wielded in turn by half-a-dozen rival potentates of the masculine gender.

Malahide, Carlingford, Lissadell (Co. Sligo), and Burren (Co. Clare), furnish respectively their quota of oysters for consumption in the Dublin market. Of these various sorts, the Malahide alone are exported in any quantity, the land-carriage precluding any extensive exportation of the oysters of the western coasts. Carlingford sends her tribute in boats of from twenty to thirty tons burden, which are moored in the river above Carlisle Bridge, exactly vis-a-vis with the Carlingford Tavern on the one side, and Killeen’s Hotel at the other. At either of these houses the epicure will do well to form his own judgment of this the finest oyster, certainly, in the world; and I would recommend him to decline the assistance of the waiters, and to order in the boatman to open the fish on the spot, receiving them from the hand of the opener, taking care that they be eaten off the *deep* shell, to preserve every drop of the precious liquor so peculiarly their own. It is my firm conviction, that laying an oyster, after being opened, on a dish, no matter for how short a period of time, diminishes materially the piquancy of flavour, and deteriorates the fish. I make it a rule, ac-

cordingly, to eat mine “out of hand” upon all occasions, and recommend a similar procedure to every individual of a delicate gusto in the important business of oyster-eating.*

The Malahide oyster next demands our attention, and the student will find the celebrated “O’Hara Tavern,” French Street, on the south side of the city, the favourite habitat of this noble animal, and the locality where its peculiar excellencies may be best appreciated, cart-loads of individuals arriving daily for no other purpose than that of being submitted to the scientific investigation of successive groups of experimental philosophers, who devote the energies of their active jaws to the analytic investigation of the bivalve crustacea. The “O’Hara Emporium,” so called after the patronymic of its enterprising proprietor, acquired much of its well-earned reputation under the enlightened rule of its former possessor, who rejoiced in the not unusual cognomen of “Smith,” and who has retired, after the honourable fatigues of a well-spent life, with a competent fortune to his marine residence, which is more particularly designated to the eye of the inquisitive traveller, by an inscription upon the gate-posts, in red letters on a black ground, the post to the right displaying the letters **POLDOO**—that to the left giving the final syllable, and the noun which completes the name, thus, —**DYCASTLE**—both posts being read together, announce the stucco residence in the distance as no other than the venerable **CASTLE OF POLDDOODY**. I regret to observe that wealth and good taste are not accompanied, in the case of the excellent proprietor of Poldoody Castle, with sound political principles, and cannot conceal the chagrin with which I beheld him and his amiable consort, familiarly recognised in the oyster world as “Ould Mother Smith,” condescending to patronise, in their *private* ear, the last *select* ball at the Phoenix Park. Really, Smith, you let yourself down sadly!

Admirers of the Atlantic, or green-finned oyster of Burren, will find in the “O’Ryan,” shell-fish tavern, Trinity Street, the choicest selection, the proprietor having devoted his valuable life

* See Dr Kitchener, *Cook’s Oracle*, third edition, page 239, to the same effect.

to the not unworthy aim of being first among those who traffic in the "green fins." I do him no more than justice when I state that, but for his praise-worthy labours in their behalf, many thousands would have lived and died unconscious of the briny excellencies of the bivalves of Burren. If it be a matter of honest pride to a man to have caused two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, what exultation of soul may not be permitted to him who has extended the limits of crustaceous enjoyment—who has given to the world a new oyster, and a new sensation to the epicure!

When I desire a miscellaneous assortment, or oyster medley, as it were, I am accustomed to direct my steps to the "O'Donohoe emporium," in Abbey Street. By the way, all the magnates of the oyster trade boast of patronymies purely Milesian. This has continued to be the case from time immemorial, as we are assured of in the pithy verse which has come down to us from the obscurest antiquity:—

"By Mac and O',
You'll always know
True oyster-men, they say;
But if they lack
Both 'O' and 'Mac,'
False musselmen are they."

One of the clerks in the office of the Oyster-bed Commissioners, a very intelligent gentleman, has directed my attention to the division of labour, which appears to have existed at a very early period, in the shell-fish line—collectors of oysters, mussels, and, we may reasonably infer, of periwinkles and black cockles, being distinct classes of society, as fixed and as unalterable as the castes of the Hindoo; an interesting fact altogether unnoticed, strange to say, by Adam Smith, Malthus, Ricardo, Nassau Balloon Senior, the Edinburgh Reviewers, or Mistress Martineau. An elaborate attempt was made, I must confess, by Counsellor O'Rubbishy to prove that "mussulmen" is the correct reading; and hence he goes on to infer, that the green turban must have been worn at an early period in Ireland by the followers of the Prophet. The disquisition on this interesting subject occupies the third, fifth, and ninth volumes of the *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*; which learned production, I lament to say, was discontinued before the Council-

lor had got farther than the first descent of the Phœnicians upon Mud Island, A.M. 1.

"Mais revenons à nos huitres!"

The north-west coast of Ireland furnishes ample contributions to the shell fish establishments of Dublin, among which the oyster of Lissadell deserves most honourable mention. As Diana to her nymphs, as a haunch to a scrag, and as Hyperion to a Satyr; as a sirloin to a sticking-piece, as all the world to a bit of chalk, so is a luscious Lissadell to the other oysters of the north-west. O'Ryan, to whose patriotic exertions on behalf of the oyster of Burren, we have already paid our humble tribute of respect, is no less distinguished for his anxiety to promote the consumption of Lissadell. His supplies are received daily "by express." A generous rivalry subsists along the great north-western road between her Majesty's mail and the oyster-cart of O'Ryan. A blowing horn notifies to the lieges the safe arrival of both, and both establishments announce, by bills in the windows of their respective offices, the hour when the "sorting" is completed, and the "delivery" going to begin.

In speaking so freely as I have thought fit to do of the illustrious heptarchy of oyster-sellers, who wield the once undivided sceptre of Queen Casey, far be from me the unworthy wish to aggrandize one potentate at the expense of another, or to stimulate our national benefactors to unseemly opposition. I have rather chosen to set in a favourable point of view the bivalve in which each dynasty respectively excels, and to direct the judicious tourist how he may best bestow upon all in turn his undivided attention. For my own part, I prefer to all others in Dublin the ministrations of the O'Hara, Prince of Malahide, the characteristics of whose hospitality are cleanliness and civility. The amateur not ravenously, but appetizingly hungry, directs his impatient steps to a little green door in French Street, either post whereof is decorated with an escutcheon, with two lobsters rampant, and the motto, OYSTERS WITHIN, worthily emblazoned in letters of gold.

A l'intérieur, a marine odour exhales through the little apartment. You may fancy yourself in a bathing

box. Here, were I a physician, my patients should resort for the benefit of sea air, as well as for the generous diet that the place affords. Taking a seat on the raised bench, behind a counter white with continual scrubbing, the judicious epicure grasps the pepper-castor firmly in the right hand, while pats of delicate butter and crisp biscuits are laid before him. If he be as old a customer as I am, there is no occasion to intimate his wish that the fish shall be furnished to his lip from the deep shell. A morning paper is officiously presented to those epicures who like their oysters peppered with a leading article. A glass of fair water, with a thimbleful of Cognac, neat as imported, finishes the repast. Thus having moderately eaten, and as moderately disbursed, the complacent connoisseur departs, like a giant refreshed, to get, as he best can, an appetite for dinner.

The county of Wicklow, through which I took my way to the southern provinces, boasts two gigantic Sugar-loaves, the greater and the less; tit-bits for the hammer of the geologist. Near to these I observed inferior elevations, which, pursuing the sensible nomenclature that prevails in these parts, I conclude to be denominated Nutmeg and Lemon, and have no doubt that rivulets of whiskey-punch meander in the vicinity. Although this county is unfortunately destitute of oysters, it nevertheless enjoys no mean celebrity in the purveyance of several other good things of this life, of which I will make sufficient mention in my forthcoming great gastronomic survey of Ireland. Just now, I only hint for the benefit of the initiated, that mullet, red and grey, of large size and exquisite flavour, abound in the vicinity.

We sleep at Arklow, famous as the nursery of Irish oysters. From hence, as well as from Wexford, the artificial oyster-beds are abundantly supplied with stock, which being furnished by the fishermen at so much per bushel, and laid upon the beds for two or three years, becomes a full-flavoured, well-conditioned oyster, all fat and no fin, instead of remaining at home, all fin and no fat—so manifest are the advantages of travel and a polite education. I have observed, however, that no transplanted oyster ever does or can acquire that perfection of flavour which the native, properly so called, attains.

These, as happens to animals of a higher grade in the social scale, have an intuitive raciness, a mother-wit, as it were, about them, which the epicure fails to discern in the more artificial mollusk. Not an oyster to be had nearer than the town of Wexford, where they enjoy a reputation in the manufacture of oyster-sauce—an equivocal reputation at best, as if nature ever intended that an oyster, good for any thing else, should be smothered in butter and flour, like plebeian tripe, or *sans-culotte* cow-heel. Oysters are cheap here—eightpence to a shilling the long hundred, and have the like attributes with low-priced law, low-priced government, and other first-cost articles. They are not alone cheap, but moreover nasty.

Make my way by an inland route to Limerick—cross the river Shannon at Killaloe. Here Saint Patrick was accustomed to enjoy eel-soup.

“Nine hundred thousand vipers blue
He charm’d with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe,
In soups and second courses,”

where the eels, as if in honour of the Saint, are to this day the best in Ireland. The method of pursuing this fishery by charming the eels with “sweet discourses,” was supposed to have perished with the Saint himself, but has been latterly revived, with wonderful success, by the prime mountebank of the Poldoody Association. The majestic Shannon, like every thing else on the surface of the habitable globe, has become the prey of Commissioners. Hercules in Lydia, Sampson among the Philistines, the Shannon in Commission. I am not, however, disposed to quarrel with this particular Commission, as a few Gilaroo trouts have been captured, and a capital cray-fish discovered by some of the deputy-clerks, apprentice engineers, or seven-and-sixpenny surveyors, who crowd about the banks of the venerable stream, like Cornish choughs tugging at the carcass of a dead racer. Long life to you, Father Shannon—may you majestically flow until the Commissioners have done with you, let who will live to see it!

Limerick is a wonderful place—wonderful in its beggars, more wonderful in its dirt, most wonderful in a column, surmounted by a little squab, pragmatist statue, in a white hat, which a bystander informed me with

a grin was intended to represent the Right Honourable Mr Forcible Feeble, a financial statesman, of whom I had never heard—my good.

The Red Bank Burren oyster furnishes a staple commodity of the Limerick connoisseur, who enjoys it here in rare perfection, although deprived of the “appliances and means to boot” which the metropolis affords—here, the sepulchral cellar still yawns for the adventurous Dando—here, mutton-lights are still stuck in tin sconces round the walls—here, two-pronged forks, dirty napkins, and last week’s mustard it would be unreasonable *not* to expect. The following is a verbatim copy of an announcement regarding a class of men who really deserve better treatment, which I found posted, in good legible type, round the walls of apparently the most extensive oyster emporium in the place, situate in the main street, not far from Moriarty’s hotel:—

“Gentlemen frequenting this establishment are requested not to kick, beat, or otherwise abuse the waiters in attendance, as they have orders to behave with the utmost politeness and attention. Any complaint to the contrary will be attended to and redressed.”

I hope and trust, for the credit of Limerick, that this notification, pointedly indicating a bad state of society, no longer stares the tourist in the face, and that the brutal practices which called it forth have ceased to stigmatize the oyster-eater of Garry-owen—

“That beautiful city called Cork” was long in a deplorable state of wretchedness, the only supply of oysters being that afforded by the fishermen—a supply as precarious as their own existence. The Barry family, to

whom the County Cork is indebted for benefits of less importance, set seriously to work to remove this national degradation, and to a certain extent have succeeded in procuring for the city the benefit of at least a steady supply; nevertheless, after having studied the Cork oyster almost to indigestion, I am unable to make a favourable report of it—size and fatness have been too much considered, flavour too *little*. “What care I for the thews and sinews? give me the flavour, Master Shallow.”—The Oyster-bed Commissioners may, perhaps, arrive at more favourable conclusions. However undistinguished in a crustaceous point of view, Cork is a favourite with me—the natives are frank and friendly,—their welcome is warmer, and the parting squeeze of the hand more emphatic than elsewhere, and I owe them not a few of the happiest days of my life. Let us part fair—

“Farewell to you, Cork, with your pepper-box steeple,

Your whiskey, your oysters, your girls, and your fun.”

Back to the metropolis. The feast of Saint Michael answers to the 9th of August in England, being Oyster-day, a holiday among the oyster folks of the strictest obligation to get drunk. On this memorable day the oyster year is ushered in by a regular jollification—placards are distributed by the importers and owners of the beds, who give *fêtes*, at which “his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant,” as the morning papers inform us, “is expected to attend,” and send their retainers through the city, decorated with ribands, in solemn procession, the strict order of which I am enabled to exhibit, by permission of Oyster King-at-Arms.

Two Oyster-men on foot.

One ditto on horseback.

A Watering-cart, conveying one blind Piper, one ditto Fiddler, playing distinct tunes with might and main.

Two Oyster-men on foot.

One ditto on horseback with a banner.

Oyster-carts according to seniority, each carrying a banner.

Donkey-carts with sweeps—Dustmen, two-and-two.

Mob.

Mob.
Blackguard boys shouting.

Mob.
Blackguard boys shouting.

In approaching the important and difficult topic of the respective merits of the various species of Irish oyster, the crustaceous enquirer is continually reminded that "the action of fancy and taste seems to be affected by causes too various and minute to be enumerated with sufficient completeness for the purposes of philosophical theory. Geometry is the same not only at Athens and London, but in the extremes of Nubia and Samarcand*"—oysters, on the contrary, are dissimilar, not only at Carlingford and Lissadell, but at Clontarf and Malahide; nor can oyster-eaters be reduced to fixed principles of action—Crito likes a mild oyster, mild as old Cheshire—Aristolarchus delights in a briny bivalve—Nokes decides in favour of a luscious Lissadell—the favourite of Stiles, on the contrary, must contain, at the very least, a tablespoonful of the Atlantic ocean; I shall not attempt the impossibility of assigning laws to the caprices of the palates, but proceed to state succinctly the physical characteristics of each species, and as far as an extensive course of eating has informed me, the claims of our several descriptions of oyster to precedence. The natural order, as it appears to me, of treating this subject is, a division into two great genera or classes, the fat or luscious oyster, and the briny or marine. It is in the due admixture of these antagonising flavours that the true perfection of the fish, in my humble opinion, mainly consists.

The Carlingford oyster wants nothing that it should have, and has nothing that it should want—round and rough as a walnut, it opens white, fat, and juicy—neither too large nor too small, and blending with extreme delicacy the racy sharpness of the sea with the milder flavour of the fish—I demand justice for Carlingford.

Appearances are greatly against the oyster of Burren, but for all that, it is vastly better than it looks. The calcareous tegument is of a copperas tint, how imbibed I really know not; a sulphureous smell is emitted on the opening of the oyster, which, if the shell be pierced with the knife, is remarkably pungent; the pearl is tinted of various hues, among which, pink

and green predominate, and the fin or beard of the fish is of an olive green colour. The flavour is most delicious, but more Atlantic than that of the Carlingford, which, to some amateurs, is perfection itself.

Malahide is peculiarly favoured in its contiguity to the metropolis, two hours being sufficient to bring the fish from its native bed to market. Their condition is such as never to disappoint the expectation of the connoisseur, which sometimes happens with the provincial oyster—indeed, that of Malahide is usually sold too fresh, and is in perfection on the second or third day after its removal. Its sole defect is being somewhat oversized; this, however, can be remedied by a careful selection; as to flavour more cannot be said in its behalf than that it has been mistaken for a Carlingford; more could not be said for the oyster of Baiæ, or the Lucrine lake.

Lissadell or Sligo stands at the head of the luscious division—large, white, and fat, of a richness of flavour almost to excess—no oyster suffers more by carriage than this, and none can afford to suffer less. To eat it in perfection, the tourist must visit Sligo—whither I am accustomed to repair for the express purpose once a-year.

I need not say that there are few places round the coast destitute of the rock oyster, whose qualities deserve no particular mention.

As I have no wish to take the bread out of the mouths of the recently appointed Oyster-bed Commissioners, I forbear to go into the particulars of the crab and lobster trade, or to give in five minutes as much information, and more than they will be enabled to collect in two years' time, at a cost to the country of several thousand pounds.

The supply of lobsters to the metropolis is scanty and precarious—the price high, and the quality indifferent—arising altogether from the want of a proper apparatus for capturing the fish, which swarm along the whole western coast—as well as from there being no steady market, or extended consumption of lobsters in Ireland. In the remoter parts of the country they are ludicrously cheap—in Dublin exorbitantly dear.

* See an elaborate review of the poetry of Rogers, by Sir James Mackintosh.

Crabs are sweet, but of small size, never approaching the circumference of a Plymouth or a Cromer—and to conclude our summary, cray-fish are abundant, and periwinkles unknown as an article of commerce.

But, alas! we are neglected, insulted, and contemned. My blood boils when I think of the contumely heaped upon our lovely Lissadell—our “green fins” are devoured with thanklessness, and their very shells ground into powder to fertilize the fields of the Saxon and the stranger—our grievances are not the less grievous, because nobody knows wherein they consist—the condition of our oysters is not less pitiable, in that they maintain a dignified silence on the exciting topic of their wrongs. Apropos to insults, let me rouse the patriotic indignation of every lover of his country by a case exactly in point.

Eating oysters in the Liverpool market one fine morning—not confining myself to any fish in particular—mere desultory eating—my attention was attracted to a tub promising extraordinary excellence. Approaching the vender, I pointed to the reservoir, and with much politeness enquired whence they were imported—“This here in that there tub?” replied the merman—“them there hoysters is a Malahide, and no mistake—*none of your Irish trash!*” Shades of departed Poldoodies, I exclaimed, is it come to this! Was it for this—O Ireland, O my country!—I could have ostracised the muffin-headed oyster-monger; willingly would I have scraped him to death with an oystershell.

The awakened recollection of our wrongs instantaneously directs the mind to methods of redress, and the impartial historian is led, as naturally as pigs squeak, to a recital of the origin, means, and ends of the Poldoody association.

This illustrious body is the fifty-sixth association of the kind within as many years, its predecessors being thrown off in their turn, as regularly as my Lord Mayor’s gown, or last year’s almanack. The subscription has been hitherto only a one-pound note, for which the subscriber was entitled to cry “hear, hear!” three several times within the twelvemonth—that is to say, once at the formation of the society, once at a meeting in February, and the third and last time upon

the dissolution of the concern at the year’s end, when the patriotic subscriber, minus his one-pound note, retired once again into the bosom of his family. What becomes of the one-pound notes so accumulated, none of the victims ever venture to enquire, the impression being general, that such enquiry would certainly lead to exposure, but by no means as certainly to restitution. The Poldoody Association, as its name sufficiently imports, is a last—a final—only one more, once more, and no more after that—an ultimate experiment for the current year; after which a new association, with a new subscription, being also a last experiment, will be organized for the year 1840, or, as the late celebrated Mr Richardson, the puppet-showman, was accustomed to express himself on similar occasions, “the performances just over will immediately begin, and so keep perpetually beginning over and over again, ladies and gentlemen, to the end of the fair.” Justice to Ireland is the *ignis fatuus* they pursue—nobody knows what it is, or where to have it—and as for catching it, you might as well try to lay hands on Spring-heeled Jack, or the Paddington ghost.—So—to use a more becoming illustration—So, when a four-posted bedstead is upon the “go,” and the hammer of the officiating George Robins vibrates menacingly in the air, the timorous bidder is eloquently reminded that he is all done at fifteen and sixpence—no more at fifteen and sixpence—last time at fifteen and six—the eagle’s eye of the bargain-hunter dilates with anticipated possession—when lo!—instead of the emphatic “gone!” confirmed by the more emphatic hammer’s knock, the tantalising auctioneer turns to his attendant functionary with the freezing ejaculation, “Jemmy, pass the lot.”

The subscription to the Association of the current year has been reduced to a quarter of a hundred of oysters, or one shilling sterling, instead of a one-pound note, on the principle of small profits and quick return—not without a hope that the poverty and ignorance of the subscribers may preclude too narrow a scrutiny of the financial department, so that the balance in hand may uninterruptedly find its way where previous balances have found their way before. Two hundred oyster-eaters form a deputa-

tion to eat their way into the heart of Great Britain in the ensuing spring, giving a taste of their quality in the different towns as they go along, for the double purpose of puffing off the great Kerry Oyster, and of denouncing to the English people that "traitor Guinness's" draft and bottled stout.

I am happy in the recollection of being present at the preliminary meeting of the Poldoody Association, having paid a quarter of a hundred of oysters for admission. Raised seats of rough deal, amphitheatrically disposed round the large room of the Oyster Exchange—a long table, covered with inky yellow baize, that had once been green, a few forms, and a high-backed chair, completed the furniture of the apartment. Two or three potato-faced damsels, in gay bonnets and shabby cotton shawls, as also a little girl, occupied the gallery, while liberal partisans, in greasy collars and cuffs, with beards of two days and shirts of a week's standing, came dropping in, one by one, and took their seats, big with a love of oysters and their country. The room was now nearly filled, a general scraping of feet began to testify the impatience of the auditory, as well as occasional cries of "delay of the house!" "up with the rag!" and "give us back our money!" This last manifestation promptly called up a hard-featured, hungry-looking man, the treasurer of the embryo association, who declared, with great emphasis, "that it was contrary to all precedent to return any money on any pretence whatever," and concluded by moving Counsellor Cockle into the chair. A weary pause ensued—the learned chairman employing himself studiously in brushing his hat the wrong way—the treasurer in affecting to mend a pen—the potato-faced damsels in joining noses under their bonnets, and the little girl in falling fast asleep. Something or somebody was evidently wanting—scraping of feet, whistling, and under-growling recommenced, while several of the liberals put on their gossamers, with an expression of their fears that the meeting was "no go." In this anticipation they were happily disappointed—a bustle at the door announced the entrance of a person of importance, who was speedily identified by the hard-featured treasurer calling out, enthusi-

astically, "now, gentlemen, if you please, hallo for Dan!" When the cheering had subsided, the burly personage thus distinguished settled the wig on his occiput by a couple of lateral twitches, folded his arms like a fish-fag preparing for battle, leered upon the potato-faced damsels in the gallery, and, in a mellifluous Kerry brogue delivered himself exactly as follows:—"Boys, here I am—(cries of 'there you are sure enough,' with 'more power to your elbow')—I am here to establish the Poldoody Association—(cheers)—I do establish it—(cheers)—it is established. (Long-continued cheering.) Down then, every mother's son, with his shilling. (Cries of 'make it tenpence!') No, I will not make it tenpence—I will go the whole hog. (Hurra! and a cry of 'go it, Dan!')

'Hereditary bondsmen, know you not Who would be free—themselves must'—I believe you know the rest. (A voice, 'strike the blow!') You have hit it. (Cheers.) I confess I am no longer a Repealer. (Hurra!) I demand three cheers for our mild and paternal administration. (Hurra, hurra, hurra—a—a!) Honestly, I hope for nothing from the Whigs—I am a Repealer in my heart—(hurra!)—join with me, then, heart and voice, in three hearty groans for the beastly Whigs. (Agh—Aagh—A—g—h!) One groan more. (Ba—a—a—h!) One cheer more. (Hurra—a—a—a!) A groan and a cheer both together. (Bah—hurra—bah—whew!) The Tithe Bill is a greater tyranny than ever was imposed upon Greek slaves by a Turkish House of Commons. (A voice, 'you voted for it.') Never you mind that, nabocklish! (Cheers.) The appropriation clause was the brains of the bill, and they knocked the brains out. (The same voice, 'you advised that yourself.') Silence, sir; I denounce you as an enemy to Ireland. (Awful yells, with cries of 'throw him over,' 'Lifey him,' and 'hit him on the head.') The north is against us—(yelling)—the Northern Star is against us—(groans, and a cry of 'put it out')—Carlingford is against us—(war-whoop.) [Here an oyster-man, with a strong northern accent, got up and said that Carlingford and the north had something else to do than lend themselves to a humbug agitation.] (Tremendous uproar.)

You are too far north for me. (Roars of laughter.) I'll tell you what, my boy, you shall have a plenary indulgence if you'll join us. (Cries of 'you need it yourself,' and a cheer for 'dirty Dens.') There are sixteen different pairs of grievances inflicted upon Ireland by the brutal English faction, besides an odd one; firstly—('Cut it short.') [Here the speaker was interrupted by a meagre oyster-man from the county of Down, who modestly suggested that a week should be allowed them for consideration of the Society's prospectus.] (Horrible uproar, with cries of 'traitor,' 'spy,' and 'go to Manchester.') Ay, let him go to Jericho. ('Hear him.') No; I am against hearing him—he can do us no good (cries of 'pitch into him!'); he only wants to save his shilling. (Laughter.) I say, my old cock of the north, down with your lily-white *hoy*. (Roars of laughter.) Oh! you see very well he hasn't got one.' (Shrieks of laughter, with a cry of "three groans for Scrub.")

Not being able to discover wherein the interests of the country in general, or of the oyster trade in particular, were to profit by the above faithfully-reported Demosthenic display, I ventured timidly to ejaculate "Question, question," whereupon arose a tempest of horrific yells, under cover of which I received a friendly hint from the ugly treasurer to "mug off," an invitation he had no occasion to repeat. I was speedily clear of the frowzy Pandemonium, and amused myself endeavouring to recollect, as I walked along the street, whether history furnished another example of a jesting buffoon playing off his antics—not before a profligate king, or the minions of a profligate court, but openly and daringly, in the face of an acute and vigorous-minded nation, on whose bounty he chooses to depend for his daily bread.

"Mais, revenons encore à nos huîtres!"

With how many pleasing associa-

tions do not our awakened remembrances invest this noble animal. An oyster, sir, is one of the elements of social existence, a delicacy of no age, sex, or condition, but patent to the universal family of man. Your Jew abhors not an oyster, neither does your Mussulman throw it over his left shoulder; good in a scallop, better in a stew, best of all in the shell—good in pickle, in curry, in sauce—good at luncheon, before dinner, at supper—good to entertain a friend, good to eat by yourself—good when you are hungry, good, moreover, when you are not.

"Happy the man who, void of care and strife,

In silken or in leathern purse contains
A splendid shilling—he ne'er hears with pain

Fresh oysters cried."

So sung the amiable Phillips, who divided his affections between the oyster and the human race. The poor man eats oysters at a stall—you and I at our favourite tavern—the peer in his "salle à manger." In lodgings, in chambers, in barracks, in the public office, in the editor's room, the student, lawyer, soldier, secretary, and gentleman of the press recruits his exhausted spirits with an oyster—the emaciated valetudinarian thanks his kind doctor for permission to taste the nutritive and grateful food—the jaded actress, in an interval of her weary toil, despatches the prompter's boy with a sixpence, and derives the life and energy of her closing act from the refreshing stimulus of an oyster.

Dando himself has declared—but hark, do I not hear the blowing horn of O'Ryan? It must be so—a fresh express arrived—waiter, my hat and pepper-box—quick, quick—gentle and oyster-loving reader, I bid you—

If the urgency of the moment had admitted, we presume our correspondent meant to add "an affectionate adieu."

C. N.

THE CORN LAWS.

THE high price of grain, originating in the cold and wet summer which has just been concluded, has invested the subject of the Corn Laws with a new and unprecedented interest. Ever since the great constitutional change of 1832, more than average seasons had rewarded the labours of the husbandmen, and averted the much dreaded evils of scarcity or famine. The summers from 1832 to 1836 were beyond all precedent fine, insomuch, that in the year 1835, the price of grain fell, on an average for the whole year, to thirty-nine shillings and fourpence a quarter; considerably lower than it had been for two hundred years preceding; and although the crop of 1837 was somewhat under an average, yet the average price of that year was fifty-five shillings and tenpence. To all practical purposes, therefore, the continuance of the Corn Laws has been, since the passing of the Reform Bill, a matter of no importance whatever; the produce of the British islands during that period having been fully equal for the maintenance of its numerous inhabitants, and the prices so low, that, keeping in view the certain advance that would have taken place in the markets of the Baltic if the British ports had been entirely thrown open, hardly any importation whatever would have taken place from the continental states into this country. And the experience of these years further demonstrates the gratifying fact, that, without the assistance of any foreign nations whatever, the farmers of the United Kingdom are able to provide ample food for the maintenance of its own inhabitants, and in such abundance, as to have rendered the average price of grain for the five years preceding 1838 about forty-eight shillings a quarter only, being a lower rate than the average of any five preceding years since the time of Charles I.

The cold winter of 1837-8, and the extraordinary rains of the summer of 1838, however, both of which, it is believed, were unprecedented in the memory of the oldest man living, have materially altered the rate of prices, and, in consequence, put the Radicals in possession of the most formidable

weapon that exists for moving the passions of the people. Partly under the effect of the lateness and scantiness of the harvest, produced by these extraordinary rains, the prices rapidly rose during last August and September, until they reached the point when, under the existing Corn Law, foreign grain was admitted at a nominal duty of one shilling a quarter, in consequence of which, an immense quantity of subsistence, lying in bond in the different harbours of the kingdom, was immediately let loose into the country, and, together with the fine weather in England for the last fortnight in September, and in Scotland for the first fortnight of October, have again lowered the average price of wheat to the moderate amount of sixty-two shillings a quarter. The apprehensions recently entertained, therefore, of scarcity and high prices, may be considered as in a great degree dispelled, and with them the pressure which it was expected would have been brought to bear next winter upon the landed interest. But still the question of the Corn Laws has been every where mooted, and in many places made the subject of fierce invective against the Constitutional party; and it cannot be doubted, that in the next session of Parliament the force of the Revolutionists will be in a great degree concentrated on the attack of that branch of our institutions. Be they right, or be they wrong, it must be obvious to every one, that they are of the highest importance, and that all parties are alike interested in their correct and dispassionate investigation; the agriculturists from their vital interest in the produce of the soil; the manufacturers from their no less essential dependence on the disposal of their labour.

It is obvious, at first sight, that it is for the interest, politically speaking, of the supporters of the Reform Bill, that, in this great debate, the manufacturing classes, who now so fiercely raise the cry for a total repeal of the Corn Laws, should, for a considerable time at least, be unsuccessful. That any change in the Corn Laws, particularly the Radical one for which they contend, is a matter of the highest importance, no one can doubt; and of

their sense of this, they have afforded decisive evidence by the violent clamour they have raised, or attempted to raise, on the subject in the manufacturing districts during the last few months. That it is a subject involved in much obscurity, and on which the ablest statesmen and political economists have long differed, is matter of universal notoriety. That it is a subject on which the great bulk, both of the Commons and Lords, are adverse to any change is proved both by the large majorities of each house who have thrown out any measure for any alteration since the Reform Act passed, and the general quiescence which has prevailed on the subject until the recent rise of prices rendered it an agitating subject to the working classes. If, then, a branch of our institutions, framed with so much care—fortified by such arguments—supported by such interests, is at once to give way, not before the accumulated weight of intellect developed among the intelligent by years of discussion, but before the fierce passion roused among the populace by months of privation, it will afford an argument against the recent change in the constitution more powerful than was ever broached during the heat of the contest by its worst enemies. How, in the words of the Duke of Wellington's famous question, is the Queen's Government to be carried on under the Reform Bill, if a branch of our laws, on which, till the pressure began, both houses of Parliament were, by large majorities, decidedly adverse to any change, is at once to give way before a fierce war-cry raised among the masses of the community? And what security have we that any part of our institutions will stand the shock of adverse fortune, if one of the most important of them—that with which the great interests of national subsistence and national independence are wound up, is swept away, not by the progressive accumulation of national thought in periods of calm consideration, but by the vehement outcry or imaginary terrors occasioned by the first rainy season which occurred after the passing of the Reform Bill?

The Radicals, however, will probably care very little for the discredit which such a precipitate convulsion would bring upon their favourite measure of Reform, provided they succeed

in the substantial objects of agitating the masses, and inspiring terror in the holders of property. They no longer support "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." *Maxima Charta* has already run its course; six years have done for it what six hundred years had not done for the Charter of Runnymede. Discarding altogether the ladder on which they climbed up to power, rivalling the most furious Tories in the invectives which they pour out upon the Reform Bill; denouncing their condition, under the tyranny of the middle classes, as far worse than it was under the Borough-mongers, the Radicals now openly clamour for the objects which we all along maintained they alone had at heart during the Reform mania; they publicly admit that not participation in, but exclusive possession of, supreme power, is the object of their desire, and that unless they immediately get Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, all that they have hitherto obtained is a mere mockery and an aggravation of their sufferings. The people's charter is the best commentary on the objects and the effects of the Reform Bill.

The argument which is constantly maintained against the Corn Laws is shortly as follows.

Wheat, it is said, can be raised in Poland at from twenty-one to twenty-five shillings a quarter, and it may be laid down at any time at any harbour in Great Britain at from twenty-five to thirty shillings. If, then, the harbours were permanently opened we should obtain provisions at little more than half the price which we at present pay for them. The advantages of such a change would be incalculable; every poor man would find himself suddenly in possession of double his income. The large surplus which would remain at the disposal of all classes, after providing for their necessary wants, would immensely increase their general comfort, and proportionally augment the quantity of the luxuries and conveniences of life they would be enabled to purchase. The home market for our manufacturers would thus increase with the prosperity of all the industrious classes. The foreign vent for our manufacturing industry would be equally extended by the vast impulse which would be

given to foreign agriculture by the increased demand for its productions in this country, and the increased wealth which our extensive purchases of their produce would diffuse through foreign states. The agricultural classes, or labourers, who might be thrown out of employment in the British islands, in the first instance, would speedily find a more profitable occupation for themselves and their families by engaging in the manufacturing establishments, to whom this auspicious change would communicate an unheard-of degree of activity and extension. All classes will in the end be benefited who really deserve encouragement—few, even for a time, injured in the disposal of their industry. None, in the long run, will suffer but the selfish aristocrats who have hitherto saved themselves from insolvency by levying an enormous tax upon the other classes of the community.

If any considerable proportion even of the considerations thus urged in favour of a radical change of the Corn Laws were well founded, we should be the last to contend for the maintenance of the existing order of things. But it is just because we are convinced that *none* of these effects will take place, but the very reverse ensue; and that the interests of all classes will suffer, and of none more than the manufacturers themselves, while the national independence will be irrevocably destroyed, and the means of maintaining our maritime superiority and foreign exports finally extinguished, that we so strenuously contend against an innovation fraught with such disastrous consequences.

Is it, then, really certain that an unrestricted importation of foreign grain would, in the long run, lower the money price of provisions to the British labourers? We apprehend it is extremely doubtful whether it would have this effect after the lapse of a certain number of years. Nay, we have little doubt that the result in the end would be that the price of subsistence would be *raised* to the British consumer. It may safely be conceded that, in the *first instance*, the abolition of the Corn Laws would occasion a considerable fall in the price of British grain, because it would bring into competition with the British farmer an extensive class of producers who raise

their farm produce on richer soils, under finer climates, or with cheaper labour. But would this effect be permanent? Would the price of grain, at the end of five or seven years, remain at the low standard to which it had been reduced by the sudden influx of foreign competition? Nothing can be clearer than that it would not. The depression of price would immediately throw a large portion of British arable land out of tillage; the higher or inferior soils would cease to be cultivated, because they could not be cultivated for a profit; and heath or broom would resume their dominion over a large part of the now cultivated tracts in England. This effect would be inevitable; for although, in the end, rent and wages might be forced down by necessity to the lower level induced through the change of prices, yet we know by experience that this would only be the case after a protracted course of suffering on the part of both the agricultural labourers and farmers, and after the destruction of a large part of the capital now employed in the cultivation of the soil. In the interim, as the prices the farmer received for his grain and other produce had generally fallen, while his rent and expense of culture had undergone little or no diminution, he would be unable to continue his expenditure on the less productive soils, and be compelled to concentrate his efforts upon those to which nature has been most bountiful.

What, then, would be gained by such a change but an alteration in the class and the nation by whom our subsistence was to be furnished? The home-growers would be depressed as much as the foreign growers would be encouraged in their operations. The market would not in the end overflow; it would only be competently supplied, and depend in part on foreign instead of domestic industry. If Poland and Russia produce more for the British manufacturers, Great Britain and Ireland would produce less. Farming, to the extent of perhaps three millions of quarters annually, would be destroyed in the British isles, and farming to a similar extent would be called into existence on the banks of the Vistula or the Dnieper. But there could not be any permanent increase of the supply over the demand. Foreign competition would do for British agriculture what British

manufactures would do, and have often done, when so admitted, to foreign manufacturing industry, viz., produce a total destruction of a large part of the deluged branch of industry. We might, according to Mr Canning's hyperbole, by so doing call a new world into existence to correct the balance of the old; but would we not, in the perilous attempt, submerge, as he has done, the one continent, in proportion as we elevated the other?

The fundamental error of the opponents of the Corn Laws on this point is, that they suppose two things to continue which can never co-exist in the same country, or even in the same district of country, viz., *permanently reduced prices, and a permanently overflowing supply*. Common sense as well as universal experience, demonstrate that no such result can permanently take place. It may ensue, and often does ensue for a time, but such a state of things never has been, and never can be, lasting. The manufacturing classes are well aware of this on their own side of the question. Give us, they invariably say, a free importation, and we will, by the superior greatness of our manufactures, extinguish the production of every competing state. The main ground of their numerous and at present well-founded complaints against the British Government is, that they have neglected to stipulate for the advantage of importation at moderate duties with the other countries with whom we have concluded reciprocity treaties. Yet, strange to say, they do not see, or affect not to see, that a similar result must ensue from the unrestricted importation of foreign grain into the British harbours, and that the same necessity which would compel the one half of the iron-masters of France to blow out their furnaces, if the hardware goods of Birmingham and Carron were admitted duty-free into the French harbours, must compel the British farmer to consign a large part of his fields to the heath-fowl and the plover, if Polish grain is admitted duty-free to the British harbours.

Holding it, then, as clear that the necessary effect of the repeal of the Corn Laws would be a great increase of foreign, and a great diminution of British agriculture, the question is, would such a state of things afford any guarantee for a considerable or

permanent reduction in the price of the necessaries of life to the working classes of Great Britain? Nothing seems clearer than that such an expectation would prove altogether illusory. The impetus given to foreign agriculture would immediately and considerably raise the price of foreign grain, while the same causes would in the same proportion lower that of British. Polish wheat would rise from twenty-five shillings a quarter to thirty-five or forty; British would fall from fifty-five to forty-five or forty. But would this effect continue when the produce of British agriculture, yielding to the effect of a competition which it could not withstand, was rapidly and progressively diminishing? It clearly would not. The foreign grower would gradually beat down the British, and get the monopoly of the British market into his own hands. The moment this auspicious state of things arrived, the competition being practically at an end, prices would gradually rise again; the foreign grower, finding himself relieved from the competition with the British one, would at once raise his prices. The banks of the Elbe and the Vistula would wave with abundant and luxuriant harvests, while those of the Thames, the Mersey, and the Clyde, would in great part be restored to the wilderness of nature; but it is by no means clear that the operative of Manchester or Glasgow would eat his bread cheaper, because he had practically come to depend upon the wheat-growers of Poland instead of those of his own country.

Instances of the practical working of this principle are of every day's occurrence in the neighbourhood of every great town. If some essential article of consumption, such as coal, is raised in its immediate vicinity, as is the case in Birmingham, Newcastle, or Glasgow, and by the opening of a railway or canal, the same article is suddenly thrown into it in vast quantities from a more remote mineral district, where the cost of production is not a third of what it is in the crowded avenues to the city, the ultimate effect is, not that both parties continue their operations, and the citizens obtain the undiminished benefit of their continued competition, but that, after a short and severe struggle, *one or other is driven out of the field*. The party who can

produce the article cheapest in the end prevails, and the moment that he finds himself relieved from the pressure of his antagonist, he immediately raises the price upon the now defenceless consumer. Numerous have been the instances in which similar distant competition has been introduced by the steam communication of late years, in the supply of great cities with the staple articles of their consumption, and a great reduction of price has often, in the first instance, been the consequence; but no permanent alteration in the price of these articles has taken place. Eggs, poultry, and vegetables are brought in profusion to the Glasgow market, by the steam-boats from Ireland and the Highlands; but these articles are just as dear in the Glasgow market now as they were before steam-power was applied to the purposes of navigation. The small farmers of Renfrewshire and Lanarkshire have been as much depressed by the change as those of Ireland and Argyshire have been benefited. And it has been proved, in one memorable instance, running through a course of centuries, that a great people derive no permanent benefit in the form of a reduction of the prices of the necessities of life, by a free importation of grain from distant states. By the extension of their power over all the nations adjoining the Mediterranean, as well as by the incessant clamours of the Roman populace for cheap bread, the Roman Government was early obliged to admit a free importation of grain from Sicily, Lybia, and Egypt, the great granaries of mankind in ancient times. And what was the result? Exactly what we contend would ensue from the application of a similar principle to the British islands. The Italian cultivation was destroyed as much as the African or Egyptian was increased; the price of grain underwent no diminution to the Roman populace, but was fully higher, on an average, than it has been in England for the last ten years, while the small arable farms of Italy, the nursery of the legions, were absorbed in great sweeps of pasture; the race of independent cultivators was destroyed; the strength of the vitals of the state was consumed; and at length the independence of the central provinces of the empire was destroyed, and the Mistress of the World,

as Gibbon has remarked, came to depend for her subsistence upon the floods of the Nile.

But suppose this effect not to take place: suppose that, in consequence of the unrestricted admission of foreign grain, the price of subsistence is permanently lowered to the British consumer, we deny that any benefit whatever would in the end accrue to the working classes of Great Britain. If, indeed, they could succeed in maintaining their money-wages at their present level, they would be very great gainers indeed by the change; although the withering effect of the destruction of the agricultural classes would, in the end, come to react on this temporary prosperity of the manufacturing classes. But could the manufacturing operatives, or any class of labourers, keep their money-wages up at their present level, if a permanent reduction in the price of the necessities of life had taken place? Nothing is clearer than that they could not. The money-rate of wages, wholly independent of the price of provisions from year to year, is entirely regulated by it, other things being equal, from ten years to ten years. If by the free importation of foreign grain the money price of it is reduced one-half, the ultimate result will be, that wages will fall one-half also. It is impossible it can be otherwise; for even if the reduction did not ensue from any other cause, it would inevitably be brought about by the great impulse given to population, and consequent multiplication of labourers, under the influence of undiminished money-wages and augmented ease of circumstances, and an increased durable fall in the price of the necessities of life.

Past history and present experience alike concur in demonstrating this important fact. In the time of the Norman Conquest the price of wheat was from three shillings and sixpence to five shillings a quarter: but nevertheless the labourers had not half the command of the necessities and conveniences of life they have now, for the money-wages of labour were a halfpenny a-day during the remainder of the year, and a penny in harvest. Provisions are incomparably cheaper in Poland and in Russia than in this country; but are the Polish or Russian peasants half as comfortably fed,

lodged, or clothed, as the corresponding classes in this country? Every one knows that, so far from being so, or obtaining any benefit whatever from the cheap price of provisions in their own country, they are, in truth, the most miserable labourers in Europe, and feed upon miserable rye-bread, in the midst of the splendid wheat crops which they raise for the more opulent consumers in this country. In the southern provinces of Russia, wheat is often only ten shillings a quarter, from the total want of any market. But what is the consequence? Why, that wages are so low that the Cossack horseman gets only eight shillings and sixpence a-year of pay from Government. Wheat and provisions of all sorts are much cheaper in Ireland than in Great Britain; but, nevertheless, the Irish labourers do not enjoy one-half of the comforts or necessities of life which fall to the lot of their brethren on this side of the Channel. Provisions of all sorts are extravagantly dear in all parts of America, Canada, and Australia; but, high as they are, the wages of labour, from the rapid growth of these colonies, are still higher, and the condition of the labouring classes is beyond all precedent prosperous and comfortable. The mere necessities of life are sold almost for nothing in Hindostan and China, but, so far from obtaining any benefit from that low rate of prices, the labouring classes are so poor as to taste hardly any thing but rice and water; and wages are so low, seldom exceeding twopence a-day, that every sea-boy, foot-soldier, and horseman, has two, and every native three attendants to wait upon his person. Examples of this sort prove how extremely ill-founded is the common opinion, that permanent low prices must necessarily produce comfort to the working classes, and tend to show that Mr Smith was much nearer the mark when he said, "High prices and plenty are prosperity, low prices and want are misery."

So much habituated are ordinary observers, however, to consider low prices as the invariable concomitant of prosperity, and so true is it that for a season, or even a course of seasons, which are particularly fine, the working classes obtain the full benefit of the reduction of prices, that there is no one proposition in political economy

which will be more readily conceded by the well-informed, and more obstinately resisted by the ordinary mass of observers. And the difficulty of acquiring just views on this subject is much increased by the fact, that,—though the money-wages of labour in the long run necessarily sink with the fall in the price of provisions, and, consequently, the well-being of the population in the end has no connexion with the money price of provisions,—yet the *density* of the population, and the *capacity of the state* to maintain in comfort an increase of inhabitants, are in a great degree dependent upon the fertility of the soil, and the money-price at which provisions can be obtained for the people. Other things being equal, unquestionably the plain of Lombardy, or the provinces of Brabant, will be more populous than the sands of Bourdeaux, or the heaths of Old Castile. But, without disputing that the capacity of the soil to yield an increase of subsistence is the most important element in considering the means of future increase which are afforded to the people, there is nothing more certain than that such capability is no test whatever either of their present or future prosperity. No further proof of this is necessary than is afforded by the Irish Catholics swarming in rags and poverty in one of the richest and most abundant soils in Europe, while the Scotch peasantry are living in comparative affluence and comfort on the churlish soil, and under the clouded skies, of Caledonia.

As little is there any foundation for the opinion which commonly passes as an axiom incapable of dispute with the opponents of the Corn Laws, that a free trade in grain with the Continent would immensely extend the market that would be opened for our manufactures in the states benefited by our purchases of grain. For, in the first place, what security have we that these great grain countries, particularly Russia, Poland, and Prussia, which are at this moment entirely subject to the influence of the Czar, will ever make any concessions in return for the favour of their produce? All past experience demonstrates that they will gladly accept any relaxation on our part in favour of their agriculture, but as strenuously resist any relaxation on their part in favour of our

manufactures. Their *reciprocity* is all on one side. They will thankfully take every thing, but give nothing. We admit this is unreasonable—absurd—and, in the end, impolitic. We only assert it as a fact, and we must deal with mankind as they are, not risk hazardous innovations upon speculations of what they *should* be.

We abandoned our navigation laws in order to conciliate Prussia, and she immediately met us with the Prusso-Germanic league, which arrayed five-and-twenty millions of Germans in a hostile commercial combination against this country, and practically loaded all British manufactures, through the whole extent of their territories, with an *ad valorem* duty of fifty per cent. We equalised the duties on French and Portuguese wines in the hope that the Cabinet of the Tuileries would make a similar concession in favour of the manufactures of this country; but we have looked in vain for any reduction of the French duties on British iron or cotton goods. We concluded a reciprocity treaty in 1826 with Sweden and Norway, as usual all on one side; and hardly a year has since elapsed which has not been marked with a fresh imposition of duties on British goods and manufactures in the Scandinavian harbours. We have taken Belgium and Portugal under our peculiar protection as revolutionary states, and, in fact, solely propped up their existence during the last seven years; and, in return, they have loaded our manufactures with such progressively increasing duties, that the British exports to both these countries are now L.500,000 a-year less than they were prior to 1830, when our revolutionary protection commenced. These facts demonstrate on how precarious a footing any hopes are rested of our obtaining any concessions in favour of British manufactures from any relaxation, how important soever on our part, on foreign agricultural industry, and how obstinately other nations cling to the system of prohibitory protections to their own manufactures, notwithstanding the most unreserved advances on our part to a more liberal system of commercial policy.

But even if it were otherwise, and we possessed a perfect security that by abolishing the duties on foreign corn,

we should succeed in obtaining a free importation for our goods into the northern states, we positively deny—and here is the vital point of the argument—that such extension of the foreign market would, upon the whole, afford any benefit to the British manufacturers. No one, indeed, can for an instant doubt that if our manufacturers could *retain the home market for their produce* at its present level, and at the same time obtain, by the free importation of foreign grain, a proportional extension of the foreign market for their produce in the great grain states of the Continent, they would be very great gainers indeed by the change. But would they be able to do this? And would not the transference of our orders for grain from domestic to foreign agriculturists necessarily induce as great a diminution in the *home market* for our manufactures as it occasioned an increase in the foreign? That is the vital point of the case; but, nevertheless, it is continually overlooked by the opponents of the Corn Laws, who uniformly hold out an extension of the foreign sale for our manufactures, upon the whole, as a necessary and immediate result of the abolition of our duties on foreign grain, wilfully shutting their eyes to the simultaneous and equal decline of the home market. But is it not as clear as any proposition in arithmetic, that the quantity required for the wants of our people remaining the same, no advantage could possibly accrue to our manufacturers by transferring their encouragement to agriculture from the home market to foreign states? If, in consequence of living in great part on Polish grain, the Polish landholders and cultivators are so much enriched as to be able to purchase a greater quantity of our manufactures, it is quite clear that the British farmers, who at present exclusively supply the home market, would be impoverished to the same extent, and that what is gained at the one end would be lost at the other. If the grain at present consumed by the inhabitants of the United Kingdom is five-and-twenty millions of quarters, all raised by the home growers, which is, probably, not far from the mark, and, in consequence of the abolition of the Corn Laws, five millions of these quarters were to come to be habitually provided for us by foreign states, the

market for our manufactures would in no degree be extended. British agriculture would produce five millions of quarters less, and Polish agriculture five millions of quarters more; but still the supply of five-and-twenty millions of quarters would remain the same, and the extension of our foreign exports, by the creation of five millions of quarters of new foreign grain, would be exactly compensated by the contraction of the home market for five millions of quarters previously in the course of annual production in the British Islands.

But, in truth, this is putting the argument a great deal too favourably for the anti-Corn Law party; for nothing can be clearer than that, by such a transfer of agriculture from the British islands to the shores of the Vistula, the possible, or perhaps probable extension of the market for our manufactures, by the increased wealth thrown into foreign states, would bear no sort of proportion to the certain diminution of the home market from the depression of our agriculture. Mr Smith has long ago stated, that the most profitable trade for every state is that which is carried on between the town and the country, and that the home market for our manufactures is worth all foreign markets put together. It is a much more profitable thing to have a good market in our next-door neighbour than in a distant state. The habits of our own people are formed to the consumption of our own manufactures in the first instance, and the purchase of foreign luxuries only in the second. In foreign coun-

tries the case is the reverse: their principal consumption is of their own articles of luxury. A much larger proportion of the wealth derived from the sale of their produce will be employed in the purchase of our manufactures if they are fed by their own farmers than if they are fed by those of foreign states. If ten millions' worth of Baltic grain is purchased for the supply of the British market, a considerable part of it will, no doubt, return to our operatives in the shape of an extended demand for British manufactures. But a much larger proportion of the same sum will take that profitable direction, if it is laid out in the purchase of grain raised in Great Britain and Ireland. The reason is obvious. British manufactures are a necessary to the British farmers and cultivators. But to the foreign landholders or cultivators great part of our manufactures are unknown luxuries. A large portion of the agricultural wealth on the Continent will be spent on *Continental* luxuries, and a comparatively small proportion will be directed towards the purchase of articles manufactured in the British Islands.

Further, it appears, from the most correct calculations which have recently been made, that the total amount of agricultural produce annually raised in Great Britain and Ireland, is two hundred and forty-six millions sterling; and the total amount of its manufactures annually reared is only one hundred and forty-eight millions.* This fact demonstrates, in the most striking manner, both how much

* Estimate of the Value of Produce and Property annually raised in Great Britain and Ireland, by the Combination of Capital with all animate and inanimate power.*

AGRICULTURE.

Grain of all sorts,	L. 86,700,000
Hay, grass, field turnips, vetches, &c.	113,000,000
Potatoes,	19,000,000
Gardens, orchards, and nurseries,	3,800,000
Timber cut down, hops, seeds, &c.	2,600,000
Cheese, butter, eggs, &c.	6,000,000
Manure and labour in rearing cattle,	3,500,000
Hemp and wool, labour included,	12,000,000

L. 246,600,000

(Note continued on next page.)

superior the agricultural interest in the state still is to the manufacturing, notwithstanding the enormous increase of manufactures of all sorts of late years, and also the essential injury which would be inflicted upon our manufacturers themselves, if, by a change of policy injurious to our own agriculturists, any serious diminution were to take place in the home market for our manufactures; for it appears, from the Parliamentary returns, that the total export of British manufactures, on an average of three years, ending

in 1837, two of which were the most prosperous that ever were known, was about L.48,500,000, the numbers being as stated below.*

Considerably more than two-thirds, therefore, of our whole manufactures are raised for the supply of the home market; and of the total wealth of the British islands, which amounts at present to above five hundred millions a year, hardly a twelfth part is produced by the manufactures for the export sales, the numbers being as follows:—

Total property annually produced,	L.514,000,000
Declared value of manufactures exported, on average of last three years,	48,500,000†

It is quite clear, therefore, that, notwithstanding the high-sounding representations which they make of their immense importance to the national wealth, and the vast masses of wealth which they exhibit in particular districts, the manufactures for the export sales hardly produce a twelfth part of the annual income derived from the industry of the nation, and will bear no proportion, either in point of magnitude or importance, either to the agriculturists or the manufacturers for the home market. The former produce at least five times, the latter about double, the wealth annually cre-

ated by the manufacturers for the export sales. Nothing, therefore, could be so impolitic, nay, so absolutely insane, as to adopt any measure calculated to injure the interests of a class producing nine-tenths of the national wealth for the sake of one producing only one-tenth.

The same conclusions are derivable from the survey of the different employments of our population. It appears from the Population Returns of 1821 that the total number of families employed in manufactures, agriculture, and neutral employment stood as follows:—

Families employed in Agriculture.		Manufactures.	Neutral.
In England,	773,000	1,118,000	454,000
In Wales,	74,000	41,000	31,000
In Scotland,	131,000	190,000	127,000
In Ireland,	220,000	232,000	106,000
	1,198,000	1,581,000	718,000

MANUFACTURES.

Cotton,	L.31,000,000
Silk,	8,000,000
Woollen,	16,250,000
Linen,	11,000,000
Leather,	15,000,000
Hardware,	17,300,000
China, glass, pottery, &c.	5,900,000
Jewellery, plate, &c.	3,400,000
Paper, furniture, colours, printing and book apparatus, &c.	9,000,000
Miscellaneous,	31,200,000
	L.148,050,000

* Declared value of British and Irish Produce and Manufactures exported, 1835, L.47,372,000; 1836, L.53,368,000; 1837, L.47,262,000.

† Pebrer's Statistical Tables, p. 350.

The families employed in manufactures, therefore, are upwards of 300,000 less than those employed in agriculture, or who gain their subsistence in other ways. Keeping in view that the produce of British agriculture is, in round numbers, two hundred and fifty millions sterling, while that of British manufactures is only one hundred and fifty, and that of the latter branch not more than fifty millions is raised for the export sale, it may reasonably be presumed that of the neu-

tral class the dependence on agriculture and home manufactures will be divided from the dependence on foreign manufactures nearly in the same proportion; in other words, not more than a twelfth part of the neutral class can be considered as dependent upon foreign manufactures; and the numbers of the people may be arranged, according to the interests in the state on which they depend, nearly as follows:—

Families dependent on	
Agriculture, . . .	1,198,000
Manufactures for home consumption (2-3ds of 1,581,000), . . .	1,054,000
Neutral class dependent on agriculture and home manufactures (11-12ths of 718,000), . . .	657,350
	2,909,350

Families dependent on	
Manufactures for foreign market (1-3d of 1,581,000), . . .	527,000
Neutral class dependent on foreign manufactures (1-12th of 718,000), . . .	59,750
	586,750

In other words, all the families dependent upon our foreign manufactures are not a *fifth-part of those dependent upon the agriculture and home manufactures* of the kingdom; and even adding to the latter class the whole of those employed in the foreign trade connected with our export manufactures, it may safely be concluded that the population employed in agriculture and the home trade, and the branches of industry dependent on them, is at least six times as numerous as those engaged in the manufactures for the foreign markets and the employments connected with that branch of industry.

Further, when the working-classes are so exceedingly willing to impose upon the British farmers the burden of unrestrained foreign competition, are they equally ready to give them the benefit of a similar burden of restrictions existing in favour of their own industry? They are not. Their reciprocity, like that of the modern Liberals, is all on the one side. We hear a great deal of the necessity and expedience of allowing Polish wheat to come in duty-free to the British harbours; but we do hear nothing from these gentlemen of the propriety of admitting French silks, Swiss chintzes, Silesian calicoes, or Saxon cloths, on the same terms to the Bri-

tish market. Yet it is evident that the British manufacturers are much better able to withstand a free importation with foreigners than the British cultivators; for in capital and machinery England is far in advance of any other country in the world, and capital and machinery are capable of effecting an almost indefinite reduction in manufactures, but they can effect a very trifling reduction in the cost of raising the necessaries of life. The proof of this is decisive. Indian cotton, manufactured in Glasgow or Manchester by British steam-looms, is capable of underselling Hindoo manufacture in the Hindoo market even when manufactured by persons receiving only three-pence a-day of wages; but we should like to see what profit could be made by exporting British wheat to Hamburgh or Dantzic. The load of public and private debt, therefore, and the high prices incident to great opulence and an advanced state of civilisation, must always operate with much more severity upon the cultivator in an old commercial state, than upon the manufacturer, and, consequently, there is much more reason for contending that the latter should be exposed to free competition with foreigners than the former. Nevertheless, the whole popular clamour is directed the other way, and intended to deluge with

foreign competition the British cultivator, who cannot withstand foreign competition instead of the British manufacturer who can. Perhaps, the most effectual way to stop the senseless clamour on this subject would be for the agricultural interest to besiege Parliament with petitions that, in the event of the Corn Laws being repealed, all duties on foreign manufactures should at the same time be swept away.

We have been unwillingly driven into these details. We are solicitous to avoid any question which may have the appearance even of espousing the cause of one class of society in opposition to another, when, in fact, it is in the united interests of *all* that the only durable foundation for national prosperity is to be found. The investigation of the comparative importance of the different classes, and the proportions in which they respectively contribute to the wealth of the State, is none of our seeking. It has been forced upon us by the clamours and reckless demands of a furious multitude calling for the instant repeal of the Corn Laws. We have, on repeated occasions, shown ourselves fully alive to the vast importance of our foreign commerce and shipping, as well as to the paramount necessity of reconsidering that one-sided reciprocity system under which our commercial interests have so long languished, and which, securing to foreign nations all the benefits of our liberality, and to ourselves all the evils of their restrictions, perpetuates a state of things which must, ere long, extinguish both the maritime power, and commercial greatness of Great Britain.* But, when a fierce demand is made by a particular class in the community for a total repeal of all the duties which at present protect the industry of our agriculturists, we are naturally driven to enquire what is the relative proportion of the class advocating this innovation to the other classes in the community whose interests they propose materially to injure; and the result is, that the class who thus insist that every thing should be sacrificed to their demands, *are not a seventh-part* of the whole population, and do not create *a tenth-part* of the

whole wealth annually produced by the nation.

Holding it, therefore, as clear that the manufactures raised for the export sale are not a half of those which are consumed in the home market, the question comes to be, even with reference to the interests of the manufacturing classes themselves—Is it wise or prudent to force on a change which may seriously affect the prosperity of those classes whose productive industry constitutes the main-spring from which the wealth is obtained by which these manufactures for the home market are purchased? Is it prudent to advocate measures which may extend the market for that class of our manufacturers who produce forty-eight millions' worth of goods, by levelling a deadly blow at the interests of those classes who take off a hundred millions a-year worth of goods? Considered merely as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, as a calculation of profit and loss, it is surely an unwise thing to attempt to push the lesser market at the expense of the greater—to seek to extend a distant market of half the dimensions by crippling a nearer one of double.

But the case becomes incomparably stronger, and, in fact, altogether invincible, when it is recollected what is the difference between the description of *persons* who constitute the foreign and compose the home market. The foreign market is, in great part, composed of individuals owing allegiance to independent potentates, and who either have been, or may become, our inveterate enemies. The home market is made up of our own countrymen, brothers, and friends, the bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh—the sinews of the state, by whom its independence is to be maintained against foreign invasion, and its prosperity secured against domestic calamity. What will the operatives of Birmingham, Manchester, or Glasgow, gain by doubling the growth of corn in Poland, Prussia, or the Ukraine? Nothing but this that they will augment the resources and revenue of the Czar, who wields at his pleasure the whole power both of Russia, Poland, and Prussia, and enable him to pur-

* See in particular the Colonial and Reciprocity Systems,—*Blackwood's Magazine*, Sept. 1838.

sue, with increased advantages, his long-meditated designs against the prosperity of this country and the independence of Europe? What will they gain by crippling the agricultural resources of England, and impoverishing, more or less, five sixths of its inhabitants, who now depend, directly or indirectly, upon the two hundred and fifty millions' worth a year of wealth created by its agricultural labourers? What but that they will essentially weaken and depress every branch of the community; diminish the best and most profitable market for their own industry; augment the weight of the national and parochial burdens, which, in default of the landed interest, must be borne by themselves, as the producers of its manufacturing wealth; and disable the state from maintaining that contest for its own, and the general independence of Europe, with the Colossus of northern ambition, which every one sees is fast approaching?

In truth, more momentous considerations than even those of national wealth or prosperity depend upon the vital question which is now at issue between the manufacturing and agricultural classes. The national independence—the national existence—is at stake. It requires little penetration, indeed, to perceive that the general peace which we have so long enjoyed is not destined to be of very long endurance, and that a contest, possibly as serious and protracted as that with Napoleon, awaits us with the power which has already arrayed more than half of Europe under its influence. The revolutionary party at least will not contest the reality of this danger, since the aggressions and ceaseless strides of Russia are the subject of their endless and frequently just invectives. What, therefore, can be so hazardous, it may almost be added so insane, as to forfeit the national independence at so critical a moment, by throwing ourselves upon the mercy of foreign states for the purchase of bread? It was a maxim with the Romans, "*Salus populi Suprema lex.*" Every consideration must yield to the paramount necessity of providing for the subsistence of the people. At present that subsistence is amply provided for, as the unparalleled low prices of the last six years demonstrate, by the efforts of our own agriculturists, secured and protected by the operation of

the Corn Laws. Having secured, then, this inestimable blessing from a source within ourselves, and independent of the caprice or jealousies of extraneous powers, what can be so imprudent as to risk it again to the mercy of foreign states, the chances of the winds and the waves, or the still more uncertain results of political combinations?

But the folly of such a proceeding becomes still more apparent, when it is recollected that the power at whose mercy we are so desirous to place ourselves, in this vital article of national subsistence, is the very power whose hostility, at the same time, we have so much cause to apprehend—against whom the national passion is at this time so strongly arousing, and between whom and this country a more permanent cause of variance is to be found in the opposite tendency of their national interests. Poland, Prussia, the Ukraine, are all, in fact, provinces of Russia—they all equally take the law from the Cabinet of Saint Petersburg. Odessa, Dantzic, Memel, and Riga, are alike Russian harbours. Yet these are precisely the ports from which our supply of grain must inevitably be obtained if we throw open our ports to foreign competition. The provinces from which we will almost exclusively obtain our food will be those that wait at the beck of the Emperor Nicholas. To the insatiable and undying ambition of the Russian Cabinet the British possessions in India afford a perpetual object of desire; to the jealousy and apprehensions of their despotic Government our Liberal institutions and unrestrained press are a constant subject of disquietude. Every thing, therefore, both in political combination and national interest, conspires to indicate that the seeds of permanent rival hostility between the British and Muscovite empires have not only been sown, but are already fast springing to maturity. And yet it is at the very moment that this fact has become clearly apparent to the inhabitants of both countries, that the infatuated manufacturers of England propose to place their necks under the feet of their formidable rival, by placing in his hand the keys of the granary from which they are to be fed. With what joy would the measure be hailed in the salons of St Petersburg! How rapidly would all apprehensions of the

British power vanish before the effects of this one suicidal act! Vain, then, would be the prowess of the British arms—vain the recollections of their former glory! Without fitting out one ship of the line—without raising one hostile banner, the Emperor of Russia would easily beat down the once dreaded power and independence of England. By simply closing his harbours, by shutting up the granaries of Dantzic and Hamburg, he would speedily starve us into submission. The populace of Great Britain, deprived of their wonted supply of bread, would become ungovernable, and submission soon be felt to be a matter of necessity. Can we, who, with our eyes open, propose to do such things, blame the Carthaginians who first surrendered their galleys and arms to the Roman generals, and then, when the legions were encamped around their walls, found themselves without weapons to withstand their inveterate enemy, and perished through the impotence they themselves had created?

Nor is there the slightest foundation for the opinion which is sometimes entertained, even by well-informed persons, that, such is the magnitude of our manufacturing population, that the supply of the country with foreign grain has been, or soon will become a matter of necessity, and that the evils which have now been described, however great, are unavoidable. It appears, from the table quoted below,* that there were, in 1827, 46,500,000 arable acres cultivated in Great Britain and Ireland, and 15,000,000 uncultivated, but capable of improvement, being, as nearly as possible, two acres under cultivation to each inhabitant. The average produce of each cultivated acre may be taken in grain, or other subsistence equally or more nutritious than grain, at two quarters.

The total amount of the subsistence that might be raised in the forty-six millions of acres would be ninety-two millions of quarters. A considerable proportion of this produce doubtless is consumed by the horses, which, by the latest return, amount to nearly fifteen hundred thousand in the United Empire; and Arthur Young calculates that each horse consumes as much food as eight men, or about eight quarters, a quarter to each human being forming the average consumption for the whole year. At this rate the horses would consume subsistence to about the amount of twelve millions of quarters a-year; and supposing that double this amount, or twenty-four millions of quarters, is required for the cows, butcher-meat, &c., there would still remain land capable of producing nearly sixty millions of quarters a-year, at the very moderate rate of two quarters, or sixteen bushels, an acre. This would maintain nearly three times the present population of five-and-twenty millions in the United Empire, without taking into view the probable cultivation of the fifteen millions of acres of waste lands not yet reclaimed, or the probable improvements in agriculture, which, especially by the introduction of draining, may be reasonably expected to add at least a half to the assumed estimate of two quarters, or four bolls to an acre. Nothing, therefore, seems more reasonable than to hold that the British Islands contain within themselves the means of maintaining in comfort at least triple their present population; and, consequently, all arguments drawn from the supposed impossibility of adequately maintaining our population from our own agricultural produce, or of the inhabitants soon approaching the limits assigned to the increasing subsistence,

	Acres. Cultivated.	Acres Uncultivated	Acres. Unprofitable.	Summary.
*England, . .	25,632,000	3,454,000	3,256,400	32,342,400
Wales, . .	3,117,000	530,000	1,105,000	4,752,000
Scotland, . .	5,265,000	5,950,000	8,523,930	19,738,930
Ireland, . .	12,125,280	4,900,000	2,416,664	19,441,944
British Islands,	383,690	166,000	569,469	1,119,159
	46,522,970	15,000,000	15,871,463	77,394,433

—Porter's *Progress of the Nation*, I. 177.

are perfectly chimerical and absurd. While, on the other hand, these facts demonstrate that at least triple the amount of subsistence may be extracted from the soil of the British Islands which is at present obtained, and, consequently, triple the vent for our manufactures obtained in the home market from that which is at present afforded, and which even now, in its comparatively infantine state, takes off a hundred millions sterling worth of our manufactures, being double the amount of our whole foreign exports. What, therefore, can be so unwise as to run the risk of injuring an interest capable of such prodigious extension, and on which such enormous classes are dependent, which is, withal, entirely within ourselves, and beyond the reach of foreign jealousy or attack, for one of far inferior amount, held by an infinitely more precarious tenure, and susceptible of a much less considerable extension?

But, almost boundless as is the capability of increase in British agriculture, it cannot be denied that it is necessarily liable to considerable variations of price, and that the vicissitudes of the seasons, incident to a wet and unpropitious climate, must frequently occasion years of scarcity, and possibly, at times, bring about long-continued want, which may border upon famine if the resources of domestic agriculture alone were to be relied on by the people. It is of essential importance, therefore, that some means should exist to provide against the severe vicissitudes of price peculiarly severe to a dense population, to which all latitudes, and more especially all northern latitudes, are subject. It is here that the admirable wisdom of the present Corn Law becomes apparent; and it is by its operation that a permanent granary is provided for the subsistence of the people in periods when the home supply has, from unfavourable seasons, proved deficient, and, when but for its operation, no such resource could have existed. Under the existing law, by which the duty on foreign grain, so heavy as to amount to a prohibition when wheat is between fifty and sixty shillings a quarter, declines rapidly, till at seventy-two shillings a quarter it becomes merely nominal, a certain reserve of foreign grain is provided in the bonded warehouses of

the kingdom, which at once becomes available in the event of prices rising to that level, and renders it almost impossible, at least when the foreign harbours are open, for them to rise much above it. Speculators purchase up grain largely on the Continent during years of plenty, and store them in the British bonded warehouses, in anticipation of the rise of prices on the first unfavourable season. There the ample store lies innocuous to the British farmer during seasons of prosperity, when its aid is not required by the British consumer; but no sooner does the expected period of adversity arrive than it issues forth in vast quantities to avert the calamity, and diffuse the stream of plenty through every village and hamlet in the realm. Decisive proof was afforded of this highly important effect of the Corn Law during the last three months, in the commencement of which the prices rose to seventy shillings a quarter, from the continued rains and bad harvest of last autumn, but were immediately checked by the overflow of foreign grain from the bonded stores, and rapidly reduced, first to sixty-six and subsequently to sixty-two shillings a quarter.

And it is particularly worthy of observation, that this admirable effect *could not possibly have taken place if an unrestricted trade in corn had existed*; and that it is the creation of the Corn Law, and the Corn Law alone. If a free importation of grain were to exist between Great Britain and the Continent, these great bonded reservoirs of grain in the British harbours would not exist. Food would be provided for a large part of our population by the foreign, instead of the British cultivators; the temptation of sale, at a present profit, would prove irresistible to the foreign importer; and the British warehouses of Dantzic wheat would be emptied as rapidly upon the first rise of prices as the barn-yards of the British cultivators. The home supply being greatly diminished, and the foreign proportionally augmented, the average supply would just be about equal to the average demand, and no reserve store would exist in any quarter to supply the wants of the people in seasons of scarcity. But, while a free importation of grain could not provide such a reserve store, for the same reason

that it cannot be provided by the domestic growers in the British Islands, it is effectually secured by the present Corn Law; which, prohibiting importation in ordinary seasons, yet permits any quantity of foreign grain to be stored up in our bonded warehouses, and thus permits the surplus produce of the Continent, in years of plenty, to be set apart as a reserve store for the British population in periods of scarcity. We are enjoying the full benefit of this wise provision at the present moment; scarcity, perhaps famine, were staring us in the face, when they were averted by the fund which legislative wisdom had provided; and, while the blind and misled manufacturers are clamouring for a repeal of the Corn Laws, they are indebted to those very laws, and to them alone, for the rescuing of themselves and their families from want during the next twelvemonths. The Roman

Emperors, aware of the danger arising from the destruction of Italian agriculture, under the effects of unrestrained foreign importation, were careful to provide, at the public expense, vast granaries for the support of the people in periods of scarcity; but great as were the resources at the command of the Imperial government, they often proved inadequate to the Herculean task of purveying to the wants of a numerous population. That which the power of the Emperors strove in vain to effect, the wisdom of the British Legislature has effectually obtained; the resources of the state are no longer required for the mighty undertaking, but the certain purveyor, even for five-and-twenty millions of human beings, is found in the enterprising body of merchants whom the desire of private gain has led into the paths of public good.

LEGENDARY LORE. BY ARCHÆUS.

No. V.

THE ONYX RING.

CHAPTER I.

It was on the afternoon of a summer day that Arthur Edmonstone, a young barrister, left his chambers in the Temple, and walked to the north-eastern part of London, where exists a whole region of human life, never heard of in fashionable society. He reached, at last, an obscure and squalid street, where the doors of most of the houses stood half open for the convenience of the several lodgers. Through one of these entrances he passed, and mounted three flights of stairs till he reached a small closed door, at which he tapped. A low voice said, "Come in," and he entered the room. It was small and dim, and was nearly filled by a pallet-bed, on which lay a woman. She was covered with a loose and tattered wrapper, through which her wasted figure was plainly to be traced. Her small and pleasing features were flushed with a deep red. She raised her blue eyes as Arthur entered, and said she was sorry to have given him the trouble of coming to see her; but she added that she was too unwell to go to him.

"I am very glad to come to you. But tell me who you are, and what you want of me?"

"I am a farmer's daughter. Your old schoolfellow, Henry Richards, became acquainted with me in the country, and at last he persuaded me to go away with him and be privately married, for his friends would give him no encouragement in such a matter, any more than mine would help me. Ah! sir, that disobedience of mine was the root of all our misery! We came to London, and he tried to support himself by writing things to be printed; and so we managed pretty well for some time. But, at last, too much confinement and overwork made him ill, and—I beg pardon, sir, for crying—he died just before my baby was born. He told me, at the last, that he did not know any one who would help me, unless it were my own friends, or an old schoolfellow of his; and then he wrote your name and direction. It was three months ago, and I have gone on as well as I could, ever since. But it is a hard thing to live, sir, in

this world, without friends. And I was ill myself, and three days ago my baby died, and I could not get it buried without help. There's the coffin that I bought with the money you sent me."

Arthur looked, and saw the little coffin in a dim corner opposite where the woman lay. She went on,—

"I asked a neighbour to write to you, for I was still ashamed to send to my friends, and, besides, they are too far off. God bless you, sir—God bless you—for coming to see me."

"Had I not better see about the funeral?"

"Oh! would you, sir? I have no money, and if I had, I am too weak to go about it myself."

In half an hour Arthur returned with the necessary help, and then followed the little corpse to its last resting-place. He afterwards went back to the mother, talked to her for a considerable time about her husband and child, provided her with money, and advised her, so soon as she should be able, to write to her family and ask for

their forgiveness. He found her perfectly disposed to do so from a feeling of Christian duty, though her own life, she believed, would last only a few days. But the Bible, she said, had become more and more her comfort, and she now wished for nothing but to do her duty, according to the principles of the Gospel.

Arthur left her, intending soon to see her again, and returned to his chambers. Another dreary picture, he thought, from the great funereal gallery of life. For years I have lost sight of Richards, and on how melancholy a tombstone do I now read his epitaph! On all hands the world shows nothing but disappointment and wretchedness; and it is from the very extremity of misery now that we endeavour to extort some hope for the future, fancying that the worst must change to the better, and drawing alleviation from the enormity of our distress, as a man warms himself for a moment by kindling for fuel the wreck of his house which has been swept away.

CHAPTER II.

That evening a great square in the western part of London rattled with carriages. Many well-known names went sounding on up the staircase of one of its largest houses. The spacious rooms were full of people, glittering under the clear light, and there was a lively uproar of music, dancing, and conversation. There were, of course, many beautiful and admired women present, who appeared, for the most part, animated and gratified; but one, to some eyes the fairest of them all, sat retired, and evidently wishing to avoid observation. The simplicity of her dress and the quiet thoughtfulness of her countenance were in perfect accordance with the position she had chosen. The serene and expressive character of her beauty was heightened by the mode in which her shining black hair was knotted at the back of the head, and accorded beautifully with the perfect and full regularity of her figure and the gracefulness of her neck and shoulders. But there was a look of subdued reflective earnestness and feeling in the face, such as of old would hardly have been assigned to any nymph or goddess.

Two or three people were close to her, and engaged in conversation with her, and among them stood Sir Charles Harcourt, a rather young and very wealthy baronet, with high pretensions to taste and refinement. They were joined in a few minutes by a young man, pale, and with dark hair and eyes, and a look of suppressed excitement, who bowed, blushed, and asked her to dance with him. She, too, blushed, though much more slightly, and assented; and in the course of the next quarter of an hour the following dialogue passed between them, though often interrupted by the changes of the dance, or the nearness of those who were not meant to hear what passed:—

"Miss Lascelles, for you will not let me call you Maria, you seemed much interested in Sir Charles Harcourt's conversation: perhaps you regret that I withdrew you from it?"

"No indeed; he never interests me much. He was talking about pictures, and he has collected a great deal of information on the subject; but I do not generally approve of his taste, or, at least, it differs very often from mine. One cannot help rather liking him, for

he is very good-natured and well-bred."

"Why do you not add, very rich and fashionable?"

"Because riches and fashion have but slight charms for me, as I fancied, Mr Edmonstone, that you must know."

"Once, at least, I, too, thought so; but as one is deceived in so many other things, why not in that?"

"Now you must feel that you are unjust, and I need not answer you."

"Do you consider, Miss Lascelles, to what miserable suspense and agitation our present position exposes me?"

"I do not know why you should complain more than I. Surely my relation to my uncle and aunt is as anxious and unhappy as any thing that you have to suffer. All suspense will be ended if you will agree to let me inform them of what has passed between us, and to abide by their decision. That, you well know, would at once extinguish every hope. What, then, can I say? Often and bitterly have I repented that I ever let you surprise me into an acknowledgment of my feelings. But, as I went so far astray, I must now only insist either that you agree on my confessing the truth, or that you never speak to me again but in the language of a friend—at least, until better times."

"And can you promise me when those will come?"

"Surely that must depend upon yourself, or not, at least, on me. If your industry in your profession raises your worldly prospects, it may be possible that my relations will listen, not, perhaps, with approbation, but with acquiescence, to our—to your wishes."

"And if years pass away in the mean-time, and you continue to frequent such scenes as these, and to meet daily the rich and the noble, is it not possible that at the end of those years I may see you the wife of another?"

The lady's cheek now flushed, and she cast a sudden look at her partner, and then turned slightly away and was silent. A few moments afterwards she said,—*"I am wrong to feel indignant at your question, when I remember the instances I have seen of faithlessness in man and woman. But I will still ask you if you do not, think my willingness to remain in my present painful and almost unworthy position is to go for nothing with you? Is it not*

some evidence of stronger feeling than any which your present hasty discontent indicates? I would rather, however, not ask you this, but beg you to say no more to me on the subject. I must bear my lot as I can, and you have in yours the inestimable blessing that you can hope to improve it by your own exertion."

They were now obliged to separate. Miss Lascelles occupied her former seat, and, when asked again to dance by some one else, declined on the plea of fatigue. Arthur looked dissatisfied and unhappy, and walked into another room, out of her sight. But soon after she again saw him one of a group of four or five persons engaged in eager conversation, of whom he appeared to be the most earnest. She watched the play of his fine and intelligent but restless features, and fancied she could hear the words that accompanied the changes of his countenance. Had a deaf physiognomist seen him, he must have at once exclaimed, *"That is one of the most eloquent of men!"* Image after image, she well knew, by the looks of his companions as well as his own, were gushing and sparkling from him; and she could almost divine the wide and picturesque views of art, and history, and nature, and individual life, which he was suggesting or illustrating. But in his intervals of silence there was a look of sadness and bewilderment about him, and he stood at last, apparently, in reverie and indecision; till, with one mournful glance towards Maria, he passed to the door, as if departing from the house.

In the mean-time a lady, who had been one of those conversing with him, came to Miss Lascelles, and said, *"Dear Maria, I do wish you had been with me. Mr Edmonstone has been more brilliant than ever. I am sure to-night even you, who admire so few people, must have admired him."*

"I thought I admired a great many people. But what was he speaking of?"

"Well, perhaps you do. But, at least, there are so many things which every body else is delighted with that you do not care for. Quite lately, you know, there were the Siamese Twins, and the man who played upon his chin, and the Hungarian Count who improvised the neighings and the words of command, and the trumpets

of a regiment of cavalry all at once. I thought it was quite acknowledged that you are so fastidious."

"And which of these exhibitions was it that Mr Edmonstone's conversation most reminded you of? Was it the chin-thumping, or the neigh-

ing, or was it, perhaps, the Siamese Twins?"

"Don't now, Maria," said the lady; "I am sure you know what I mean. But you are so provoking." And she proceeded to give an account, in her own way, of what Arthur had said.

CHAPTER III.

In the mean-time, although it was still comparatively early in the evening, Arthur returned to his chamber. When he had shut himself in his small and dismal room, the impression of the scene which he had left still remained with him. The lively and graceful figures danced in fragments along the dim wall, and bright eyes seemed looking at him out of the backs of the books in the dingy bookcase. But it was Maria who came to him the most vividly, and stayed longest. He gazed at the vacant space, and saw there the simple and classical knot of glossy black hair, with its one pale flower which so well became the high smooth forehead. Now, again, he saw the quiet expressive features, in which the eyes and lips appeared so full of intelligent and benignant meaning, which they disdained to exhibit for the admiration of others. The fully formed and thoroughly graceful person, with its long neck and slender hands, were no less present to him, and he felt again, as he had often done before, that independently even of beauty, an elegant and deeply cultivated woman, in a word, a true lady, sums up and represents many ages of the world's mental progress.

Yet of what avail, he thought, are her many lovely and delightful qualities to me? Had I, indeed, the fortune which I want, or the rank which, on any other account, I would not accept, I might hope to gain the consent of her relatives and guardians. But now what must I look to? Years of irksome worthless labour in the dreariest of human studies; and then when life has become empty and unjoyous, and both our hearts are chilled and closed, the remnant of me may, perhaps, be united to all that will then remain of Maria. O for the free and passionate life of nature, and poetry, and love! Meanwhile, I must only now and then approach her like an evil spirit afraid to draw near to some

holy being. Or I must attempt to forget her and myself, in the vain display of talents which, as I am placed, are useless for the true ends of life; and must chew my own disgust at the vanity, which, while I speak, makes me derive pleasure from my own selected words and sparkling fancies, and from the wonder that these excite in others." A door, nearly opposite him, into another room, stood open, and looking up he saw the faint moonlight fall through the window of this farther space. In this dull light it seemed to him that a figure was standing with eyes raised towards the heavens, with tears faintly gleaming on her cheeks, and her hands crossed meekly and plaintively on her bosom. It was still Maria whom he saw; but before a minute had passed the form and features melted softly into those of the dying woman whom he had that morning visited. She, too, grew fainter and fainter, and seemed, as she vanished, mounting in the moonlight towards the sky.

He turned sadly away, and, looking round him, saw on the table a paper which he did not know of. He opened it, and found a bill for a considerable sum which had been long due to a tradesman; a literary undertaking which would have supplied him with the means of discharging the debt had been for weeks neglected, while he dreamt and fretted over his unhappy fate, and now he knew not whither to turn. In order to divert his thoughts he took up an old book of Necromancy which he had been consulting, and read a few pages full of strange transformations and forgotten spells; but nothing he now lighted on interested him till he came to the following passage. "Of a truth, there be many potent and secret arts born of the wits of wise men, more than they have thought good to divulgate through the world, as doubting of the discretion of purblind mortals in exercising such a

right. Of which inference, doubtless, shrewd reasons may be noted in the use, say rather, the most blunt, profane, and quadrupedal abuse of their present small and poor prerogatives, by mankind perpetrated and customary. Thus, I doubt not to affirm, such truths in the main ocean of time lie buried and drowned, or may from thence, by brave and constant divers, hereafter, pearl-wise, be fished up, as would change the whole order and groundplot of men's lives, no less than a great and polite king changes the compass and fashion of the barbarous castles and pavilions in some strange city, by him new invaded and subdued. Thus, by the manner of example, may, perhaps, spells, charms, and amulets, be discovered, if not in the Eastern people now frequent, to turn dust to gold, vinegar to nectar, clay and sordes to orient jewels, if dead and mouldered stumps to make fruits grow divine and unmatchable: what know I? In a word, to make money plentiful as men's modes of spending it; to sheathe lightnings even as we sheathe Toledo-blades, and again draw them to the confusion of the enemies of our lord the king (whom God preserve!); to turn one man into another or into many. And herewith, perhaps, when that seal of Solomon is found again, and worn, where it would best become, on the hand of our dread and bounteous sovereign, to purge gross matter to spirit, and to make of men angels; even so as of grubs and worms come forth butterflies, and of noisome smoke and ashes, the divine and Paradaical Phoenix is begotten and proceedeth. But may those who attain to such skill of arts ever judiciously and temperately practise and adumbrate their parts and wisdom, even as shall here be done; not openly and popularly declaring, but rather keeping the light of too resplendent truth in due films and veils concealed."

When he had twice read this singular and grotesque passage, he opened his window and looked out. The stars were visible in the small spot of sky which came within his survey, and there was still a faint light from the moon. The night was calm, and he descended from his room and walked about the court. Here his former thoughts returned and mixed themselves in a fantastic combination with the strange magical images which he

had been engaged by. Why, he mused, as he raised his head and looked above the old round tower of the Temple Church—why should that which we so much desire be placed beyond our reach? Is our nature then an endless contradiction? If I so long to be able to change my lot, why has not the system of things that gave me this longing, also given me the power to gratify it? And then, not himself believing the fancy he indulged in, he began to paint the destiny that he would select if he possessed the power of choice. At last he asked himself the fatal question,—If I could thus change myself and all about me, should I not lose Maria's love, which is given to me, and not to any such figure as I might wish to assume. But then the demon answered,—Ay, but if I could also change so as to forget her, how should I suffer? Is it not plain that my removal would be to her the chief of blessings, as relieving her from the heavy perplexity in which she to-night complained she is involved?

This suggestion had too strong a hold upon his weakness. But at this moment, his reflections were broken by an unexpected sound. It seemed to him that he heard a faint sad note from the organ in the neighbouring church. He listened, and it sounded again, sadder, but more distinct. He walked round to the door, but now heard nothing; and after a minute or two of delay, was about to depart, when the note sounded for the third time. The deep, low arch, with its pillar work and Gothic sculpture, was close at hand. He pushed the door; it opened at his touch, and as he made a step forward into the dim and empty space, slipped from his hand, and closed behind him. At this moment, the clock struck twelve. The building is now used only as a vestibule to the larger church beyond, but is in itself a most curious and venerable monument, and contains the tombs of several knights clad in armour, and with their legs crossed. There was now no sound audible but his own footsteps as he walked across the wide area, and again turned. While he paced the pavement, his former confused and wavering thoughts pursued him still. At last, he exclaimed, half aloud, "If so much of pain and self-reproach clings inseparably to this miserable identity of mine, why cannot I cast it off,

and migrate into some new form of being?"

"You can!" answered a low clear voice, apparently close at hand

Arthur was brave by temperament, and his imagination had familiarised him with innumerable kinds of danger. But he now staggered two or three paces back, and looking round, saw, not four yards from him, a human figure. It was an old man in a long dress, the form of which was not distinctly visible, while, in the twilight, his white head and venerable features stood out like those of a saint in some early German picture. So have the more ancient artists often represented Joseph, the husband of Mary.

"Would you?"—he said, in a sweet but melancholy voice—"in truth, accept the offer of exchanging, at your own pleasure, your own personal existence for that of other men?"

After a moment's pause, he answered boldly, "Yes."

"I can bestow the power, but only upon these conditions. You will be able to assume a new part in life only once in every week. For the one hour after midnight on each Saturday, that is, for the first hour of the new week, you will remember all that you have been, and whatever characters you may have chosen for yourself. At the end of the hour, you may make a new choice, but if then deferred, it will be again a week before the opportunity will recur anew. You will also be incapable of revealing to any one the power with which you are gifted. And if you once resume your present being, you will never again be able to cast it off. If, on these terms, you agree to my proposal, take this ring, and wear it on the forefinger of your right hand. It bears the head of the famous Apollonius of Tyana. If you breathe upon it at the appointed hour, you will immediately become any person whom you may desire to be of those already existing in the age you live in, and who in this age are alone possible."

Arthur hesitated, and said, "Before I assent to your offer, tell me whether you yourself would think me wise to do so."

"Young man, were I to choose again, my only choice would be to fill the situation where nature brought me forth, and where God, therefore,

doubtless designed me to work. If you accept my ring, it must be used this night, or it will vanish from your hand. If not, return to your dwelling, and devote yourself to the duties which your present state imposes on you."

Arthur remembered his desolate chamber, the hopeless manuscript, and unpaid bills, and the melancholy image of Maria, whom, for years, he could not hope to make his own. He held out his hand, received the ring, and placed it on his finger.

The night was now so much obscured, that he could hardly see the figure of the old man. But he heard the words, "Remember, that if the present hour passes before you have made your choice, you will lose for ever the privilege you have obtained."

It now became altogether dark, and Arthur felt that he was alone. He remained in mournful perplexity overpowered by the strangeness of the event. But he still felt the ring upon his finger, and knew that he was not dreaming. The moments flew on and on, and the quarter had struck twice since he received the ring, so that but a few minutes of the hour now remained. At last he began to consider that he must needs, at all events, compose his mind, and come to some determination. But when he endeavoured to decide what he should do, what character he should choose to assume, a thousand images seemed floating confusedly before him, and none of them distinct enough to secure his preference. He fancied that all the shapes he had ever seen flowing along the neighbouring streets of the city were now with him in the old church. But he could bring no one more vividly before his eyes than another. At length, a single figure separated itself from the crowd, he knew not how or why. He regarded it with a mingled feeling of envy and dislike. But, at this moment, he heard the preparatory jarring of the clock, and feeling spell-bound to use the ring, he raised his hand towards his face. The onyx head glowed with a spark of fire in the darkness, and while he breathed on it, and pronounced to himself, in a tremulous whisper, the name of Sir Charles Harcourt, the sound of the clock thrilled away. At the same instant, Arthur Edmonstone ceased to be conscious of existence.

CHAPTER IV.

Sir Charles Harcourt was a man arrived at about half the term of threescore years and ten, but appeared rather younger than his age. He was of middle size, and pleasing appearance, with features more regular than expressive, and an air of much ease and politeness. Taste and refinement had been the business of his life. His large fortune had been chiefly employed in the enjoyment and accumulation of elegant luxuries. His house was admirably arranged and beautifully furnished. His pictures and other works of art always costly and striking, if not always of the deepest significance. The regularity and completeness of his whole establishment and existence were noted even among the British aristocracy. His parties were the highest models of good-breeding and cultivated relaxation, combined with splendour. In the manner of the host, with a perpetual self-consciousness that gave something of coldness and reserve, there was also an unfailing self-command, and earnest though smooth concern for others, which even if regarded as acting, such as from its unvarying consistency it could hardly be, was in its kind most attractive. It was not the elevated, the humane, not even the beautiful which he unceasingly aimed at realizing; but as much of all these as might be necessary to render him the most popular, admired, and flattered leader of English society. Every one felt in his company as if in a well-proportioned and lighted gallery, surrounded with graceful and harmonious objects. They were only the few to whom it occurred that there could be any thing wanting in order to render the gallery a home.

On the next day but one after that on which he had met Miss Lascelles at the ball, he left London for his country seat, where he had invited a party of friends to join himself and his sister, and Maria among them. Beechurst was a stately Elizabethan house, wanting, indeed, the majesty of a Greek temple, and the religion of a Gothic cathedral, and the massive grimness of a feudal castle; but having what befits a house, family re-

collections, spaciousness, convenience, dignity, picturesqueness, and the look of a peaceful and beloved abode for man. It was surrounded by a large park, of broken surface, and noble timber, traversed by a swift and sparkling stream. There was beauty in its long avenues of elm and horse-chestnut, in its woods of oak and knolls of beeches, in the smooth expanses of verdure, and the colouring of the elevations adorned with fern, and pale-flowered broom, and golden-tinted furze. There were swans upon the river, and antlered herds beneath the foliage. About the house were terraces with flights of stairs, and fountains with quaint figures, and a profusion of the rarest and most pleasing flowers. And a large old-fashioned garden, which ran along one side of the building, contained, among many other full-grown trees, cypresses, cedars, and plane trees of great age, and beds of rich bloom surrounding bronze or marble statues, and divided by walks of velvet green. Within the house were great galleries, halls, and chambers, gorgeous with antique furniture, to which had been added whatever of graceful and commodious modern art devises, and containing a large collection of pictures.

In the evening of the day on which Sir Charles arrived at Beechurst, several of his guests also reached it. They were persons of very different kinds. The most remarkable of them were Walsingham, an exquisite rather than a very popular poet, and Hastings, a traveller, who had visited almost every part of the world. With these were two or three artists and men of letters, as many young men of rank and fortune, and a few ladies, friends, or whom she chose to call so, of Miss Harcourt, Sir Charles's sister. Among these was numbered Maria Lascelles, who came under the care of her aunt, Mrs Nugent. Her mother had been sister to Mr Nugent. Mrs Nugent was a cousin of Sir Charles Harcourt. The Mount, at which the Nugents lived, was at the distance of but a few miles from Beechurst.

Maria looked with a good deal of

curiosity at Walsingham and Hastings, whom, except in large societies, she had never seen before. The poet was a man of middle age, and memorable appearance, with a face at once calm, thoughtful, refined and elevated. He was not so remarkable for the grace of manner which is spontaneous, and the result of the whole character and structure, as for the dignity which is its origin, and, till quite habitual, is always self-conscious. The changes of his countenance were not rapid, and the signs of emotion were few and slight. His conversation was ready, universal, finished; and it would have been hard for any cultivated person to see him without receiving an impression of the utmost height and fulness of mental accomplishment. Every body admitted that he said to them all that they had a right to hear, and even gave them images and thoughts of which they had little previous conception. But almost every one also felt that between the inner man and them there was an insurmountable barrier, a medium of most shining and crystalline, but most cold and massive ice; and from this very cause he had the greater power of alluring and fascinating, by free and spontaneous movements, the few, and those chiefly women, with whom he had ever chosen to appear on terms of sympathy. His poems were pre-eminently light, clear, and rounded, delineating innumerable shapes of beauty, chosen with rare felicity from all nature and life. But they dealt with the painful, the austere, and the sublime only so far as these could be subdued and brightened to the purposes of graceful and serene art. Nay, even his own existence, which had been to him a work of art, seemed constructed on the same principle. He had apparently cut off from it whatever elements of ampler and more awful being he could not, as an artist and a worker in outward life, thoroughly comprehend, rise above, and at will control. He seemed frivolous only to the gravely trivial. He passed for oracular and prophetic with many of those whose faith in the invisible is cherished as a sense of dominion over a nobler realm than the outward, rather than as the consciousness of a thankful subjection.

To him, in some things, Hastings afforded a pleasant contrast. He was a man on whom twenty years of

hardship and adventure sat lightly and cheerfully. His set and alert figure suited well with his undistinguished, but lively and shrewd countenance. His conversation was in a great degree made up of common remarks upon uncommon things and people; and where he had only common objects to deal with, commonest of the common were all his views and feelings. But when he spoke of the Brazilian forests, the Steppes of Tartary, or the plains of Caffraria, the topic gave an interest which never would have arisen from the speaker. Light-hearted courage, and good-humoured kindness, had been the ostrich wings to help him smoothly over the world. By profession a sailor, and still holding a lieutenant's commission, he had spent the long intervals of his service in travelling. He had been present, in the same year, at the levees of the American President and the Persian Schah, and had made the Pope laugh by an anecdote which he had picked up a few weeks before in a Turkman tent. In every land he had made friends of all he had lived among, and even seemed to have formed an amicable acquaintance with the beasts, and plants, and the very aspect of the different countries. He knew something of natural history, and had a collection of curiosities, some of which, as they happened to fall under his hand, he would carry with him for a week or two, wherever he might be, and then lock them up again, in some huge sea-chest, for another imprisonment of years. Men he knew superficially, but on many sides, and dealt with them by instinctive cheerful readiness and good-fellowship, rather than from any systematic views. No man saw more clearly and moved more lightly within his own limits, but no limits could be more definite or impassable than his, and although they embraced the five regions of the globe and all its seas, they were still but narrow. All men, however, derived pleasure from so clear, self possessed, and bright a presence. He was to many a cordial against that melancholy which he had never felt, for the first shadow of it drove him on new undertakings; and fresh scenes and objects were to him always delightful.

Of the rest of the company, Maria found none so noticeable as these.

Some had carried their peculiar technical talent, whatever it might be, up to considerable skill ; but the man had dwindled within the workman. Others appeared to have merged their whole individual charac-

ters in habit and social position. In the best, what there was of genuine and large, did not come so prominently on the surface as to be discernible by a rapid glance.

CHAPTER V.

On the day after their arrival at Beechurst, Sir Charles Harcourt rode with Maria, and two or three others, through the park, and into the wildest of its forest scenery. The shifting vistas, broken openings, and deep recesses, afforded an ever varying interest. One or other was perpetually calling the attention of the rest to the rough baronial boldness of some huge old stem—to the graceful outline and noble branchings of some mature, still undecaying tree—to the full and splendid colourings of the foliage. An artist who was with them, often tried to mark out some view into a distinct and framed picture. Walsingham, too, entered eagerly into this study, but often, also, spoke to Maria, in a strain that she better sympathized with, of the merely artificial technical character of all such attempts, and how completely they confess our incapacity to apprehend and represent the unity of nature as a whole, and so endeavour to impress a fictitious unity on some smaller and more manageable part. She was full of enjoyment, and said that a forest was, to her, imperishable fairy-land.

After a ride of an hour, they passed out of the enclosed park and woodland, and came through a deep green flowery lane, on to the edge of a common covered with furze and heath, and saw at no great distance a small but very neat farm-house, with its farm-buildings close about it, overshadowed by three or four old elms, and appearing the ancestral abode of quiet prosperity. Maria was so pleased at the sight, that Sir Charles proposed to visit the farmer, who was a tenant of his ; and they were all soon at the gate of the little garden in front of the house. Under the guidance of their host, who knew the house, they went straight into the kitchen. Wilson, the farmer, had come in from the fields, and was sitting in his brown arm-chair, while his wife was busy preparing dinner. The man was dark-complexioned, spare,

and tall, with a keen and honest look, which gained strength and character from a certain twist of the face, drawing one eyebrow somewhat up, and similarly disposing one side of the firm mouth. The wife looked clean and kind ; and in both, the ease and decision of manner were remarkable with which they received their landlord and his companions. Sir Charles, when out shooting, had often visited them, and now asked for their only son, James, who had not yet come in from work, but was said to be quite well. Maria spoke quietly and good-naturedly to the woman, who answered her with sufficient intelligence, till the visitors were all surprised by the entrance of a young woman from another room. She was a tall and handsome country girl, in her common dark dress, with her arms bared, and looking as if she had come straight from the dairy. Sir Charles asked who she was, as he did not remember to have seen her, and the farmer said she was an orphan niece, who had lately come to live with them. Ann blushed all over when she saw the unexpected company ; but even when the blush subsided, she had a deep and bright red complexion, which looked all warm and living, and in her was pleasing, though in a lady it would hardly have been admired. Her rather square face was, however, regularly formed ; and her dark eyes and hair, white teeth, and look of perfect good-humour and simplicity, made her a very agreeable spectacle. Her figure was robust, but graceful. Every one looked at her with a smile, and Maria with the kindest goodwill and admiration. The landlord first spoke to her, and said he hoped she liked Burntwood.

"Yes, sir, very much ; uncle and aunt are very good to me."

"And, I am sure," he said, laughing, "James is equally good to you."

"Yes, sir ;" and the girl coloured and looked down.

"Well, you must not be ungrateful to him for his kindness, you know."

Maria made an answer unnecessary by asking for a glass of water, which the girl went for, and, before she returned, James himself came in. He was an active, well-tempered, and lively-looking man, with less appearance of hard strength than his father—for he had not had so much to fight against—but a face and manner that were sure signs of thorough truth and affectionateness.

"That scene," said Walsingham, after they were all again on horseback, "is a complete Idyll. There are people whose aspect and manner give one at once so satisfying an image of active cheerful life, in perfect harmony with their circumstances, that one feels, to enlarge their sphere or their minds would be to spoil the whole; and if you suppose both changed, it becomes not an altered, but a totally different thing. Those people are, without knowing it, and so long as they do not attempt to be any thing other than what they are, a perfect representation of nature and life. The mere limits of the family mark them out as distinctly as a poet could desire; and, at the same time, they are in constant living combination with all the world in which they act, and with a whole human neighbourhood. But if you tried to make them reflect more widely, or to feel more earnestly than they do, you would, no doubt, introduce confusion and anxiety among them."

"If all there," said Maria, "be as peaceful as it looks, I cannot imagine it to have become and continued so, except by means of religious faith and principle; and, surely, no feelings or reflections of any other kind could raise them so high as that."

"Probably," replied Walsingham, "their faith is a mere dutiful warm-hearted acquiescence in things that they as little understand as if their Bible were still in Hebrew and Greek. And well for them that it is so. What vain self-upbraidings and fears, and what vague monstrous images of fancied good and evil, would press on and destroy their quiet hearts and confound their cheerful activity, if you could awaken self-consciousness in them, and make them dream of conversions, beatitudes, and perditions!"

Maria looked down and spoke in a low voice, but very earnestly, while she said—"Surely, however little they may understand their faith, it must, if they have it at all, be essentially the same, and produce the same fruits in their hearts, as in the most intelligent and expanded Christians."

Maria blushed deeper and deeper while saying this, for she felt herself engaged unawares in a dispute with one of the most celebrated of her contemporaries. But he only answered, with a bland smile—"I fear we often deceive ourselves by using the same word for very different things, and perhaps 'faith' is one of them. In a wise man it means knowledge, and in a foolish one ignorance."—He then turned to Sir Charles, and asked him if he could tell them any thing of the history of the family.

"I have been thinking," he replied, "how little we can trust appearances such as those which you and Miss Lascelles have been talking of. So far from the Wilson family having had the quiet and happy existence you imagined, they met with a domestic misfortune little more than a year ago, which seemed likely to kill both the father and mother. Besides the son whom you saw, they had an only daughter—a small, delicate-looking, pretty blue-eyed girl. She seemed only eighteen or nineteen, but I believe was in reality of age, when she became acquainted with a young man who was private tutor in a family in the neighbourhood. After a few months' acquaintance she was persuaded to go off with him. It was said that they were secretly married; but from that time to this nothing has been heard of either of them."

"Ah!" said Walsingham; "I dare say he talked sentiment and speculation to her, and turned her head with the uncongenial element. Had she fallen in love with a farmer's son who had never thought beyond his calling, no harm could have happened."

Maria said nothing, but she thought,—Had she been a person of religious principle she would not have defied her parents in such a matter, nor run the risk of breaking their hearts; and religion might have enlarged her mind as effectually as her lover's philosophy.

CHAPTER VI.

The afternoon of the following day was so rainy that none of the party could leave the house, and several of them were assembled in the large and noble library. Walsingham talked to Maria, and evidently felt much pleasure in drawing out her clear and strong sense for all that had lain within her sphere, as well as much admiration of her beauty. She had at first been a little afraid of him, for genius is a power which, till we become familiar with it, has something that disturbs, nay repels, as well as fascinates. But she possessed herself too deeply for this to last, and was too open to all higher impressions not to be won by his calm and manifold significance.

Miss Constable, who was near, then said—"How tiresome this rain is! I wish one could have a world without rain!"

A man of science, who was standing near, immediately began to explain, learnedly, how impossible this would be, without changing all the other characters of the globe as to its atmosphere and productions.

Walsingham turned, smiling, to Maria, and said—"In truth we can form no complete and consistent picture of any other state of existence than this, nor construct the ideal of any fairer world."

"Do you think this state of existence complete and consistent? It seems to me full of endless contradictions."

"Our business here is precisely that of removing or reconciling these, and rounding-off our life into as smooth and large a circle as possible."

"I cannot get over the feeling that the work is here hopeless, and that we can never be at peace but by trying to grow out of our natural state into a totally different, and far higher and purer one."

"But can you form any distinct image of such a state, with all its suitable outward accompaniments? They must, I fancy, be only fragments and shadows of what we see about us here. One swallow, you know, does not make a summer, nor will one picture of an angel with white wings and a diamond

crown fill up the notion of an eternal heaven."

"Perhaps we cannot frame any such ideal as you speak of. I am sure I cannot. But, on the other hand, there is surely a want in human nature of a higher life than that of mere labour and pleasure. We cannot say exactly in what forms that life, if it were all in all, would clothe itself. But it would be misery and despair to give up the hope of it."

"I believe that whatever it really promises of good is attainable now by due cultivation, and that, too, in a real world which perfectly suits us, and which we may daily better understand, rule, and embellish."

"I cannot even wish to subdue the longing after a blessedness for which this world affords no adequate image and no congenial home."

"I fear it is this vague longing for that which we can do nothing to realise that renders all our efforts uncertain, sad, and fruitless. Believe that here, on this earth, is our true heaven, and we can make it so. Thus, too, only can we escape all the inward struggle and convulsion between the inevitable Actual and a Possible never to be attained."

"No doubt you would then cut the knot; but is there not still a thread which unites us to the hope, vague and colourless as it is, of a nobler being in a more appropriate scene?"

"Be it so," said Walsingham, with his tranquil smile. "For my part, I only hope at present that you will not send me away from you to look for any happier ideal position. I am contented where I am."

Maria, too, smiled faintly, but said nothing. After a pause, Walsingham, who had looked down as if in thought, went on,—

"In fact, we lose by our careless indolence the advantages we might enjoy, and at the same time dream of those which are impossible. We will not walk because it is less trouble to dream of flying. No wonder we make little of our lives compared with their capacities, when so few ever think of what they are capable. The world we live in is to most of us so mean,

dim, and narrow, that it would seem as if our sight would serve us for no better purpose than the blind man's string and dog, namely, to keep us out of ponds and ditches."

This was more than is usually said at a breath in society, but Walsingham spoke so gracefully, and his fame stood so high, that all were pleased to hear him. The only person who seemed much surprised was Miss Harcourt, who looked up, and exclaimed—

"Dear me! what strange ideas! I am sure they never would have struck me."

Hastings had been listening for some minutes to the conversation, which he now took up thus:—

"For my part, I am of Miss Lascelles's mind. I confess I think one always feels the want of a change after a few weeks' residence in one place; and I suppose, when I have seen all the islands of the Pacific—by the way, I mean to go there next week—I shall want to embark for one of the planets, or take a flight to the moon."

"I hope," said one of the younger men, "if you imitate *Astolpho* in that, you will not, at least, bring back any of the foolish brains that are kept there. We have enough here."

"Perhaps," said Sir Charles, "you would at last be tired there, and wish yourself once more in England. Now, I am content to begin by staying here."

Hastings answered—

"I know no country I tire of so soon as England. All the bold fresh character of men is worn away by conventional refinement, and life is smothered under a heap of comforts. One learns something by lying in wait among the rocks, with a rifle in one hand, and an Indian chief as companion, when a herd of a thousand bisons rush over the plain to the banks of some great river, and hast after beast, squadron after squadron, plunge with a crash, and swim to fresh pastures; or when one finds, in the wide solitude, the hut of some Indian girl, perhaps the last survivor of her tribe, who has escaped from the massacre, and lived for a year alone on the animals she has trapped, singing, while she sews their skins into clothes, some melancholy song of the old days; or when one falls in at some haunt of

Asiatic horsemen with an old hermit, who has lived as a devotee perhaps for sixty or seventy years, and thinks the first European he sees must be some spirit, whom he has met with before in a previous state of existence; when perhaps, too, the next hour you have to fight your way among a troop of Kurds, through an ambush of robbers, and must ride for twenty-four hours without stopping, and with your hand on your pistol, if you would escape alive."

Walsingham said, quietly—

"You mentioned that one learns something in this way. Pray, what does one learn?"

"Oh, no school-learning, perhaps, but one gets new notions and images into one's head. You know the world better, and mankind, and what you can yourself endure and do."

"Perhaps all this may be learned more accurately and deeply in the midst of our ordinary life, if we will only keep our eyes open, and be always striving and shaping. And as to endurance, a life of action among men will always bring with it sufficient trial—most, perhaps, to the mind where least to the muscles."

"Ah, so be it for those who like it. I am never so cheerful and so much at ease as when there is danger in the way, and enterprise and novelty to lead me on. It does not seem worth while to take all the pains you speak of about so commonplace an existence as ours is here."

"Surely no existence is commonplace to him who lives with uncommon aims. The meanest work carried on with insight and hope, with a feeling of the Beautiful, and with reference to the Whole, of which we and it are parts, becomes large and important. Sophocles writing his tragedy, and the flame, by the light of which he saw to write, each was working in its vocation. But if the lamp would flare about and set first the tragedy on fire, and then the house, it had better been extinguished at first. All that is essential in romance lies diffused throughout ordinary life, which, for those who live worthily, culminates to creative art. A dew-drop is water as fresh as Hippocrène or Niagara."

"It is no amusement to me to play at taking brass counters for gold."

"Ay, but what if we could turn

them to purer gold than ever came from the mine? Would it not be better worth while to stay at home and learn that art than to spend years in gathering yellow-sand, and find, perhaps, at last, that it is worthless? Children, indeed, hoard counters as if they were coin. But men too often throw away the true coin as if they were counters."

Several of the company had now gathered round the little group. Sir

Charles was pleased that so celebrated a man as Walsingham spoke so freely and earnestly in his house. Remembering that his reading was much admired, he now came to him and asked him if he would read. Walsingham, whom Maria's presence seemed to have lured onward, and unfolded, looked at her, caught her eye, which sparkled at the proposal, and, taking down a volume from the book-case, read the following narrative.

CHAPTER VII.

"When I was in Italy some years ago, I knew a young Englishman who was in the habit of seeking places to reside in, little frequented by his countrymen. He was a lover of solitude and study, and addicted to reverie; and much of his life was a gentle and shimmering dream that glided to the music of romantic traditions. At the time I must now refer to, he had selected as his abode one of the deserted palaces of the Venetian nobility on the banks of the Brenta. But he had no acquaintance with the owners to interrupt his solitude, for he had hired it from the steward to whom their affairs were entrusted. It had attracted his fancy, though it was much out of order, from having a gallery of pictures, chiefly portraits, still remaining, and in good preservation. There was also a large neglected garden with a terrace along the river, and in its shady overgrown walks the Englishman sat or wandered for many hours of the day. But he also spent much time in the picture-gallery, conversing with the grave old senators, saturating his mind with the colours of Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese, and contemplating like a modern Paris the goddesses of Titian's pencil. But there was one picture which gradually won his very heart. It was a portrait by Giorgione of a young Venetian lady; and the old servant of the house called her *La Celestina*. She had the full and luxurious Venetian form; but, unlike any of the other female portraits, there was a profusion of rather light brown hair flowing down her back, as one sees in some of the early Italian pictures of the Virgin, and the sunny stream fell from a wreath of bay leaves. Her dress was of dark green

silk. An antique bust of an old man was represented on a table before her, and her right hand and raised forefinger seemed to indicate that both she and the spectator on whom her divine eyes were fixed, must listen to some expected oracle from the marble lips. She might have served as a lovely symbol of the fresh present world listening to the fixed and Sibylline past. Her eyes were large and dark, but not lustrous; they seemed rather heavy, with an inward thoughtful melancholy, as if there were something in her situation or character more solemn than her years or circumstances could have led us to expect. There was, however, no tradition of her story, except that she was a daughter of the family which still possessed the palace and the picture, and that she had died in early life.

"Before this figure the young Englishman would remain for an hour or two at a time, endeavouring to shape out for himself some distinct view of her being and story. This was idle work, as it led him to no definite and lasting creation, but it occupied him for the time as well as any thing else that he was likely to have done. By and by his fancy so gained upon him that he had the chamber next to that part of the gallery where the picture was, arranged as his bedroom, that so he might be near his incorporeal mistress even during the hours of sleep. One night, soon after this change had been made, while he was lying in bed and musing of *Celestina*, he thought he heard a noise in the gallery consecrated to her, low voices, and a light step. He felt, I believe, nay cherished, some dash of superstitious fear in his character, and he did not rise to examine into the matter.

The next night was that of the full moon, and again he heard the same sound; and again for the third time on the night following. Then it ceased, and for some days he was in much perplexity. The gallery by day-light presented no appearance of change. He brooded over the remembrance, whether founded in fact or imagination, till it struck him that, perhaps, there was a connexion between the sounds and the age of the moon when they were heard, and that, if so, they might possibly return at the next corresponding period. He grew thin and nervous with anxiety, and resolved at all hazards to endeavour to clear up the secret. The night before the full moon came, and with it the sounds—the light whispers murmured and sang along the high walls and ceilings, and the steps flitted like fairies from end to end of the galleries. But even now he could not resolve to part with the tremulous pleasure of the mystery. The following night, that of the full moon, he felt worn-out, fretted, and desperate. Again the sounds were heard, the doors opened and closed, the steps throbbed in his heart, the indistinguishable words flew on, till he caught, in a low but clear tone, the name of Celestina. He seized a sword and stepped silently to a door near him which opened into the gallery, and was in deep shadow. Unclosing it slowly, he looked down the long room, and there opposite the place of the well-known picture, stood, in the bright moonlight, Celestina herself upon the floor. The right hand was raised like that on the canvass, as if to listen, and the eyes were looking earnestly into the depth of gloom which hid the Englishman. He let fall his sword, let go the door, which closed before him, and when he had again courage to open it the gallery was empty, and the still clear light fell only on a vacant surface.

“The consequence to him of this event was a severe illness, and a friend and fellow-countryman was sent for from Venice to attend his sick-bed. This visitor gradually obtained an outline of the facts from the sufferer, and then applied to the old Italian servant in order to arrive at a reasonable explanation. But he stoutly denied all knowledge of any thing that

could throw light upon the matter.

Next day the friend found upon his table a slip of paper, on which was written in a beautiful female hand, a request that he would present himself in the easternmost arbour of the garden at the hour of the siesta. He of course did so, and found there a lady in a dark dress, and closely veiled. She said, in fine Italian, that she had begged to see him, in order to repair, if possible, the mischief which had been accidentally done. ‘My father,’ she continued, ‘the owner of this palace, is of a proud but impoverished Venetian family. His son is an officer in an Austrian Regiment, which has been stationed for some years in Hungary; and I am the old man’s only companion. He is, perhaps, a little peculiar and eccentric in his habits and character, and all his strongest feelings are directed towards the memory of his ancestors whose abode is now occupied by your friend. Nothing but necessity would have induced him to let it to a stranger, and to reside in the small house in the neighbourhood which we now inhabit. He still perpetually recurs to the traditional stories of his family’s former greatness; and it is a favourite point of belief with him that his daughter closely resembles the Celestina whose picture is in the gallery, and whose name she bears. Owing to this fancy, he is never satisfied unless he sees her dressed in imitation of the idolized portrait. But, as he no longer inhabits the house, and does not choose to present himself to its occupier in a light which he considers so unworthy, he could gratify his love for the pictures only by visiting them at night, at a time when the moon affords a light by which, imperfect as it is, his ancestors appear to him distinct and beautiful beings. Nor could he be long contented with this solitary pleasure, but insisted that I should accompany him. We have more than once entered through a door from the gardens, and it was on the last of these occasions that I thought I heard a noise, and while I listened, the door at the end of the gallery was opened, and then violently closed again. On this alarm we immediately escaped as we had entered, and the strange consequences to your friend have been to me a source of much regret. We heard of his

illness from our old servant Antonio, the only person who knew of our nightly visits. To convince you that this is the whole secret, I have put on the dress I then wore, and you shall judge for yourself of my resemblance to the picture.'

"So saying, she threw aside her veil and mantle, and surprised the stranger with the view of her noble eyes, and of her youthful Italian beauty, clothed in the dress of rich green silk, which closely imitated that of the painted Celestina. Her hearer was amused by the mistake, and delighted by her explanation. He ventured to ask the lady, that when his sick friend should be a little recovered, she would complete her kindness by enabling him to judge for himself of the beautiful resemblance which had so misled him. She said, that she would willingly do so, and only regretted that, from her father's turn of character, it would be almost impossible to make him assent to any meeting with the present occupier of his ancient palace. She, therefore, said that it must be again a private interview, and might take place at the same spot on the third day following. Her new acquaintance was compelled to return to Venice, and so could not carry on the adventure in his own person. But the account which he gave to his friend soon restored the patient to strength and cheerfulness. Immediately after his companion's departure he had the green and shady arbour prepared for the expected meeting. A collation

of choice fruits, sweetmeats, and wine were set out in silver vessels on a marble table. The ghost-seer, dressed according to his own fancy in the garb of a Venetian cavalier of the old time, waited for his guest, who did not fail him. He thought her far more beautiful than the picture. They sat side by side, with the glowing feelings of southern and imaginative youth. She sang for him and played on a guitar which he had taken care to place at hand; and he felt himself gifted with undreamt-of happiness. They met again more than once, and walked together along the gallery, where he could at leisure compare her with Giorgione's Celestina, and give his own the deliberate preference. But he was at last dismayed by hearing from her, that she was designed by her father for a conventual life, in order to preserve the remnant of his fortune exclusively for his son. The Englishman's decision was soon taken. He, too, was of noble birth, and had wealth enough to make fortune in his wife unimportant. He gained the father's consent to their marriage, and she is now the mistress of an old English country-house. She looks on the portraits by Vandyke on its walls with as much pleasure as she ever derived from those of Titian, for she now tries to find in them a likeness to more than one young face that often rests upon her knee. Of this new generation, the eldest and the loveliest is called, like herself, Celestina."

CHAPTER VIII.

When Walsingham had ended, and replaced the book, Miss Harcourt took it down again and found that it was a work by Mr Jeremy Bentham. She turned the volume over in the most helpless bewilderment, and then showed it to Maria and to Hastings. But the poet turned from the group and said, carelessly, "Those only find who know where to look."

On the evening of a following day, when the clear night had overspread a sky still warm with sunset, and glimmered on a rill before the windows, several of the guests passed from the drawing-room to the terrace, and among these was Maria. She soon

left her companions, and wandered down a flight of steps in the quiet and dusky garden. She stood alone leaning against a large marble urn, and looked at the water as it glanced past her on a level with the turf, and but a few inches from her foot.

How beautiful, she thought, is every drop as it flits through the light, and how swiftly does it pass to utter darkness! Fleeting gleams in a world of obscurity—such are life's best joys for those whose life is richest—for all devoid of Christian faith.

She looked up at the sky and sighed. Sir Charles, who was not far off, though she did not know of his pre-

sence, thought he had never seen her so beautiful. She reminded him of one of his own statues of a nymph. He came and stood beside her and said,—

“The sky promises fine weather for to-morrow, I trust.”

“Oh, does it? It is very lovely. I do not know why it is that the present is never more beautiful than during a fine summer night, yet it always makes us think rather of the past and the future. The past, too, seems so long and various, and the future, only one great moment.”

“Well, Miss Lascelles, for my part I never was more inclined to enjoy the present, and take advantage of it. I have not so often the pleasure of seeing you at Beechurst as to be able now to think of any thing else.”

“Such a scene as this, I should imagine, could want no additions to make it perfectly delightful.”

“Oh! I could fancy it permanently embellished in a very high degree.”

“Indeed? I confess it does not occur to me what is wanting.”

“Ah, Miss Lascelles, it is I who feel it, but it is to you that I must look for a remedy.”

“To me, Sir Charles Harcourt? What can you mean?”

“Need I explain myself further?” and he endeavoured to take her by the hand; “I hoped you had long perceived how entirely my happiness depends on you.”

She drew her hand away, and said, with perfect composure, “I assure you the thought is quite new to me, and one that gives me no pleasure. I trust you will soon find some one both much worthier of your regard, and more capable of repaying it as it deserves.” So saying she walked towards the terrace.

“Still allow me to hope that my future endeavours to merit your approbation need not be in vain. I only venture to ask, my dear Miss Lascelles, that I may not be compelled to regard your present language as unchangeable.”

She turned round, and there was a

pale light from the sky upon her face while she answered,—“Believe me, I would not trifle with any one’s feelings, however little chance there may be of giving serious pain. I assure you that no length of time can so far alter my mind as to make me a suitable object of your attentions.”

The manner was still more decisive than the words, and he at once replied, —“I can then only express my regret that I have troubled you on the subject, and beg that what has passed between us may not be unnecessarily told to others.”

So highly cultivated was the lover’s indifference, that on their return to the drawing-room it was impossible to suppose he had been conversing of any thing more important than the flowers or the weather. Maria was a little more disturbed than he, and somewhat paler than usual. She took up a book of engravings, and looked for five minutes at the title-page, which happened to be turned upside down. She thought how different had been the manner and the words, the bursting broken language and faltering tone of Arthur, and then the triumphant tearful delight when he had won from her an avowal of her affection. Her steady and earnest eyes and motionless attitude had a strange look in the midst of the gay and shifting party. Walsingham saw her from a distance, and looked at first surprised. He then glanced aside, with a very slight expression of sarcasm on his lip, at Sir Charles Harcourt, who was seated at *ecarté* with a lady. His gaze returned swiftly to Maria, and his whole aspect appeared strengthened and enlarged by the presence of a high and beautiful image. In a few moments she resumed her self-possession, and smiled while she thought of the formal and elaborate manner of her wooer, of the look, the language, and the man, all so far removed from whatever she could imagine of love. She was soon asked to sing, and chose the following song, which Walsingham had that morning written down for her:—

1.

“Night, that art so smooth and fair,
Fancy fills thy boundless air,
Makes thee more than starry bright,
With a visionary light.

2.

"Fears that trembling melt to bliss,
Touch'd by Hope's enchanted kiss,
Joys too soft and thin for day,
In thy moonshine opening play.

3.

"Night! so full of pensive sighs;
Night! so clear with speaking eyes;
Night! not high thy bosom swells;
But, oh! peace within thee dwells.

4.

"With a murmur sad and sweet
Spirits round thee dawn and fleet;
We, while fond thy love we woo,
Feel that we are spirits too."

CHAPTER IX.

Sir Charles Harcourt's dressing-room was fitted up with effeminate luxury and magnificence. He was seated in it alone at night with a museum of toys, trinkets, and furniture about him, and in the midst of several lights, reflected by large mirrors. A headache had led him to retire earlier than usual, and the splendid clock upon the chimney-piece, of which the gilt statuary represented Narcissus at the fountain, now struck twelve. The baronet turned pale, and closed his eyes. He opened them again and looked up, trembling as if he had expected to see a gigantic hand and dagger raised above him. It was the hour of the charm. In that moment he remembered both all the story of the last week, and all the previous life of Sir Charles Harcourt, and at the same time felt and knew again that till seven days before he had been Arthur Edmonstone. As a man stands at the junction of two converging vistas, and with a turn of the eye can look down one or other, although they widen to miles apart, and sees the one travel over hill and dale, and end on the summit of a rugged mountain, while the other, between clipped elms, stretches out of sight along a smooth green meadow, so he could now look back upon two lives as if both of them had been his own. He could not know these two existences as he now did, without comparing them. While he remembered all that Arthur Edmonstone had been, his active and

many-sided life, the bright colours of feeling and imagination, and the range of talent and knowledge that then were his, it seemed, on turning to the state in which he now found himself, that all was shrunk and withered. The outward clothing and attributes, indeed, were splendid, but he discovered within his breast only mean faculties and vulgar aims, and chiefly the wish to be admired as a patron and a gentleman, without any enjoyment of the realities which, for him, were only convenient fictions. He reflected, also, on the strange scene which had taken place that evening with Maria, and her cold polite contempt, and he shivered at the thought, while he saw the form of Sir Charles Harcourt reflected in the four large mirrors. For a moment it occurred to him that he would be Arthur again. But he looked at his ring, and remembered the old man's warning, that if once he returned to his original being, his privilege would be for ever forfeited. He thought of a score of different characters, each of which, in some respects, he should like to assume. But everything connected with his own station in life now seemed to him hollow and barren, and smitten with the curse of Sir Charles Harcourt's self-contempt. A freer, simpler, humbler existence alone seemed really desirable. The stern moral superiority of Maria, and the thought of an unattainable union with her, drove him as far as possible away in a different direction. At the

same time, by some trick of fancy, the blooming and vigorous nature of the country girl whom he had seen in Maria's company at the farm-house, returned to his heart. Thus cutting short all his perplexities by one violent resolution, he breathed upon his ring, pronounced to himself the name of James Wilson, and his wish was accomplished.

The Sir Charles Harcourt, who woke the next morning at Beechurst, was he who had always possessed it. He now remembered the events of the past week as if they had been parts of his own life. There appeared no break in his self-consciousness, nor had he the slightest notion of the gap in his existence which had been filled by the presence of another person.

CHAPTER X.

Early on Sunday morning, James opened his eyes in the old farm-house, dressed himself hastily, and went to look after the different little matters in the stable and the farm-yard, which, even on Sunday, must be attended to. He then returned to the house to make himself smart, which he succeeded in by dint of clean linen, a new blue coat with large gilt buttons, a white handkerchief round his neck, a yellow waistcoat, and a drab garment below terminating in top-boots. He certainly looked very well; and while he gazed into the little twisted looking-glass, he even ventured to think so, but somehow he feared not well enough to please Ann. She, too, after helping to prepare the breakfast, had put on her best clothes. Her long dark hair, indeed, was almost hidden under a cap, but still formed a glossy shade around her forehead. The face it crowned was as winning as bright health, and brighter spirits, high complexion, and pretty features, could make it. Nor did her figure look less graceful in the white cotton-gown, with little blue flowers all over it, which James had given her, and which she had tied with a blue sash. The white stockings and neat shoes set off the smallness of her feet, and showed that her hands, but for a life of labour, would not have been less delicate. When at work, she often sang half-inwardly some verse of a gay or sad song, and still went earnestly about her task; but when resting, or at meals, and especially when James was with her, her face was in a perpetual play of blushes, and downcast looks, and hearty laughter; and eyes, and teeth, and cheeks, and lips, and soul, all seemed possessed by some imp of heedless merriment. So was it this morning. As soon as breakfast was over, she put on her

bright straw bonnet, with its blue ribbon, and James his new hat, and the father his with its brim at least six inches broad; and, leaving the mother at home to take care of the house, the three set out to walk through the fields to church. The old man often lingered or turned a step aside, or stopped to speak to some of the neighbours, and Ann and James could talk almost as freely as if they had been in a wilderness. The church was more than usually crowded with people come to hear a new organ played, which had been presented by the kind-hearted squire, for it was not Sir Charles Harcourt's parish; but Mr Musgrave, the curate, preached a sermon, in which he laid bare to the astonished culprits the erroneousness of the motives that led them to attend public worship only when some strange novelty attracted them. But the Wilsons were unwrung, and enjoyed both the organ and the sermon, except that Ann was sorry for the poor people who had acted so foolishly, and were now so severely reprimanded. The old man pronounced the sermon a right good one, and said that their parson was the best man in that country, only now and then a little too sharp upon people's faults. In the afternoon, Ann staid at home, and the other three went to the service. In the evening the mother undertook to milk the cows, and the father to attend to all other matters, while Ann and James went out to walk.

They strolled arm in arm, saying little to each other, along the deep and warm lanes overgrown with grass, and enclosed between high banks and bushy hedges. The nightingale was still heard in the distance. The wild rose and the honeysuckle climbed on either hand, and were interwoven with

the flowers of the bind-weed and the nightshade. The perfume from the white and purple clover fields filled all the air. Now and then James caught at a wild flower, and gave it to Ann, who took it, and only said, in a low voice, "Thank you." And still they wandered on, till they turned through a gap into the thick dark copse. They passed forward through the green shadows, broken here and there by some straggling beam of yellow light, till they reached a point on the banks above a little stream, glancing away under its screen of hazel and alder. Here they found the broad grey table left in cutting down an enormous oak-tree. On this Ann seated herself, and James sat beside her. He poked the ground before him with his stick. She settled her nosegay, and stuck it in her breast. At last he said, "Ann, I have something—something—something—to say to you."

"Well—well—well—James, what is it?"

"It is a very fine evening."

Ann drew a long sigh, as if relieved from a great fright, and answered, "Yes, it is, very fine."

"Our hay is very well saved this year, Ann—and it is very pleasant to be here with you—I mean, I like us to be together."

"So do I."

"Ann, will you marry me?"

A long pause followed, and then a low "Yes," and she hung down her head. Their happiness need not be described. But marble balconies, or silken pavilions, never witnessed a fonder kiss than that in which their lips united, as they sat upon the old oak-stump.

When they returned by moonlight to the farm-house, Ann's manner was much altered. She went silently through the kitchen, where the old couple sat, to her own room; and James, too, who remained with his parents, held his tongue for a few minutes. Then he burst into a loud laugh, and jumped up and told his story, and hugged his mother in his arms, and asked his father's consent, and could not finish a sentence till he ended in a fit of tears, which changed again to laughter.

That night their supper was peaceful and joyous, as if it had been a meal in Paradise before the Fall of Man.

CHAPTER XI.

The next day, at Burntwood farm, was strangely in contrast with this Sunday evening. A letter came in the morning to Mr Wilson, written in the name of his lost daughter—for she was herself too ill to write—entreating his forgiveness, and telling of the loss of her husband and child. Their hearts were divided between joy at hearing of her, and grief at the thought of her sufferings. It was immediately determined that James should go to London and see her, and, if possible, remove her to Burntwood. He set out that afternoon. He wrote from London to his father, giving an account of his sister's state, and announcing that he would return with her at once to Burntwood. Ann also received, by the same post, a letter from him, which was the longest and most elaborate composition he had ever attempted, or she had ever seen. The greater portion of it ran as follows:—

"Dear Ann, I cannot be so long

away without writing to you. I reached London at noon on Tuesday, and in the course of that day, I found out poor Elizabeth. But as I have written all about her to father, I shall not say the same things over again to you. I was advised to take a bed here at the Black Bear, by Smithfield, where there are very decent, civil people, and a great many farmers and graziers. But some of them, as I am told, are only these London chaps dressed up to look like us from the country, and so cheat us unawares. And clever knowing fellows many of them look. I feel as much ashamed when I look one of them in the face as if he could see through me, and knew I was never in London before. But when any one seems cross with me for staring at him, I take off my hat like a gentleman, and make him a low bow, and I notice that then they mostly seem pleased and good-humoured like. But, dear Ann, all the farmers and the farming men too, in our country would

make no difference in this big crowded place, if they were all here together. When I came into the streets, on the top of the coach, I thought, to be sure it was fair-day. So I asked a man who sat next me, and he said, 'Aye, to be sure, man. In London its always fair-day for fools. Many a one of them comes here to look for a purse, and goes back without a pocket.' I knew by his way of speaking he was jeering of me. But another gentleman spoke to me milder, and said, 'It is always the same in London, for there are people enough living there to crowd all the fairs in England.' And so, to be sure, there are unaccountable many of them, and carriages, and carts, and drays. Oh, Ann, it is altogether a perplexity! The coach could hardly go along the street for them, and some of them were long things, like big hearses, only painted bright colours, and full of live rich people; but the poor walk along the sides of the streets, and yet some of them are as finely dressed as lords and ladies.

"Since I came, I have walked about and looked at the different things and people, and a wonder the place is to see. The crowd goes along past one, as many and as busy as ants, and none of them seem thinking of each other, any more than if they were all trees or stones. In our country, and when I go to market or fair, I know most of the people by look, and shake hands with half of them. But here, in London, I felt quite lonely among so many who cared nothing for me, nor I for them. I saw many scores, ay, hundreds of fine ladies, some of them riding in their carriages, with their beautiful silk, and lace, and feathers, but none of them said how d'y'e do to me; and I would have given them all in a bundle, and their carriages too, for a look of yours, though they seem so proud and high. I daresay they would be pretty much surprised at it. And, oh, Ann, the shops! all the clothes, and meat, and wonderful things, more in one shop than I could tell of in all my life! I have seen eggs enough to fill our barn, and frying-pans enough to fry them all at once, and bacon enough to eat with them. I do suppose, that in the front of one shop, there is glass enough to make a glass-case for our biggest rick, and silks, and satins, and shawls, and I do not

know what all inside, that would make a cloth larger than our great net-cloth. There are some big shops, too, full of nothing but boots and shoes. But, no doubt, when the King wants shoes for his army, he comes here and buys them, and they must wear out a power of them in those long marches, when they are going after glory, which I suppose must be all one with walking against time. I judge, too, that the King must use a sight of things for himself; for I counted eleven tailor's shops that had, 'Tailor to the King' written up upon them. So you may guess what a deal of clothes he wears. I saw, too, nigh as many cake-shops with 'Confectioner to the King;' confectioner means a man that makes cakes; but if he eats too many tarts and things, and makes himself sick, there is at least one doctor's shop for every cake-shop, with 'Apothecary to the King' upon it. I have been by St Paul's Church too, which is the biggest thing in the world, since the Temple of Solomon, and Noah's Ark; and I thought my eyes would never get up to the top, it is so high. It has a roof like a punch-bowl, with a spike sticking out of it. Only, I think, the punch-bowl must be a good half-mile round. And it is all built up with pillar work, and windows, so strong, that it seems it would stand for ever. Thought I to myself, I wonder will that fine place burn in the great fire that you know, Ann, will burn down every thing in the Day of Judgment. What a blaze that will be! For I am telling no lies when I say, that if you could lift up the church, you might set it down over Burntwood, dwelling-house, and barns, and trees, and all, just, as I could clap an extinguisher over your thimble, and room to spare too. Now, you must know that all the while I was going along the streets, there was such a whirling, and a clatter, and a squeaking, and a buzzing, and a smoke, quite unaccountable, that altogether it made my head turn round inside, as if it had been a mill-stone. And I began to have all manner of queer fancies as if I never should get back home. And I saw ever so many black kings on horseback, stuck up in different places, and looking grander and fiercer than the judge at assizes, just as if they had only to come down from the stone places they were

on, and ride over all the people like a donkey among the chickens. But I suppose they were put there to keep them out of mischief.

"Last night an oldish sort of a farmer, that the people here tell me has a deal of grazing land down in Essex, sat near me while I was taking my supper, and he says to me, quite friendly, 'Young man, will you come with me to the play?' So I said, 'Yes, to be sure, when I have done this plate of beef.' So he told me to leave my watch and my money with the landlord, all but a few shillings for use, and off we went, for, as I had had something to eat and drink, I was as fresh as a colt. When we got to the playhouse, there was a big paper stuck up with red letters on it, saying they were going to act "*Woman's Miseries, or the Victim of the Heart*," translated from the French. Well, thought I, if it is any thing about those French that we beat last war, it must be good fun, because as how they eat frogs for mutton, and tadpoles for lamb. We paid at the door, and went into a place that Grub—an odd name, isn't it, Ann?—he's the Essex man—told me was called the pit, and there we sat down in a big room all full of candles, and people making noises and faces, and looking as strange as could be. Then the fiddles played very loud and pretty, and then the play began; and they pulled up a big cloth, and there was a place behind it for all the world like the floor of our barn. There were gentlemen and ladies walking on it, and one of them was called Felicity—an odd name, isn't it, Ann? She was to be married to a gentleman immediately, and it was all settled, and she seemed mighty fond of him. But after she was married, she came forward close to us, and told us quite as a secret, that she did not like him at all, only she did not say so beforehand, for fear it should stop the marriage; but that she liked two other men better. Then she said her father was an ungrateful tyrant, and a Saracen's head, or something uncommon, for not having guessed her dislike, and spared her *de-li-ca-cy*—that was the word—the pain of telling it. So, to revenge herself, she could do nothing but poison the poor old gentleman, which I thought very hard upon him. Then she sat down on a green seat all co-

vered with roses, and she stooped her head upon her hand, and gave a great sigh, and said, 'But when that is done, still I shall not be married to the man of my heart, but quite the contrary. Suppose then I also poison my detested husband. Then, alas! I shall not know which of the others to choose, for my heart is too tender and cannot decide for either of them.' Thought I to myself,—Young woman, for all your good looks and finery, I am glad you're not my wife. Then first her father came to see her, and wish her joy of the marriage, and she gave him a glass of wine to drink her health, and, do you know, that very wine had the poison in it? We should never have thought of that down at Burntwood, would we? Then he went away, and in came one of her two lovers, and wanted to kiss her; but she treated him very properly, and would not let him touch her, only at last she whispered him, loud enough for me to hear, that he must go kill her husband.

"Just then the other lover came in, and as they were both officers, and had their swords by their sides, they drew them, and fought together, while the lady fell down on her knees and looked up to the ceiling. Then one of them was killed, and fell close by her, and he gave her such a look before he died—O dear! Then she got up and ran to the other, and put her arms about him, and said, 'Brave Henry, you have won my heart.' So they talked about it a bit, just as if they had been bargaining for a pig at market, and they settled they would hide the dead man under the garden seat she had been sitting on, and she sat down on it again, so that nothing could be seen. Then the lover went away behind the bushes, and she turned up her eyes, and groaned, and said, 'Now her life was a burthen to her, for she had seen the death of the only man she loved.' Just then her husband came in and wanted to talk to her in a friendly way, but she pushed him off, and called him a faithless monster, and an oppressor of innocence, though I thought him a very nice civil gentleman; and then she upset the seat, in the way a cow upsets a milk-pail, and showed him the dead body, and said, 'There is the man I loved, the true husband of my

heart. Oh, that you had died instead of him !' Then the lover heard her speak, I suppose, as listeners never hear any good of themselves, and he came in and said, ' What, ma'am, was it he you loved ? Perfidious woman, then will I send you to join him.' He was going to run her through with his sword, and I never saw the squire angrier at a preacher than he was with her ; but the husband came in the way to save her, and the officer killed him instead, and said that would do as well. Then the father came in with a great many constables and soldiers to carry the officer away to gaol. They got hold of him, and took away his sword, and put a chain upon his wrists, and then

he began to struggle, but it was no use, and they were going away with him, when the father said, ' My daughter, some one has poisoned me, I hope it isn't you.' And he fell down, and rolled his eyes about, and clenched his hands, and died. Then the lady said, ' Alas ! how am I devoted to misery ! My destiny has made me wretched ; but my principles have always been sublime. Henry, while you go to death, and I into a nunnery, know that my heart has always been true to you. We shall meet in a better world, where it is not a crime to love. Take this kiss.' Then the cloth was let down again, and I said to Mr Grub,— ' I wonder does all that come of eating frogs ? '

CHAPTER XII.

Before the end of the week James returned, and with him his suffering sister. She was too weak to stand, but was lifted out of the market cart that had brought her from the next town, and was received in her mother's arms. Her own well-known chamber had been prepared and arranged with all the little objects familiar to her from childhood ; the oaken cupboard, the walnut-wood chest of drawers, the queer oval looking-glass, and the pictures of Spring, in yellow ribbons, and of a brown Abraham about to sacrifice a pink Isaac. The small bed, with its cross-barred curtains of red and white, in which the careless girl had slept so tranquilly, seemed like a quiet grave opening its arms to receive the weary widow. Her mother undressed her, and laid her down to rest, and then sat beside her and held her hand, restraining her own grief at the sight of the wasted faded being before her, while a long flow of tears came from the daughter's closed eyes. At last she seemed about to sleep, but looked up feebly, and said,— " Would my father kiss me as he did when I was a good child ? " The mother went for her husband, who came in with a tenderness of aspect such as he never showed before, and, bending over her, kissed again and again her hot lips, and murmured, " Bless you, my child ! God bless you ! " " Oh, father ! " she said, " can you still love me ? " His tears mixed with hers, and when he

left her to her mother's care she fell into a deep sleep.

She dreamed that she was again a child gathering cowslips in a well-known green meadow near the farmhouse, and that suddenly she saw standing close to the high bank, two figures, one in a white cloak with a white hood over its head, and the other similarly dressed in crimson. They seemed taller than men, and with stately looks and gestures each invited her to approach and to drink of his fountain, which gushed out of the bank. The fountain of the white figure she saw was milk, and she thought that she had often drank of that ; but the other stream was red wine, which she had never tasted, and she turned to it, and drank of it from the bowl which the crimson figure held out to her. Then the white figure sank down, and in sinking, uncovered its face, which she saw was that of Mr Musgrave the clergyman, and the cloak spread over him and round from him in a circle, wider and wider, and the white stream poured forth and foamed, and met it, and the whole turned to white snow and ice. But the red figure seemed all wrapped in red fire, and the wine-stream turned to fire, and flooded the field around her, and beat against the snow ; and the figure raised its hood and showed the face of her husband. Then suddenly she felt herself no longer a child, but a woman, with her arms around him, and her clothes caught fire from

him, and they both burned together, standing on a field of fire, while the red streams devoured the snow, and blazed, but without smoke, over all the land.

Then a gigantic Death, all whose bones seemed icicles, glided with swift strides over the field, and his cold breath put out the flames and chilled them through, and they shrunk and fell together; and the Death took the bowl that had held the fiery wine, and filled it with the snow that still lay in a patch around the white fountain, and poured it over them once and again, and yet again. She knew that

it was the silence of the grave which he was pouring over them, till they were buried under a hill of silent snow. But it fell softly and pleasantly upon them, and calmed their burning, and so they slumbered in their grave, locked in each other's arms; and she felt that their baby slept between them; yet its spirit sang, she thought, at the same time out of a tuft of cowslips on the bank.

While she dreamed thus, a gentle smile came over her face, and her mother knew that her pains had for a moment ceased.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hastings was an inveterate walker; and in the course of one of his rambles he found himself, after many hours' exertion, wet and tired, close to Burntwood farm. He went in, and was, of course, hospitably received by Farmer Wilson and his wife, as well as by James and Ann. They were going to dinner, and invited him to join them, but proposed that he should first change his clothes, which were thoroughly soaked, James offering to lend him a suit of his own. Hastings gladly consented, and soon appeared in the young farmer's Sunday garb. He had been so used to wear the costume of different countries and characters, that nothing looked awkward on him. James could not help fancying that the visitor appeared to much more advantage in the clothes than their true owner. Ann did not join in this opinion, but she was much amused at the spectacle of another person than James in her cousin's habiliments, and was constantly hanging down her head to conceal a broad smile, although she acknowledged to herself that Hastings looked well and at ease in his new dress. The wet clothes were hung up by the fire; and the whole party sat down to dinner, while one or other of the women went frequently to the neighbouring room of Elizabeth to see how she was. Hastings was delighted with his adventure, and ate like a true farmer, and talked so as to draw out all the information he could from both the Wilsons, often, also, introducing a word for the women. He picked up many facts as to the peasantry, and the modes

of feeling and thinking of the country people. He also told some anecdotes from his travels, which interested his new friends, and made Ann open her eyes wide, and look at him as if some preternatural being had suddenly appeared in the well-known clothes. He spoke of African huntings, Hindoo murders, the witchcraft of American Indians, and the roving robbers of Arabia and Persia; of volcanoes, crocodiles, and gold-mines.

The mention of juggling and magic led him to speak of many strange things that he had known of in different countries, some of them easily to be explained, others apparently unintelligible, but not the less certain. He said, for instance, that once when residing in one of the West Indian islands, he had bought, and taken rather as a favourite than a servant, a handsome boy, coloured, or of the mixed race, and eleven or twelve years old. He was remarkable for the liveliest and most joyous spirits, as well as for readiness and clearness of head. But after some weeks, without any seeming cause, the boy became melancholy and dull, and was evidently losing his health. His master questioned him as to the reason of this change, but he would give none, and appeared terrified at the thought of confessing. After much persuasion, however, he burst into tears, fell on his knees, and said he would tell all. For many nights, he said, he had always had the same bad dreams, urging him to rob his master, and leave the money in a certain de-

eyed tamarind tree near the house.

This advice, he said, was given him in his sleep by different figures, now by a beautiful white woman, now by a great negro chief, dressed in green and crimson clothes, with a golden sword beside him; sometimes by cloudy gigantic figures of men and women playing on drums, and kindling great fires, in which they threatened to burn him; sometimes by a white preacher, with long grey hair, and a book in his hand, out of which a prodigious bamboo grew up into the sky, with a star in the top of it; and sometimes by a number of little rose-coloured children, who played round him, and all sang the same thing in his ear. His master comforted him, told him the bad dreams would go away, and gave him money, which he desired him to leave in the hollow tree. A person was then sent to watch, who found that the money was taken away by an old negro woman, who sometimes came about the house from a neighbouring estate to sell vegetables and poultry. The difficulty was to conceive how the dreams could have arisen in the boy's mind. In order to discover this, his master, without informing him, bored a hole in the partition of his bedroom, and remained with his eye directed through it. The houses in those countries are often not fastened, nor even the doors laid to. It was, therefore, not very surprising that early in the night, a faint sound was heard in the boy's room, and an old woman was seen to enter, bent nearly double, and looking like some strange grizzled baboon rather than a human being. She crept to the bedside, and, after seating herself, and making various signs, she began to mutter in a low voice close to the boy's ear. These were some of the words which the Englishman caught:—"Now, white woman come you very booful much—tell you take massa's money—put in um tree—now she gib you um kiss very sweet much." And so the old hag went on suggesting image after image, while it was evident, from the boy's writhing and gasping, that the words took in his mind the appearance of corresponding things, but did not wake him from his painful sleep. The woman was seized while creeping away, and put in the stocks, where she was shown to the

boy the next day, and means were taken to frighten her from ever again approaching the house. The boy soon recovered his cheerfulness, but would, probably, in the opinion of an intelligent physician, be liable all his life to similar influences from those about him.

After this, Hastings was led to speak of occurrences no less strange which he had experienced in other countries.—“Once,” he said, “I made a sudden journey from one part of Persia to another, in company with several natives, whom I resembled in my dress, beard, and general appearance. On the last day of my expedition I rode for fourteen hours without stopping, and reached in the evening the city of my destination. As we passed through the gate, I saw among the crowd who were looking at our cavalcade an old man, who seemed to watch me with great intendment. We were stopped for a few moments in one of the streets, and, on my looking round, he was again close to me. After we had settled ourselves for the night in our khan, a large building designed for travellers, while my servant was attending to my horse, and I was about to eat my supper, the same old man approached me, and asked if I would come with him and share a better meal than the one before me. I looked at him now more attentively, and, having before seen, from his dress, that he was one of the Armenians, who are natives of the East, but not Mahometans, it now also appeared to me that he was of an honest and benevolent countenance. He looked respectable, but not wealthy. I felt that I had my pistols about me, loosened my sword, and followed him. We passed through several streets, and entered at last a small door in a high and solid wall; this led us into a court, and thence we passed into a garden at the further side of which a building stood; into this we passed, and I found myself in a scene of wonder. The light of many perfumed lamps showed that the walls were covered with blue and red silk embroidered in gold. There were several large ebony and japan cabinets, filled with golden plate, and with pyramids of cut and rough jewels. The carpet was of brocade, and the cushions that lay upon it of purple silk, worked with flowers in seed-pearl. The old man made me sit

down, and left me for a few minutes; after which he returned superbly dressed, and placed himself beside me. He spoke very little, and seemed of a grave, if not melancholy humour. But he had hardly given me time to wonder at his proceedings, when a train of slaves came in, beautifully clothed, and bearing water in silver bowls to wash the hands; and then a multitude of dishes of the most delicate and costly meats. We sat almost in silence; wine cool as snow was brought to me, and again the ewers for washing. When we were left alone, the old man sighed, and said, — ‘Stranger, great as may be your wonder, it cannot exceed my confusion. But it is useless to delay speaking what must be told. I am a merchant, accounted the richest of this city, and, some have said, of Persia. But my wealth avails little for happiness. I have an only child, a daughter, than whom I believe there are few more beautiful. But all my joy in her is blighted by the misfortune of the evil eye which has fallen upon her. Her health has long been wasting away. I have consulted many physicians, mollahs, and dervishes, but none have been of use to her. One, reputed the sagest of the holy men in all the province, told me, three months ago, that on this day a stranger, a Frank, would enter at sunset the eastern gate; that him I must wait for and entreat, and if he would consent to become the husband of my daughter, the spell would be defeated, and she would live; but that if he refused, within one hour of his denial she would surely die. You see the contents of this room, which are but a small part of my riches; all will at my death be hers, and more than you now see I would at once bestow on her as a portion. But, although it is not a Persian usage, I know the marriage

customs of the Franks, and will show you the damsel herself before you decide.’—He then drew off a curtain from a door, and the maiden, who had been sitting within, rose up timidly, let the covering fall from off her head, and, with a low bending of the body, and hands crossed, stood trembling before me. She was beautiful, even to European eyes, but I saw that she was dying. I stooped to kiss the hem of her garment, drew the curtain before her, and led the old man away. Having made him sit beside me, I told him, with many thanks, that I could not accept his bounteous offer. He looked at me with fixed eyes for a full minute, then his countenance assumed an expression of deadly fury, and, exclaiming, ‘Slave, you shall repent this insolence,’ he thrice violently clapped his hands. Immediately six or seven armed men entered, to whom he called to seize me. I had time to draw my sword; and, enraged at his violence, while they rushed upon me I made a blow at him; but his daughter, who had rushed in for the purpose, I fear, of saving me, threw herself between us, and received the blade of the scymitar on her neck. She shrieked, fell, and must, doubtless, have died upon the spot; but I could not stay to learn her fate, for several swords were lifted against me. In the confusion I fired a pistol among my assailants, dashed a lamp against some muslin hangings near me, which set them in a blaze, sprang into the closet where the girl had been, and forced my way through the women’s apartments into the street. I left the town the next morning, and never returned to it; nor can I, to this hour, explain by what means the dervish had predicted my arrival, and its disastrous consequences.”

CHAPTER XIV.

To such tales as these, while they sat round the fire after dinner, and the drenching rain still fell, the Wilsons lent an admiring attention. The father told, in return, some English wonders of ghosts and omens, without, apparently, giving them much credit; and he afterwards said, “No doubt there is plenty of fortune-telling, and all such nonsense, going on in the neighbour-

hood, as there is a gang of gipsies encamped at no great distance.” This awakened the curiosity of Hastings; for he had seen bodies of that dispersed race in almost every country between India and England, and could speak something of their peculiar language. He enquired particularly where they were to be found; and, as soon as the rain abated, he sent a message

to Beechurst to say he should probably be absent for some hours, and then set out in search of the tents of the wanderers.

He left the little family full of interest in so wonderful a man. Poor Ann, in whom every emotion bubbled at once to the surface, spoke twice or thrice to James, as if she had felt more admiration for Hastings than he was pleased with—his annoyance was much increased by anger at himself for having any such feeling from so absurd a cause. The family, however, all parted for the night, apparently good friends. But James, when alone, instead of going to bed, sat and thought over his visit to London, and mourned his own ignorance and perplexity as to every thing beyond the small circle of his daily life. In addition to this discontent, he could not free himself from the image of Hastings, dressed in his clothes, and talking of so many wondrous things that he had never before heard of, with a composure and liveliness to him so perfectly astonishing. How large and various, he thought, is the world, and what a brutish stupidity is it that leaves me so ignorant. What have I to describe to Ann, that she does not already know as well as I? Impatient and unhappy, he began to undress himself. But when the clock struck twelve, the whole of his story as Arthur Edmonstone and Sir Charles Harcourt blazed out upon him, and

he felt for and found the Onyx Ring tied to a ribbon round his neck. He cut the string and put the ring upon his finger. The lawyer, the baronet, and the farmer, were three distinct figures that now came before him as his own, though he knew that the original form of his being was that of Arthur. Each of these he had tried, and with each of them been dissatisfied. Neither of the changes which he had experienced had supplied that which was wanting in his original existence, and each had distressed him by its own hinderances and pains. It seemed that nothing would really supply his cravings but the unbroken freshness and vigour of temperament, the keen and cheerful courage, of a man like Hastings, finding pleasure wherever there is room for adventure, and striking out adventure where others would discover only a dull routine. The figure, too, of the man dressed in the farmer's clothes, yet in experience and versatility so much his superior, and awakening so strongly the alternate laughter and amazement of poor Ann, haunted him invincibly, and, raising the ring to his mouth, he pronounced the name of Hastings. The true James was restored to his native position, unconscious of an interruption in his life; and the possessor of the ring found himself, in the character of Hastings, a visitor of the gipsy camp.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

ALL the sovereign states of Europe have in succession been founders of colonies; yet it is remarkable that all have successively failed, with but one exception. And in that exception we may justly pride ourselves, for that one is England. Without entering into those higher considerations which seem to connect this striking peculiarity with national virtue, it may be fairly observed that, of all European countries, England is the one whose intercourse is capable of conferring the largest share of moral and physical advantages upon those, her remote and struggling offspring. For instance, what gifts could any of the other great European kingdoms, within the last three hundred years (the rise of the colonial system), have given to a colony? They might all, undoubtedly, have given them arts and arms, some knowledge of the general means of conquering the surrounding tribes, and considerable facilities of maintaining themselves by the cultivation of the commercial and agricultural capacities of the soil. But on the pre-eminent subjects of social advancement, of laws, morals, and religion, what could they have given to them more than they themselves possessed? And what was the condition of France, Spain, Portugal, or Italy, in those supreme organs of human happiness, knowledge, and virtue, during the whole period? With what purpose that Supreme will which it would be almost as presumptuous to examine as to question, had been pleased to put so large a portion of the human race as that contained in Spanish America and the Brazils, under the control of two thrones distinguished for bigotry, ignorance, and disregard of the liberties of man, is not an enquiry for these pages. But those vast allotments of power do not invalidate our former assertion, that the colonies of Europe had all failed, with the exception of our own. These were *not* colonies, but conquests; not the settlement of the nations of Europe forming new communities in new

lands, but the establishment of garrisons and governments in vast regions won by the sword and held by the sword. Of course, fragments of those garrisons gradually fixed themselves in the country; the viceroys and their court attracted followers from Europe; merchants settled on the scene of their trade. But there was nothing that constitutes the essence of colonisation; there was no transfer of any large body of the people at once into the occupied territory; no small community exclusively formed on the principles of the original land; no attempt to model an image of the parent state; no preparation in the native country to carry with them the framework of new society, ready to put together on their arrival, and raised into as complete as possible a resemblance of the structure of society at home. The Spaniard in America, the Frenchman in the Antilles, the Portuguese on the banks of the Amazon, the Italian on the shores of the Euxine, were scarcely more than strangers and sojourners to the last. The Frenchman was, perhaps, more a denizen than the rest, from the narrowness of his locality in the islands. But the true failure consisted in the general inability to stamp their character on any large portion of the land, to extend their original institutions through the rising generation of the natives, or to retain firm possession of the country. Even in Canada, though there the French, undoubtedly, made their most systematic and continued experiment in colonisation, they never succeeded further than to form a small and shivering community, wholly unable to people the territory within its limits, wholly unable to supply itself without constant aid from the mother country, and wholly unable to resist the first impulse of an invading force. This was not colonisation, but adventure; not emigration, but exile; not the planting of a goodly tree in the desert, but the fixture of a naked post in the ground to claim the rights of discovery. The meagre and withering

* Three Expeditions into the Interior of Eastern Australia, &c. By Major T. L. Mitchell, Surveyor-General. 3 vols. 8vo. Boone: London.

state of the French Canadian was felt much more as a reproach to the wisdom, than a credit to the enterprise of France. France, glittering, profligate, and vain, was no more proud of her offspring than a mother would be of a child whom she had flung into the highway. The pinched and starveling features of the colony scarcely allowed her haughty and frivolous Court to recognise it as her own. The American wilderness was an excellent substitute for the foundling hospital, and she was too glad to leave her young illegitimate there, without ever desiring to hear of it again. These Canadians are now boastful of their French blood, but this is only since they have had England for a nurse. The little Ishmael, perishing in the wilderness, has now been suffered to grow up into the disturber,—“his hand against every man, and every man’s hand against his.” But all this is the result of English pampering. Left to the old nutriment of France, his frame would have been as *maigre* as his soup. And this ill success, too, accounts for the singular facility with which France allowed Canada to be wrested from her. The matchless gallantry of Wolfe and his troops must have conquered; but the question was, to have kept. In the general ignorance of England relative to the resources of the banks of the St Lawrence, fifty years ago, her negotiators would, probably, have made no very stern stand against any serious determination of the French Government to retain Canada. But it was abandoned by France and kept by England, with, probably, equal indifference; and now the British colony is but a spot in the midst of a new British empire.

It is true that in its settlement at the peace, our Government committed one capital error, an error against all good policy, and which should be regarded as wholly beyond the line of pardonable blunders,—they allowed the colony to retain its French laws and language. The conquest by force of arms had put the question on both fully in their power. But a weak and most unwise desire to conciliate the caprices of the conquered sufficed them to retain both, thus hazarding their future connexion with England, retaining them in perpetual alliance with France, and drawing an import-

ant and irritating line of separation between them and their fellow-subjects in Canada. The policy of the Roman empire ought to be the policy of every conquering country. The laws of England ought to be made the laws of all her subjects, whether old or new, as soon as it can be done. The adoption of her language in all public transactions ought to be a principle. Using no force with the people, and letting them speak their jargon if they will, she must make the whole language of official and public life English, distinguish it as the language of high life, of politics, of the professions, and in a few years a new generation will be seen springing up, with new loyalty, forgetting the language of the conquered, speaking the language of the conquerors, and, instead of looking back with regrets, alike frivolous and perfidious, to the nation that abandoned them, rejoicing in the confirmed connexion with the liberties, literature, and power of the British empire.

But how memorable a contrast to all those abortive attempts exists in the colonies of England! Let them be thrown on what shore they will, they make for themselves a home, establish a power, mould a government, and commence an empire. They may land as pilgrims or fugitives, but they march forward as conquerors. What a contrast in the United States to the little settlements, even of the industrious German and the trafficking Dutchman, on the banks of the Demerary, settlements bounded by the same swamp for these fifty years; to the little French settlements in Guiana; to the half savage languor of the Spanish and Portuguese settlements on that immense, various, and lovely, region stretching from the Equator to the La Plata! What a contrast in the vigour, the activity, the multitude, of the Anglo American! What a still stronger contrast in the freedom, the public force, the national feeling, the rising literature, the political energy! Hostile as we are to American presumption, and conscious as all must be of the spots that dim their character; yet we proudly feel the superiority of the great colonies founded by our country, to all the dying dependencies of all other nations.

But we have not been content with planting the standard of civilisation in the South; we have waved it over the

North. The regions which seemed made only for the rude habitudes and strong instincts of the wild beast, where the climate made the efforts of the cultivator precarious at the best, and often defied all his industry; where winter lasted half the year, and lasted with a severity unknown in Europe; where "life went out beside the pole,"—there, too, a colony has been founded, which is itself the foundation of a mighty kingdom; already displaying the arts, knowledge, and ambition of European life; increasing by hundred thousands—sure and soon to increase by millions, and contribute, in that mighty increase, the products of an almost unlimited province to the necessities and luxuries of Europe.

But of all the colonies of England, the most singular and the most successful is the colony established in New South Wales. Formed by none of the impulses which had hitherto urged men to take the chances of the wilderness; formed at the greatest distance from home ever attempted by colonisation—in fact, the greatest possible distance, the Antipodes; formed of the most intractable materials,—the colony of Australia, within half the life of man, has risen to a pitch of commerce, agricultural opulence, and population never before equalled in the most fortunate or costly settlements of national fortune and enterprise. Why is this? May we not naturally ask, why has the new Continent, given exclusively into the hands of England, exhibited the extraordinary spectacle of a new shape of dominion?

Raised out of the refuse and rejected material of the mother country—whatever may have been the purpose, the result is clear, that a great experiment in the faculty of renovation in the human character has found its field in the solitudes of this vast continent; that the experiment has succeeded to a most unexampled and unexpected degree; and that the question is now finally decided between severity and discipline. If this were the intent of Providence in making over to England the inheritance of New South Wales, it would be only one of the crowd of instances which display the unwearied watchfulness of Heaven for the welfare of man. When the time shall arrive in which the philosopher shall be able to regard the results,

free from the detail which now diminishes their real grandeur; when half a century more shall show him the noble proportions of a new empire ruling the Southern Ocean, filled with the free spirit and strong energies of Britain—covering the waters so long lifeless with her commerce—acting like a new minister of life, along those boundless and most fertile shores which spread from India to Japan—shooting the moral electricity in shocks that only reanimate, and sparks that only enlighten, through the whole stagnant and fettered, yet most lovely zone of the East,—then first shall he be able to comprehend either the nobleness of the task achieved, or the beneficence of that Power which, controlling all things, gave to our remote island the duty, the means, and the honour of this great triumph of good over evil.

We admit that all has not yet been completed, that there are many things in the execution to excite the displeasure of the fastidious, and not a few to puzzle the sagacity of the sapient.

We expect that those who pride themselves on the exclusive possession of philosophy will be indignant. We admit, also, that the manners of convicts and their attendant turnkeys can have but little of the picturesque and less of the sentimental. But the main fact is unquestionable, that out of those convicts has been formed a powerful, active, and opulent community.

What could have been done at home with the multitude who have been, in succession, transported to Australia, if they had remained in England? Possibly, not one in fifty would have ever thought of any thing but picking pockets or robbing on the highway; one half of them would have perished in prison, or of famine and disease, in their own hovels; one quarter at least would have been hanged. But, by the fortunate, we might almost say the miraculous, expedient of providing them with a country, where they might begin the world anew, where they might live without the stigma of their former life, and recommence their character—where, being saved from the desperate difficulties of providing themselves with food, they might feel some human enjoyment in the beauties of nature; being protected from disgrace for the past, they might exert themselves to provide a character for the future; and, being placed in the hope

of possessing property and providing for their offspring, they might become alike industrious and domestic, decent and happy, or in some rarer instances, opulent and honourable,—the greatest example of rapid colonial prosperity in human records has been exhibited to the eyes of mankind.

The interior of New South Wales is still unknown. The remarkable want of bays or large rivers indenting the coast, and the strange conjecture that all the rivers converged to the centre of the Continent, perplexed public curiosity from an early period. The problem at length seemed to lie between those who imagined the centre of the region to be filled with an Australian Mediterranean, a vast space of blue waves surrounded with picturesque shores, the seat of future Antipodean kingdoms; or to make their drowsy way into the centre of mighty sands, a new Zaara, and there sink into a vast pestilential swamp. On the whole, we wish well to the Mediterranean theory, looking on the Mediterranean itself as the most brilliant *invention* in topography, and knowing it to have been the source of the most glittering enterprises of mankind, from the day of the Argonauts to the battle of the Nile; the mirror in which Phœnicia, Carthage, Athens, and Italy dressed their locks and attired themselves in their laurels; and once more the heaving field in which Greek and Turk, Europe and Asia, will renew the old combat of Greek and Persian—with the Russian, the heir of the ancient Scythian and his happiest representative standing by, longing to devour both combatants, and by no means unlikely to have his wish fulfilled.

Yet the whole course of the Australian discoveries hitherto has failed to substantiate either conjecture. The sea and the swamp are still equally under a cloud; and, if we may venture any new guess on a subject so resolutely obscure, we should decide for the probability of some central waste of sand, as waterless, as herbless, and perhaps, reserved for the express purpose of keeping up the temperature of an immense continent, left by nature otherwise to shiver in the damps and mists of the greatest sweep of ocean on the globe, a world of waters.

New South Wales abounds in ex-

travagant accounts of the interior. Few runaway convicts are ever brought back without having a story to tell; and, as the great object of the Government is to ascertain the nature of the unexplored country, the public ear is seldom left ungratified with accounts of scenes, mountains, rivers, and pastures, as little accessible to man as mountains in the moon. As an instance of the impression which these stories sometimes make, the Surveyor-General's first excursion to the north was the fruit of a convict's fancy (a convict named George Clark, with an *alias* of "the Barber"), who had escaped into the wilderness, and mixed with the natives, painted himself black, and helped them to add European knavery to Australian savagery, but was at last caught and brought back to Sydney. What is the use of our European refinements, which we call necessities of life? This fellow, accustomed all his life long to be clothed from top to toe, threw off his last remnant, braved the climate, which in winter is often as damp and cold as that of England, and in utter nakedness contrived to live alike through winters and summers, travel hundreds of miles, and, with his aboriginal wives, prepared to lay the foundation of a cattle-stealing dynasty. As he lost the fear of detection, he re-approached the frontier of the colony, and there, collecting some of the natives, and joined by some of the runaway convicts, he began the plunder of the cattle pastures, on a large scale; a scale, fortunately, too large for impunity, for it compelled the notice of the police, who at length traced him to his haunts, and took him.

The "Barber," now, with the intention of tempting the lenity of Government, told his tale of the discovery of a vast river, the "Kindur," running through the heart of the country, and, by a north-west course, entering the sea.

It certainly argues a remarkable degree of dexterity in this fellow, to find him able to mystify all the science of all the *savans* of New South Wales. Declaring that, by pursuing the stream of the Kindur, he had made his way to the opposite shores of the continent, he propped his narrative so happily with what he knew, and what he did not, that an expedition was construct-

ed to ascertain the facts, and the expedition was given into the hands of the chief official man of science, the Surveyor-General.

It is impossible to read any part of the subsequent narrative without being convinced that its writer is a man of intelligence, information, and soberness of mind. Yet, it inevitably steals out, that Major Mitchell is to this moment a little ashamed of the general acceptance of the convict's story. He fortifies himself with so much care in rumours, probabilities, and possibilities, "of a great river beyond Liverpool plains, flowing north west," that we are satisfied the Major will never take a convict for his Columbus again.

On setting out for the exploration, he makes a remark which may be useful to future investigators of strange lands.

"After I had surveyed extensive tracts of territory, I never could separate the question respecting the course of any river from that of the situation of the higher land necessary to furnish its courses, and supply its basin. I could not entertain the idea of a river distinct from those conditions, so necessary to the existence of one." On this result of experience he acts, and it accordingly "appeared to him that if a large river flowed to the north-west of any point north of Liverpool plains, its sources must be sought for in the coast range in the opposite direction, viz., to the eastward of those plains." He then determines on his plan. From the knowledge that various rivers did exist on that side of the coast range, all falling to the north-westward, he proposed, therefore, to proceed to the northward as far as the nature of the country permitted, so that he might arrive on the most northern of those rivers, and then, keeping in view whatever high land might be visible near its northern banks, trace the river's course downwards, and thus arrive at the large river, or common channel of all those waters.

But he now arrives at a more important conclusion. "The second condition necessary to the existence of a river, namely, the higher land enclosing its basin, might, in this case, have been either Arbuthnot's range or that between the Darling and the Lachlan. And this seemed to me to involve a question of at least equal importance

to that of the river itself. For, had the fall of all the rivers above mentioned been all to the north-west, it was obvious that such a range must have been the dividing ridge or spine, connecting the eastern and western parts of Australia; and which, when once discovered, was likely to be the key to the discovery of all the rivers on each side, and to the other subordinate features of this great island."

Thus, too, the whole expedition amounts to the attempt to solve a most curious problem, highly exciting human interest of every kind, and urging on the explorers day by day with the delight of discovery, perhaps one of the most delightful, ardent, and intellectual of all delights, whether in art, science, or travel, that can be offered to the mind of man. The time, too, will come when these volumes will be as curious to the Australian, as their investigations are now curious to ourselves; when great cities shall stand on those mountains which are now designated merely as points for the theodolite; when myriads of busy agriculturists shall be familiar with every spot of those vast plains, over which the investigator now casts a bewildered glance, appalled by their solitude; when commerce shall be pouring her wealth and animation through the land, on the bosom of rivers whose existence now hangs between conjecture and science, whose paths are through deserts where none but the foot of the savage ever trode, and whose glimmer on the remote horizon is lost in the vapours of her plains, or shines but to tantalize the eye of the traveller.

All our military men are beginning to write well, but Major Mitchell writes like a man at once of knowledge and feeling. On the 24th of November, 1831, he commenced his journey, having still to traverse 300 miles from Sydney before he reached the limits of the colonial lands, and entered upon the undiscovered soil. Some natural and graceful thoughts are expressed in the contemplation of his new adventure.

"I felt the ardour of my early youth when I first sought distinction in the camp and field review, as I gave loose at length to my reflections, and considered the nature of the enterprise. But, in comparing the views which I now experienced with those which ex-

cited my youthful ambition, it seemed that even war and victory, with all their glories, were far less alluring than the pursuit of researches such as these, for the purpose of spreading the light of civilisation over a portion of the world as yet unknown; rich, perhaps, in the luxuriance of uncultivated nature; where science might accomplish new and unthought of discoveries, and intelligent man would yet find a region teeming with useful vegetation, abounding with rivers, hills, and valleys, and waiting only for the enterprising spirit, and improving hand, to turn to account the native bounty of the soil."

His first halt was at the house of a friend, Mr M'Arthur, near Paramatta, whose extensive and beautiful gardens exhibit a high promise of the future horticultural treasures of this thriving land. Here was planted the first olive-tree ever seen in Australia. Here he saw the cork-tree in full luxuriance, the caper plant growing amid rocks, the English oak, the horse-chestnut, the broom, magnificent mulberry trees of thirty-five years' growth, umbrageous and green; beds of roses, in great variety, spreading round, and filling the air with fragrance. He saw, too, the convict Greeks, who had been transported for piracy, training the vine of the Antipodes, in trellices made after the fashion of the Peloponnesus. The orange-trees, flourishing in the form of cones sixteen feet high, and loaded with fruit, presented the most remarkable work of the gardener, as having been reduced to bare poles, by a three years' drought, being cut down to the ground, and thus recovering themselves by the effect of more genial seasons. Mr M'Arthur assured him, that by adopting this plan, many fruit-trees, after suffering from the effects of long-continued drought, might be renovated successfully. This is a valuable secret in so dry a climate as Australia; but every fruit seems capable of growing in this fine climate. The apple and pear are luxuriant, and the vine, wherever it has been tried, spreads in remarkable profusion—a good omen of the future conviviality of the Australians.

But even in this fine country there is an extraordinary mixture of sterile land. The sand-stone spreads extensively. This is the true stone of the desert;

and, immediately on leaving his friend's garden of the Hesperides, the Major had to ride fifty miles through a scene of desolation, rock, and ravine, that the very aborigines shun. Yet, who shall say that even this repulsive tract may not, in the passing of a few years, echo with industry, and teem with wealth? It will never be an Arcadia, but may it not be a Cornwall, — a great treasure-house of tin, iron, and calamine — of copper, and silver, and gold, — a huge underground temple of Plutus, to tempt the trade of the dollar-loving Chinese, and extract the last gem from the fingers of the gold-footed King of Burmah, unplume the feather-crowns of the kings and sovereigns of the Japanese archipelago, and bow down to the majesty of gold the future Anglo-American usurper of California?

"My ride on that day was along a ridge which extended upwards of fifty miles through a succession of deep ravines, where no other objects met the eye than barren sandstone rocks, and stunted trees. With the *banksia* and *rauholtzia* ever in sight, the idea of hopeless sterility is ever present to the mind, for these, in sandy soils at least, grow only where nothing else can grow. The horizon is flat, affording no relief to the eye from the dreary and inhospitable scene which these solitudes present; they extend over a great portion of country uninhabitable even by the aborigines. Yet here the patient labours of the surveyor have opened a road, although the stream of population must be confined to it, since it cannot spread over a region so utterly unprofitable and worthless.

"It is not until the traveller has completed a journey of fifty miles, that he enjoys the sight, doubly cheering after crossing such a desert, of green cultivated fields, and the dwellings of man. The broad waters of the Hawkesbury then come unexpectedly in view, flowing in the deepest, and apparently most inaccessible of these rock-bound valleys. He soon discovers a practical proof of the advantage of convict labour to the inhabitants of such a country, in the facility with which he descends, by a road cut in the rock, to the comfortable inn near the ferry across the river Hawkesbury.

"Early next morning my ride was resumed, after crossing the river in the ferry-boat, where the width is 280 yards. It is here the boundary between the counties of Cumberland and Northumberland. The scenery is fine on these broad and placid waters of the Hawkesbury, shelter-

ed by the overhanging cliffs, 600 feet in height: they appear smooth as a mirror, and afford access by boats and small vessels to the little sheltered cots and farms which now cultivate the margin. These patches are of no great extent, and occur alternately on either bank of this noble stream, comprising farms of from thirty to a hundred acres.

"The necessity for a permanent land communication between the seat of government and the northern part of the colony was obvious, and, indeed, a road in that direction had been the subject of petitions from the settlers to Sir Thomas Brisbane, under whose auspices the track across the mountain beyond the Hawkesbury was first discovered and surveyed by Mr Finch. This tract, with some slight alterations, was found, on a more general survey, to be the most favourable line for a cart-road in that direction that the country afforded, and it had been opened but a short time, when I thus proceeded along it, accompanied by Mr Simpson, the assistant surveyor, who, under my directions, had accomplished the work. Just then, however, the first steam vessel had arrived in Australia, thus affording a regular coast communication between Sydney and the northern portion of the colony. The land communication became, in consequence, an object of less importance than before, to the present handful of settlers at least, although it was not the less essential to a respectable government, or where an armed force had been organized, as in New South Wales, solely for the suppression of bushrangers, a *sub-genus* in the order *banditti*, which, happily, can now only exist there in places inaccessible to the mounted police. The ascent northward from this ferry on the Hawkesbury, is a substantial and permanent work. It affords a favourable specimen of the value of convict labour, in anticipating the wants of an increasing population.

"The country traversed by this new road is equally barren, and more mountainous than that traversed between Parramatta and the Hawkesbury. Amid those rocky heights and depths, across which I had recently toiled on foot, marking out with no ordinary labour the intended line, I had now the satisfaction to trot along a new and level road, winding like a thread through the dreary labyrinth before me, and in which various parts had already acquired a local appellation not wholly unsuited to their character, such as 'Hungry Flat,' 'Devil's Backbone,' 'No-grass Valley,' and 'Dennis's Dog-kennel.' In fact, the whole face of the country is composed of sand-stone rock, and but partially covered with vegetation. The horizon is

only broken by one or two summits, which are different both in outline and quality from the surrounding country. These isolated heights generally consist of trap-rock, and are covered with rich soil and very heavy timber. The most remarkable is Warrawolon—whose top I first observed from the hill of Jellore in the south, at the distance of 108 miles. This being a most important station for the general survey which I made previously to opening the northern road, it was desirable to clear the summit, at least partly, of trees; which work, after considerable labour, was accomplished—the trees having been very large. On removing the primeval forest, I found the view from that summit extended over a wild waste of rocky precipitous ravines, which debarred all access or passage in any direction, until I could patiently trace out the ridges between them; and for this purpose I ascended that hill on ten successive days, the whole of which time I devoted to the examination of the various outlines and their connexions, by means of the theodolite.

"Looking northward, an intermediate and lower range concealed from view the valley of the Hunter, but the summits of the Liverpool range appeared beyond it. On turning to the eastward, my view extended to the unpeopled shores and lonely waters of the vast Pacific. Not a trace of man was visible on any side, except a distant solitary column of smoke that arose from a thicket between the hill on which I stood and the coast, and marked the asylum of a remnant of the aborigines. These unfortunate creatures could no longer enjoy their solitary freedom. The dominion of the white man surrounded them. His sheep and cattle filled the green pastures where the kangaroo (the principal food of the natives) was accustomed to range, until the stranger came from distant lands and claimed the soil. Thus these first inhabitants, hemmed in by the power of the white population, and deprived of the liberty which they formerly enjoyed of wandering at will through their native wilds, were compelled to seek a precarious shelter amidst the close thickets and rocky fastnesses which afforded them a temporary home, but scarcely a subsistence; for their chief support, the kangaroo, was either destroyed or banished. I knew these unhappy people, and had frequently met them in their haunts. In the prosecution of my surveys I was enabled to explore the wildest recesses of these deep mountainous ravines, guided occasionally by one or two of their number. I felt no hesitation in venturing amongst them, for to me they appeared a harmless, unoffending race. On many a dark night,

and even during rainy weather, I have proceeded on horseback amongst these steep and rocky ranges, my path being guided by two young boys belonging to the tribe, who ran cheerfully before my horse, alternately turning off the stringy bark which served for torches, and setting fire to the grass trees *Southward* to light my way."

We cannot help observing on this interesting passage, that here Major Mitchell indulges in a little sentimentality—the only instance of doubtful taste which we have observed in his volumes. He deplors the fate of these aboriginal savages, as "no longer able to enjoy their solitary freedom." In a country of which not a hundredth part has ever been settled, we should have supposed that they might have enough of both freedom and solitude. But we are told that "the dominions of the white man surrounded them,"—those dominions consisting of a strip of land on the seashore! The same ultra-pathetic strain is followed. His (the Englishman's) sheep and cattle fill the green pastures where the kangaroo, the principal food of the natives, was accustomed to range, until the stranger came from distant lands and claimed the soil. If this had been said or sung in a modern novel, it might have been properly placed; but it has no relationship to the general grace and manly style required in important works, and of which we find so many able instances in the present writer. The plain truth is, that there are kangaroos enough, acres enough, and deserts enough, for ten times the native population. It is also quite clear, that under the English government *no* violences will or can be committed against the natives; that if they will adopt the arts and advantages of civilisation, they will be welcomed to their share with the English, and thus, if they will be but peaceable, they will be unmolested. Where the English settlements advance, of course, the natives will retire; but this must be the slightest possible hardship to men who are wholly without settlements of their own, whose life is spent in wandering over the country, and who still have a country nearly as large as Europe to wander over at will. The question, in fact, rests between filling some districts of this great continent with the vigour, intelligence, and activity of

Englishmen, and leaving them entirely to the indolence, helplessness, and misery of savage life. We shall certainly not imitate the policy of the United States to their Indian neighbours; we shall not make war upon their persons nor plunder their hunting grounds; but in the course of another half century the native tribes will, probably, either have shrunk into the interior, or have sunk into the general expanse of British population—of all changes the one most to be desired for their comfort, knowledge, and security. It is true that measures may be occasionally necessary which the men of cheap charity and long harangues in this country, the Buxtons, *et hoc genus omne*, will whine or rail over as the most atrocious of all offences against the art of talking philanthropy, and extending the traffic in beer and Baptists to the colonies; for those natives, with all their innocence, are stealers of cattle and most things that they can lay their hands on; are hostile where they have force, and apt to be treacherous where they have not; and can throw spears and brandish clubs in a very assassin-like style. That they also have good qualities of certain kinds, is readily admitted; but if they commit murder they must be punished, and if they make attacks they must be repelled. As of their lands they make no use but to walk over them, it is fortunate even for themselves that England has settled her colony among them. It offers a hope of amelioration which otherwise they never could have possessed, and in its progress it offers them all the advantages, and they are numberless, which are to be found in the resources of advanced and opulent society.

On the evening of the 26th, the Major reached the inn near the head of the little valley of the Wollombi, a tributary stream to the river Hunter. Here there is some soil fit for cultivation, and the whole of it is taken up in farms; but the pasturage afforded by the numerous valleys on the sides of the mountains, called "water-runs," are more profitable to the owners of the farms than the farms themselves, of which the produce merely supports, at present, the grazing establishments. In a climate so dry as Australia, the selection of farm-land depends solely on the direction of streams, for it is only in the beds of water-courses that

any ponds can be found during dry seasons. The formation of reservoirs has not yet been resorted to, although the accidental largeness of the ponds left in such channels has frequently determined settlers in their choice of a homestead, when, by a little labour, a pond equally good might have been made in other parts, which few would select, from the want of water. In some situations there is abundance of good soil, now considered unavailable for any purpose excepting grazing, only from the want of "frontage," as it is termed, on a river or chain of ponds; and selections have been frequently made of farms, which have thus excluded extensive tracts behind them from water, and which remaining, consequently, unoccupied, have continued accessible only to the sheep or cattle of the possessor of the water frontage. In the lower portion of the Wollombi, where the valley widens and water becomes less abundant, it was found impossible to locate some veterans on farms the Major had formerly marked out for them; but in its upper valleys, though there is little breadth of alluvial soil, the water never fails, and small farmers show a disposition to settle in any available corner there—the only beginning of an agricultural population as yet apparent in New South Wales.

On the 28th the Major reached the appointed place of rendezvous on the Foy Brook, having traversed the valley of the river Hunter, an extensive tract of country, consisting of low undulating land, thickly wooded, and bearing in most places a good crop of grass. On the 29th the whole equipment came up, and, on the 30th, the Major had the satisfaction of seeing his party move forward in exploring order. It consisted of the following persons:—

Alexander Burnett,	} <i>Carpenters.</i>
Robert Whiting,	
William Woods,	
John Palmer,	} <i>Sailors.</i>
Thomas Jones,	
William Worthington.	
James Souter,	<i>Med. Assistant.</i>
Robert Muirhead,	} <i>Bullock-Drivers.</i>
Daniel Delaney,	
James Foreham,	
Joseph Jones,	<i>Groom.</i>
Stephen Bombelli,	<i>Blacksmith.</i>
Timothy Cussack,	<i>Surveyor's Man.</i>
Anthony Brown,	<i>Servant to me.</i>
Henry Dawkins,	<i>Ser. to Mr White.</i>

"These were the best men I could find.

All were ready to face fire or water, in hopes of regaining, by desperate exploits, a portion, at least, of that liberty which had been forfeited to the laws of their country. This was always a favourite service with the best disposed of the convict prisoners, for in the event of their meriting, by their good conduct, a favourable report, the Government was likely to grant them some indulgence on their return. I chose these men either from the characters they bore, or according to their trade or particular qualifications: thus,

"Burnett was the son of a respectable house-carpenter on the banks of the Tweed, where he had been too fond of shooting game, his only cause of 'trouble.'

"Whiting, a Londoner, had been a soldier in the Guards.

"Woods had been long useful in the department as a surveyor's man; in which capacity he first came under my notice, when he had been long employed as a boatman in the survey of the coast, and having become in consequence ill from scurvy, he made application to me to be employed on shore. The justness of his request, and the services he had performed, prepossessed me in his favour, and I never afterwards had occasion to change my good opinion of this sailor.

"John Palmer was a sailmaker as well as a sailor, and both he and Jones had been on board a man-of-war, and were very handy fellows.

"Worthington was a strong youth, recently arrived. He was nicknamed by his comrades 'Five o'clock,' from his having, on the outset of the journey, disturbed them by insisting that the hour was five o'clock soon after midnight, from his eagerness to be ready in time in the morning.

"I never saw Souter's diploma, but his experience and skill in surgery were sufficient to satisfy us, and to acquire for him from the men the appellation of 'Doctor.'

"Robert Muirhead had been a soldier in India, and banished, for some mutiny, to New South Wales; where his steady conduct had obtained for him an excellent character.

"Delaney and Foreham were experienced men in driving cattle.

"Joseph Jones, originally a London groom, I had always found intelligent and trust-worthy.

"Bombelli could shoe horses, and was afterwards transferred to my service by Mr Sempill in lieu of a very turbulent character, whom I left behind, declaring it to be his firm determination to be hanged.

"Cussack had been a bog surveyor in

Ireland; he was an honest creature; he had got somehow implicated there in a charge of administering unlawful oaths.

"Brown had been a soldier, and subsequently was assistant coachman to the Marquis of —, and

"Dawkins was an old tar—in whom Mr White, himself formerly an officer in the Indian navy—placed much confidence.

"Thus it had been my study, in organizing this party, to combine the *tried* men of both services with some neat-handed mechanics, as engineers and it now formed a respectable body of men, for the purpose for which it was required.

"Our *materiel* consisted of eight muskets, six pistols; and our small stock of ammunition, including a box containing sky-rockets, was carried on one of the covered carts.

"Of these tilted carts we had two, so constructed that they could be drawn either by one or two horses. They were also so light, that they could be moved across difficult passes by the men alone. Three stronger carts or drays were loaded with our stock of provisions, consisting of flour, pork (which had been boned in order to diminish the bulk as much as possible), tea, tobacco, sugar, and soap. We carried, besides, a sufficient number of pack-saddles for the draught animals, that in case of necessity we might be able to carry forward the loads by such means. Several pack-horses were also attached to the party. I had been induced to prefer wheel-carriages for an exploratory journey—1st, From the level nature of the interior country; 2dly, From the greater facility and certainty they afforded of starting early when the necessity of laying all our stores in separate loads on animals' backs could thus be avoided. The latter method being further exposed to interruptions on the way—by the derangement of loads—or galling the animals' backs—one inexperienced man being likely thus to impede the progress of the whole party.

"For the navigation or passage of rivers, two portable boats of canvass had been prepared by Mr Eager, of the King's dockyard at Sydney. We carried the canvass only with models of the ribs—and tools, having carpenters who could complete them when required.

"Our hour for encamping, when circumstances permitted, was to be two, P.M., as affording time for the cattle to feed and rest; but this depended on our finding water and grass. Day break was to be the signal for preparing for the journey, and no time was allowed for breakfast until after the party had encamped for the day."

On the 5th, the party pitched their tents on the left bank of the river

Hunter, near Segenhoe, the extensive estate of Potter Macqueen, Esq.; and here, says the Major,

"I was very anxious to obtain the assistance of an aboriginal guide, but the natives have almost all disappeared from the valley of the Hunter; those who still linger near their ancient haunts, are sometimes met with about such large establishments as Segenhoe, where, it may be presumed, they meet with kind treatment. Their reckless gaiety of manner; intelligence respecting the country, expressed in a laughable inversion of slang words; their dexterity and skill in the use of their weapons; and above all, their few wants, generally ensure them that look of welcome without which these rovers of the wild will seldom visit a farm or cattle station. In those who have become sufficiently acquainted with us to be sensible of that happy state of security enjoyed by all men under the protection of our laws, the conduct is strikingly different from that of those who still remain in a savage state. The latter are named "*myalls*" by their half-civilized brethren, who, indeed, hold them so much in dread, that it is seldom possible to prevail on any one to accompany a traveller far into the unexplored parts of the country. At Segenhoe, on a former occasion, I met with a native but recently arrived from the wilds. His terror and suspicion, when required to stand steadily before me while I drew his portrait, were such, that all that power of disguising fear, so remarkable in the savage race, was overcome, the stout heart of Cambo beat visibly, the perspiration streamed from his breast, and he was about to sink to the ground, when he at length suddenly darted from my presence, but speedily returned, bearing in one hand his club and in the other his *bomareng*, with which he seemed to acquire just fortitude enough to be able to stand on his legs until I finished the sketch."

Contrast Saunders with Cambo.

"The party moved off at seven, and passing, soon after, near the farm of an old man whom I had assisted some years before in the selection of his land, I rode to see him, accompanied by Mr White. He was busy with his harvest, but left the top of his wheat-stack on seeing me, and came running up, cordially welcoming us to his dwelling. A real Scotch bonnet covered the brow of a face which reminded me, by its characteristic carving, of 'the land of the mountain and the flood.' The analogy between the respective features was, at least, so strong in my mind, and the sight of the one was so associated with the idea of the other, that had I seen this

face on a stranger, in a still more distant corner of the earth, it must have called to mind the hills of my native land. The old man was very deaf; but in spite of age and deafness, his sharp blue eye seemed to express the enduring vigour of his mind. He had buried his wife in Scotland, and had left there a numerous family, that he might become its pioneer at the antipodes. He had thus far worked his way successfully, and was beginning to reap the fruits of his adventurous industry. Sleek cattle filled his stock-yard, his fields waved with the yellow grain, and I had the satisfaction of learning from him that he had written for his family, and that he soon expected their arrival in the colony. He immediately gave grain to our horses, and placed before us new milk, and, what we found a still greater luxury, pure water from the running burnie close by; also, a bottle of 'the mountain dew,' which, he said, was from a still which was '*no far off*.' When I was about to mount my horse, he enquired if I could spare five minutes more, when he put into my hands the copy of a long memorial addressed to the Government, which he took from among the leaves of a very old folio volume of Pitseottie's History of Scotland. This memorial prayed, that whereas Scoone was in the valley of Strathearne, and that the pillow of Jacob, which had been kept there as the coronation-stone of the Kings of Scotland, was fated still to be where their dominion extended; and as this valley of the Kingdon Ponds had not as yet received a general name, that it might be called Strathearne, &c. &c. We were finally compelled, although it still wanted two hours of noon, to drink a 'stirrup-cup' at the door, when he most heartily drank success to our expedition, and I went on my way, rejoicing that, on leaving the last man of the white race we were likely to see for some time, the ceremony of shaking hands was a vibration of sincere kindness.

Soon after having rejoined his party, a soldier of the mounted police came up, and delivered to the Major a letter from the Military Secretary at Sydney, informing him that "the Barber" had sawed off his irons, and escaped from the prison at Bathurst. This intelligence was meant to put him on his guard respecting the natives, as it was supposed "the Barber" would assemble them beyond the settled districts, with a view to drive off the cattle of the colonists—and especial caution would be necessary to prevent a surprise from natives so directed, if, *as most people supposed*, his story of "the great river"

had only been an invention of his own, by which he had hoped to improve his chance of escape. This worthy was afterwards hanged in Van Diemen's Land.

That day they encamped on the Kingdon Brook, where it formed a broad pool deep enough for bathing in, with good grass in the neighbourhood—the "burning hill" of Wingen distant about four miles. On the 3d they ascended the chain of hills connecting Wingen with Mount Murulla and the Liverpool range; and descending to a beautiful valley of considerable extent, watered by Page's River, they encamped on a fine flat, apparently consisting of a soil of excellent quality, the extremities of the mountains on the north falling in long gradual slopes, well covered with grass, and already eaten short by sheep. On the 4th their way lay westward towards the head of the valley, in order to cross, by the usual route, the higher and principal range, which still lay to the north—the whole of the valley appearing to consist of good land, and the adjacent mountain affording excellent sheep pasture; and on the 5th they ascended and descended the Liverpool range, which divides the colony from the unexplored country beyond—"here I at length drank the water of a stream (called by the natives 'Currangai') which flowed into the unexplored interior; and from a hill near our route this day I beheld, for the first time, the distant blue horizon, exactly resembling that of the ocean."

The day before, the Major, when riding a little beyond the encampment, had fallen in with a tribe of natives from Pewen Bewen on Dart Brook, one of whom afterwards visited the party, but could tell little about the interior of the country. This tribe had reached Currangai before them, apparently to join some of their friends who lay extremely ill there, being afflicted with a virulent kind of small-pox. "We found the helpless creatures stretched on their backs beside the water, under the shade of the wattle or mimosa tree, to avoid the intense heat of the sun. We gave them from our stock some medicine, and the wretched sufferers seemed to place the utmost confidence in its efficacy. I had often, indeed, occasion to observe, that, however obtuse in some

things, the aborigines seemed to entertain a sort of superstitious belief in the virtues of all kinds of physic. I found that this distressed tribe were also 'strangers in the land' to which they had now resorted. Their meekness, as strangers, and their utter ignorance of the country they were in, was very unusual in natives, and particularly excited our sympathy, when contrasted with the prouder bearing and intelligence of the native of the plain who had undertaken to be my guide."

On the 6th they continued their journey, crossing low ridges of rich earth, branches from high ranges on their left, and came upon a portion of the plains. The wide expanse of open level country extended in a northerly direction as far as human vision could reach, and, being clear of trees, presented a remarkable contrast to the settled districts of the colony. The soil of these plains looked well, the grass good, and herds of cattle, browsing at a distance, adding pastoral beauty to what had been recently a desert. Leaving the cart track they had been following, and which led to some cattle station, the party again entered the woods, and turned a little to the north, their object being to reach the bank of Peel's River at Wallamoul, which had been laid down as holding a northerly course, and therefore likely to lead to any greater river flowing to the north-west, as reported by "the Barber." Crossing a deep dry bed, called by the natives "Nazabella," they encamped near some of its ponds, at a shady spot where the long grass had been burnt, in other parts reaching to the heads of the horses, and remained there another day to recruit—"the rich soil of the valley being nearly as deep as the bed of the rivulet, which is twenty feet lower than the surface."

"Dec. 8.—A road or track which we found at about half-a-mile east from the camp, led us very directly on the bearing of 335° to Loder's station, which was distant about six miles from our encampment. Here stood a tolerable house of slabs, with a good garden adjoining, in charge of an old stockman and his equally aged wife. This man was named by the blacks 'Longanay' (Long Ned). This station was situated on a fine running stream called the Cuerindie, and the state of the sheep and cattle about it proved the excellence of the pas-

ture. We had passed the limits of the territory open to the selections of settlers, in crossing the Liverpool range; and the more remote country is not likely to come into the market soon: such stations as this of Loder were held, therefore, only by the right of pre-occupancy, which has been so generally recognised between the colonists themselves, that the houses, &c. of such stations are sometimes disposed of for valuable considerations, although the land is still liable to be sold by the Government. A native named 'Jemmy,' whom I met with here, agreed to conduct me, by the best way for carts, to Wallamoul on the Peel, for which service I undertook to reward him with a tomahawk. It was necessary that we should ford the Cuerindie, which flows to the north-west, and, notwithstanding the steepness of its banks, we effected a passage without difficulty, guided by 'Jemmy.' One mile beyond this, another creek lay in our way. It was smaller, but much more formidable and difficult to cross, for the bottom and banks consisted of blue mud or clay, half-hardened on the surface, yet soft and yielding below. It was not without considerable delay that we effected the passage of this, for a wheel of one of the carts stuck fast in the mud, and it was necessary to dig the earth from before the other wheel before we could release the vehicle. At length every thing was got across, and we, fortunately, met no other impediment for six miles. We then crossed the channels of two rivulets, neither of which contained any water. At half-past four I wished to encamp, and the natives having at length found a green mantling pool in the bed of the united channel of the two water-courses, there we pitched our tents at a place called 'Burandua.' Bad as the water seemed to be, 'Jemmy' soon obtained some that was both clear and cool, by digging a hole in the sand near the pool. This was a quiet and sensible fellow; he steadily pursued the course he recommended for the "wheelbarrows" as he termed our carts; answering all my queries briefly and decidedly, either by a nod of assent, or the negative monosyllable 'bel,' and shake of the head. His walk was extremely light and graceful; his shoulders were neatly knit, and the flowing luxuriance of his locks was restrained by a bit of half-inch cord, the two ends hanging, like a double queue, half-way down his back. He was followed by his *gin* and a child, which she, although it was old enough to walk, usually carried on her back.

"The air of the evening was very refreshing, and the sun set with peculiar brilliancy. We had travelled during the

whole day on good soil, and the ploughed appearance of the surface was very remarkable in various places, particularly a little to the South of Loder's station, where the hollow seemed to terminate in a common channel. I noticed, also, that the direction of all the water-courses was towards the north-west, and it was evident that they occasionally overflowed their banks."

On the 11th they reached the bank of the Peel at Wallamoul, the lowest cattle station upon the river, occupied by Mr Brown, who had there about 1600 head of cattle. On the 9th they had passed over an open and grassy plain, skirted with wood, where there was abundant water in a channel called by the natives "Carrabobbila;" but the water, at the spot where they encamped, was hot and muddy, from which the blacks, however, knew well how to obtain a cool and clear draught, by first scratching a hole in the soft sand under the pool, thus making a filter, and then throwing into it some tufts of long grass, through which they sucked the cooler water thus purified from the sand or gravel. The *gin* quenched her thirst with still greater satisfaction, by rushing into a pool, and drinking as she sat immersed up to the lip. On reaching the top of the range separating the basin of the Peel from that of the waters falling to the Liverpool plains, they were agreeably surprised to find that the opposite side of the hills, and the whole face of the country beyond them, presented a very different appearance from that through which they had passed. A gently sloping extremity lay before them for a good many miles on their proposed route, and there were no intervening gullies. The range they had crossed seemed to extend from the Liverpool range to the northward, as far as could then be seen; but the native guide said that it soon terminated on the river "Callala," or Peel, whose course, he said, turned westward, a fact corroborating, so far, the statements of "the Barber." During several days of this journey, before their arrival on the 11th at Wallamoul, the fire was one day's advance of the party, and thus the flames having cleared every thing away, their camp was not exposed to danger. But on the 9th the country seemed all on fire around them; and the hills they crossed on the 10th had been all in a blaze the night before, and trees lay smok-

ing around their route, the conflagration having been quenched by a seasonable fall of rain. At Wallamoul, "Jemmy," the native guide, received his promised tomahawk, and so did "Monday," his brother, who met him there; and his place was supplied by a native, named "Mr Brown," who agreed to accompany the party, on condition that he should receive blankets for himself and his "gin," and a tomahawk, or small hatchet, so valuable a substitute for their stone-hatchet, that almost all the natives within reach of the colony have them, even where the white man is known as yet only by name, and as the manufacturer of this most important of all implements to the Australian natives. On the 13th, all arrangements being completed, the encampment was broken up, and the party proceeded into the *Terra Incognita*, in pursuit of the course of the Peel river. "We soon advanced, with feelings of intense interest, into the country before us, and impressed with the responsibility of commencing the first chapter of its history. All was new and nameless there, but by this beginning we were to open a way for the many other beginnings of civilised man, and thus extend his dominion over the last holds of barbarism."

On the 16th, they encamped on the river Nammoy. This stream, having received the Conadilly from the left bank, had here an important appearance; the breadth of the water was 100 feet, its mean depth $11\frac{3}{4}$ feet; the current half-a mile an hour, and the height of the banks above the water 37 feet. The course of the Maluerindie, from the junction of the Peel to that of the Conadilly, is somewhat to the southward of west. Below the junction the well-known native name is Nammoy.

Their route from Wallamoul to the Nammoy had lain through tracts of promise—the bank, at the ford of Wallenburra, presenting a section of at least 50 feet of rich earth—and on an extensive open track, named Mulla-luba, the undulations were as great as those which occur between London and Hampstead, the whole bearing a remarkable resemblance to an enclosed and cultivated country. The ridges exactly resembled furrows in fallow land; and trees grew in rows, as if

connected with field enclosures—parts where bushes or grass had been recently burned looking red or black, and thus contributing to the appearance of cultivation. The soil was indeed well worthy of cultivation, for it consisted of a rich black mould, so loose and deep, that it yawned in cracks as if for want of feet to tread it down. But the want was of water—one small and dry channel appearing to be the only line of drainage in wet weather from the extensive open country of Mulluba. But it could not fail to strike Major Mitchell, that much might be done to remedy the natural disadvantages, whether of a superfluity of water lodging on the plains in rainy seasons, or of too great scarcity of moisture in dry weather, by cutting channels on the lines of natural drainage, which would serve to draw off the water from the plains, and concentrate and preserve a sufficient supply for use in time of drought.

A few hours after leaving the encampment on the Nammoiy, the party came on a very large stock-yard, which the natives said had belonged to "George the Barber." They saw, besides, the remains of a house, and the "gunyas," or huts, of a numerous encampment of natives. The bones of bullocks were strewed about in great abundance, plainly enough showing the object of the stock-yard, and that of the Barber's alliance with the aborigines. The whole country was on fire, and, though the guide frequently drew their attention to recent footmarks, not a single native was to be seen. Distant about two miles from this stock-yard lay due north the Pic of "Tangulda," and as the Barber had positively stated that the only practicable way to the "big river" was N.E. by N. from Tangulda, the Major mounted the pic, and saw the Nammoiy's course through a cluster of hills, between which it passed to a lower country in the north-west. These hills were connected on the right bank with the pic, and also with a low range on the east and north-east, whose western extremities appeared to terminate westward on the vale of the Nammoiy, as far northward as he could see them in perspective. It appeared, then, that the lowest part of the range lay exactly in the direction described by the Barber. Some bold and remarkable

hills appeared at no great distance to the right of that line; but the country between Tangulda and the lowest part of the horizon seemed so gentle and undulating, that he felt it his duty, before tracing the Nammoiy further, to explore the country in the direction so particularly described by the Bush-ranger. Quitting, therefore, the line of the Nammoiy, they proceeded in the direction north-east by north from Tangulda; and, after journeying some twenty miles on the 18th, early in the morning of the 19th they encamped at the stream of the valley, which the Major named Maule's river. Leaving the cattle to be refreshed during the day, he proceeded, with the native and two men, to examine the mountains. After climbing about a mile and a half, he reached a lofty summit, where he hoped to have obtained a view beyond the range, or, at least, to have discovered how it might be crossed, but was disappointed; distant summits, more lofty and difficult of access, obstructed the view towards the east, north, and even west; the only link connecting the hill they had gained with those still higher being a very bold naked rock, presenting a perpendicular side at least 200 feet in height. To proceed in that direction was quite out of the question.

"As we descended, we came suddenly on an old woman, who, as soon as she saw us, ran off in terror. I ordered the two men who accompanied me to keep back, until 'Mr Brown' could overtake and speak to her, saying that we intended no harm; and she was easily persuaded, after a brief conversation with our guide, to allow us to come near. She presented a most humiliating specimen of our race—a figure shortened and shrivelled with age, entirely without clothing; one eye alone saw through the dim decay of nature—several large fleshy excrescences projected from the sides of her head like so many ears—and the jawbone was visible, through a gash or scar, on one side of her chin. The withered arms and hands, covered with earth by digging and scraping for the snakes and worms on which she fed, more resembled the limbs and claws of a quadruped. She spoke with a slow nasal whine, prolonged at the end of each sentence, and this our guide imitated in speaking to her. The mosquitoes tormented her much, as appeared from her incessantly slapping her limbs and body. 'Mr Brown's' conversation seemed animated on some subject, but not, as I at last suspect-

ed, on that most important to us; for, when I enquired, after he had spoken a long time, what she said of the 'Barber' and the way across the mountains, he was obliged to commence a set of queries, evidently for the first time. She said horses might pass, pointing at the same time further to the eastward—but our guide seemed unwilling to put further questions, saying she had promised to send at sunset to our tents two young boys who could inform us better. Even in such a wretched state of existence, ornaments had their charms with this female, when even the decency of covering was wholly disregarded. She had kangaroo teeth set round her brow, these being fastened to the few remaining hairs, and a knot of brown feathers decorated her right temple. The roasting snake which we had seen in the morning, belonged, as we now learned, to this witch of the glen.

"The boys did not visit us in the evening, as 'Mr Brown' had expected, and he appeared unusually thoughtful when I found him sitting alone by the water side at some distance from the camp. I was then making arrangements for carrying the bulk of our provisions and equipment on pack-horses and bullocks, across this range, intending to leave the remainder of our stores at this spot in charge of two men armed; and of this measure 'Mr Brown' did not approve.

"Dec. 20.—When the packhorses had been loaded, and we were about to start, leaving the remainder of our provisions in charge of two men, we discovered that our native guide was missing. I had promised him for his services, a tomahawk, a knife, and a blanket, and as he was already far beyond his own beat as I supposed, he might have had the promised rewards, by merely asking for them. We had always given him plenty of flour, also his choice of any part of the kangaroos we killed. It had been observed by the men, that the intelligence received from the old woman had made him extremely uneasy, and he had also expressed to them on the previous evening, his apprehensions about the natives in the country before us. I was very sorry for the loss of 'Mr Brown.' He was very comical, as indeed, these half-civilised aborigines generally are: he liked to be close shaved, wore a white neckcloth, and declared it to be his intention of becoming, from that time forward, 'a white fellow.' I concluded that he had returned to his own tribe; and, that he had been unwilling to acknowledge to me his dread of the 'myall' tribes."

The expedition then proceeded up the valley, or eastward, and en-

deavoured to pass to the northward; but, judging it nearly impracticable, the leader wisely desisted from any further attempt on the direction pointed out by the veracious Barber, and determined on returning to Tangudda, that, by following the Nammoy, he might endeavour to turn this range, and so enter the region beyond it. On the 22d, having again encamped on the Nammoy, six miles from Tangudda, at a spot favourable for the formation of a depot—the waters clear and sparkling, the grass excellent, a hill at hand overhung with pines, and lofty blue gum-trees growing on the margin—Major Mitchell resolved to make a voyage of discovery in canvass-boats down the river—the channel of all the waters of the Peel, the Malucindie, and Conadilly.

"We passed along several reaches without meeting any impediment, but, at length, an accumulation of drift-timber and gravel brought us up at a spot where two large trees had fallen across the stream from opposite banks. From the magnitude of these trunks and others which, interwoven with rubbish, and buried in gravel, supported them, I anticipated a long delay, but the activity of the whole party was such, that a clear passage was opened in less than half an hour. The sailors swam about like frogs, and, swimming, could cut, with a cross cut saw, trees under water. I found I could survey the river as we proceeded, by measuring with a pocket sextant the angle subtended by the two ends of a twelve-foot rod—held in the second boat—at the opposite end of each reach—the bearing being observed at the same time. By referring to one of Brewster's tables, the angle subtended by the twelve-foot rod, I ascertained the distance in feet. This operation occasioned a delay of a few seconds only, just as the last boat arrived in sight of each place of observation.

"Several black swans floated before us—apparently not much alarmed even at the unwonted sight of boats on the Nammoy. The evenness of the banks and reaches, and the depth and stillness of the waters were such, that I might have traced the river downwards, at least so far as such facilities continued, had our boats been of a stronger material than canvass. But dead trees lay almost invisible under water, and at the end of a short reach where I awaited the re-appearance of the second boat, we heard suddenly, confused shouts, and, on making to the shore, and running to the spot, I found that the boat

had run foul of some sunken tree—and filled almost immediately. Mr. White had, on the instant, managed to run her ashore across another sunken trunk, and thus prevented her from going down in deep water, opposite to another steep bank. By this disaster our whole stock of tea, sugar, and tobacco, with part of our flour and pork, were immersed in the water, but fortunately all the gunpowder had been stowed in the first boat. This catastrophe furnished another instance of the activity of the sailors: the cargo was got out, and the sunken boat being hauled up, a rent was discovered in the canvass of her larboard bow. This the sailmaker patched with a piece of canvass; a fire was made; tar was melted and applied; the boat was set afloat; reloaded, and again under weigh in an hour and a half. ‘Once more upon the waters,’ every thing seemed to promise a successful voyage down the river; but our hopes were doomed to be of short duration, for, as I again awaited the re-appearance of the second boat, a shout similar to the first again arose, and on running across the point of land within the river bend, I found her once more on the point of going down from similar damage sustained in the *star-board* bow. It was now near 5 p.m., and the labours of the day had been sufficient to convince me that the course of the Namroy could be much more conveniently traced at that time by a journey on land, than with boats of canvass on the water.”

On the 31st December they resume their land-journey, and on the 5th of January arrive in the country beyond the mountains which they had in vain attempted to cross, having found an open and accessible way round their ridges; and it now remained to be ascertained whether “the large river,” as described by the Barber, was near; according to him it was the first river met with after crossing the range north east by north of Tangulda.

One of the great difficulties of this country is the want of water; and, as the expedition travelled in the very height of the Australian summer, which is our winter, they voluntarily took the bull by the horns. The thermometer was frequently at a hundred, and the sufferings of the men and cattle were often dreadfully severe. On the 6th of January we thus find him searching for water. At length the wheel of one of the carts, and the axle of another, became unserviceable. The Major then rode forward for about three miles in search of water

for an encampment. He came upon a slight hollow, and followed it down, but it disappeared in a level plain surrounded by rising grounds. The search became anxious. One dry pond encouraged his hopes of finding water, and he continued his search along a flat where the grass had been recently on fire. From this, pursuing a kangaroo, he came upon a well-marked water-course, with deep holes, but they were all dry. Tracing the line of these holes downwards, he at last was fortunate enough to find a deep pool of water. Here, therefore, they encamped, and their good fortune was not at an end, for they soon after found two very large ponds on a rocky bed. In our verdurous climate we know little of the miseries that want of water occasions in others; we lose half the genuine enjoyments of simple nature by having them in too great profusion. These pools seem to have made every one happy; such are the virtues of a draught of cold water. The very landscape enjoyed it, for the spot was covered with rich grass, and was enclosed by shady thickets. “The prospect,” says Major Mitchell, “of two days’ repose for the cattle in that verdure, and under those shades, was most refreshing to us all. It was, indeed, a charming spot, enlivened by numbers of pigeons, and the songs of little birds in strange but pleasing notes.”

Still the heat was intense; the thermometer was at ninety during the night. Few of the men could sleep, there was not a breath of wind, and the heat was overpowering. Thus even night, which had previously afforded a relief from the day, was no longer their friend. The effect was formidable, weakening their cattle, drying up the water, destroying their wheels, and nourishing the fires in the grass and woods, which covered the country with smoke, until, in the narrator’s words, “humidity seemed to us the very essence of existence, water almost an object of adoration.” The thermometer at this date (it was January) ranged from 96 to 101 during the day; and, during the last five nights, had stood as high as 90 from sunset to sunrise! From the time of their leaving Sydney they had met with only one day of rain. They now left each “friendly water-hole in the greatest uncertainty whether

they *should ever drink again!*" Such are the perils which still remain, after the dangers of flood and field are exhausted, to try the heroism of the traveller. Probably, a slight addition of heat might have realised the uncertainty, and they might never have drunk again, but left their bones in the desert as a warning to all future temerity.

The mind of "gentlemen who sit at home at ease," surrounded by the labours of water companies, and companies of all kinds, and having light, watching, and cool streets at command, on the simple terms of paying a few shillings, yet are peevish at the state of society, and praise the times

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran,"—

ought to make a voyage to New South Wales, with a summer's journey through it, with the sun in the vertex, if it were only for the purpose of reconciling themselves to England, and the misfortune of having in it every thing that man can devise. They should follow this gallant soldier, man of science, and man of accomplishment, across the fiery sands of the Australian wilderness, and record their experience for the benefit of all the discontented.

The party, after watching the rolling of clouds from the north-west, with, perhaps, the same anxiety which is felt by the sailor in a famine, watching the distant sail that is to bring him bread, saw the evening fall without a shower. But the storm broke somewhere, for the next morning rose cool and with a pleasant breeze. The party now set forward, and, after travelling some miles, they entered a forest. There they heard the sound of the native's axe, and saw fires. As they advanced they surprised a native in a tree, so busily cutting out an opossum that he did not see them till they were close upon him. A woman and her child first gave the alarm, on which he stared at the strange assemblage with a look of horror, and immediately calling to the female in an authoritative tone, she disappeared in the woods. He then threw his club to the foot of the tree, and ascended to its highest branch. Major Mitchell called to him, and made some signs to give him confidence, but this attempt at peace was to no purpose. The

party then moved quietly forward, on which the wild man came down from the tree, picked up two spears which lay on the ground, and ran off. They then heard calls in various directions, and the words, "white fellow," pronounced very loudly and distinctly—a name, of course, borrowed from the settlers, but evidently conveying at the time strong feelings of either hatred or fear.

Journeys of this kind must keep the traveller in a perpetual state of excitement; sometimes, of course, not unconnected with alarm at the chance of stumbling on some horde of savages—a nest of human hornets, whose stings might make the explorers pay dear for their knowledge; sometimes, too, from the more formidable hazard of dying of famine or thirst. Still, what travel in a known country can approach the interest of treading an unknown one? They touch on the verge of a plain—it has never been touched by an European foot since its creation—it may contain a hundred plants never heard of before, and among them may supply some specific for some intractable disease, or some incalculable addition to the nutriment of man. They reach the skirts of a mountain—they may have only to climb its summit to see some unrivalled and unexpected region of fertility—to look over some landscape of novel loveliness, or ascertain some grand and leading feature which decides the form of the continent. They cross a rivulet—it may be the little parent of some mighty stream whose course leads through the bosom of the land, a noble depository of future national riches, and whose discovery shall immortalise the man who has merely proved its existence. Under such circumstances we feel no wonder at the eagerness with which journeys and voyages of discovery are adopted by manly and enterprising minds. Even the inhospitable wilds of the polar regions have their attraction. Even Africa, with its crafty and cruel savages, its sands and its wild beasts, cannot deter daily adventure. But of all explorations, we should conceive, that one such as the present must have excited the highest interest. The expedition was through a soil where every portion of their progress was not only new, but an addition to the actual territory of the explorer's country—where the se

curity from casual failure was almost complete, and where the success was sure to increase the distinctions and rewards of the manly investigator. It had somewhat of the feeling which an heir might have in taking a view of his inheritance for the first time—all before him new, and all before him his own.

The convict's information had hitherto been "a mingled yarn," partly false, but partly so true, that the Major, with all his sagacity, at last began to think that the "Kindur" lay before him. After traversing some plains, of which the interior of Australia seems chiefly composed, they came, on the 9th January, to a fine lagoon of considerable extent, brimful of pure water, short grass growing on the brink, no reeds, and a sprinkling of water-lilies. All this was favourable. Here they filled their kegs and kettles. They next crossed some rising ground, on which they perceived, to their astonishment and exultation, dry tufts of grass, old logs, and other drift matter, left high in the branches of the trees. Of course, this showed that the ground was inundated from time to time, an inundation which could proceed from nothing less than a powerful stream. "I felt confident," says Major Mitchell, "that we were at length approaching something new, perhaps the large river—the Kindur—of the bush-ranger." On descending by a very gentle slope, a dark and dense line of gigantic blue gum-trees, growing amid long grass and reeds, encouraged their hopes that they had at length found "the big river." A margin of rich soil, covered with long grass and scored with deep furrows, intervened. The Major galloped over this, and saw a broad silvery expanse shaded by steep banks and lofty trees. No current was perceptible in the water, but the breadth and depth far exceeded those of the Nammoy. Nevertheless, this was *not* the Kindur, but evidently the Gwydir, a river previously discovered, but in a higher part of its course. Yet it may easily be conceived that the discovery, though a disappointment, was delightful. It was a new feature of the country to them, and, after so much privation, heat, and exposure, the living stream and umbrageous foliage gave them a grateful sense of abundance, coolness, and shade. Trees of great magnitude

give a grand character to any landscape, but especially to river scenery. The blue gum-tree luxuriates on the margin of rivers, and in such situations grows to an enormous size. Such trees overhung the waters of the Gwydir, forming dense masses of shade, in which, as Major Mitchell poetically observes, "white cockatoos sported like spirits of light."

He now advanced across the river, which, though, probably, in the rainy season a powerful stream, at this period was not above the ankle. Riding some miles northward over a plain, he found another channel of a river. But here he had an instance of the wilderness. As he approached a thicket he saw a kangaroo, which sat looking at him and his horse till they were near it; and as the Major was asking his servant whether they could carry it back if they shot it, the horse, suddenly pricking his ears, drew his eye to a native, apparently also speculating on the kangaroo, and with two spears on his shoulder. On perceiving the Major, the savage changed the object of his attention, stared for a moment, then took a step back, and, swinging his right arm in the air, poised one of his spears, and stood in the attitude to throw. The Major has evidently the glance of a painter, for his sketches in these volumes are very able; but he, probably, never was less delighted by the picturesque of the human form than at this instant. This Mars or Apollo of the desert was a tall figure, covered with pipe-clay, which, if it did not make him, as it probably was meant to do, beautiful, yet made him piebald and conspicuous. "And his position of defiance," the Major observes, "as he had probably never seen a horse before, was manly enough." To have got out of his way would naturally be the first idea, unless the rifle could anticipate the spear. But the Major was a soldier, and little, according to our ideas, as any demand was made for the display of intrepidity under the circumstances, he chose *not* to retire. But he was also anxious to avoid beginning a quarrel with the natives. He, therefore, took the bolder alternative of galloping up to the spearman's front. This charge was effectual. The sudden movement of the English centaur perplexed the savage. He turned on his heel, and went at a dog-trot into the woods.

The Major now felt that he might retreat with a safe conscience—found a convenient cover by which he could return, without showing his back to the enemy, and took up his position upon the river with all the honours of war.

The party now turned from the northern course westward, and found a change of weather. It rained heavily, the Gwydir marked its winter course by deep and extensive hollows, and here they fell in with a specimen of an Australian Arcadia. Crossing one of these hollows, they passed among the huts of a native tribe. They were tastefully distributed among drooping acacias and casuarinæ. Some resembled bowers under yellow fragrant mimosæ; some were isolated under deep shades, while others were placed more socially, three or four huts together, fronting to one and the same fire. Each was semi-circular or circular; most of them were close to the trunk of a tree; and they were covered, not, as in other parts, by sheets of bark, but with a variety of materials, such as reeds, grass, and boughs. The interior of each looked clean, and to them, passing in the rain, gave some idea, not only of shelter, but even of comfort and happiness. They afforded a favourable specimen of the taste of the women, whose business it usually is to construct the huts. This village of bowers also occupied more space than the encampment of native tribes in general. Choice shady spots seem to have been an object, and to have been chosen with care.

On the 14th January the Major had on his map the Naandawar range, with the courses of the Nammoy on one side and the Gwydir on the other. He was between the two rivers, and at no great distance from either; Mount Riddell, the nearest point of the range, bore $20\frac{1}{2}$ S. of E., being distant forty-two miles—the opposite bearing, or 20 deg. N. of W. might, therefore, be considered to express the common direction of these waters. In a country so liable to inundation as this between the rivers appeared to be, it was a primary object to travel along the highest or driest part, and that could only be in the above direction, or parallel to, or midway between the rivers, until he could thus trace out their junction, and so terminate thus far the survey of both, by the determi-

nation of a point so important in geography.

Thus advancing, leading alternately the life of a forester, a hunter, and a man of science, the Major advanced to the conquest of his new empire at the head of his little army of a dozen convicts. The men seem all to have behaved remarkably well, and thus to give another illustration of the advantage of giving even the most unlucky in this generation something to do. This book ought to give the penitentiary system its death-blow. Of course, blockheads, who call themselves philosophers, and tyrants, who would pass for philanthropists, will be still for chains, dungeons, and the air of the swamps on the Thames; but common sense will decide for Australia.

The heat of the weather suddenly became once more intense; but the country was fine. It consisted of an open forest, which, gradually growing thinner, gave intervals of open plain. Still in search of water, they crossed to another plain, a beautiful one, covered with shining verdure, and ornamented with trees, which, though "dropped in nature's careless haste," gave the whole the appearance of an immense park. This will be the hunting-ground of some future Australian potentate. But now a pond, covered with the greenest weeds, would have been a more attractive prospect. The cattle were sinking with intolerable heat, and all were enfeebled and worn down. On those occasions the most common things became important. When the sun had nearly set, a black swan, high in the air, attracted all eyes. He was slowly winging his way to the southwest, with many smaller birds following in his train. "The sight of an aquatic bird," as the Major pleasingly observes, "was refreshing to us then." But even this was regarded as a bad omen for the northern quarter, for, as the swan must then have been going home, it was to be presumed that the greater body of water lay in the direction of his flight. Yet, if this might not be indicative of lakes, it evidently did not preclude the probability of rivers existing in the north, and rivers were the peculiar object.

They again advanced. "The irresistible attraction of a perfectly unknown region still led us northward."

But water—water, which seems in all cases of emergency to supersede the value of food, and to become the great essential of life—was not to be found. Still, though the prospect of finding it now seemed hopeless, it was resolved to try the result of as long a march as possible, with the intention of giving the little water remaining in their cask to the cattle, and then taking advantage of the night, and the cool of the next day, to return to the depot-camp. In the mean time this melancholy march became still more melancholy. The party, faint with heat and thirst, toiled after their indefatigable leader. The plains had evidently once been melted with moisture, for they bore numerous marks of human feet; but the soil was now baked like a brick floor. Water, too, had evidently once lodged in every hollow, and the prints of the kangaroo, when pursued by the natives, and impeded by the mud, were variously visible. After thus marching five miles, they reached an acacia wood. Still no water. The party halted, but the Major, determined on exploring to the last, rode on, and observing a slight hollow in front, and following it for about a mile, he saw a few dry leaves in a heap, which he conjectured to have been thus collected by water falling in that direction. This was not much, but the Major's sagacity had drawn the right conclusion. He now followed the slope downwards. His horse now had his share in the adventure. The animal, which on other occasions would neigh after the others, now pulled hard upon the bridle, and seemed determined to have his own way. His rider threw the bridle on his neck; he bounded forward over a rising ground in front, then through a wood; and then, says the Major, "My eyes were blessed with the sight of some fine ponds of water once more, with banks of shining verdure, the whole extending in a line which resembled the bed of a considerable stream. I galloped back with the good news to the party, whose desperate thirst seemed to make them incredulous. It was still early, but we had already got over a good day's journey, and we could thus encamp and turn our cattle to browse on the luxuriant herbage which surrounded the ponds. They were wide, deep, and

full, separated only by grassy intervals resembling bridges."

On the 23d, their course was crossed by a deep and rapid river, the largest they had yet seen, and containing fish in great abundance. After maturely considering the prospect this river opened, it remained questionable whether it did or did not belong to the Darling. They were nearly in the prolongation of the supposed course of that river, and still nearer to its supposed outlet on the southern coast than they were to any part of the northern coast of Australia. No rising ground could be seen to the northward or westward, and whether they proceeded in a boat, or along its banks, it was desirable to explore the course of this river downwards. After allowing the party some days' rest, the Major left the camp, on Feb. 2d, with six men and four pack-animals, carrying nine days' provisions, and proceeded along the left of the newly-discovered river, the Karaula. Its course was found to be much more to the southward than had been expected; the stream separated into branches, and the channel was in many places crossed by large trees, reaching from bank to bank. After a journey of some twenty miles, the course of the river compelled them to travel still further southward, and seventeen miles more brought them into a plain, which they traversed in a south-west direction (the Major being nearly stung to death by a huge insect, Mahometanised by him *Abispa Australiana*), and, on emerging from a wood, beheld a magnificent sheet of water, extended in a north and south direction, like a noble river. Keeping its eastern banks, they traced it southwards to its termination, and there met another lagoon, which, turning round towards the east, threatened to stop their progress. At length arriving at the termination of the water, they proceeded southward to look for the Gwydir—which they knew could not be far distant—and soon found it, so much reduced in size, that it could not contribute much to that they were tracing, and in search of which they now turned westward. On this course the windings of the Gwydir often came in their way, so that they turned to north 25° east, in which direction, says the Major, "I at length

reached the large river which had been the object of our excursion. Here it was indeed a noble piece of water, and I regretted much that this had not been our first view of it, that we might have realised, at least for a day or two, all that we had imagined of '*the Kindur*.' I now overlooked from a bank, seventy feet high, a river as broad as the Thames at Putney, on which the goodly waves, perfectly free from fallen timber, danced in full liberty." But, alas! on tracing it downwards, anxious to discover that this breadth and magnitude continued, the Major had the mortification to see the Karaula re-assume its former comparative insignificance. A little way below a fall the meandering Gwydir terminated in it, nor could he perceive any difference in the appearance of the channel below that junction. Thus terminated the excursion to explore the Karaula—and there seemed no necessity for extending it further, for it could not, in the Major's opinion, be supposed other than the Darling. The junction of the Nammoy could not be far distant; even that of the Castlereagh was only about 70 miles to the south-west—the direction of the supposed general course of the Darling—and, therefore, it was probable that he had now explored the chief sources of that river, by supplying a connecting link between it, as seen below, and those rivers which had been crossed by Mr Cunningham near the coast range above. It now only remained for him to return to his party, and to cross the river there, in order to ascertain the nature of the country forming the northern or north-western side of this extensive basin.

"Feb. 6.—We reached by 9 o'clock A.M. the camp where I had left Mr White and the party, and I learned that the natives had visited it during my absence. Burnett, having shot a duck, was swimming for it to the middle of the river, when a party of natives suddenly appeared on the high bank opposite. The white figure in the water, so novel to them, continued, nevertheless, to swim towards the duck, until he seized it, apparently to their great amusement, and they were afterwards prevailed on to cross the river. They sat down together, insisting that our men should sit also; they talked very much, and laughed at many things. They had first taken their seats in a place exposed to the sun's rays; and from this they did not

move until they had by signs expressed their wish to remove, as they then did, under the shade of a tree. At length they ventured to walk about the tents, and they then insisted on presenting their clubs and wammers to our men. None of the names which we had written down from Barber's statements seemed at all familiar to their ears; but Mr White obtained a vocabulary, which showed that their language was nearly the same as that of the aborigines at Wallamoul; the only difference being the addition of *na* to each noun, as '*namil*' for '*mil*,' the eye, &c. They were much disposed to steal. Mr White observed one to purloin a tea-cup from his canteen, and conceal it very cleverly in his kangaroo cloak. Another, notwithstanding the vigilance of our men, had nearly got off with the carpenter's axe. They looked rather foolish when Mr White managed to shake his tea-cup from the cloak. The number of our party seemed an object of their attention, and they explained, by pointing in the direction in which I had gone, and holding up seven fingers, our number, that we had not gone down the river unobserved by them. They did not appear to be acquainted with the use of bread; but they well understood the purpose of the boat; and when *callidé* (the sea) was pronounced to them, they pointed in the direction of Moreton Bay, repeating very frequently the word '*Wallingall*.' They immediately recognised Whiting, the top-sawyer at the pit, as was obvious by their imitating, as soon as he appeared, the motion of sawing, and pointing at the same time to him. They seemed rather struck with the thickness of his wrists: and, indeed, took some interest in comparing their limbs with those of the party. One man had hair and features very different from those of his companions, the hair being parted on the forehead, long, and not curled. A sailor of our party thought he resembled a Malay. On the discharge of a double barrel, they seemed much terrified, and soon after retired, making signs that they should return, and, by gestures, inviting some of the men to cross the river with them. Two tomahawks were presented to them, and one of their number was dressed out with old clothes. Their name for the river was understood to be '*Karaula*.' This interview took place on the day previous to my return to the camp."

But now all the Major's ardent hopes of exploring the country beyond the Karaula were blasted by the arrival of his friend, Mr Finch, who had been following the route of the expedition with stores.

"The boat was already in the water, and every thing packed up, for the purpose of crossing the river, when Mr Finch approached the camp, and I hastened to congratulate him on his opportune arrival. But he told a dismal tale—two of his men being killed, and all the supplies, cattle, and equipment, fallen into the hands of the natives. This catastrophe occurred at the ponds of 'Goroiei,' beyond Mount Frazer, which Mr Finch had reached, after having been distressed, even more than our party had been in the same place, for want of water. This privation had occasioned the loss of his horse and several other animals, so that his party had only been able to convey the supplies to these ponds, by carrying forward a portion at a time, with two bullocks only, from the dry camp. Mr Finch at length succeeded in lodging all these stores at the ponds, but, being unable to move them further without the rest of the cattle, he left them there, and proceeded forward on foot along our track with one man, in expectation of falling in with my party at no great distance in advance. After ascertaining that our party was not so near as he hoped it was, and having reached the Gwydir, and traced our route along its banks, until he again recognised Mount Frazer,—he returned at the end of the second day, when he found neither his tents nor his men to receive him, but a heap of various articles, such as bags, trunks, harness, tea and sugar canisters, &c., piled over the dead bodies of his men, whose legs he, at length, perceived projecting. The tents had been cut in pieces; tobacco and other articles lay about; and most of the flour had been carried off, although some bags still remained on the cart. The two remaining bullocks continued feeding near. This spectacle must have appeared most appalling to Mr Finch, uncertain, as he must have been, whether the eyes of the natives were not then upon him, while neither he nor his man possessed any means of defence! Taking a piece of pork and some flour in a havresack, he hastened from the dismal scene, and by travelling all day, and passing the nights without fire, he had most providentially escaped the natives, and, at length, reached our camp."

Instead of a supply of stores, an additional demand was now about to be made on the much-exhausted stock of provisions—the rainy season was approaching—they had behind them two hundred miles of country subject to inundation, without a hill to which in that case they could repair—the disposition of the natives on their rear

was hostile—and these considerations not only deterred the intrepid and judicious leader from crossing the Karaula, but determined him to turn his attention to the journey homewards. On the 7th of February they commenced their retreat.

"Feb. 9.—I was awake by the shouts of a numerous tribe of natives, and on going out of my tent I found that they covered the opposite bank to the water's edge. They stood in scores on our empty carts like so many sparrows, and on every old tree or stump likely to afford them a better view of my camp. But I overlooked them completely, and as they became more and more vehement in their language and gestures, the greater was our satisfaction in being on the right side of the river. What they did say, we could not guess; but, from their loud clamour and gestures, all the leading men seemed to be in a most violent passion. One word only they knew of the language spoken by our stockmen, and that was 'budgery,' or good; and this, I concluded, they had learned at some interview with Dawkins, who used it ever and anon, in addressing them. They were handling every thing attached to our empty carts, which still remained on that side, and some of our men went over to prevent any serious injury to them. All the clamour seemed directed at me, apparently inviting me by signs to cross to them, and I therefore went to the water's edge, curious to know their meaning. They there assumed the attitudes of the corroborry dance, and pointed to the woods behind them. These were the finest looking men of their race that I had seen. The peculiar colour of their bodies, covered with pipe-clay, gave them an appearance of being dressed. They were in number about 100, all men or boys, the strongest carrying spears. None of the words of Barber seemed at all intelligible to them, but on mentioning the Nammoy, they pointed to the south-west, which I knew was the direction where that river was nearest to the camp. I recognised the gigantic pipe-clayed man, who had presented his spear at me, when we first reached the Gwydir so much higher up. This he clearly explained to me by gestures. A good deal of laughter (partly feigned, I believe, on both sides) seemed to soften the violence of their speech and action, but when I brought down a tomahawk, and was about to present it to the man whom I had formerly met, and who had first ventured across, their voices arose with tenfold fury. All directed my attention to a dirty-looking old man, who accordingly waded through the water to

me, and received my present. Several other stout fellows soon surrounded us, and with the most overbearing kind of noise, began to make free with my person and pockets. I was about to draw a pistol and fire it in the air, when White, mistaking my intention, observed that their vehemence probably arose from their impatience at our not understanding them, which I thought very likely. They repeated so incessantly the words, 'Einèr,' 'Einèr,' that I ran up the bank for my book, remembering to have seen the word, and found that 'Einèr' meant a gin, or female, as will appear on referring to the vocabulary I obtained at Wallamoul. The translation of this produced a hearty laugh among our men, and Finch dryly observed, that some would then be very serviceable. I was in doubt whether they meant to enquire, on pointing to our tents, whether we had any, or whether they wished to accommodate us with wives. At length they rather suddenly drew together on the bank, again making signs of dancing the corroborry dance, beckoning to some of the men to go with them, and expressing their intention to depart and return again to sleep there, by saying 'Nångary,' and pointing to the ground. This I understood clearly, and very soon they all disappeared. Fortunately, none ascended the bank to our tents, as it was not desirable they should know our numbers exactly. It did not appear that they understood the nature and effect of fire-arms. Mean-while our wheels had been found so frail, that we must have halted here under any circumstances, in order to strengthen them for the tough work they were to encounter. The carpenters, therefore, worked hard at them this forenoon. In thus returning, I gathered for my kind friend Mr Brown an *hortus siccus*, of such plants as appeared new to me; the field of research being obviously at this time confined to our line of route. As soon as the natives were gone, I set all hands, except the carpenters, to the cart, still in the bed of the river, and it was thus at length brought up the bank. We next yoked the bullocks to the empty drays and cart on the opposite side, and all were soon brought safely through the river to our own side. I preferred doing this work when the natives were absent, because I did not wish them to see what difficulties the passage of a river occasioned to us.

"When the sun was near setting, the voices of our unwelcome visitors were again heard, and they soon appeared, gaily painted white for the corroborry; but this return I had foreseen, and had forbidden the men from looking towards them; and, in order to discourage their approaches

still more, I directed the Doctor to pace backward and forward on the bank before our tents, with a firelock on his shoulder, with the calm air of a sentinel, and without noticing the natives opposite. They, accordingly, also kept back, although one of them crossed to the bullock-driver, who was alone, watching the cattle on our left, and endeavoured to persuade him to go over the river with him. The whole at length disappeared without further parley. Under any other circumstances I should certainly have been willing to have met their civilities at least half-way, but recent events had weakened our confidence in the natives. When night came on we saw their fires behind the trees, at a little distance back from the river, and we also heard their voices; but to complete the effect of our coolness in the evening, which certainly must have puzzled them, considering our kindness in the morning, I sent up a rocket, after which their very fires disappeared, and we heard their voices no more."

By and by they recognised the park-like scenery which they had formerly crossed on their advance, at a distance of about three miles from the old camp at Rodrigo Ponds.

"While I stood near this spot, attending the arrival of the party, which was still at some distance, I overheard a female voice singing. The notes were pleasing, and very different from the monotonous strains of the natives in general. Just then I had been admiring the calm repose of the surrounding landscape, gilded by the beams of a splendid setting sun, and anticipating a quiet night for the party. The soft sounds, so expressive of tranquillity and peace, were in perfect unison with the scene around. Nothing could have been more romantic, nevertheless I could most willingly have dispensed with the accompaniment at that time, so associated were all our ideas of the natives then with murder and pillage. When my men came up, I directed them to give a 'hurrah,' in hopes that it would put the party, whoever they might be, to flight. Yet, after a cheer about as rough as English throats could well utter, the sweet strain, to my surprise, continued,

"And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail,"

But this was not the song of 'hope,' but of despair, at least so it sounded to me under the circumstances, and so it really proved to be, as I afterwards ascertained.

"Men's voices were also heard, as we proceeded quietly to our old ground, and I could not help regretting that, after having given those natives on the Gwydir the

slip, and seen no other the whole day, we should again find the identical spot, where we were to pass the night, pre-occupied by natives. The party set up their tents, and the song ceased, but I proceeded with Mr White towards the place whence the sounds came, and from which smoke arose.

We there saw several persons amid smoke, and apparently regardless of our presence; indeed, their apathy, as compared with natives in general, was surprising. A young man continued to beat out a skin against a tree without caring to look at us, and as they made no advance to us, we did not go up to them. Mr White, on visiting their fires, however, at 10 p.m. found that they had decamped.

"All this seemed rather mysterious, until the nature of the song I had heard was explained to me afterwards at Sydney by the bush-ranger, whom I visited in the hulk on my return. He then imitated the notes, and informed me that they were sung by females when mourning for the dead; adding, that on such occasions it was usual for the relatives of the deceased to seem inattentive or insensible to whatever people might be doing around them.

"At the time, however, this behaviour of the natives only made us more on our guard, and impressed the men with a sense of the necessity for vigilance, especially during the night, when a watch was set on the cattle, and two men guarded the camp, while all the rest slept with their arms at hand."

Such precautions were necessary, for they were followed on their route by a numerous tribe of natives. The main body, upwards of a hundred strong, continued to move parallel to it, and were eyed sternly by the party advancing towards the spot where were lying their wounded friends. As they approached the plains, they saw before them the signal-fires and smokes of other savages, who were, however, themselves hidden in the bush. The bold outline of the Nandawar range was a comfortable prospect, although they were still to investigate the particulars of the tragedy which had been acted at this time. It was not till the 18th of February that they once more traced the line of the water-course which had saved their lives, when they first providentially fell in with it just as the men were beginning to sink, overcome by extreme and long-continued thirst. To them it had then been the happiest of camps, after such a deliverance, and now they were to witness in the same spot a scene of death.

"A lonely cart, and two dead bodies covered by the remains of Mr Finch's equipment, now marked the spot where we had formerly encamped. The two bullocks were no longer to be seen. The natives had revisited the spot, since Mr Finch last quitted it, and had carried off the remainder of the flour, and great part of the canvass of the tent. The bodies were covered by a pile of various articles, such as saddles, bows and yokes, harness, packsaddles, trunks, and cannisters, &c. The savages appeared to have been ignorant of the use of sugar, tea, and tobacco, articles which those aborigines nearer to our colony prefer to all other things. A large cannister of tea had been emptied on the ground, a similar cannister, more than half full of sugar, lay on its side, so that its contents were still good, the lids of both cannisters having been carried off. The whole stock of tobacco lay scattered about the ground, destroyed by the late rains. A spade, a steel-yard, and a hammer were left; although iron had been so desirable that one of the iron pins of the cart was carried away. The two hair trunks belonging to Mr Finch, and which contained his clothes, papers, &c. remained on the heap, uninjured and unopened, while the truly savage plunderers had carried off, apparently as stuff for clothing, the canvass of the tent. From these circumstances it was obvious that the murderers were quite unacquainted with the colonists or their habits.

"The bodies were now in the most offensive state of putrefaction, and already so much decayed that we could not even distinguish the persons, except by the smaller frame of Bombelli. The body of the bullock-driver lay under the cart, where he had been accustomed to sleep; that of Bombelli about four feet from it. No dress appeared to have been on either, besides the shirts, and one side of each skull was so shattered, that fragments lay about on removing these remains into a grave. It seemed most probable that the natives had stolen upon them when asleep.

"I ought to state here, that Mr Finch, on first leaving the settled districts, had five men, two of whom having behaved ill, he had been obliged to send back to the colony.

"Having interred the bodies, we loaded the cart with such serviceable articles as still remained, and yoking it to three of the horses which the men had brought, we returned towards the camp. By the smoke which arose from various parts we perceived that the aborigines were watching our proceedings, and I considered it desirable, under all circumstances, that we should return to the camp that night, although the distance was seventeen miles.

"On approaching these remains of Mr Finch's party in the morning, I had proceeded under cover of the scrubs, that the natives might be as little as possible aware of our movement or intentions. We now returned towards our camp along the original track, as being a direction not only the most favourable for the cart, but more expeditious; for, as the route was already marked, no further care was necessary as to the line, and I could thus devote my whole attention to the natives who were about. When we reached the head of the highest slope, near the place whence I first saw these ponds, a dense column of smoke ascended from Mount Frazer, and, subsequently, other smokes arose, extending in telegraphic line far to the south, along the base of the mountains, and thus communicating to the natives who might be upon our route homewards, the tidings of our return. These signals were distinctly seen by Mr White at the camp, as well as by us.

"The sun set soon after we passed Mount Frazer, but, fortunately, not until woods no longer intervened between us and the camp. On that naked horizon we might hope at length to see our fires, although they were then nine miles distant; and I knew the bearing sufficiently well to be able to travel by compass nearly in their direction. A few bushes on the dark outline of the horizon were long useful, as precluding the necessity for repeated reference to the compass in the dark; but a dark cloud arose beyond and obscured the western horizon. Just then a good old pack-horse, named Rattler, knocked up, and I reluctantly gave orders to leave him behind, when Whiting, the old guardsman, volunteered to remain with him, and bring him on after he had rested: this, in the face of both hunger and danger, I duly appreciated, and remembered long after, to his advantage. We soon after came upon some surface water, and refreshed the tired animals. Precisely at eight o'clock, as I had arranged with Mr White, a rocket ascended from the camp, and to us was just perceptible, like a needle in the remote distance. That little column of fire, however, was enough to assure the fatigued men, and enable me to mark two stars in the same direction, which guided me on towards the camp. At length we could distinguish the large fires made there for the same purpose, and by ten o'clock we terminated the arduous labours of the day, and I had the satisfaction to find that the party under Mr White had remained undisturbed. Two more rockets were afterwards sent up for the guidance of Whiting, and a huge fire was also kept burning, until, at 3 A.M., the old soldier

arrived safe, bringing up the old horse, which after resting a while, and drinking at the water (found by Whiting as well as by us), had come on tolerably well."

It was well that the party had been able to get on as they did—fairly out of those low levels and dense scrubs, where the natives had begun to hang about them like hungry wolves; and the Major says he could not reflect on what might have been the consequence, had they been delayed only one week longer there, without feeling grateful for their providential escape. It was obvious that had they got fast in the mud, or hemmed in by inundations, they might have been harassed on one side by the natives of the Gwydir, and on the other by the plunderers of Mr Finch's party, until they shared a similar fate. The rain had continued, for some days, to pour from a "sky that might have alarmed Noah," and the ground had become a sea of mud. To a hill in the neighbourhood he gave the name of "Mount Mud."

On the 22d February occurred the following unintelligible scene—at the time unintelligible:—

"We had not advanced far beyond the scene of that interview, when I perceived a number of natives running before me along our line of route. I hastened after them, when I perceived several men advancing to meet me. They halted in a rather formal manner at some distance, and I next came upon their spears, which, with a stone hatchet, had been laid across our track. There I alighted from my horse, and proceeded slowly towards them on foot, inviting them, as well as I could, to come forward, and which they accordingly did. Three men met me at half-way. One of these seemed rather old, another was very stout and fat, and the third had an intelligent countenance and thin person, being thickly covered with the most raised sort of scarifications, so much so indeed, that I was half inclined to think that the slightness of his frame might be partly owing to the lacerations which covered it. Other members of the tribe soon came up, and as the carts by this time had arrived at the spears on the ground, I took one up, and explained to the natives that the wheels passing over would break them; still these strange people would not remove them, and I concluded that this prostration of their weapons was intended to make us acquainted with their friendly disposition towards us. They began to call loudly to their gins, who stood assembled under a large tree at some distance,

and we plainly understood the invitation of the men to visit these females. But the party was much more disposed to fight than to make love just then, and I have little doubt but that by throwing a single spear the natives would have pleased them more than by all the civility they were evidently anxious to show us; so ready were they at that time to avenge the late murders—when even the odour of corruption still hung like a pestilence about the articles recovered from the plundered camp. The natives, however, perhaps out of pure cordiality, in return for our former disinterested kindness, persisted in their endeavours to introduce us very particularly to their women. They ordered them to come up to the party, divested of their cloaks and bags, and placed them naked before us. Most of the men appeared to possess two, the pair in general consisting of a fat plump gin and one much younger. Each man placed himself before his gins, and bowing forward with a shrug, the hands and arms being thrown back pointing to each gin, as if to say—Take which you please. The females, on their part, evinced no apprehensions, but seemed to regard us beings of a race so different, without the slightest indication of either fear, aversion, or surprise. Their looks were rather expressive of a ready acquiescence in the proffered kindness of the men; and when at length they brought a sable nymph vis-a-vis to Mr White, I could preserve my gravity no longer, and throwing the spears aside, I ordered the bullock-drivers to proceed. I endeavoured to explain by gestures that two of our party had been killed by their countrymen, and pointed to the place, so that, as Mr White thought, they understood me. On seeing the party again in motion, most of the natives disappeared, one or two only lingered behind trees, and it then occurred to me to offer them a small iron tomahawk in exchange for that of stone which lay beside the spears. I therefore sent Dawkins to them, to make a bargain if he could, but on going back he saw most of the natives running off with spears in their hands, and could not make his object understood by those who remained. The earth in this part of our old track had become very soft, and although the surface was undulating, it possessed a peculiar rottenness, so that where the upper crust bore me on horseback, the carts would suddenly sink to the axle. The horses at length began also to sink through the surface crust, and we were approaching a hollow which appeared likely to be still worse; and when our wheel-carriages at length got quite fast, I recollected some gestures of the natives, and

now understood their meaning. They had pointed forward along the way we were pursuing, holding the hands as high as the breast, as if to show how deep; and then to the eastward, as if to say—that direction would be better. We were now forced to retrace our steps, and in following the direction indicated by the natives, we made a slight detour, thus avoiding the difficulty, and travelled over hard ground into our old track again. This useful information, given so kindly by these natives, convinced me that no treachery was intended; although among the men who had so recently buried their comrades, I believe a different opinion prevailed."

On the 26th, the party passed the old encampment beside "the Barber's" stockyard near Tanguila, and, soon afterwards, met Mr Brown of Wallanmoul and his stockman, on horseback, who had followed their track thus far, on the information of "Mr Brown," the native, and were proceeding to examine the "Barber's" stockyard. They informed them that the native guide had confessed to them that his dread of the savage natives had induced him to return. Mr Brown overtook them again next day, and informed them that he had found various brands of his cattle on portions of hide at the stockyard of that celebrated bushranger. On the morrow, the ford of Wallanburra was the only stream that separated them from the Christian world. That once passed, they might joyfully bid adieu to pestilence and famine, the lurking savage, and every fiend of flood and field. Under the sense of perfect security once more, and relieved from the anxiety inseparable from such a charge, every object within the country of civilized man appeared, to the eyes of the Major, *coulour de rose*. After crossing the Peel, he left the party in charge of Mr White, and, attended only by his man Brown, commenced his ride homewards through the woods, forwarding from Segenhoe to Government his official despatch, announcing the return of the party and the result of the expedition.

On his arrival at Sydney, the Major found that his report of the course of the Peel and Namboy coinciding, as notified in his first despatch, with the Barber's description of these rivers, had encouraged the Government to place considerable confidence in that worthy's story. It was now obvious,

however, that the account of his travels *beyond* Tangudda was little else than pure invention. The Major examined him in the hulk at Sydney, in the presence of the acting governor, and was quite satisfied that he had never been beyond the Nandawar range. The Barber thenceforth conceived a deadly hatred to the man who had been the means of thus saving his life, and afterwards, in a letter, couched in the most grateful terms, offered to accompany the Major on his expedition to the interior in 1835, which offer the Major was inclined to accept, but Sir Richard Bourke, the Governor of New South Wales, who had heard from the Commandant of Norfolk Island, that a man named George Clarke, according to private information, intended some injury to Major Mitchell, appreciated the offer more judiciously, as events proved, and sent "the Barber" to Van Diemen's Land, where, as we said before, he was soon after hanged. Had he gone with the Major he had murdered him "to a moral." He was, says the Major, truly a man of remarkable character, and far before his fellows in talents and cunning; a man who, under favourable circumstances, might have organized the scattered natives into formidable bands of marauders.

Notwithstanding Major Mitchell's proofs, from experience, that the Barber was an impostor, he so persisted in his story of the "big river," that a party of mounted police, commanded by Captain Forbes, of the 30th regiment, again repaired to Nammoy, in search of a gang of bush-rangers, but not without hopes of finding the Kindur. That active and enterprising

officer reached the Gwydir, in lat. $29^{\circ} 27' 37''$, long. $150^{\circ} 5'$; and tracing upwards its course or a branch, arrived near the western extremity of the Nandawar range, and ascended a hill named by him Mount Albuera. He proved that any large river flowing to the north-west must be far to the northward of latitude 29° . All the rivers south of that parallel, and which had been described by "the Barber" as falling into such a river as the "Kindur," have been ascertained to belong wholly to the basin of the Darling.

The territory traversed by Major Mitchell was very eligible, on many parts, for the formation of grazing establishments; as a proof of which, flocks of sheep soon covered the plains of Walluba, and the country round the "Barber's" stock-yard has ever, since the return of the expedition, been occupied by the cattle of Sir John Jamieson. At a still greater distance from the settled districts, much valuable land will be found round the base of the Nandawar range. The region beyond these mountains, or between them and the Gwydir, is beautiful, and in the vicinity, or within sight of the high land, it is sufficiently well watered to become an important addition to the pastoral capabilities of New South Wales.

In our account of this, his first expedition, we have kept as closely as we could to Major Mitchell's own words, abridging his narrative; and we shall follow the same method in our articles on his second and third, which are even more interesting and important, especially the third, containing his description of *Australia Felix*.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXVIII. DECEMBER, 1838. VOL. XLIV.

Contents.

	PAGE
WAR IN DISGUISE. FRANCE—MEXICO—BUENOS-AYRES, .	717
THE LIBERALISM OF POPEY,	730
LEGENDARY LORE. NO. V.—THE ONYX RING. PART II., .	741
AFFAIRS OF THE EAST,	769
POEMS BY JOHN KENTON,	779
TRANQUILLITY IN IRELAND,	795
EXTRACTS, WITHOUT COMMENT, FROM OUR TWO VASES, .	804
THE MURDERING BANKER,	823
OUR WOULD-BE RECTOR,	833
TUPPER'S GERALDINE,	835

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH:

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXVIII. DECEMBER, 1838.

VOL. XLIV.

WAR IN DISGUISE.

FRANCE—MEXICO—BUENOS-AYRES.

THE progress of political events has served fully to verify those apprehensions, and to justify those warnings, which on various occasions, with all the authority to be derived from experience [of the past, fortified with facts occurring every day, in respect of the foreign policy of the empire, have been stated and enforced in the columns of this publication. To dignify that policy with the name of system, would be, if not an utter prostitution, a gross misapplication of terms; its course has been erratic and undisciplined as the mind of its director. Swayed by vague impulse, by fitful caprice, by puerile antipathies, its tendency has been, and continues still to be, uncertain as the temperamental oscillations of its author, and vain would be the attempt to predicate the policy of the morrow, from the fanciful indication of that of to-day. It would in truth be as idle to look for grapes from thistles, or wheat from tares; for the Foreign Secretary, the master mind that should be, but is not, is so purely innocent of the first and elementary lessons of his art, that it would be miraculous indeed if he could master its more abstruse problems. The man who, as we know, and have heretofore exemplified, is so entirely deficient in the ruder outlines of geographical lore, as to be unacquainted with the territorial limits or position on the map of the remarkable localities of states, can hardly be fitted

to comprehend, and still less to treat scientifically, subjects of far more important interest in the political and commercial sense. The treaty of Unkiar Skelessi is an imperishable monument in proof of this deplorable ignorance and absence of political forecast and geographical combination; the Prussian Customhouse league would not have been existent at this moment had one frontier, and one central State of the States composing it, however small in extent, and insignificant in their populations, been secured by treaty, and so detached, as at the time was easily to be accomplished. But Lord Palmerston was as unconscious of the geographical and relative bearings of the Germanic States, affected by, and now combined in the Union, as of the vast commercial interests involved in, and now sacrificed through his ignorance and rashness. To be vanquished by known and avowed rivals or foes, should be humiliation sufficient, but one wreath more bristles amidst the laurels of his Lordship—he is no less the victim of the political friends of his bosom, than of undisguised opponents. If by open foes he has been circumvented, no less has he been betrayed and overreached by artful allies in whom he trusted. The work of pillage has been proceeding on all sides, as well by direct assault and battery, as by secret sapping and mining; but of all wars, that of “war in disguise” is the most formidable.

able, because the least prepared for. Such is the warfare now carrying on by France against this country—a warfare singularly abetting the views, if not covertly concerted with Russia. Leaving for the present out of view other prominent features of this creeping and clandestine system of aggressive inroad, deferring to another account and the final balance sheet the gigantic strides of French plunder and usurpation in Northern and Western Africa, let us sum up here only the story of French invasion and French aggression in America, North and South. The field of encroachment is vast and various, but of the three quarters of the world where French aggrandisement has been at work, by fraud and falsehood first, and, as success emboldened, with front more hardy, throwing off the scarcely deceptive mask afterwards, and parading the resolve of force to maintain, the concerns of one quarter at once will suffice to task sufficiently the temper of our readers and our own patience. The scene of action even thus circumscribed, will serve to show, that however Louis Philippe may lack the lion heart and eagle eye of Napoleon the Emperor, he is noways behind hand in the craft and cunning of Bonaparte the Corsican. Ships, colonies, and commerce, was the cry of Bonaparte; ships, colonies, and conquests, the echo of the barricade Sovereign; the insidious intent of one, as of the other, being to accomplish these objects at the expense of Great Britain, and by indirectly warring on her commerce, to sap the foundations of her maritime preponderance. Hence this country is insidiously attacked through the sides of its firmest allies and most gainful alliances. The blows ostensibly aimed against Mexico, Buenos Ayres, and Brazil, are no other than sidelong stabs, really meant for the most vital points of British interest, whilst in all the underplot accessories of the same drama, the one great ruling feature of the finale is never

lost sight of. Concurring circumstances are all but too favourable for the catastrophe preparing afar off. Powerful and rival navies, created around us as if by enchantment, and proudly careering over seas where once the British ensigns floated supreme in unequalled and almost solitary grandeur, whilst the wooden walls of old England, which once attested the extent of her supremacy, and exacted homage to her dominion wherever winds could waft or oceans bear them, are now laid up and rotting in ordinary—our proudest dock-yards so wasted of stores, and un replenished, that not one solitary spar for a lower mainmast could recently be found in them to rig out the pleasure craft of an ex-vice regal Whig functionary*—the once well-garnished rooms of our spacious arsenals so despoiled, bargained away to France, or shamelessly made away with to Spain, that it may be truly said, scarcely a musket remains to be shouldered, or a shot left in the locker—all this with, to crown all, a Cabinet where, in its nine members, stand prominently personified indolence and ignorance consummate, solemn pedantry and petulance in petto, upstart self-conceit and high-born arrogance all-blustering, self-sufficiency all smirking, and solid acres in all their stolidity, the remnant of vigour on crutches, and of saintly talent ever-dozing—all this is indeed prophetic of wo to the land. Rottenness and corruption are in the high places, and what hope of safety and deliverance in times coming can be hoped for from dupes and dottards, who have deceived none but their country, and served none but its foes. Such are the men wielding, or assuming to wield, with puny hands, the energies of a great nation, under whose eyes, and in contempt of whose imbecility, a series of insults have been perpetrated, and actual hostilities commenced, by the French upon Mexico, more unprovoked and flagrant than ever characterised even the most cruel

* It is a fact, that the Marquis of Anglesey having sprung, and wishing to replace the lower mainmast of his yacht, in which he was about to make a pleasure voyage, put into Portsmouth, and afterwards into Plymouth, for the purpose. The dock-yards of both those parts were searched in vain by functionaries most anxious and obsequious to oblige a great Whig Lord. He was obliged to stand over to a French port, where he was accommodated forthwith, and might have had spars of the size requisite by the hundred. The facts are attested by the *West of England Conservative*, published at Plymouth and Devenport, a journal of high reputation, and justly celebrated, no less for its peculiar sources of information, than for the spirit and talent with which it is conducted.

and capricious outbreak of Bonaparte himself, with the single exception, perhaps, of that one act, more atrocious than all—the invasion of Spain. Let us add, that this Mexican outrage partakes largely of a meanness never chargeable upon the France Imperial of Napoleon; in the shabby style of a shabby sovereign, to whom even ambition is second to the base passion of money-getting, Louis Philippe has engrafted a pecuniary interest upon political designs—has raised a question and fixed the amount of damages in the names of individuals and subjects; and should the cause be gained, he claims the repartition of the spoil, with a view to an appropriation of the lion's share to himself. The sum of damages arbitrarily laid is roundly taxed at 600,000 hard dollars, of the various items composing which, some few are furnished with a certain detail, and the Mexicans required to take the rest on trust. It is indeed true, that the system of claims to indemnities did not originate with Louis Philippe;—he only improved them at a monstrous rate of compound interest. The account commenced in 1828, and when first rendered, fell vastly short of the grand total now demanded. For non-payment of this, the Mexican ports are now blockaded, the Mexican territory about to be invaded, and though last, not of least consideration, British commerce and property are sacrificed, or wantonly perilled, to the extent of millions. Here indeed lies the hidden and the chief, though unavowed incentive to the Mexican quarrel. To cripple as well as to humble Great Britain, whilst at the same time filling his coffers from the mines of Mexico, dragging her into treaties of commerce on unequal terms, forcing markets for the manufactures, and aggrandising the marine of France—these form the artfully woven meshes of the policy within the toils of which the cherished Downing Street hunter of Parisian salons lies *perdu*—from which the less enervated Aztecs of the Cordilleras are hardly struggling to get free. In humble imitation of Louis Philippe himself, let us take the money question first in order, and then the commercial and political.

On the 4th of December, 1828, an insurrection of the masses was celebrated in Mexico, and a general sack of property took place, known as the *Saqueo del Parian*. The sovereign peo-

ple of Mexico, in fact, had their glorious three days, as two years afterwards the good people of Paris had theirs; the which, if nothing else, should have created a fellow feeling in the breast of Louis Philippe. The account-current of damage then furnished for pillage by eight French establishments, amounted to 122,590 dollars, of which to the extent of no less than 74,800 dollars was claimed by one bookseller alone. Monsieur Hypolite Seguin, the modest claimant for this moderate sum of about L.16,500 in the article of books, admitted, with edifying candour, that proofs he had none to establish the fact of the loss in detail, for the plunderers had done him the good turn of carrying off his books of account, along with his other matters in the book way. Now, taking an average of French books at four shillings the volume, which, to those who know any thing of the base quality of the article in general, whether as regards the wretchedness of the paper, the miserable type, or the sort of works exported from, or indeed published in France, must appear a high average. The sum quoted for this book pillage would represent a library of about 82,000 volumes; according to which, the people of the city of Mexico must be admitted not only not to be the barbarians the French would now make them, but to possess a passion so extraordinary for learning, that they actually gorged themselves with literature. The difference between the mobs of Paris and Mexico was therefore immense, but the balance of civilisation and taste was all in favour of the half-clad savages of the Andes. The Parisian liberty boys, as we can testify, were solely occupied, during their three days of robbery and riot, with the sack of palace and private house trappings, and the well-garnished tills of shopkeepers—with clearing out restaurateurs, iron-grated bakeries, and wine shops. Such was the lack of relish for literary plunder, that shortly afterwards, during another glorious *emeute*, we ourselves witnessed, with pain indescribable, the splendid and plenteously-furnished library of the Archbishop of Paris contemptuously pitched out of the windows into the Seine, whose course it choked up, although the jolly brutes, less lettered than those of Mexico, were specially

conservative, for their own use, of the Archbishop's larder and wine cellar. The book-damage case of M. Seguin, it will be seen, was preposterous enough, and he must have reconciled the estimate to his conscience by taxing the books according to weight, on the Prussian Custom-house system, his trumpery stock of stale Paris shopkeepers being placed in the scales, and weight for weight reduced into golden onzas at par. Finding in the Government a disposition to entertain the question of these exorbitant claims, subject of course to a preliminary process of examination, another smaller batch of indemnity demands was painfully got up seven months afterwards, for 30,500 dollars, followed in two months more by another list of less voracious, or more bashful blood-suckers, for other 15,317 dollars. In this state was the indemnity question at the appearance on the scene of Baron Deffandis, the new Plenipotentiary of France, who, in a note to the Mexican Foreign Secretary, dated the 19th of January, 1836, pressing for a settlement, stated the sum total at 168,378 dollars. During eight years, therefore, the amount and the number of claims remained stationary, from which it is fair to conclude that, during the interim, French residents had no peculiar causes for complaint.

With the advent of Baron Deffandis, however, a change came over the spirit of the times; grievance mongering under such auspices was a traffic too gainful to be confined to the Seguins—more lucky riots occurred in Mexico—a brace of French buccaneers were shot at Tampico—some French smugglers were caught in the exercise of their honest craft, and the contraband property seized at Mazatlan—othertimely incidents fell out at Tehuantepee, Oajaca, and Orizava, so that, upon the whole, a goodly supplement to the Seguin catalogue was in course of less than two years scraped together, and without troubling himself or annoying the government with a bill of all particulars, the Baron at once, by a process of arithmetic all his own, summed up and sent in a total demand for 600,000 dollars, to be paid down on the nail without question or demur, not to the parties complaining, but to the French treasury; for, says the agent of the crafty and money-gripping Louis Philippe, "the government of

the king reserves to itself the liquidation of the 600,000 dollars, as also the division thereof amongst the Frenchmen who have been sufferers in the Mexican territory," &c. Nothing, we apprehend, could well be more conclusive of the real opinion entertained of the equity of the grossly fraudulent claims than this impudent intimation of a design to share with the robbers, if not to appropriate the whole of the spoil. It forms truly a melancholy exhibition of the degraded state of political morality in France.

It is far beyond our purpose, and would be of our limits, to examine in detail such items or pretensions as are adduced by the French envoy in *part* justification only of the solid mass of *métalico* proposed to be abstracted from the Mexican mint, and transferred to the treasury of Louis Philippe; but the dissection of a few will suffice for the character of the whole, with scarcely more than one exception, and that is in the case of five Frenchmen cruelly murdered during some tumults at Atenzingo in 1833, the atrocious perpetrators of which could not be sufficiently disentangled from out the mob, and therefore the ends of justice, notwithstanding every exertion on the part of the Mexican authorities, were defeated. In behalf of the families of the victims a pecuniary mulct of 15,000 dollars is claimed, the equity of which there is little reason to dispute. But whilst admitting this, what must be thought of another item of 20,000 dollars; at which the lives of two French pirates are charged in the same account? The sufferers at Atenzingo are represented as honest industrious artizans or mechanics, who perished during a sudden outbreak of a misled populace against foreigners; the crime is visited at the rate of 3000 dollars each honest head only; but a deadend is levied at the rate of 10,000 dollars per head of two notorious freebooters and assassins taken in the act. The facts of the case of these men were notorious to all Mexico; all the authentic documents and examinations were in the hands of the French envoy, so that not a shadow of doubt could rest upon it; yet not only are these murderous robbers and ruffians elevated into martyrs, but their lives valued at more than three times the price of really unoffending subjects, according to the moral code of Louis

Philippe their mutual sovereign! The following is a brief recapitulation of the incidents of the Tampico grievance. In December, 1835, a small American bark from New Orleans, having on board a body of adventurers, brought to off Tampico, and having reason to know that the castle of the port was poorly garrisoned, and the town open and undefended by troops, a landing was effected, and the place assaulted. The inhabitants, however, took up arms, and with the help of the few troops there repulsed the assailants, who hastily retreated, leaving twenty-eight prisoners in the hands of the Mexicans, all foreigners, and among them the two Frenchmen in question. They were of course all tried before a military tribunal, according to military law, condemned, as was inevitable, and shot. The vessel in which they were embarked sailed under no flag; on landing they fought under none; they had forfeited therefore all rights as subjects of a friendly state, even if those rights had not been lost by the act of carrying arms against a country with which their own was at peace, according to the French civil code itself, (Art. 21, sec. 1. cap. 2. vol. i.) All the documents relative to the landing, the assault, the capture, the trial before a tribunal, presided over by the general commanding in these parts, though not at the action, assisted by an assessor, were duly laid before the French envoy, authenticated throughout by the requisite formalities and parties, and yet this man had the hardihood to assert in his ultimatum that no satisfactory explanation of the proceedings had been furnished. With remarkable assurance he descants therein upon "the butchery at Tampico in 1835, wherein twenty-eight foreigners, amongst whom were two Frenchmen, made prisoners by the Mexican troops, in consequence of an attack which they meditated upon the territory of the Republic, in favour of the Tejanos, were put to death a few days afterwards, in a yard, where they were surrounded and shot like wild beasts, and without the Mexican Government, up to the present moment, nearly two years that France has solicited, being able to show by virtue of what law, nor according to what judicial formality, they had been sentenced and executed."

The defence of the Frenchmen on trial was that they were engaged at

New Orleans to join the expedition, upon the understanding that it was destined for Texas; and once on board, were compelled by their comrades, when off Tampico to accompany them to the assault. Such a defence was untenable on that or any ground. Texas was a province of Mexico, although in a state of insurrection—a fact of which they did not pretend ignorance. The truth, however, was, and they must have known it, that it was no better than a marauding expedition on the hunt for chances of plunder. Megia, under whose orders they were, was an expelled rebel. Tampico was selected as the point of attack, not only because ill-prepared and unsuspecting of danger, but because the brigands had notice, that by various *conductas* from the interior and the mines a vast treasure was accumulated there, estimated at 4 or 500,000 dollars in specie, the far larger portion of it British property, waiting the arrival of the first packet for transmission to England. Such are the particulars of the so called "butchery of Tampico," and such a faithful version of the story and the exit of the two French pirates Demonsse and Sausier. Let the common sense and common honesty yet to be found in the world decide upon the scandalous perversion of truth, and the insolent disregard of the rights of an independent state, evinced in this single transaction on the side of the French government. It is singular, that with respect to the fate of the other twenty-six foreigners, associated in the freebooting foray, no complaint has been uttered by the States of which they were born subjects, and the cause is clear; their crimes had disqualified them from the privileges of birthright, had erased them from the category of nationality and citizenship, as in the case of the two Frenchmen. If compensation were justified in the one instance, so it must be in the other, so that at the rate of 10,000 dollars a head, Mexico should be called upon for 260,000 dollars more—at such a rate, not even the mines of Mexico in most splendid *bonanza* could satisfy the endless drain. The United States alone might prefer claims far more just for embattled citizens slain fighting under the insurgent flag of Texas. We cannot conclude our notice of this flagitious affair without the expression of our admiration

at this sudden tenderness of Louis Philippe for the lives and fortunes of his lieges, even in the character of pirates. Time was when he was too happy to effect a riddance of them by transporting them to scenes of inevitable "butchery" at his own special charge. We ourselves saw these miserable dupes in 1830 by hundreds and thousands ranged and crowded in the Place Vendome at Paris, from whence, each man with his ticket of free fare and quarters, they were deported by *diligence* and post to the frontiers of Spain and to Belgium, where they were "shot like wild beasts" without any remonstrance, or demand of compensation.

After a patient and unbiassed investigation of all the other catalogue of French grievances, we are compelled to pronounce them nearly all, upon the evidence of documents of unquestionable authority, and from a fair collation of the testimony adduced by each of the parties to the suit, in a greater or less degree, false, groundless, and wholly unjustifiable, as in the one case detailed. In their several shades they partake eminently of the character of the actual government of France. When not far-fetched and frivolous, they are characterised by unscrupulous rapacity and sordid love of lucre—fraud and force are the elements of which they are combined and by which enforced. It is throughout, the old story of the wolf bent upon quarrel with his powerless neighbour drinking at the same stream lower down, but accused and devoured for troubling the upper waters. We might rest here and content ourselves with the sample, not culled from, but a fair token of the sack. A few more examples, however, may be briefly cited, as being richly instructive; and from these various French grievances may justly be concluded *ab uno disce omnes*.

When Baron Deffandis advertised for "grievances," they were, of course, not long in forthcoming; Seguin, the fortunate bookseller, with his monster grievance of 74,000 dollars, was a splendid vanguard for hungry followers. One French shopkeeper, who, during a tumult, had a few panes of glass broken, furnished the Baron with a *compte rendue* forthwith for 2500 dollars. Three Frenchmen, named Gourjon, and two brothers Baillys,

laid a claim for 6000 dollars of loss for the imprisonment of one night and forced journey back from Tehuantepec to Oajaca. Their tale was that their visit to the former place had for object the purchase of indigo, by which profit would have been made to the extent. The facts proved by the authorities of the district, and the subscribed certificate of various parties, among others, of some of their own more respectable countrymen resident, were, that two of them left Oajaca, where they never had carried or possessed property, in debt; a Monsieur Salmon (French trader) stating that he had advanced them on loan thirty-three dollars (!) for the journey or escape. They all arrived at Tehuantepec with no more effects than the clothes on their backs—*à la ligera sin mas equipage que la ropa de camino que Nevaban puesta*, says one of the certified documents. They arrived in Tehuantepec in July: the Indigo crop is not got in till August and September, and not ready for sale before September and October. In fine, it was more than partially proved, besides, that their mission to that city was to intrigue in favour of the Mestecas, a body of insurgents then in possession of Oajaca, the chief of whom lived in the house of the French Consul there, from whence these men were seen to take their departure. Another of the Baron's retinue of claimants presented a demand for 30,000 dollars on account of a seizure of thirty bars of silver, the exportation of which in that state is prohibited by law, whilst in the act of smuggling them on board a vessel at Magattand. One other, and almost the most magnificent ingredient in Baron Deffandis's cauldron of grievances, and we have done. In the suburbs of Mexico city there is a pleasant village called Tacubaya, where the citizens are used to recreate on saints' days, *dias de uno ó dos cruces*, and holidays. There a French pastry-cook had his quarters, and regaled all who chose to pay with *dulces bons-bons*, and other *pâtisserie*. On the occurrence of some intestine broils, the troops of Santa Anna entered Tacubaya and made free with the *pastelero's bons-bons*—in fine, they eat him up, but made light of the reckoning. Monsieur the Pâtissier brought his case, upon invitation, before his compatriot the Baron, and bashfully

lumped his grievance in one line of 20,000 dollars, say upwards of L.4000. Such a *pastelero*, it is clear, could not be matched either in London or Paris. Gunter to him was as Lilliput to Brobdignag, as Jack to the Ogre. Assuming that *bons-bons* in Tacubaya are inlaid with dollars, 20,000 of them would be a tolerable stock; but taking an average—a very large one—of sixpence per *bon-bon*, the Frenchman's stock in hand must have amounted to 160,000. Such a stock must have required all Tacubaya to hold, even if part of the city of Mexico itself were not hired by way of depot. It is evident the Mexican soldiers were forced to eat in self-defence, and as the only way of getting daylight to their quarters. And yet some worthy friends of ours, who often lounged to Tacubaya, partook of the *bons-bons*, and well remember the white-capped cook, declare that *pasteles*, utensils in trade, cap and all, would have been an exorbitantly dear bargain at 500 dollars, nay, some say at 100, or from L.20 to L.100. How the partnership stands between the Baron, Louis Philippe, and the pastry-cook, does not appear, but it may be presumed the latter will only be junior partner in the dividend.

The case of Buenos Ayres is more shortly told. No pretext for one single dollar of money-claim could be found or forged, but careful forecast was exercised for the possible contingency of future and more fortunate ingenuity, by the following among other articles, constituting the ultimatum of Admiral and negotiator Le Blanc for the redress of French grievance by Buenos Ayres:

“Article 2. That it (Buenos Ayres) should acknowledge in the French Government the right to reclaim indemnities in favour of the French who may have suffered unjustly in their persons or property in consequence of acts of the Argentine government.”

The avowed grounds of quarrel with Buenos Ayres are twofold only. First, that French subjects were without cause and illegally held in prison; and secondly, that considerable numbers of them were actually serving compulsorily in the army and militia. Both facts were strenuously denied; but in order to place those official denegations beyond the possibility of

cavil, returns were ordered from all the departments of justice, of the marine, of the army, and of the militia, separately by prisons, by vessels, and by regiments, of the number, names, and particulars of each Frenchman so serving, or incarcerated. Those returns are before us, but much too numerous and long for detailed reference. The following summary, contained in a reply to the accusation by General Rosas, the Governor, embodies the substance, and was so conclusive that even Admiral Le Blanc was compelled to a retraction, decisive though shuffling:—

“In the prisons of the city, and in those of the country districts of this province, there are only two Frenchmen, viz. Peter Jussan, a sailor, guilty of a murder he perpetrated on the person of Matias Canete, on board the smack *Atalaya*, belonging to Mr Francis Castellote, who was sentenced by the Superior Tribunal of Justice, on 29th of November, ultimo; and Peter Lavie, sutler, in one of the encampments of the frontiers of this province, sued criminally, as transgressor of the existing regulations that govern in it with regard to the discipline and good order of the troops, who, according to his own confession, had stolen a sum of paper money belonging to his protector; and who is also presumed to have thus behaved respecting other sums, the origin of which he has not justified, in circumstances that different robberies had been committed in said encampment; and who was sentenced to prison for six months that expire on 15th inst. I cannot do Your Excellency the great injustice to think that you refer yourself to these criminals, on stating that I detain in the prisons your Excellency's fellow-countrymen. But who can these be, since there are none detained either in the public prisons or at the soldiers' barracks? And, after duly considering this, where exists the irony or malevolence? Let Your Excellency decide it.

“That I detain in the militia Your Excellency's fellow-countrymen! This is another mistake with which the good faith of Your Excellency has been imposed upon. In the regular army and in the militia there is no Frenchman destined to the service of arms; nor are there any summoned by the Commanders of the different regiments to perform it, although, by the laws of the country, they can be compelled to it. Those who are serving at present are six; five volunteers, including an officer, and another, who in the year 1835

was taken up in the country for a vagrant, without any known occupation, and respecting whose destination the Government has not as yet given any resolution. Even said murderer, Peter Jussón, sentenced by the Superior Tribunal of Justice to the navy of this republic for four years on allowance, and without pay, and placed at the disposal of Government on 2d of December, ultimo, has not been destined by this Government to the service of arms, although the culprit himself has solicited it."

The following condensed statement of minor grievances may be advantageously borrowed from the *Times*, in its "money article:"—

"Another grievance complained of was in the instance of a man named Lavie, messman to a canteen under the orders of Colonel Ramirez. Complaints having been made of great abuses and robberies of the clothing of the troops, a general search of every person was ordered, which he violently resisted. The result was that on examination of his trunk, 900 dollars were found, which he confessed having robbed his master of, besides 500 dollars more he had sent away, upon which he was arrested and sent to prison. The French Consul contended for his immunity from search and imprisonment as a French citizen. So also a man named Despoirey was claimed as a French subject, although he had been thirty years in the country, was married to a native, had a family, and been duly naturalized. He had amassed a

considerable property, and the Consul denied his liability, notwithstanding all these circumstances, to serve like other citizens in the militia."

The succeeding extract from the same paper, shows how the contagion infects downwards from the high places—how the money-meanness of the sovereign descends among his humblest functionaries:—

"By far the most glaring impropriety alleged against the French Consul was, however, the fact that he was in the habit, for a trifling gratuity, of granting certificates of origin or of citizenship to persons of whatever nation. To such a scandalous extent had this been carried, as it is asserted, that the Sardinian Consul on his arrival had had bitter disputes with him about it, for on entering upon the duties of his consulship he found almost all the subjects of his sovereign certified by the French Consul as French subjects."

The French Consul played the part at Buenos Ayres of Baron Deffandis at Mexico. He bullied and advertised for wrongs in the character of an authorized diplomatist; yet, so far different from the Baron, refused to produce any credentials of the character he assumed.

To demonstrate how methodically the government went to work in the verification of facts, we subjoin the following return of prisoners confined:

"STATEMENT OF FOREIGNERS DETAINED IN THE PUBLIC PRISON.

BRITISH.

At the disposal of Government, .	{ John Burata, or Belar, .	March 20th, 1837.
	{ Laurence Bute, .	Jan. 27th, 1838.
At the disposal of the Judge Dr Garcia,	Francis Tracy, .	March 26th, 1838.
At the disposal of the Judge Dr Cardenas,	William Wasten, .	May 20th, 1838.

FRENCH.

At the disposal of Government, .	{ Peter Lavie, .	Oct. 22d, 1837.
	{ Peter Jussón, .	Dec. 17th, 1836.

PRUSSIAN.

At the disposal of the Judge Dr Cardenas,	Francis Pacheco,	Feb. 15th, 1838.
---	------------------	------------------

PORTUGUESE.

At the disposal of the Judge Dr Garcia,	Custodio Fernandez,	Jan. 18th, 1836.
Buenos Ayres,	March 31st, 1838.	

Duly compared,

ANTONIA TEJEDOR.
MAZA."

With the explanations so unreservedly afforded, Admiral Le Blanc could do no less than express his contentment; and, accordingly, he thus addresses General Rosas on the 12th of April, 1838, dated off Monte Video:—

"J'ai à dire, Monsieur, les motifs de satisfaction que j'ai éprouvés en accomplissant les premiers devoirs de mon commandement: le premier est le jugement du Sieur Pierre Lavie; le second le renvoi de la milice des Français, qu'on y avait enrôlés contre leur volonté. J'en ai donc plus qu'un autre aujourd'hui que vous me rendez personnellement compatriotes. Tous vos prisonniers ont été votre milice; car je ne comprendrais pas d'être en France, et d'être en prison, et d'être enrôlés volontairement. Il ne me reste plus à demander que des garanties contre le retour d'actes qui pourraient se renouveler et motiver de la part du Gouvernement Français de semblables réclamations."

It will be remarked, however, by what a miserable subterfuge he here gets rid of his former unfounded accusation, that "numbers" of Frenchmen were compulsorily serving in the militia. He speaks of the *renvoi* or release of those so enrolled, as if the fact were so, and the Government had yielded a contested point. It has been shown that there was not a man so released, because not one compulsorily enrolled. And yet, professing satisfaction with the objects conceded or attained, the blockade of Buenos Ayres was continued and exists to this day. The key-note is changed, to avoid coming to terms; the cry now is, "guarantees against the repetition of acts," the non-existence of which is clearly enough developed by the conclusive nature of the proof adduced.

The quarrels evidently are, in all their circumstances, so strained and unreasonably forced by a false hot-house process, that an *arrière pensée*, as the French have it, is transparent to the most superficial observer. In the cases of Mexico and Buenos Ayres the grand point of difference has been yielded; but, so far is this from leading to an accommodation, that difficulties are only increased, and new pretensions laboriously created. Mexico, after vainly praying an impartial reference—a mixed commission, first of Mexicans and French, and, on refusal of this, reference to an impartial foreign umpire—actually consented to admit the 600,000 dollars of indemnity extortion, without proof or

examination. As in the instance of Buenos Ayres, this concession only raised the market of demand against them. Baron Delfaudis had a long list of other claims, not ranging in the same category, as he says, all produced on occasion, and apparently indefinite. Let us compare one of these claims in behalf of Frenchmen with their own practice towards other people. Baron Delfaudis to Montevideo:—

"I have, Sir, Never to lay the smallest tax upon the legal privilege which the French have ever enjoyed, up to the present moment, of carrying on a retail trade, in like manner to the natives, without previously granting them sufficient indemnity."

French liberal practice is thus commemorated by a correspondent of the *Athenæum*:—

Boulogne, Oct. 12.

"Let those who remember what Boulogne really was, only twenty years ago, look to the present flourishing condition of the town, and ask themselves by what has its prosperity been promoted? The simple and the obvious answer must be—the illiberal and protectionist policy of John Bull. The English have raised Boulogne from the state of a small fishing port to that of a large, opulent, and fashionable watering-place; and yet, in reproof of their liberality, the Government of France and the native inhabitants of Boulogne are at this moment endeavouring to crush every public establishment conducted by Englishmen."

"Perhaps the greatest accommodation, of late years, secured to our countrymen, who spend their incomes in this town, was that afforded by Bousfield's Library and Marine Reading Room, which not only afforded them a pleasant and convenient rendezvous, but put them in early possession of all English intelligence, by laying before them the principal Metropolitan and Provincial Journals of England. And yet the *Prochain du Roi* has suddenly resolved upon enforcing a most illiberal law, which excludes all 'foreigners' from *carriage access* to France."

"A worthier man, or a man more respected by all who have had dealings with him than Bousfield is, can scarcely be found in France; and yet he has been pounced upon in the most wanton and despotic manner, and compelled to close his establishment at a few hours' notice. The hardship of the case is, that he has been allowed to establish himself here at an enormous outlay of capital, to expend considerable sums of money in the im-

provement and decoration of his premises, and to carry on his business for upwards of two years; and then, without the shadow of a cause of complaint, without even a pretext of his having in any way incurred the displeasure of the local authorities, he is commanded to shut his shop, under a penalty of a fine of *five hundred francs*, accompanied by the compulsory destruction of his establishment. This, to a young man not long established in business—or indeed to a man under any circumstances, must be ruinous. The blow is aimed, not at him exclusively, but at the people of England in general.”

We noticed claims urged by Baron Defandis as classed by him under another head still. Here we present a spice of his ultimatum referring to this other and separate category. For upstart arrogance and insolence, coarse as cowardly, there exists no counterpart to it that we know of. The 600,000 dollars positive, and the thrice 600,000 in the back-ground and unspecified category, all conceded, will go, it is certain, but a small way towards the actual conclusion of strife. Thus dictates his high behests, this courteous and temperate official:

“The General Gregorio Gomez, who ordered the assassination of the two Frenchmen, Demoussent and Sansieu, in Tampico, shall be dismissed, and shall pay an indemnification of twenty thousand dollars to the families of the two victims.

“The Colonel Pardo, commandant of Colima, guilty of an attempted assassination, accompanied with dangerous wounds, on the person of the Senor Giraud Du-long, shall be dismissed; and the indemnity of nine thousand six hundred and sixty dollars, demanded by this Frenchman, shall be delivered to him.

“The Senor Tamayo, Judge de Letras, in Mexico, for the illegal, iniquitous and atrocious sentence which perversely he passed against the Senor Pitre Lemoine, shall be dismissed. This Frenchman shall be immediately set at liberty, and an indemnification of two thousand dollars shall be paid to him for the prolonged detention, completely unjust, which he has suffered, and the bad personal treatment which he so vilely has been made to endure in his confinement, since the sentence given by the Senor Tamayo, in July last.

An indemnity of fifteen thousand dollars shall be paid to the families of the Frenchmen, for their unpunished assassination at Atenzingo.

“The indemnities stipulated in this ar-

ticle, are to be comprehended in the total demand of the sum of six hundred thousand dollars, which are contained in the first article.

“The right, most certainly, and perhaps the duty of the undersigned, would be to require the punishment—

“Of the Governor of Tehuantepee, for the multitude of injustices committed by him against the French, and his inhuman conduct towards the Senores Bailly and Gourjon.

“Of the Governor of Tamaulipas, for his provoking partiality in the odious affair of the Senor Duranton.

“Of the Counterfitting Officers, who contrived all the persecutions directed against the Senor Le Dou.

“Of the Judge Zozaya, for a multitude of oppressive and arbitrary acts, as also for his habitual insolence towards the Legation of the King.

“Of the Judge Alatorre, for the insidious arrest of the Senor Burgos, and the unjust exactions carried into effect upon the Senor Simeon.

“Of the Alcalde of Mexico, guilty of the innovation and savage destruction of the lawful and useful establishment of the Senor Duval: and

“Of several others, in fine,

“But the undersigned is desirous of availing himself, while he can, of the qualified latitude permitted him, by the Government of the King, upon the subject: he does not wish to create any incumbrance to the Mexican Administration, and he confines himself to the requesting the punishment (very moderate) of these men, whose barbarous conduct is so widely separated from the principles of justice, of morality, and of civilization, that even the Mexican Journal has thought it proper to designate one of them, very recently, and who has not complained of the qualification, with the epithet of—the monster with a human face.”

With the exception of Atenzingo, all the cases here referred to present the same features of atrocious exaggeration and absolute falsification as those cited before with proof and detail. It is edifying to see the small satellite of Louis Philippe quoting the journals against the objects of his vengeance. Will his master thank him for taking certificates of character from such a source? Will that master be content to take his own portrait as daily sketched by the press democratic or Carlist of Paris, and hang it up in the salons of the Tuilleries, as the most faithful resemblance of the original? Why, beside the Ethlop

caricature, the Mexican would start from his rival canvas blanched and pure as the driven snow.

The money grievances, laboriously fabricated as they are, with the monstrous interferences growing out of them, with the rights and liberties of the free citizens of a free state, are, after all, a preliminary cover only for other pretensions of a higher cast, for securing to France an ascendancy of political interest, and a monopoly of commercial advantages. The absolute claim of right on behalf of French subjects to settle as retail dealers in any part of Mexico, with the same privileges as Mexicans themselves, is one of these. It was enjoyed on sufferance previously, liable to withdrawal at pleasure; but in the ultimatum of the envoy, ample indemnification is insisted on in case of such withdrawal. The Mexicans were ready to agree that public notice should beforehand be given of such a measure when intended, with time sufficient for the sale of stock on hand, but contended for the right of internal legislation in such mode as might be deemed convenient, and urged also, that such concession to France would be inconsistent with obligations, *and the stipulations of treaties with other powers*. In cases of litigation between French subjects and Mexicans, when the former should be dissatisfied with the decision of the regular courts, as if the losing party was inevitable, it was proposed and insisted on by the Baron, that the proceeds should be submitted over again to a court of appeal, *presided over by the French Consul*, and the jury to be composed of one half natives and the other of French residents. From a tribunal constructed of such a majority, the stream of justice would doubtless flow all in one direction. To various other powers arrogated of interposing between Mexico and its creditors, we need advert, only to put in prior rights on the part of this country, should France succeed in establishing a new system of international law, all on one side and on her own behalf. The question to us is one of millions upon millions—to France, of hundreds of thousands only.

To Great Britain these iniquitous and unprovoked blockades of Mexico and Buenos Ayres are of transcendent importance. The whole export

trade of France to Mexico, exceeds by little the amount of 700,000 francs, that of Great Britain reaches to as many millions sterling. The 600,000 dollars only, so arbitrarily required in the shape of indemnity by France, is not far from equal to the value of one-half of her yearly traffic. The exaction is so much the more preposterous, as it is notorious that French traders or adventurers seeking fortune or subsistence in foreign lands are the least burdened with capital or commodities. We have seen and known them by hundreds arriving out with their petty *pacotilles* of *dentallus*, *bijouterie*, &c., of the worth of a few pounds only; and would be bound to stake our reputation on the fact that an average of L.10 cash or wares to each of the five or six thousand French on arrival in Mexico or now resident, would be far beyond the mark of their worldly store. That pretended claims to indemnity have become part of an organised system with such vagrants, cannot be doubted in the face of proofs adduced, and proofs endless which could be exhibited; it is a system too, which will continue to flourish in rank luxuriance so long as it is abetted by a Government equally mercenary and ambitious. Some few years ago the French Consul at Santiago de Chile made a glorious *bonne bouche* of the sort worth recording. The country being a prey to civil commotions and bands of insurgents and robbers roaming about, he was warned by the authorities of the danger to which he was exposed by residing out of the city in a lone country house, and moreover, advised, that unless he removed into the town they could not be responsible for his safety. The admonition was disregarded, and so one day his house was entered and pillaged. This was all he wanted; forthwith a "grievance" was made up, and a claim to indemnity for broken chairs, tables, and the plunder of his small stock of *argenterie* preferred to the amount of 42,000 dollars (!!!) or nearly L.9000! It was not possible the whole stock of so ill-paid a functionary could have exceeded in value one or at most two thousand dollars. The claim, however, was pressed—high diplomatic notes and blustering threats passed from Paris—the Chilenos remonstrated on the absurd enormity of the

charge, and prayed a reference of verification to a mixed jury of French and natives—in vain. As a last resort the sense of justice of the French Cabinet was appealed to, accompanied with an intimation that to the decision, whatever it might be, they should bow. By return of post came that decision in the shape of an order to pay down the whole scandalous overcharge. The clerks in the Paris foreign office, if not the chief himself, had doubtless a fellow feeling with the Consul—in the money if no otherwise. Some time subsequently the same Consul was nominated to Buenos Ayres, where the Government, already aware of the danger and the expense of so costly a guest, absolutely refused to receive him.

On the declaration of the blockade of Buenos Ayres, the paltry motives of which have been exposed, no less than fourteen or fifteen British ships were on the voyage out there, or loaded and ready to sail in one party, with cargoes of the aggregate value of some half million sterling—cargoes specially assorted for that one market, and therefore unavailable elsewhere. The loss, not to say ruin, to merchants and traders must therefore be prodigious on that single head; but when the millions of annual products of British industry, and of tens of millions of British capital embarked in Mexican enterprise, or lent to the Mexican Government, are added to the vast account, it will not be denied, that in the fate of the Spanish American people and government, we have a stake of incomparable magnitude—a stake second only to that in our own colonial possessions. Their peace and prosperity, so interwoven with our own, arm us with the most incontestable of all rights to interfere for their protection and preservation. Aggression against them can only be successful at our expense; and those who apparently aim only at their humiliation or spoliation, are in reality inflicting wounds the most incurable upon British interests and British power. Should we stand by tamely to see Spanish America reduced to such extremities that compliance with the insulting and rigorous tenour of the alternation of Baron Deffandis becomes a matter of necessity, the loss may indeed be shared by Mexico, but the ignominy

will be all our own. That functionary, triumphing in the consciousness of force superior, has proclaimed that, “should (which God forbid) this answer (of Mexico) be in the negative, upon *only one point*, should it even be *doubtful upon only one point*, should it finally be delayed beyond the 15th of April, the undersigned must then immediately place the continuation of this affair in the hands of the Senor Bazoche, Commander of His Majesty’s Naval Forces, of which a division is actually upon the coast of Mexico; and this superior officer will put into execution the orders he has already received.”

All proposals of reference to the friendly offices of a foreign power have been contemptuously spurned; although he himself insidiously, as no doubt falsely asserts, that *once* during a personal conference with the Mexican minister, he did *verbally* propose or accept such arbitration, so since denounced; although in the two contemporary cases of Prussia and the United States, Mexico has experienced no such repulse, and met with no difficulty in the arrangement. Unable to bring down the Government to the sacrifice of all sense of national dignity, he did not scruple to recur to attempts to excite discontent, if not insurrection among the people, by characterising the differences as not between *los dos pueblos*, but as personal points between the Mexican authorities and the King of the French. So far the insidious *ruse* has failed; let Louis Philippe beware lest so perilous a weapon be hereafter wielded against himself by an arm more powerful to drive it home.

It is time that we also raise the question of damage, in our case the mightiest of questions. Every where is France lording it with a high hand, mortally striking at the very vitals of our maritime ascendancy founded on our commerce, whilst with the same instrument, or through the same means, exalting her own naval greatness, and creating new sources of that commerce which most flourishes where best protected and most secure. *Nos guerres*, says the *Journal des Debats*, the organ of the Tuileries, *sont des guerres de civilization, et sont toutes aussi des guerres maritimes. Cel a crée a notre marine un grand et bel avenir.* “Let Mexico make a treaty

of commerce with us, and repair the wrongs done to our national honour; our fleet then will retire to Havana." The *Journal des Débats* abjures for France all lust of conquest in these maritime wars, which we are told are not "wars of ambition." At Algiers, however, she has thought, and acted in a different sense; as well as more recently in Brazil, where a territory has been forcibly taken possession of extending from French Guiana to the great mouth of the Amazons, comprising nearly 500 miles of sea coast, and running backwards on the line of that magnificent river some 1500 miles to the inland frontiers of Peru and Colombia. And all this without plausible pretext, provocation, or previous notification; the flagrant abstraction and encroachment being committed upon the empire of Brazil, a state in alliance with and causeless of injury to her. What by violence has been effected, by force she is resolved to keep. Her ships of war are there anchored in Brazilian waters and ride mistress of the Amazons as of the La Plata. Recent advices, worthy of credit, state that a squadron of seventeen well-manned French men-of-war cruize on the Brazilian station, whilst three or four British ships only are to be heard of, and those half-manned, and indifferently equipped.

Such is an outline of the Spanish-American question—such the incidents out of which have arisen the blockades of Mexico and Buenos Ayres—such the "War in Disguise," against the

industry and the naval greatness of Great Britain. They are ingredients in that grand and scarcely occult confederacy, which in all parts of the world is at work to undermine British interests and influence—to prostrate the power and the resources of this great country. From the two Americas in the West, to Nepal, Cabul, and Burmah in the East, the "might, majesty, and dominion" of the British name are now scarcely more than a dream of the bygone time—chaos seems come again, and the confusion which stalks abroad is only to be surpassed by the discord which reigns at home, whilst Russia and France ride triumphantly the evil geni of the storm. The puny Whigs, affecting to be statesmen, and actually at the helm of state, are casting about to find themselves, if not dishonourable graves, some less honourable means of rescue from the coming tempest, and wordy escape from exposure and ignominy. At the eleventh hour, indeed, Mr Pakenham, the minister to Mexico, has been ordered to his post; his proffer of mediation is, it is said, to be backed with the presence of some men-of-war, which used to be, and may again be Britain's best negotiators. Time was, indeed, that steps were taken to show that the lion was awaking, and his mane bristling with aroused ire. By way of counter-demonstration, Louis Philippe, they say, is exchanging cards of compliment with Nicholas, and talk of negotiation and alliance with Russia.

THE LIBERALISM OF POPERY.

TURN you where you will, if Popery be predominant, there is degradation; if Popery be powerful, there is discord; if Popery be absent, there are prosperity and peace. Wherever there is turbulence—wherever there is anarchy—wherever there is national excitement, or civil war, Popery is the sole author and agent. No matter how scanty her means, no matter how remote her hopes, or how slender her chances, still she pants for ascendancy, still she struggles for dominion. No matter how desperate the measures requisite to satisfy her morbid ambition, no matter how much her daring movements may risk retributive punishments, or a self-defensive repression of her power; still she boldly wages her wars by plots and by alliances with kindred infidelity or alien-liberalism, employing every art, straining every sinew, refining on every motive, exhausting every intrigue against the policy she fears, and the religion she abhors. And if in any country her exertions triumph—if she succeed completely, as in Belgium, or partially, as in Ireland—what is the immediate and inevitable result? Is the toleration she once so plausibly claimed for herself, accorded to others? Is the liberalism she once vaunted, prominently and faithfully displayed? Far otherwise. She tramples on past professions; scorns former engagements; violates solemn obligations; banishes or closes the Bible; poisons, corrodes, and enthrals the hearts of the people; practically curtails their liberties, and vindicates the law and administers justice only for her own faction; and then, while the few are thus oppressed to appease the vindictive rancour of the many, while freedom is crushed and religious persecution—sometimes covertly, sometimes openly—is applied to coerce the consciences, or to weary the patience, or to damp the ardour of professors of the truth, her advocates in other countries buy the silence, if not the sanction, of hoodwinked pitiful Liberals around them, by assisting (but with their own deep and private purposes) in some petty larceny scheme of spoliation, or some revolutionary project of reform. If it can indeed be proved that, in assisting Popery, the Dissenters and the

Liberals will produce no other results than those which Popery now promises to secure for them, the question between this united body and the Conservatives is narrowed to the simple point—whether these results themselves are worth obtaining at the price of the destruction of the establishments and systems now assailed. If, on the other hand, we can show that in fact the views of Popery are different to those she professes—if we can demonstrate that her co-operation is given to Liberalism with fraudulent purposes, and that Liberalism aid is in return gained by false inducements, then the prospect arises that a fair statement of these circumstances will tend to sever the connexion which at present binds Popery and Liberalism together, and gives them such strength and success.

Before proceeding farther, and in order more clearly to illustrate our view of the real designs of the Papists, we will select two or three specimens of their liberalism, and enquire concerning each of these how far the real intentions of Popery are such as they are pretended to be. First, then, for the *Ballot*.

The professed object of this “reform” is the securing of perfect secrecy as to the mode in which the franchise is exercised, and the consequent independence of the voter. Mr O’Connell, the Irish Papists, the British Roman Catholics and the priesthood sanction this plan, and the purpose it is designed to secure. And it is chiefly on the ground of Popery’s co-operation in the agitation for the ballot, that the radical party continue to tolerate the subserviency of the Irish members to the Government’s behests. But what is the amount of concession made by the Roman Catholics, and what is the value of their opinion in favour of the scheme? They are accused of exciting undue influence at Irish elections; they are charged with carrying about the warning symbol of a death’s head and cross-bones to terrify the voters; and they have been proved to have called into action the powers of their superstition, its excommunications and its discipline, when the poor ignorant freeholders have hesitated to follow some agitator or priest to the hustings. By agreeing to the Ballot, do they ge-

nerously recognize the independence of these deluded people, or consent to abandon their oppression? No. They support the Ballot, they echo every lamentation of the sufferings of voters; they declare that this measure will ensure the abolition of all intimidation; but they resume the grand engine of their influence, the all-sufficient controul of their dependents—the *Confessional*. It matters very little to the priesthood of Ireland how soon the Ballot is legalized; nay, more, they are interested in its adoption, *because at present the landlord in some cases has now a counter influence to their own, which would then be abolished*. So long as the Irish poor are kept in spiritual bondage; so long as they trust to their priests for instruction, to their priests for advice, to their priests for a protection, so long must priestcraft possess the power to convince them that their vote imposes religious obligations, and is a talent for the use of which they must account in their confessions. At present, every sin, every crime against the laws of man, and every offence against heaven is acknowledged and avowed to the priest of his parish by each deluded victim of Romanism. The priest, consequently, has an influence resulting from the fear with which he is regarded as the only being to whom the deepest secrets of the breast—some of them probably dangerous ones—have been revealed; and this influence naturally gives him a claim to future information and a power of extorting it.

There never can be in these matters any half confidence; it is contrary to the principles of the human mind. The priests must either know all, or they must be throughout deceived. But the latter is not the case. The Roman Catholics really believe in the force of the absolution they desire, and they know that a full confession is the only way to obtain it. They tell every thing, hoping to be freed from *all* remorse, and wishing to be cleared of *all* the guilt that afflicts them. How, then, can it be supposed that a mere solitary vote will form an exception to the general rule, and be the only reserved secret, though it is that one in which the priests are most interested, and which they will take the greatest pains to learn? And if the votes of the ignorant are thus to be revealed, with views of obtaining blessings or with fears of maledictions,

it is not probable that they will be calculated to excite censure, more particularly when all the influence of the landlords is withdrawn. The ballot, therefore, can make no difference to Popery—unless, indeed, it increase her power. It does not weaken her influence; it does not diminish her knowledge; it does not, therefore, give liberty to the voter. What, then, we repeat, is the amount of her concession? What is the value of her support?

2dly, Let us regard the Voluntary principle, to which Mr O'Connell and Archbishop McHale, with the rest of their faction, have formally given their adhesion.

We frequently meet with declarations of those persons, and others of great authority among the Roman Catholics, in favour of Voluntaryism. They co-operate with Dissenters, they utter all the usual balderdash about “the secularizing of religion,” and they clamour for the total separation of Church and State. But follow these Liberals elsewhere—follow them to Maynooth, where they receive grants from Government—to the Colonies, where they carry out the principle of an Establishment as far as they are able, and exist almost entirely on public support—it will be seen that their Voluntary principle has vanished, and that their zeal is displayed only in earnest endeavours to screw more and more from the Treasury and the House of Commons. Very recently an application has been made to Government for four more provincial colleges in Ireland, which are to be under Popish surveillance; and Maynooth has modestly added its claim for increased funds. Where, then, is the Voluntary principle—where is the spirit of Liberalism, which sends Mr O'Connell to Dissenting meetings against the Established Church? How does it happen that, with these proofs clearly before them, the Liberals still persist in abetting the Roman Catholics in their aggressions, and still affect to believe them sincere in their desire to establish the infidel principle that the State has nothing to do with religions, for that “all are alike right or alike wrong?” It must be quite evident to every one, from the very necessity of the case, that Popery *must* be inclined towards an Establishment, when that Establishment can be her own, and that any opposition she may

now display, either against the Church of England or the Church of Scotland, is designed to overthrow them, not for the subsequent recognition of any fine crotchets like the Voluntary principle, but for the establishment of her own domination. It is not the principle of an Established Church which she opposes; no, rather she envies the opportunity others have of working on that principle; and she will oppose them, because, till they are conquered, she is unable to adopt it and bring it into action. Here then, again, we ask what concession Popery makes in her support of the Voluntary principle, while she acts directly contrary to her professions so far as she can, and while in all other countries where it is practicable to establish her hierarchy, she is peculiarly careful to do so? And what, under these circumstances, is the value of her support? Nothing, we are told, grieves the consciences of Roman Catholics more than tithes and church-rates. A Papist buys a piece of land or a house, subject to a certain rent-charge, and pays less than he otherwise would do, on account and in consideration of this incumbrance. But when he is peaceably in possession, lo! his conscience and his pocket are simultaneously afflicted; he discovers that his rent-charge is to be applied to some purpose he disapproves (though he knew what it was when he promised to pay it), and then he magnanimously determines to keep the money claimed from him, delaring that it is all for the behoof of the Voluntary principle. It never occurs to him to give the money elsewhere, or to give somebody the difference which the rent-charge—call it tithe or church-rate or what you will—made in the price and value of his property. Oh no! he is opposed to the Church Establishment, he mourns over it as a direct contradiction of the text “My kingdom is not of this world,” and he joins in agitating for the complete abolition of all endowments and preferences for one particular religion. All the time, however, he observes nothing wrong in the practices we have mentioned—in grants to Maynooth, in the payment of bishops and of priests in the colonies, or in the Establishment of Popery in Lower Canada, or the payment of the priesthood as suggested in Ireland, or in

the Establishments of France, Italy, Austria, and those other countries where Protestants are left without aid, if they are not depressed and persecuted. Such is Popish consistency; such is the adherence to the Voluntary principle which ensures to the Popish party in Great Britain, such favours from Liberalism. No one with ordinary penetration can fail to perceive, and no one with ordinary candour will conceal, that if Popery were triumphant she would establish her religion, and probably crush her antagonists by force. That is the plain prospect before us at the present moment—a prospect which even many of Popery’s auxiliaries will not deny. So much then for this second instance of Popish Liberalism, her support of the Voluntary principle.

Thirdly, let us glance at education.

The common cant with which every one urging against Popery her former deeds is now usually met, is the reference to her wonderful enlightenment, in proof of which, we are told of her zeal for education. “Ye shall be as gods,” was the first snare laid for mankind; “Ye shall be as gods,” is the snare still. In specious accents this promise is insinuated to all classes of the people, their vanity, ambition, and hopes, are augmented by its effects, and a few disordered imaginations complete the triumph of the temptation by picturing in glowing colours the necessary advent of Utopian days of wisdom and virtue. A feverish thirst for information (we cannot call it knowledge), being thus excited, rapidly extends itself, and men well satisfied with themselves, and fully confident of their own powers, form schemes for making this cold probationary world the fit residence of immortal creatures, desirous of being allured from all high aspirations by constant excitement, and by the enthralment of their sentiments and senses to attractive earthly speculations and objects. Meanwhile, the mind effeminates, the faculties are pampered by light literature,—the principles are uncultivated and neglected, and mental luxury gradually weakens the energies, and contracts or vitiates the feelings. Such being the case, Popery no longer resists, or desires to resist, education. On the contrary, it finds an opportunity of turning that instrument—once the

great object of its apprehension—in to an effectual means of extending its dominion. It joins with the infidel and liberal in advocating education—joins with *them* because they too desire to exclude the Bible; and co-operates so zealously as to purchase their confidence, and secures a very large share of the management of the system. If human wit had applied itself for centuries to the discovery of a plan whereby Popery might be aided through the agency of those who profess to oppose it, no policy could have been suggested more successful and promising than this. Romanism now finds the mind of the population desirous only for that food which priestcraft is willing to supply; and finds the effect of that nutriment precisely such as it could desire. Thus it prevents a better system of education by undertaking to give its own; and gives that in exact accordance with anti-Protestant principles; and then, lastly, the experience of the operation of the plan proves that it must ultimately result in the very degeneracy of intellect and sentiment most earnestly sought as the basis for the propagation of its doctrines.* It makes no compromise; sacrifices no principle; concedes no privilege; but contrives, nevertheless, in a Protestant country, to educate the people. We say in a Protestant country, because Ireland had, and in name, at least, still has, the vestige of a Protestant constitution, and the apology for a Protestant Government. And what Popery has succeeded in doing there, it now hopes to accomplish in England with like success.

The same sympathy exists here between the Liberal and the Papist; they agree in the same fundamental regulation for condemning the Bible, and giving only Popery's favourite parts, and *then only in Popery's language*, not according to the authorised version; they coincide in the view that the centralization principle shall be applied, and their unanimity is wonderful indeed, on the point of who are to constitute the metropolitan board. Let

it consist, say they, half of Papists and half of Liberals—the Liberals half Papists, the Papists half Liberals; or better still, let all be selected from their indifference to every religion, with two or three exceptions of Jesuit prelates, no matter whether nominal Protestants or Roman Catholics. We doubt not that a very short time will witness this glorious consummation. We doubt not that England will be blessed as Ireland, and many of the colonies have been already, with a system of public instruction, which shall profess to offend the prejudices of none, by disregarding and deriding the prejudices of all. Well, then, we ask if this is not another edifying specimen of Popery's disinterested Liberalism, worthy to be ranked with the other cases to which we alluded? The object in view, undoubtedly, is not to enlighten but to degrade the mind, not to strengthen its powers but to impair them. But Liberalism of all kinds, Dissenting Liberalism, Infidel Liberalism, Psuedo Church Liberalism, laud with rapture Popery's condescension, and proclaim that there is nothing sinister in its purposes, or injurious in its plans. Excellent and accurate observers! discreet and invaluable guides! they love learning so much that they will use in its propagation even those who most fear, and have most strongly condemned it; they desire the improvement of the people so earnestly, that they intrust them to the priesthood who formerly debased them; they cherish enlightenment so sincerely that they trust for its diffusion to the men who for centuries kept Europe in bondage, by keeping its inhabitants in darkness, in ignorance, and in war.

It must be evident that we could with ease enumerate and enlarge upon several more instances of Popish Liberalism, which stand the test as ill as these few specimens. We might show, for instance, how very considerate and obliging it was in the Irish Papists to vote for a Reform Bill which doubled their strength, and almost overwhelmed the opposing interest of property in that kingdom; we might prove how

* We refer, for proofs of these assertions, to the controversial correspondence between Archbishops Machale and Murray. The boasting admission of the latter, and the warm reiterations of those facts by his zealous assistant Mr Thaddeus O'Mally, are the most valuable and instructive things which have yet been brought forward on the subject of the Irish System of Education.

very self-denying it was in them^m to agitate against tithes, to oppose a poor law, to struggle for a repeal of the Union, to aid the Dissenters in the Prisons bill, in their London University project, and in their marriage bill.* There would be no great difficulty in illustrating our views from each and all of these points, and in proceeding farther to the enquiry how far Popery is displaying the same benevolence and magnanimity in clamouring for the reform of the Protestant corporations of Ireland, with a view—but, of course, that will be merely an *accidental* consequence—to the establishment of Roman Catholic ones, prematurely named “Normal Schools of Agitation.”—But we believe that there is no necessity for pressing this matter farther at present, when there are other methods of proving it.

We turn, then, to the page of history, that “old almanack,” which is so sure a guide that it is an index to the hearts of men as they have been, and ever will, in all time; and which trumpets forth in thrilling tones the tale of misery, debasement, and woe, which is the record of Popish influence in Europe. We turn to that authority, and, passing over the lines engraved in blood, that speak of horrors, massacres, and persecutions, we seek for some traces of Popery’s former liberalism. We seek not in vain. It was by pretending to liberalism, by assuming democratic principles, by inflaming and employing, in every species of excess, the ungovernable passions of the mob, that Popery quelled, conquered, and suppressed the Reformation in Poland. The Je-

suits then found themselves driven to the use of revolutionary expedients, and they used them to the ruin of the country, and the complete annihilation of its freedom.

“The Protestant cause attained in Poland, in the course of half a century, such a degree of strength,” says Count Krasinski, in the preface to his excellent work, recently published,† “that its final triumph over Romanism seemed certain. Yet, notwithstanding this advantageous position, it was overthrown and nearly destroyed in the course of another half century. This extraordinary reaction was not effected by the strong hand of a legally constituted authority, as was the case in Italy, Spain, and some other countries; but by bigoted and unprincipled faction, acting, not with the assistance, but in opposition to the laws of the country. Such an event is, perhaps, unparalleled in the annals of the religious world, and is the more remarkable, as the free institutions of Poland, which had greatly facilitated the progress of the Reformation, *were afterwards rendered subservient to the persecution of its disciples*. The Jesuits, who defended in that country the interests of Rome, being unable to combat their antagonists with fire and sword, adopted other measures, which inflicted on Poland more severe calamities than those which have been produced by bloody conflicts between religious parties. As the laws did not allow any inhabitant of Poland to be persecuted on account of his religious opinions, they left no means untried in order to evade these salutary laws; and the odious maxim that no faith

* The following returns from the bill of mortality, &c., as published by the parish for 1837, will show the number of Catholic children baptized in the five Catholic churches in Liverpool:—

	Males.	Females.	Total.
St Mary’s	247	256	503
St Peter’s	240	235	475
St Nicholas’s	283	304	586
St Patrick’s	238	235	473
St Anthony’s	464	416	880

Grand total, 2917

which, according to ordinary computation, would make the Catholic population of Liverpool 87,500; but, owing to mixed marriages, it may be stated at 70,000—rather alarming news for the Reformation Society. The number of Catholic burials for the same period was 2625.

† “Historical Sketch of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Reformation in Poland.” London; 1838. Murray. A work of considerable importance and merit, which we can heartily recommend to our readers.

should be kept with heretics (*hereticia non est secreta fides*) was constantly advocated by them, as well as by other champions of Romanism in our country. But the most invariable and successful line of policy pursued by the Jesuits in Poland, was to agitate the lower classes by means of the confessional and the pulpit, and to ensure, by their intrigues with the higher classes of society, an impunity to the excesses which an infuriated mob committed, at their instigation, against the anti-Romanists.* Yet these calamities, great as they were, may be considered as less disastrous than the moral effects produced by the withering sway which the disciples of Loyola exercised for more than a century over the national mind. They clearly saw that the surest means of extirpating Scriptural doctrines was to fetter the national intellect by a preposterous system of education; and they, consequently, introduced such a system into the public schools of Poland, which were, for a long time, exclusively conducted by them. This measure produced its natural consequences; science and literature were almost annihilated; and Poland, which had made rapid strides in every kind of improvement during the sixteenth century, instead of advancing, retrograded with equal rapidity. With the Reformation, we may add, departed Poland's glory, liberty, and all her hopes of future prosperity and advancement; and now she exists a monument of the success of Popish machinations, and a proof of the results of Popish liberalism. Nor does she stand alone. It was by an alliance with democracy that Popery in France triumphed over Henry IV., so that apostacy was the condition of his accession to the throne.

The league was but a conspiracy of an oligarchy to play with the popular passions for their own selfish and sectarian purposes—and that conspiracy triumphed. The monarch was conquered, Popery was secured, and then, when all the intended objects were accomplished, when the mob were serviceable no longer, the crown and the victorious nobility and priesthood confederated together, crushed the people, and persecuted, or at least discouraged the Protestants, till at length, when the strength of those disciples of the gospel was sufficiently reduced, the mandate went forth for their banishment from their native shores. From that moment Louis XIV. saw his sun setting, and from that time the peace and power of France declined, till both vanished together in the tremendous convulsion of infidelity and revolution which shook the nation to her centre, and startled Europe from tranquillity and torpor. The system of policy which thus succeeded in Poland and France was found too promising to be confined to those countries. It is well-known that in England the Jesuits came over with instructions to ally themselves with the disaffected, to push the reformation too far if they could not altogether abolish it, and to assist the non-conformists in their opposition to all the established forms of church government, endowment, and discipline. There was no treason to which they were not accessory; there was no plot of which they were not the authors; there was no complaint in which they did not join; there was no extravagance likely to grow popular which they did not direct and recommend.* The whole reign of Queen Elizabeth was one continued struggle with these disguised domestic

* We do not at all desire to revive the old questions about the share of Popery in the origin of English dissent; but it must be evident that she had some part, and that not an unimportant one in it. How else could notions so absurd have been broached as gained credit, for a time, at the period in question? It is quite clear that some agency was at work to push the Reformers into extremes, and so make their folly its own refutation. What these extremes were it is not necessary to enumerate; many of them are forgotten, and the rest, if mentioned at all in these days, are, we believe, ridiculed and regretted by churchmen and dissenters equally. Yet they were important matters once with "tender consciences." Some were content to die, if there were need, rather than wear a surplice, or place the communion table at the end or side of the church; and even Richard Baxter, at a much later period, felt bound to write, in his preface to the first edition of the *Saints' Rest*, "the republic of heaven," instead of the Kingdom of heaven.

foes, assuming every sort of shape, participating in every species of sedition, and constantly working against the Government, and undermining its authority by means of the ignorant and the weak. The British Roman Catholics, in a letter which is still extant, published these facts, and complained of them to the Pope, declaring that they personally were content with their national rulers, and feared not any persecution or intolerance if the Jesuits could be withdrawn from the island, or commanded to desist in their insidious or popular aggressions. It may be an unpalatable truth to the Dissenters, but a truth it undoubtedly is, that many, very many of their sects were of Jesuitical origin, and that all received, in the early periods of their existence, Jesuitical aid and sanction. In those days, as in the present, liberalism was the pretence of Popery; she had been disarmed and reduced, but a very large portion, if not the greater portion, of the people still clung to her creed, and she swayed them according to her arbitrary will, endeavouring to throw discredit on the Reformation by abusing the blessings it offered. In like manner, in the days of Charles I., no fantastic theory was deemed too wild for Jesuitical adoption; and while they were mixing, as they did, in the Parliamentary ranks, and particularly in Cromwell's army, they were conspiring against the Parliament's authority in Ireland, and signalized their hostility to the truth by goading on the wild population to the massacre of 1641—the most horrible event in all British history. Jesuits in England were new Jerusalem-men, and fifth monarchy-men, and millenarians, and anabaptists, while in Ireland, they were binding faster the fetters of superstition, and in France were trampling on the rights and the liberty of conscience. Subsequently in James II.'s time, they succeeded in prevailing on that monarch, and all the British Roman Catholics, to struggle for the re-establishment of Popery. And what were the memorable means? The same as had been tried before, the same that were ever ready, the same that are employed now. They tempted the Dissenters, and ensnared not a few of them—William Penn and John Howe among the number—with offers of toleration and promises of advantages;

they induced a very large portion of this class of nonconformists to sink their hatred of Popery in their rancour against the Church of England, and they trusted by these means to uproot that establishment, and prepare the way for their old ascendancy. But their liberalism then was duly appreciated by the greater part of the nation, because arbitrary power advanced step by step with Popery, notwithstanding her plausible professions. The only difference between the state of things now, and the state of things then, appears to be, that the people in those days understood their own interests, and were not deceived by men who endeavoured to delude or betray them. Every thing else now is a second representation of the same anomalies. We witness Popery assuming peculiar enlightenment, dealing in liberal promises, using the democracy for ultimately despotic objects, and allying herself with Dissenters, and infidels, and liberals of all other descriptions, in assaults against the religious institutions of the country which are our chief bulwarks and securities of Protestantism and religious freedom. Unhappily, however, we do not see, in these days of boastings and large pretences, the spirit that animated our fathers in 1688, that drove Popery from the throne, and despotism from the country, which breathed in a Burnett, a Locke, and a Somers; a spirit of manly, honest, and religious patriotism, of firm and unbending adherence to ancient principles.

But if there still be any doubt on the subject, we may dispel it by soliciting a glance at the proceedings of Popery in the present age in surrounding countries, and in all parts of the globe. A lesson may be obtained from this view worth learning, and three things will be apparent from it; that where Popery is dominant, it employs a despotism to keep up its sway; that where Protestantism exists, it artfully adopts the revolutionary principle; that in all cases its liberalism is false and hollow. For proof of the first assertion, we refer to Austria, Italy, South America, and France. In all these countries Protestantism is proscribed, depressed, and persecuted. The Tyroleans under the dominion of Austria are openly coerced; the Bible is prohibited, and all who venture (except the powerful

English in their chapel at Rome, which motives of policy allow to exist) to advocate Protestant doctrines are punished either for heresy or sedition ; in South America the case is the same ; and in France, the poor Wesleyans in many districts have been thwarted and opposed, their chapels have been closed, and their proselyting zeal and success have attracted severe threats and considerable danger. In other Popish countries the Protestants are more numerous, and it is not safe to touch them ; but in these, and in all lands where Protestantism is not established, recognised, and supported, liberty is nothing but a phantom and a name, and the populations are notorious for comparative poverty and degradation. The Protestant and Roman Catholic cantons of Switzerland are marked by differences as broad and as favourable to Protestantism as those which distinguish the two creeds. The colonies of Spain or Portugal are as much below the colonies of England or Holland in wealth, industry, and enterprize, as these Popish and enslaved nations are below those Protestant countries in prosperity and happiness. The same remark may be applied to the colonies of France, as compared with the possessions of Great Britain ; and a comparison might be instituted with the same creditable result, with reference to the German nations, and the other Popish and Protestant parts of Europe. Ireland and England, for instance, or Belgium and Holland ; and with reference also to the two great continents of North and South America. In all cases it would be found, that to call a nation Protestant, was to denominate it contented, powerful, and flourishing ; while to style it Popish, would be to mark it as degraded, fettered, and enthralled. How, then, we would fain ask the Liberals, does this happen, if Popery be as liberal as they pretend, and if Liberalism be as excellent as they think it ? Surely either Liberalism has failed, or Popery has failed, (in those precise places where it could do best as it pleased), in displaying it ? This is the dilemma to which the Liberals are reduced. It is impossible that any thing can be more fair, when we are told to entrust Popery with privileges and power, and to banish all our prejudices ; it is impossible to argue more fairly than to refer to Popish countries for an exem-

plification of the effect of Popish government, and for a clear proof of Popish principles. But, alas ! for Liberalism, when we apply this honest and satisfactory test, there appears neither freedom nor toleration, nor enlightenment in any single country, where, according to Popery's professions, those characteristics should be found. Instead of them we see persecution, tyranny, bigotry, and ignorance, absolute governments, a *jittered press*, and religion used only as a means of blinding and binding the people. Strange ! that Popery, so liberal, tolerant, and elevated as we are told it is, should signalise its supremacy by contradicting its professions, and throwing ridicule on the encomiums and promises of its friends. Yes ! strange it is, yet true ; and this fact we commend to the serious consideration of those who are so eager and so earnest in their praise of modern Popery. We commend it to them in support of our assertions with reference to the despotism of Popery in countries where it has dominion ; and pass on to the second point, which concerns the revolutionary tendency of Popery in those places where any other government exists.

It might be reasonably expected, if Popery were what is pretended, that its attachment to Liberalism would induce it to support rather than to destroy Protestant Government, based upon any free or tolerant principles. Its Liberalism itself might excuse its attacks on the Prussian Government, or any other partially absolute authority. But how happens it, that in lands where freedom is more generously given than in any Popish countries in the world, Popery is striving to overturn the very fabric of society, and to shatter the institutions that are the guarantees of liberty, and the restraints alike on the ambition of the powerful, and the excesses of the mob ? How does it happen that Prussia is in fact assailed, not peculiarly, but merely as one among many governments, some of them based upon liberal, and others on narrow principles ? We do indeed marvel at the fact, but we do not, and cannot doubt its existence and its truth. We look at home, where personal liberty is secured to every man, and where social rights are granted to the utmost extent compatible with the maintenance of social order, and we see Popery, after a long

acquiescence, and many declarations of allegiance and contentment, struggling with amazing ardour against every settled and single establishment, whether ecclesiastical or civil. We look at Ireland, and there we see crime stalking triumphantly through the land, and Popery resisting every check to it, as an infringement of civil privileges, as an insult to the majesty of the people. Nothing there seems safe; and no means, however bold, vicious, or perilous, are neglected to make that apparent danger real and imminent. In our colonies the same course is pursued. Canada and Newfoundland are embroiled in perpetual strife; the stream of emigration is dried up; trade is reduced or destroyed; property is insecure; the power of the mother country is subverted or shaken; and designs the most desperate, projects the most democratic are advocated with vigour and partially with success. In the United States, the only formidable and concentrated body threatening danger to the peace of the republic, is confessedly a Roman Catholic sect. They are taking possession of every wild to which the meagre voluntary principle is unable to penetrate, and are proselyting with astonishing success in other parts where the population is more numerous, and that same voluntary principle equally inefficient. But in that country it is necessary to assume the ultra-democratic form, in order to secure a victory; and without hesitation that appearance is put on, to subserve the artful purposes in view.

On the continent of Europe the same policy is pursued. Every month in Prussia adds to the violent excitement of religious parties, and witnesses fresh aggressions, fresh revolutionary movements from the Roman Catholic population. In Hanover the same spirit has commenced working, and with much prospect of triumph. In Belgium it has already succeeded by the expulsion of the Dutch government, under pretences the most frivolous, and on account of grievances the most petty and insignificant; it has succeeded by the aid of foreign intrigue, and to the subversion, not only of Belgium's own freedom and toleration, but also of Europe's balance of power.

In this revolutionary method is Popery contending for advancement. How far is it sincere in its profes-

sions? How far is it to be proved that it really intends ultimately to compass the democratic objects which it now affects to advocate? To these questions we have partly replied already, but something more remains to be said on them. We say its Liberalism is false in England, because it makes no concession to advance it; because its avowed principles of action with reference to the opinions of others are the same as ever; and because, above all, it has advocated all the democratic expedients it now sanctions before, and then with the purpose of imposing on the nation the rejected despotism of the Stuarts. Who can deny these statements? What single concession does Popery make? We have shown that in its support of the Ballot, the Voluntary principle and education, its purposes are directly contrary to its declaration; and we may add, that with reference to triennial Parliaments, an extension of the suffrage, and other reforms of that sort, Popery advocated them more than a century ago against the House of Hanover, (knowing the ignorance of the people) as a means of restoring the Stuarts' dynasty. Its object then was a tyranny, and it endeavoured to obtain it by the common and usual process of enabling the people to give it to themselves. Its object may be, and we assert is, a tyranny now, and the means are the same. Anarchy, it knows, must precede any such evil in this land, and anarchy it therefore desires. We repeat, then, what has it conceded? Its plans are the same as ever, and its principles too. For the latter, let Den's Theology, published for "*the more sure guidance*" of the Irish priesthood, under the sanction of the Popish Archbishops, and three thousand priests, emphatically answer; or let the revived Rhemish notes and the class books of Maynooth speak in confirmation of our statement. We, therefore, laugh to scorn Popery's Liberalism in Great Britain; and more particularly do we ridicule it in that part where Popery is best displayed—Ireland. Popery and Liberalism in Ireland! Who ever heard of an absurdity so ridiculous, a connexion more monstrous and preposterous? Is there Liberalism in Ireland, where toleration is so little understood that the profession of Protestantism is a crime, and where a vote against a Popish candidate is the sig-

nal for a whole district's execration, and the sufficient cause for a priestly curse? Is there Liberalism in Ireland, where the war-whoop of extermination sounds through the land, and every criminal that perishes on the scaffold goes happy to his grave, if his knife drew the life-blood of "a Protestant person?" Is it Liberalism to intimidate voters, to brave the law, to withhold legal dues, to extort promises of similar conduct, and to force Protestant emigration? If this be Liberalism, it exists in Ireland, and we own it is allied, and closely too, with Popery. But if not, if even the Liberals disclaim principles that lead to these terrible and disastrous results, we know not where to find any thing but pure unadulterated Romanism in the Irish popular party. And if this be the case in Great Britain's domestic possessions, how much more clearly is it so in her colonial dependencies? The struggle in Lower Canada, the "Liberal" struggle, was for tenures suited to the old regime in France, and for the best mode of throwing off the dominion of Protestant England. The Liberalism of Monsieur Papineau and the other valourous rebels, amounted to no voluntary principle, for they had a Popish, and only a Popish establishment; to no educational system, for they left the people in ignorance; to no Ballot, for they preferred open suffrage. Yet they were for revolutionary measures; that is, for revolutionary measures as distinguished from "Liberal" ones. A party may be, as we contend the Papists are, revolutionists without being Liberals, or may profess liberalism, only as a means to Revolution, with no sort of ultimate view to a democratic constitution. So it was in Lower Canada, so it is at home. And again, in Newfoundland, Popery is in the ascendant, and it is liberal. It is, in that country, so liberal, that a very liberal suffrage is adopted, and for the very good reason, that by means of it Popery returns her favourites and myrmidons to the House of Assembly. But here her Liberalism ends. We hear of Voluntary principle, of no education, while we meet with symptoms not a few, that the democratic House of Assembly, with all its fine and plausible professions, is nothing better than an instrument of despotism in the

hands of the many for the oppression and the overwhelming of the few. In the like manner, Popery's Liberalism in America dictates a deep-laid conspiracy against a Republic which is the pride of the Liberals, and the one bright spot on the earth in which their callous hearts find pleasure. It has chosen that magnificent field of exertion, and already views it, in imagination, as the arena for a mighty struggle for ascendancy, which must terminate in complete success. In Europe, hopes of restoration to ancient supremacy are equally inspiring; and those hopes arise from the use of Liberalism. Popery indulges in Prussia in all sorts of democratic acts and liberal professions, yet the occasions of its chief struggles with the Protestant Government are its interdiction of the marriages of Papists with Protestants, and their common use of schools. So in Belgium, it revolutionized a nation with the declared intention of giving complete freedom to the people, but with success Liberalism vanished, and commenced a series of petty oppressions and serious annoyances to those who ventured to oppose its doctrines, and to throw light on its corruption, by circulating the Bible.

Here then we rest, on this proof of what Popery's Liberalism really means, and has effected, and designs. But other material and interesting points arise, which must be considered, if this matter is really to be placed fairly before the public. It is said by some, and those not unimportant authorities, that the connexion for temporary political purposes between Popery and other Antichristian powers is a sign of the times, pregnant with meaning, and gloomy in its forebodings. For instance, Bishop Horsley, in a letter written forty years ago, which appears from some of its remarkable expressions almost prophetic, boldly speaks out, and very explicitly too, on this most singular question. We should not quote it if the name of the writer stood lower in the list of eminent churchmen, or if his mind were likely to have been easily warped by excitement, or deluded by visionary speculations. As, on the contrary, the authority of the author is of the first character, and as his words, however remarkable, are evidently the result

of deep deliberation and thought, we feel it a duty to call attention to it. The passage is as follows:—

“The Church of God on earth will be greatly reduced, as we may well imagine, in its apparent numbers, in the times of Antichrist, by the open desertion of the powers of the world. This desertion will begin in a professed indifference to any particular form of Christianity, under the pretence of universal toleration; which toleration will proceed from no true spirit of charity and forbearance, but from a design to undermine Christianity, by multiplying and encouraging sectaries. The pretended toleration will go far beyond a just toleration, even as it regards the different sects of Christians. For governments will pretend an indifference to all, and will give a protection in preference to none. All establishments will be laid aside. From the toleration of the most pestilent heresies, they will proceed to the toleration of Mahometanism, Atheism, and at last to a positive persecution of the truth of Christianity. In these times the Temple of God will be reduced almost to the Holy Place, that is, to the small number of real Christians who worship the Father in spirit and in truth, and regulate their doctrine and their worship, and their whole conduct, strictly by the word of God. The merely nominal Christians will all desert the profession of the truth, when the powers of the world desert it. And this tragical event I take to be typified by the order to St John to measure the Temple and the Altar, and leave the outer court (national Churches) to be trodden under foot by the Gentiles. The property of the clergy will be pillaged, the public worship insulted and vilified by these deserters of the faith they once professed, who are not called apostates, because they never were in earnest in their profession. Their profession was nothing more than a compliance with fashion and public authority. In principle they were always, what they now appear to be, Gentiles. When this gen-

eral desertion of the faith takes place, then will commence the sackcloth ministry of the witnesses. . . . There will be nothing of splendour in the external appearance of these Churches; they will have no support from governments, no honours, no emoluments, no immunities, no authority, but that which no earthly power can take away, which they derive from Him who commissioned them to be His witnesses.”

Popery, in all times our enemy, often still more powerful than it is now, has always fallen before the determined resolution of the British people; she has failed in suppressing the Reformation, though the land rung with the cries of her victims, and the cities blazed with the fires her cruelty lighted; she failed when her proud Armada sailed to conquer our country, and itself was scattered to the winds; she failed in her political intrigues; she failed in her great effort under the last monarch of the Stuarts; she has been foiled in every conspiracy, disappointed in every insurrection, though assisted by foreign gold and foreign mercenaries, and therefore we may trust that she will once more be struck down and defeated, notwithstanding the treachery of our pretended friends, and the zealous co-operation of Infidelity, and Liberalism, and Dissent. We have triumphed ere this over greater danger, and over foes with whom it was far more worthy and far more perilous to contend; and regarding now the sturdy common sense, the experience, and the awakening spirit of the people, we hope that the day may not be distant when the motley combination of ambitious factions shall be foiled in their endeavours to impose on the country in which they enjoy greater blessings than any others can confer, the iron dominion of a persecuting and idolatrous system.

LEGENDARY LORE. BY ARCHÆUS.

No. V.

THE ONLY RING.

PART II. CHAPTER I.

HASTINGS was lying on some straw, under a canopy of blankets and canvass, with a gipsy man and two or three boys beside him, when he was roused by a rough voice exclaiming, "Come, my lad, if you want to see this job, you must be up and stirring." He then remembered that before his lying down he had settled to accompany some of the men of the party, who were in league with smugglers, for the purpose of helping to land and run a cargo, which, owing to the shortness of the nights, was at this season a difficult undertaking. The party consisted of four men besides Hastings, and it was evident, from their tone and manner, that he had contrived to obtain their entire confidence. They walked for two or three miles at a swift pace till they came out upon the further side of a high bank, from which the dark line of the sea was faintly visible between two cliffs. Here they climbed up a steep ascent, covered with brushwood, at one side of the road, and remained still for ten minutes, till their leader whispered, "Hush—all right," and pointed out a light down below them, apparently from a cottage window. They then crept along a path above the road for a hundred yards, till they reached a point where they again clambered down upon the highway, and after crossing it moved on in a field towards a stile, where they all passed into the orchard of a farm-house, and found there at least fifty other men assembled for the same object. Hastings perceived, by the sounds from a neighbouring barn, that it was full of horses. There was a good deal of whispering among the men, and they evidently expected at every moment to receive the signal for rushing to the beach. The gipsy leader felt his way, with his followers, along the orchard hedge—for in the shadow of the trees it was pitch-dark—until they reached the house, where he spoke to a man who stood leaning against the door-post.

Hastings could not catch much of the conversation, but found that they were disputing about him. Suddenly the gipsy took him by the hand and pulled him towards the entrance, when the other said, "Come in, then," and opened the door. The gipsy and Hastings followed him, and found themselves in a low unfurnished room, with a candle on the floor. The man, who was tall and bulky, and dressed as a farmer, looked at Hastings, and said, "Who are you?" Hastings answered that he was nothing but a wanderer for amusement, who had known much of gipsies in his time, and continued to make friends with all he met. The man looked at him with a sharp but quiet eye, and said, "Well, I daresay you are honest, but you are running in the way of mischief that does not concern you. Go up here—and make no disturbance."

So saying he opened a small door at the foot of a narrow staircase, and held the candle to light the way up. Hastings saw that resistance would be useless, and walked up the stairs till he found himself in another small room, where there was hardly a trace of light.

He heard the door locked at the bottom of the staircase. Feeling about him, he found that there was no furniture within his reach; and his next object of interest was the window. Through this he saw the grey line of the sea and the mass of cliff on one side, but could distinguish nothing more. The waves were plainly to be heard beating at regular intervals on the beach. He had not spent five minutes in the room when he heard a whistle and then a swift trampling of men and horses, and the whole throng seemed dashing downwards to the shore. Then came a pistol-shot, and then several, and then a roar of voices. The rush sounded as if returning nearer and nearer to the farm-house. Again some scattered shots were fired, and now Hastings thought he distin-

guished the voice of an officer giving orders. Here the tumult approached close to him, and it flashed upon his mind that if the smugglers should retreat, and he be found in their headquarters, his position as a gentleman and a naval officer would be very disagreeable. He, therefore, forced open the window, leapt out at a venture, and fell among a crowd of people, spraining his leg so violently as to give him severe pain. There were many voices loud around him, and clamour and curses expressed the astonishment that his fall had occasioned. But he had sufficient presence of mind to ask for help in the gipsy speech, and the consequence was, that one of his former companions recognised him, and called another to his assistance. Between them they lifted Hastings up, and carried him off at full speed through the retreating hurly-burly. The king's men still hung upon their rear, and prevented them from relaxing in their pace. But most of the loaded horses had gone on before, and the remainder now dispersed in different directions as the roads opened on either hand. Still a body of more than a dozen men held together about Hastings, and twice his bearers were relieved. The pain now became so sharp that he begged they would leave him at the first house. Two or three of the leaders consulted for a moment, and then they all went on again in silence for a quarter of an hour. It was now twilight, and Hastings could see that they stopped at a small gate, which they opened, and followed a short brick-paved path up to the door

of a respectable house. They seated him on the bricks at the door, with his back against the door-post, knocked violently to rouse the inmates, and then all ran off.

Their alarm succeeded, and in a few minutes a servant came to the door and opened it, accompanied by her master, wrapped only in a dressing-gown. When he saw a man lying at the door in the weak light of dawn, he enquired who he was, and what was the matter. Hastings told his name, and said that he was a friend of Sir Charles Harcourt, had met with an accident, and was in so much pain he would beg to be taken into the house, and to be allowed to reserve his story for another time.

The gentleman said that his name was Musgrave, and that he was the clergyman of the parish, and promised to do all in his power to relieve the sufferings of the stranger. He helped to carry him in and lay him on a bed, and, on hearing of the injury to the limb, sent for the nearest surgeon. He, on his arrival, pronounced that the recovery was likely to require several days, during which the patient must remain where he then was. He also ordered the proper applications. After he was gone, Mr Musgrave earnestly assured his new guest that he was most happy to have an opportunity of assisting any human being in distress, and that he need be under no uneasiness as to remaining there so long as it should be convenient to him. Hastings was now a little more at ease, and could thank him for his kindness, which he gladly accepted.

CHAPTER II.

Mr Musgrave was an unmarried clergyman, whose whole look and manner bore the impress of devotion. Delicacy, purity, gentleness, fervour, were combined in his countenance with a shade of pensive melancholy. A thin ascetic-looking face, a high narrow forehead, a slight and bending figure, and a demeanour of the most careful politeness; over these was thrown an air of abstraction, which kept him apart from intimacy with any circle of society. The Bible was the world he lived in, and from it he looked out into the actual world as we look from the earth into the dim atmosphere, or from an island over the sea.

Hastings felt himself, he knew not why, rebuked in the presence of Musgrave, although the clergyman spoke to him but little, and that with the most courteous and even friendly goodwill. But, while the traveller felt that his host had no sympathy with his pursuits or character, he perceived in him an elevation and self-denial which made it impossible to regard him as an inferior, insensible to some higher kind of excellence. He did not attempt to speak on religious, or, as Hastings would have termed it, professional topics. But it was obvious that nothing local and temporary interested him strongly, and yet that

his mind was most fully strained by perpetual thoughts of momentous importance.

It was, of course, by his care that, on a small table beside the bed, there was a Bible laid.* When, some hours after the arrival of Hastings, he came to pay his guest a visit, he laid another volume beside the Scriptures, which, on subsequent examination, appeared to be a Prayer-book; and after he was gone, a servant, who came in with some refreshments, added a third book, which the patient found to be a volume of hymns. In weariness and listlessness he took up this and opened it at the following verses, which he read through, and which seemed to him so strange that he then went through them a second time. But the impression which they made on him was that of a perplexing and enticing riddle, rather than of any definite meaning which he could fully grasp.

1.

"See, through nature's blackest night,
Shines a more than sunny light!
God, a man by human birth,
Comes to die for man on earth.

2.

"Shouts of joy and songs of love
O'er the captive sound above;
Forth from evil's hopeless prison,
Man is raised, for Christ has risen.

3.

"Mount, then, up, my soul, to God,
Soar from off this earthly sod;
Mount to God beyond the skies,
Christ is risen, and bids thee rise.

4.

"Fly this dreary stormy shore;
Rise where Christ is gone before;
Fear not God himself to see,
Christ, his image, lives in thee.

5.

"Face to face, O Father, now
Prowns no more thy starry brow;
Why should we our Maker shun,
Now thy life and ours are one?

6.

"Men may dare thy light to scan;
By thee sits the Son of Man;
Men may soar to highest Heaven,
God as man to earth is given.

7.

"Thou to us in Christ art come,
Come to call thy children home;
Thou in him hast left the skies,
But that we in him may rise."

The dreaming and monkish oddity of these thoughts struck him as quite unlike any thing he had known among intelligent men, and led his thoughts away to the Pastors and students of the East, and to one or two strange old fragments of Christian hymns which he had heard under picturesque and impressive circumstances in Spain and at Jerusalem. Something unusual, he knew not what, seemed clinging to him, and he felt half relieved, half interrupted by the entrance of Sir Charles Harcourt, to whom Musgrave had sent tidings of the traveller's condition. He had now to shape his story as plausibly as he could, in order to avoid unnecessary ridicule from his friends. A midnight ramble with the gipsies he could not but acknowledge, and his reputation for hare-brained adventure was well enough established to make any thing of the kind credible. Sir Charles promised to send him books, and to come to see him. But Hastings could not help fancying that, under an exterior of the most amicable politeness, his friend was inwardly laughing at him. He felt pleased at his departure, and said to himself, "With all his taste and fashion, he is but a poor ladylike creature."

In the afternoon Musgrave came again to see him. The hymn, and the fancies it had suggested, were seething in his brain, and he felt a little stronger interest than before in the clergyman who sat beside his bed and asked if he could render him any service. Hastings thanked him, and said, "No." He then closed his eyes, and added, "It seems to me very strange that I should be here now, with you sitting by me. The last time I was laid up it was by a wound received in a lion-hunt among the Caffres. I was confined for three weeks in one of their huts, and attended by a copper-coloured girl, who had never seen another European. She sang to me the songs of her tribe in a low droning voice, and told me stories of their chases after the cameleopard and the rhinoceros. She spoke of their charms against snake-bites and poisoned arrows, and of the powers of their Amakiras or witch-doctors. Then she brought me drink in a calabash, and morsels of broiled antelope, and fanned me with a fan of leaves. Even now, when I shut my eyes, I can hardly help fancying that I am a stranger in

that African village, and when I hear a step at a distance, I have before me for a moment the image of that poor savage girl, though few European footsteps are as light as hers." Musgrave seemed interested, and asked him about his travels, which Hastings spoke of with eagerness and vivacity. While he talked it seemed as if the round green world were spinning under him, while he occupied some starry post, and looking down described each country at the moment that the real map revolved beneath his eye. Cities, nations, landscapes, races of animals, seas of islands, fleets, caravans, and adventures, arose, and shifted, and passed away like dreams.

When he paused, Musgrave looked upward and then at him, and said in a subdued voice, "In any of your travels, Mr Hastings, did you ever find peace of mind?"

He was silent for a minute, and then replied,—“No, I never sought it; I should not know what to do with it if I had it. But I found ever-varying, never-ceasing excitement, and I suppose that is as much as earth can furnish.”

“As much indeed,” said Musgrave. “For peace we must look elsewhere.”

“To heaven?” asked the other.—

“No doubt. But while in this state of existence I take the best that it can supply, and that is movement, change, exertion, enjoyment.”

“If we have not something of heaven even here, I fear we can hope for but little of it hereafter. Peace and life are not at war with each other, but each in the highest sense requires and includes the other. Perhaps this is a kind of truth of which in all your travels you have not experienced the reality.”

“Certainly I have never managed to be asleep and awake at the same time.”

“Well, if I took your own illustration, I should say that the true peace of the spirit of man is not to be found when it is the slave of its dreams, but when it is the lord of its thoughts. And this is also the state in which it is most conscious of enjoying the deepest and fullest life. But I will not trouble you with disputing. I only wish you would believe that there is one region of human existence in which you have not yet sufficiently travelled, and which is not the meanest or poorest.”

Neither desired to continue the conversation, and Musgrave soon again left Hastings to himself.

CHAPTER III.

That strange hymn continued to float round the pillow, and the image of the clergyman perpetually returned to him. The traveller felt, that in Musgrave's deep and fervent sincerity of devotion, there was a kind of power by which he had never before been influenced. So, in bodily suffering, in mental disturbance, and in discontent at his own inaction, his life went on from day to day. Sir Charles Harcourt sent him the books he had promised, which were new and fashionable novels, and took no hold of his mind. Musgrave passed with him an hour or two daily, and he never could shake off the impression made by his manner and language. When he found this image wearisome, he could not rid himself of it as he had been used to do when any thing annoyed him, by shooting out into action, for he was confined by his injured limb to the room he had been first placed in. Vexed and fretted at a stillness

so unlike his usual life, he became at last thoroughly impatient. One day he gave vent to this feeling, in words of something like displeasure, while speaking to Musgrave. The clergyman's pale cheek coloured slightly, and, as was his fashion, he paused for a moment before he spoke. He then said to Hastings that he feared his society was burthensome, and begged his pardon if it were so, but assured him that he had been in the habit of visiting him only in hopes of being in some way useful or agreeable. The patient felt much ashamed at his own folly, entreated forgiveness, earnestly thanked Musgrave for all his kindness, and begged him to continue his visits as often as might be convenient to him. Indeed, he added, his host's company sometimes gave him a kind of strange obscure pleasure, such as he had never but once before experienced.

“Nine years ago,” he said, “I was

travelling in Armenia, and the night fell while I was examining some noble ruins on the banks of the Araxes, with the peak of Ararat in view before me. I secured my horse in a nook of the decayed and shattered buildings, and lay down beside him for the night, when I heard at a great distance the sound of men's voices singing a hymn, which, to my present recollection, had much the rhythm and tone of one that struck me in your hymn-book. The singers were, doubtless, monks engaged in their evening devotions. I rose and went a few paces in the direction of the sound to listen, when I saw a figure moving among the ruins, as if coming towards me, from the river. As he drew nearer, leaning on his staff, I saw by the moonlight that he much resembled pictures I have met with of Saint Joseph, the husband of Mary. When close at hand, he looked at me intently, and I felt that I had never seen so venerable a being. He then addressed me in the Armenian tongue, of which I had learnt something from the Mekhitaristes of San Lazaro at Venice, and he said, 'My son, thou seekest many things on earth; but the one thing which thou needest thou seekest not; else wouldst thou find it with less journeying.'

" 'And what,' I said, 'Father, is that?'

" 'Peace.'

" 'Hast thou then found it?'

" 'If I knew it not, then, like others,

I should not believe in its existence. Farewell. Remember the measure of the divine song thou hast but now heard; and remember me.'

"He turned away, and in a moment was hidden by a massive pier. The feeling that his presence gave me I have never since experienced till I met with you."

Musgrave seemed much surprised and confused at this remark, but they parted for the night in very friendly terms. It was now the close of the week which Hastings had spent in a bodily inactivity hardly ever known to him before. That evening he spent, hour after hour, in reviewing the innumerable images of the past, which floated before him, and sometimes in forming plans for the future. At last it was deep night, and he heard the clock of the neighbouring church strike twelve. The last stroke had scarcely trembled away over the churchyard when he recollected the destiny to which he was subject, and saw standing before him, in the brightness of reality, the different beings in whose lot he had so lately shared—Edmonstone—Harcourt—Wilson—and, lastly, Hastings. As in none of these had he been perfectly happy, and as little in his last character as in any of the former ones, he remembered, at the same time, that the power of the ring was not ended, and with little hesitation he breathed upon it, and named the name of Musgrave.

CHAPTER IV.

Musgrave went through the duties of his station with an exemplary zeal and devotion. But his heart was in his solitude, where in private study, meditation, and prayer, he cherished the mild and aming temper of an eremite. The world that he outwardly lived in lay at a distance from his apprehension; nor was he ever truly at ease and joyous but when he felt himself in an imaginary heaven conversing only with visionary beings and the transfigured personages of sacred story, or lost in the flaming beatitude of prayer and praise. He was respected, and even beloved by his parishioners, but as a creature of another race, a chance visitor to them from a different state of existence. They thought of him less as a better

and wiser man, with a true and warm, but ennobled human heart, than as a seraphic phantom breathing always some celestial air, and having, instead of life-blood, an immaterial spirit.

He performed, however, his Sunday duties with meek and graceful fervour, and the worst and most embroiled of those who heard him at least carried away the impression that he was a sincerely good and godly man. The next day, as indeed almost every day, he spent some hours in visiting different members of his flock. The cottages of the poor opened very various prospects of human life, which, as such merely, had to him but little meaning. In all the best, as much as in the worst, he saw only illustrations of the futility of all human

efforts, except those which tend to an ascetic and mystical isolation. What interest they excited in him arose from his habit of regarding them, not as men, but as embryo angels. He did not speak their language, nor enter into, though he compassionated, their struggles and sufferings. The gross and violent heard his exhortations like a faint aerial music, sweet and sublime, but remote from all which they valued or dreaded. The better and more thoughtful were bewildered, by feeling that they did not understand or sympathize with him, and that all which they found in religion of present support and comfort for their practical life, was to him but worthless, if compared to his ideal longings and meditative communion with heaven.

After another day or two, he visited the poor-house, where he found a motley collection of young and old, all more or less in some perverse or unhealthy state. Old age in all varieties of feeble, fretful imbecility; diseases of many and hopeless kinds, palsy, deafness, dumbness, blindness, idiocy; the maimed, the ulcered, the bed-ridden, the deformed, the doting; orphans, whom love had never approached; widows, from whom it had forever fled away; the broken in fortune, once rich; the loathsome, once beautiful; the relics, rags, ashes, and garbage of our human life, still invested with ghastly human semblances, all decayed and worn out; and sepulchral shadows of what once was man, all stunted, abortive, and despoiled modes of young existence; all these were here; and each a melancholy portion of a hideous whole. The old and infantile were mixed together, but the aged received no duteous reverence, and the children were regarded with no tender watchfulness. There was a certain dull tranquillity enforced by power; a chill orderly sufficiency of physical necessities provided by routine; a discipline and economy directed to no higher than an outward end, and animated by no affection. The whole was an image of evil of all kinds, compressed, indeed, and frozen, and benumbed by mere superficial pressure, leaving only the consciousness of unrest and pain, but ready, had the weight been removed, and the machinery for a moment relaxed, to burst out in explosions of

rage, hatred, horror, and despair. Here sat an old man, once a wealthy farmer, whom drunkenness had made a pauper, and whose only child, a daughter, had been betrayed by poverty into fatal corruption, and had died an outcast. He looked downward with dim, inflamed eyes, still occupied by the vision of an intoxicating draught which he could no longer procure. There the widow of a shopkeeper, whom her fierce passions and self-will had goaded to the grave, sat in sullen dignity, dressed with some pretension to superior refinement, and brooding on the injustice of the fate which confined her to such society. Scoffs and fury, when she happened to speak, were the burthen of all her language. She had hoarded for twenty years a single pound to purchase a handsomer funeral and better attendance than were provided at the expense of the parish. Among those about her were the worn-out drudges who had toiled as the wives of labourers now dead; and the men whose choicest recollections were of years long gone by, when they enjoyed the night of poaching and the ale-house riot. There was the cobbler, disabled by incurable headach, and half-crazed by ill-health and fanaticism, whose sense of the woful present was every now and then brightened by a flashing dream of a golden and vermilion New Jerusalem, and by the assurance of his own immeasurable spiritual superiority to those who required moral conduct of a Christian, and who had ever been at school. For he was a self-taught theologian, and was even ingenious in his absurdity. Beside him sat the soldier, with one leg and one arm, whose gayest phantasms were of the town he once helped to sack, and of unstinted brandy. Children, moping over some heart-cankered attempt at free and happy sport, slunk in corners and made their presence known chiefly by an occasional quarrel and shriek. One woman, of seventy, who had appeared since ten years old destitute of every faculty, but the purely animal ones, now at last, while the clergyman was reading a chapter of the Scriptures, suddenly woke up at the names of Ruth and Naomi, and began to mutter, in language which she had not used for more than half a century, an account of the last gleanings in which she had shared as a child with her

mother. She died before she could be carried into another room. In the midst, however, of this strange and disordered society, some members of it appeared to enjoy all the happiness of which their poor mutilated natures were now capable, and some eyes of the lighter and more joyous temperaments twinkled with unquenchable good-humour.

In this dreary confusion, where it seemed that Orpheus might have sung, and almost that Moses might have legislated, in vain, the benevolence and faith of Musgrave glanced by and vanished without a trace. One glow-worm under the coal-black

vault of night, a single candle in the largest, deepest mine, is not more ineffectual. Some, indeed, derived, from his soft and delicate ministrations, a purblind sense of something like good-will towards them existing somewhere; and even this was a blessing. But he felt himself a wanderer into a region which he did not understand, and where he had no hope of ever finding a solid resting-place for his foot. The butterfly among the rocks of Caucasus might as well have dreamt of sweeping down before its silken wings the crag on which the Titan groaned in vain.

CHAPTER V.

Musgrave had twice seen Elizabeth, the daughter of farmer Wilson, in the first week after her return, and now towards the close of the second he sat again beside her bed. Maria Lascelles, who was now no longer a visitor at Sir Charles Harcourt's, but living at her uncle's house, a good deal further off, had found out the dying woman, and was with her when Musgrave entered, but then rose and went away. He found the sufferer penitent, resigned, and hopeful; but felt that she comprehended him better than most of those whom he conversed with. She had grown rapidly weaker, and nearer to her end, and he expected her very speedy departure from the body. She was propped up by pillows in the bed, and her mother sat beside her at the opposite side from the clergyman, and attended to all her wants. Musgrave had his back to the window, through which a bright evening light flowed in and fell upon her wasted haggard face, and upon the shrunken hand that lay near him on the bed-clothes. She spoke to him of Maria, and said, "That lady is a great blessing to me; she reads and talks to me for hours, and her visits are like those of a young prophetess. She enters strangely into all I feel, though she can never have had any thing like it in herself. And when I say any thing of this kind to her, she only answers, that we have all much the same things in our minds if we would attend to them properly."

"It must be a great pleasure and

advantage to you to have such a friend."

"Oh! indeed it is so, sir. I think she has done me more good than any one I ever knew. She sees so well what kind of help I want, and she always tries to make me feel how real and awful our sins are, and then points out how great is the blessing of being relieved from the burthen of them. Oh! she is a good young lady!"

Musgrave listened with much interest, but thought it right to turn the conversation more directly on Elizabeth's own state. He expatiated on the happiness of a future life, the perfect freedom from sorrow and trial, and the luminous and ethereal kind of existence which is all we can imagine of a perfectly spiritualized life in the unclouded presence of God. She listened with some pleasure. But, though checked in expressing herself, as the poor so often are, by the fear of differing from their superiors, she felt in her heart that what she chiefly wanted was not encouragement of this kind, but that which should strengthen in her the sense of present victory even in this life over the pain of actual sinfulness, and the sharp remembrance of many previous offences. So only she guessed, but hardly dared to say even to herself, could she look forward cheerfully and on sure grounds to a better and nobler existence hereafter. She took the first opportunity which Musgrave's remarks offered of referring to her husband, and looked at him while she

did so with earnest eyes, and spoke with trembling words. Musgrave had known him, but they had never been at all intimate. Her mother left the room to procure some drink for her, and while she was gone, Elizabeth took from under her pillow a little packet of papers which she looked at fondly for some seconds, and then held out to Musgrave, saying, "Take these and read them, they may be of some use to you, for it is necessary to your work that you should understand the thoughts and hearts of men. There are things among them that you will perhaps make out better even than I, who so well knew the writer. It is very sore for me to part with them, now that I am so near the last; but if they can do any good it is much better so. You will see that they are much frayed and stained, for I have read them over and over, and have never had them away from my bed. Oh! sir, before he died, he had far better faith and hope than you will find written there. Indeed—indeed—with all his faults he was very good, and at the last when he had suffered so much, and was so anxious about me—and our—baby—he was able, he told me, to trust that all was, and would be for the best, and was content to do and suffer whatever might be the will of God. But I beg your pardon, sir, for troubling you in this way—only I know you are very kind, and none of them here can understand such things as he thought of—Oh! no, they never could. He taught me so much, so many—many things, that I never should have known but for him, and with all my faults, he has made me see every thing so differently, somehow as if it were so much larger and brighter than it used to be—just as different as the inside of a book full of beautiful writing and pictures is from the cover outside of it. Oh! my own poor Henry!"

She now closed her eyes, exhausted and in tears. Her mother came back and said, "You know, dear, Mr Musgrave is to give you the sacrament

to-day, if you are well enough, and we ought not to keep him."

"Oh, yes, mother, quite well enough for that. I shall be very glad."

The mother called in the others of the family, except James, who was away at work, and they all partook devoutly of the sacred rite. In administering it to Elizabeth, Musgrave felt as if it were a meeting in a world of disembodied spirits. In her a new life seemed for a moment awakened, and she looked more intelligent and lovelier than he had ever seen her. When the others were departing, she signed to them not to go, and looked steadily at each of their faces. She then cast a long gaze round the room at all the things she knew so well, the cupboard, and the chest of drawers, and the looking-glass that had so often reflected her girlish face; and then at the apple-tree seen through the window, and the bright evening sky beyond. Her eyes turned again to Musgrave, as if thanking him, and reminding him of the papers; and then again fixed on her mother, closed, opened, and turned once more to the same wrinkled face, over which the tears were now falling. She said, "Dear mother and father, and all, and James too, if he were here, I wish I could tell you how I love you all, and how happy I am in the thought that you love me, and will learn more and more to love God." The flush deepened over her cheeks—faded—returned—faded again—and her eyes grew dim, and her lips white—but they still murmured, "I wish I could spread my arms and take up the whole world, and bring them to Christ." She ceased to look or speak; but soon again opened her eyes on her mother. "Kiss me, mother, I cannot speak, but I am quite happy, quite. I am going to my husband, and my poor baby, and God who is all in all. Good-by, dear friends—good—good-by. I shall never see Burntwood again—but"—and she was gone from earth.

CHAPTER VI.

Henry's Papers.

How hard a work is life! The system of things which I live in lays on me certain unceasing tasks, but gives me no sufficient strength to fulfil them. The strong gladiator drags me into the arena of struggle that we call the world, and then and there it strikes and bruises me, and compels me to fight, yet with the certainty that I must be overcome and die. This very system awakens in me the feeling that I am fit for something better. It gives me a sense of peace, which it will not let me realise. Like a divine muse, it sings into my heart a song of mercy and hope, and at the same time, with the talons of a fury, rends and strangles me.

I have been twenty-three years in this visible world. For seven, partly from the foolish affection of others, partly from their selfish carelessness, I suffered evils that I did not understand, and my gratifications were slight and baseless. Yet, in looking back even on this early part, it wears a certain brightness which it never had in the reality; pleasures, that were trivial in the enjoyment, seem in the retrospect sublime. Whence, then, comes the sublimity? It must be from my present self, from the creative power of my feelings and imagination. Yet this grandeur, which I am able to extend over the images of the past, when I would grasp and embody it as an actual good, fades and vanishes; only the Distant shines, the Near is pale and gloomy. Thus, all we see of beauty and bliss is but the feast of Tantalus, which melts when we approach in the infernal air. My boyhood was a time of strong and conscious growth. But I had the pains of the process, and never have known the peaceful fruits of it. I then enlarged my knowledge of Nature and its forms, and increased my love of them. But that passion, ardent and tender at the first, and yielding many delightful hopes, has always ended in sorrow. The Nymphs have all in turn shrunk beneath their waters and into their caves, and left the enamoured boy to stare at the

blank solitude. The enthusiasm of youthful hope and belief, kindled in the awakening consciousness by the shapes of Life and Reality, never finds a future adequate to its demands. It but enlarges the heart to hold a larger portion of disappointment. Now that I am a man, I have faculties, indeed, which enable me to discern the principles of things, and to embody these in lively images, and to devise lines of extensive action. But my heart is wearied and saddened by ill success; I want a field of movement; and languish without sympathy from those around me. I have a pupil whom I must teach, but who will hardly learn; and employers or patrons who regard me but as the menial groom of their favourite and costly horse. They would not give a shilling to save the servant's life; but a hundred pounds to rescue that of the animal.

Verily it seems to me that the Life we know is all a delusion. We sometimes pierce the covering, and find blackness and hollowness within. We are told, indeed, that inside this, in turn, there is I know not what treasure—a gem, a light, an eye, a magical remedy. But may not this, too, be a delusion? Who knows? I have seen a French sugar-plum-box with a picture of a watch upon the cover, to indicate that there was a watch within; but, on opening it, the watch was found to be of painted and gilt sugar, as false as the outward image. It is the cry of moralists, and the curse of our nature, that all fair things seen by man turn into clay, and lastly he himself.

The adaptation, so often trumpeted, of man to the system of nature, is, I think, at best but as the relation of a line to its parallel. Their very parallelism secures that they shall never meet. Man works on wheels, but these will not fit the grooves they seem designed for, and can only move outside of them in the irregular rut which they have broken for themselves.

Human life has evidently desires that human life can never satisfy. What is the remedy for this evil? Apparently, none is possible. The very terms seem to involve a hopeless contradiction. It is indeed said, that faith in God helps us out of the difficulty, and raises man above himself. But when I ask my teacher what he means by the Deity, I receive either no answer or worse than none. One says, the Creator of all things. But this tells me nothing of the kind of Being who created all. The rat that lurks in the crannies of a castle, and is hunted and laid wait for daily, learns little to gratify its soul if told that the architect of the castle formed the rat-holes no less than the rat-traps, and even took pains to stock them with his progenitors. Another talks to me of the Life and Ground of all things. But this gives me scanty help; for of all things I best know myself. It is, therefore, by looking within that I can find the most intelligible specimen and example of that All of which I am referred to the Cause and the Vital Principle. From this quarter, then,—namely, my own consciousness of myself,—I must derive my view of the character of the Primordial Power. Now, it is my own consciousness which is sick, suffering, plague-stricken; and it is from its miseries that I am directed to take refuge in that Divine Idea which is yet so plainly shown to be itself wounded with the same weapon and infected by the same poison. It is the very malady and desperation of all within me which leads me to seek help from something outward. If that Outward be but a repetition of the Interior Existence, magnified in the concave mirror of the Universe, all its distortions and scars, its blood and tears and steel-spiked crown, are also reflected and enlarged there. If, again, I am sent to the Bible, I see, indeed, clearly enough that what I will not call the Jupiter of that Iliad, but the Fate of that high Hebrew Tragedy, would condemn and punish me for not being other than I am. But how I shall become other, how be fashioned by that standard, seems to me as vain an enquiry as how the flying-fish can change itself into the dolphin which pursues it, and so find refuge in the waters. Finally, miracles are no evidence to him who has no clear conception of the Being they are said to

proceed from; and even if they were, they would go to establish a system which, from the inconformity of my mind to its principles, leaves me an outcast or makes me a victim.

I cannot recognise myself or my experience of life in the Sacred Records. When I read them I find myself travelling in an enchanted region that has almost nothing in common with my accustomed country. There is little in it that joins on to any thing pre-existent in me. I acknowledge, indeed, here a rich and profuse beauty, as in fairy pictures; there, a dreary awful power, as in Druidical or Egyptian remains; wonders, again, as unprepared and incoherent as those of dreams; lastly, gushes of human feeling and strains of thought which really seem to belong to the same nature as mine, but which stand in no close or necessary relation to the loftier, stranger, more oracular portions. I can as little enter into the old Hebrew's views of divine and human things as he, could he now revive, would comprehend my feelings as to nature, art, and man. His world is, indeed, a land of marvels, many of them lovely and many expressive, but all shut up within a circuit of huge walls. It seems to me the chief of all confounding paradoxes that so many millions of men, in times and modes so different from these, should fancy the grey and thundering cloud of that old Eastern Theocracy can remain built up like a Cyclopiian wall in our freer calmer sky.

In the family I live in there is no one who has the smallest notion that my opinions differ at all from their own and from those of the clergyman of the parish. There is no one of them who could ever be brought to understand the least portion of my views. Now if, as I cannot but suppose, there are many other instances of the same entire misconception as to the characters and thoughts of those we live with daily, what a world of secret and unguessed life must be concealed within that which is palpable and commonplace! How many hidden-treasure chambers, forgotten graves, buried habitations, and inurned yet beating hearts, must lie under the soil which the feet of busy men hourly and so heedlessly travel over! Perhaps the world would gain were it to know

all it knows, provided it could also learn all it does not know. The common, the public, the familiar, is the product of chance, interest, indifference, fraud. The hidden and personal, that which he who possesses it shrinks from casting into the open mud-pool of society, is the growth of inward feeling and reflection, the winnings of earnest endeavour. We wrap up and conceal the sacred spoils that are stained with the dear blood we have shed in gaining them; but we hawk in open baskets the pebbles, shells, and weeds, which all may gather by the highwyside, or on the bare and trodden sand of the frequented bay. The rush and throng of life are for ever driving back into cells and nooks whatever would come forth of independent, genuine, peculiar. The light, easy, empty, popular, is received into the kindred element, is borne along with and swells the mass. Thus, probably, what each successive generation has added to the world's possessions is but the husks and scum of its existence; while whatever has been truly noble and severe was sunk and lost with or before its creators. Could the figures in the apparent picture of history be suddenly effaced, and the glass they are painted on be made transparent, so as to show the reality it now hides, how completely might our views of all things and ourselves be reversed and transmuted! We should see, perhaps, in many a family of those poor barbarians whom Cæsar slaughtered by myriads, more dignity, sensibility, genuine sense of nature and power, than in the accomplished, radiant emperor. Knowing how in myself what is deep, arduous, and high-minded shrinks from view, and all that is imitative, hollow, selfish, and sequacious lies on the surface, or rather forms it, may I not believe that the like is true of the world and all its history?

—
To-day is likely to be a memorable one for me. I was wandering some miles from the house while my pupil was gone on a pleasure party with the family in another direction. At last I came out of a lane upon a farmhouse with a little garden in front of it, in which a young woman was tying up the flowers. She had a singularly soft and quiet manner of moving, such as indicated a quiet and harmonious life, and gave her more the air of a

lady than most ladies that I have seen. I went up to speak to her, and asked where I was, and what would be my shortest way back, when I saw her face more distinctly, her mild features, and clear blue eyes. She answered me in a low sweet voice, gravely but pleasantly, when an old man came out of the house, whom I found to be her father, and whom I remembered to have seen two or three times at my employer's, the squire's, where he had come on justice business as an overseer of the poor. I recollected that his name was Wilson; and on speaking to him and saying where I lived, he asked me in. The daughter had gone before, and I willingly agreed. The family and the house have alike an appearance of simplicity and peace at once strange and delightful to me. When I think of the restless pretensions and the discontent of those I live among, the contrast becomes very striking. I spent a quarter of an hour in the house, and when I was returning through the woods and fields the figure of Elizabeth seemed always flitting before me, yet with her face turned towards mine, and with her bright and gentle eyes and calm smile looking at me from between the trees and above the hedge-rows. I could not walk steadily, but jumped and ran, and every now and then stood still, the more clearly to recall her image. I, who seldom am able to pray, caught myself exclaiming,—"O God! hast thou at last sent me a being whom I may love, and who may one day love me?"

—
I have now seen Elizabeth many times. Her whole life and culture have had but the two elements, the domestic and the Biblical. Yet to how complete and melodious, nay, sometimes how high and lyrical, a being has she attained! She knows, indeed, little; but she has the most open, the freshest, and the truest sense for whatever is natural and worthy. While with her, and thinking no longer of speculations or of myself, I feel as if I had thrown off a stiff and heavy armour which I had worn for years, and been clad of a sudden in soft and lucid silken robes. Oh, how divine is the blessedness of love! It leaves me no fears and regrets. I feel that life is indeed a capacity for joy, and is nothing else. All besides is but the pain

and struggle through which that capacity is unfolded. She, without designing it, has opened my heart to see and feel goodness and beauty in every thing around me. Nay, strangest of all, when with her I read the Bible, and when I see how its morality and devotion and multitudinous imagery have passed into and become portions of her heart, I seem to perceive that the Deity may be beheld immediately and acknowledged, as we discern and own what is excellent in a human being, and should feel it a villany to ask how we can prove such and such a pure and heroic man not to be a mere cheat and quack. Much, indeed, is still dark; but I can now conceive it to be transitory and hopeful darkness, for what once was darkest of all, namely, my own being and affections, are now bright and benignant. I now know that to believe is nobler than to theorise, and to act more profitable than to murmur. I dare not complain of the seemingly inexplicable contradictions of Existence, while I am not guiding my own in the path which

evidently opens before me. I cannot, indeed, see its termination, but I do see the portion nearest to me, which must, at all events, be first travelled; and as I do not see the end, I know not but that it may issue in the solution of all my difficulties. There is a road of action guiding me I know not precisely whither; and there must be somewhere, though I know not precisely where, an outlet from the labyrinth of speculation. One, therefore, of these mysteries may turn out to be the solution of the other. Nay, if all Life be not a hopeless, planless Chaos, I dare affirm that so it must be. And that such and so darkly bewildered is not our mortal state, my hopes, my sympathies, my exulting joy, my sense of liberation, in the love of Elizabeth, are to me abundant proof. The God of the Bible and the God of the Universe, I now divine afar off, may be known as One. But I am sure that to know Him at all, except by guess, I must resolve that He shall practically be my God.

CHAPTER VII.

Henry's Papers—Continued.

I have lately been interested by meeting with the following poem of Walsingham:—

THE WOODED MOUNTAINS.

1.

“ Woodland Mountains, in your leafy walks
Shadows of the Past and Future blend;
'Mid your verdant windings flits or stalks
Many a loved and disembodied friend.

2.

“ With your oaks and pine-trees, ancient brood,
Spirits rise above the wizard soil,
And with these I roam amid the woods;
Man may dream on earth no less than toil.

3.

“ Shapes that seem my kindred meet the ken;
Gods and heroes glimmer through the shade;
Ages long gone by from haunts of men
Meet me here in rocky dell and glade.

4.

“ There the Muses, touched with gleams of light,
Warble yet from yonder hill of trees,
And upon the huge and mist-clad height
Fancy sage a clear Olympus sees.

5.

"Mid yon utmost peaks the elder Powers,
Still unshaken hold their fixed abode,
Fates primeval throned in airy towers,
That with morning sunshine never glowed.

6.

"Deep below, amid a hell of rocks,
Lies the Cyclops and the Dragon coils,
Heaving with the torrent's weary shocks,
That around the untrodden region boils.

7.

"But more near to where our Thought may climb
In a mossy, leaf-clad, Druid ring,
Three grey shapes, prophetic Lords of Time,
Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, sit and sing.

8.

"Each in turn his descent frames aloud,
Mingling new and old in ceaseless birth,
While the Destinies hear amid their cloud,
And accordant mould the flux of earth.

9.

"O! ye trees that wave and glisten round,
O! ye waters gurgling down the dell,
Pulses throb in every sight and sound,
Living Nature's more than magic spell.

10.

"Lo! amid the vista still and dim,
Knights whom youth's high heart forgetteth not,
Each with scars and shadowy helmet grim,
Amadis, Orlando, Lancelot.

11.

"Stern they pass along the twilight green,
While within the tangled wood's recess,
Some lorn damsel sits, lamenting keen,
With a voice of tuneful amorousness.

12.

"Clad in purple weed, with pearly crown,
And with golden hairs that waving play,
Fairest earthly sight for King and Clown,
Oriana or Angelica.

13.

"But in sadder nooks of deeper shade,
Forms more subtle lurk from human eye,
Each cold Nymph the rock or fountain's maid,
Crowned with leaves that sunbeams never cry.

14.

"And while on and on I wander, still
Past the plashing streamlet's glance and foam,
Hearing oft the wild-bird pipe at will,
Still new openings lure me still to roam.

15.

"In this hollow smooth, by May-tree walled,
White and breathing now with fragrant flower,
Lo! the fairy tribes to revel called,
Start in view as fades the evening hour.

16.

" Decked in rainbow woof of gossamer,
And with many a sparkling jewel bright,
Rose-leaf faces, dew-drop eyes are there,
Each with gesture fine of gentle sprite.

17.

" Gay they woo and dance, and feast, and sing,
Elfin chants and laughter fill the dell,
As if every leaf around should ring
With its own aerial emerald bell.

18.

" But for man 'tis ever sad to see,
Joys like his that he must not partake,
'Mid a separate world, a people's glee
In whose hearts his heart no joy could wake.

19.

" Fare-ye-well, ye tiny race of elves ;
May the moon-beam ne'er behold your tomb ;
Ye, our happiest childhood's other selves,
Bright to you be always evening's gloom.

20.

" And thou, mountain realm of ancient wood,
Where my feet and thoughts have strayed so long,
Now thy old gigantic brotherhood
With a ghostlier vastness round me throng.

21.

" Mound, and Cliff, and Crag that none may scale
With your serried trunks and wrestling boughs,
Like one living presence ye prevail,
And o'erhang me with Titanian brows.

22.

" In your Being's mighty depth of Power,
Mine is lost, and melted all away.
In your forms involved I seem to tower,
And with you am spread in twilight grey.

23.

In this knotted stem whereon I lean,
And the dome above of countless leaves,
Twists, and swells, and frowns a life unseen,
That my life with it resistless weaves.

24.

" Yet, O Nature, less is all of thine
Than thy borrowings from our human breast ;
Thou, O God ! hast made thy child divine,
And for him, his world thou hallowest.

25.

" Hark ! a sound of mortal feet is nigh,
'Tis the pattering of a youthful tread ;
'Tis the woodman's daughter tripping by
With a pitcher to her native shed.

26.

" There, beside the fearless child, I wend,
And rejoice beneath a human roof ;
And our mingling nightly prayers ascend
With the cottage smoke to Heaven aloof."

The effect of these papers on Musgrave's mind was very strong. He had hardly ever read any thing not in conformity with his own habits of mind and opinions. From all books beyond his favourite circle, consisting of such works as A-Kempis, Jeremy Taylor, Herbert, and Fenelon, he turned away with indifference or dislike. His was a sort of unchanging moonshine of the mind. Now he felt as if thrown into a dungeon, with a dim lamp burning on one side, and a single sharp ray of sunlight piercing on the other. Much that appeared in Henry's Papers he could not at all enter into. But he saw enough to understand that his own previous world was a smaller one than he had imagined. Without losing his faith in the great truths which he had never for an instant of his life permitted himself to doubt, he now felt the sphere of his conceptions suddenly and painfully enlarged, and an unexpected im-

portance given to thoughts which had hardly before suggested themselves to him. He had not read Walsingham's Poems, and the one which he had now lighted on excited in him a new interest. It exhibited a composure of mind which he had fancied impossible unless connected with his own opinions; and at the same time, having read very little poetry, he fancied he found in it a free and clear painting of many images, drawn from nature, and a steady, untremulous, self-consciousness, which, as thus united together, and not derived exclusively from religious devotion, seemed to him very wonderful. It may thus become intelligible, that when the fated hour arrived, and Arthur could look back on Edmonstone, Harcourt, Wilson, Hastings, and Musgrave as so many distinct selves, he turned from them all, and hoped to rise on bolder wings, and command a wider air, when he elected to assume the being of Walsingham.

CHAPTER VIII.

Extracts from Maria's Note-Book.

Walsingham has now been here on a visit for two days. I am not sure, but I suspect, that he plotted to induce my aunt to invite him; and although it seems absurd, I can now hardly help fancying that it was on my account he wished to come. I cannot see him without interest, and a certain pleasure. But I find that this feeling is always accompanied by dissatisfaction, and almost by self-reproach, when it is not justified by an equal sense of reliance and reverence. His sympathies seem to me kind and right, and wonderfully impartial and comprehensive; and of his talents and accomplishments, there can be, I suppose, no doubt. But I cannot shake off the persuasion that there is something wanting in him to gain my full admiration and esteem. I can imagine that a person who had never beheld a complete Gothic cathedral might see a beautiful tower of such a building, massive and profusely ornamented, and in which all that had ever been begun was quite finished, and yet feel something to be wanting, though he might not be able to tell that it was the sky-pointing spire which ought to have crowned the tower. As to Walsingham, however,

it may be altogether a mistake of mine; and no doubt it seems more probable that I am in error than he.

Oh, how hard it is to keep one's life at once clear, full, fresh, and steady! How I find myself wavering into sickly fancies, indulging selfish humours, repining at my situation as if it were not a necessary portion of my existence, and as if that were not, on the whole, a blessing. My God! strengthen me. The image of Arthur has darkened, even saddened, my mind. But for how much hope, energy, feeling, am I not also indebted to him. I look upon the stars or into the calm depth of pure waters, and I seem to know then that although here and now we are divided, there is some distant imperishable world in which our spirits ever dwell together. Meanwhile, the past lies wide and dark behind me. The future moves onward with swift feet, and its footsteps on that field of still smoking ashes are what we call the present. Dear, dear, Arthur! though I cannot see you, nor even hear of you, some day of unclouded revelation will surely come, when you will know how fondly and devotedly I compare your deep, though

often troubled, struggling earnestness, with this cold, far-glancing, many-sided, self-idolising, consummate artist.

I am unjust to Walsingham. No man could so well understand and tolerate all kinds of characters, even the most unlike his own, nay, even the poor, foolish, painful, mimics of himself, without a long and hard self-sacrificing discipline. There is nothing which I find that he so thoroughly hates as the coarse, tawdry finery of the English upper classes, unaccompanied, as it so often is, by any true refinement or sense of the beautiful. But I think, that when this better taste exists, he is inclined to overlook in its favour much of moral evil, and even a good deal of heartless selfishness. When this tendency of his breaks out I shrink away from him. But then again my admiration is recalled to him by his sensibility to every form of power and loveliness, by his insight into the real substance of all the kinds of human life we meet with, and his capacity of divining the history of each, and rounding off its destiny into a clear and expressive whole. Sometimes, for a few moments, I seem borne upwards on his eagle wings, and feel long after as if he had placed me on a mighty mountain-head, whence, in bright sunshine and keen blue air, I can behold the great and living mass of Nature and Mankind. Dare I ask myself whether I could be content to dwell with him upon that summit? It is too late to doubt whether I shall ask the question. Arthur, forgive me! But I am clear as to the answer—No—Oh, No. May God forbid! Rather let me live in the darkest, rudest valley, where I may be strengthened and guided by one true, warm, wise heart; where I should not only understand and mould to imagery all the beings round me, but where they might feel that I loved them, and was struggling onward with them to do whatever good we knew, at whatever sacrifice.

Walsingham puzzles me more and more. I cannot be mistaken as to the interest he feels in me, and the pleasure he has in my society. I too enjoy the perpetual flow of animated and graceful thoughts which breaks from him on all occasions, and with refer-

ence to every little outward object,—a plant, a bird, a shower, a village wedding. Now and then he expresses in a few words a view which seems to throw a wondrous light over whole regions of one's life. As this—a large mind, which cannot tolerate small ones, is smaller than if it could. Or this—when we feel strongly and mysteriously as to the past, we should remember that all which seems strangest in our consciousness may arise, not from the past that it relates to, but from the present that it subsists in. Or this—*Roche foucauld's* maxims are a true picture, not of human nature, indeed, but of its selfishness. He works like a painter who paints the profile, and chooses the side of the face in which the eye is blind and deformed, instead of the other which is unblemished. Yet the picture may be a most accurate copy. Or this—the wider the base of life the higher may we hope to raise the summit. Numberless more of such remarks has he let fall in the three days he has been here, and chiefly when conversing with me. And yet there is nothing pedantic or sententious in his tone. He is easy and playful, though earnest; and these sayings, and others like them, have only come out as explanations of some casual remark which had interested me, and on which I had wished for more light. Yet this man becomes, on occasion, quite a different being, and one with whom I cannot sympathize at all. Thus, we had yesterday at dinner, and staying till to-day, Mrs —, an airy, sparkling creature, fond of admiration, very good-natured, and skimming through life like a butterfly. Walsingham seemed much amused by her, and paid her a great deal of attention. I am certain she could not in the least understand him in his more serious moments. But the odd thing was, that, seeing him with her, no one could have suspected him of ever having any serious moments. She was singing, and exclaimed, "What stupid words these are—I cannot sing them! and yet the tune is very pretty: Do give me something better for it?" She held out her ivory tablets to him with a coquettish smile, and said, "Do, I should so like it." He took them from her laughing, and said, "Mind you promise to sing the lines," and in ten minutes he gave her the verses

called *Sappho*, which, the next morning, while I was out of the room, she copied, as a piece of mischief, into my Album.

1.

" By the noontide heat oppress'd,
Sappho in a cave would rest.
Rose and bay tree hedged it round;
Violets covered all the ground.

2.

" But within the twilight shade,
Lo! a lovely boy was laid,
Who in deepest calm reposed,
With his wings of purple closed.

3.

" Pleased, afraid, she knew not why,
With a fond and dreaming sigh,
Down she sank beside the child,
Who, in sleep rejoicing, smiled.

4.

" O'er the imp an arm she threw,
Daintiest arm, of whitest hue,
He towards her bosom crept,
Though it seemed that still he slept.

5.

" To her beating heart he clung,
Like a bee the flowers among;
And one throbbing music played,
Through the veins of child and maid.

6.

" On her eyelids, smooth and sweet,
Sleep came down with presence fleet,
How could sleep delay to rest
In so soft and fair a nest?

7.

" Then upon her soul arose
Wondrous visionary shows;
Manly locks, heroic eyes,
With a voice of songs and sighs.

8.

" In the wooded vale it seemed,
That the new-sprung godhead beamed,

Come to woo her from above,
Veiling all his power in love.

9.

" How the hours had passed away,
Dreaming Sappho could not say,
But she woke alone, and found
Evening floating o'er the ground.

10.

" Weeping, drooped the lonely maid,
And with inward moan she said,
' Boy, a double rest was thine,
For thou leav'st me nought of mine.' "

Mrs — ran through this poem merrily for several stanzas, and while she sang there was a droll indefinable smile about the corners of her mouth, which I could not make out. But before she had done, she shook her pretty bright head, with all its fair ringlets waving round it, and said, " O! I can never get through all that." She then gave him an arch glance, and ran off from the piano to me, saying, " Dear Miss Lascelles, what bores Sapphos, and Madame de Staels, and all such people must have been. Do let us have some rational talk about fashions, and fiddlesticks, and any thing useful." Walsingham took up a book, and his whole look changed to one that would suit my notion of Plato or Pythagoras, and this evidently quite unconsciously. Mrs — could not keep her eyes off him long, and after a quarter of an hour she made some excuse for moving. I saw her pass near him and say something laughingly. But he looked up with a face of such entire thoughtful abstraction, that she started away as if she had seen a skeleton-head. He soon, however, smiled, answered her, and then came away and talked to me about Albert Durer's Prayer-book, which I was looking at.

CHAPTER IX.

Such were the terms on which Maria and Walsingham stood together, when Mrs Nugent proposed that she and they should ride in the evening, after an early dinner, to a ruined church a few miles away, from which there was said to be a very beautiful prospect. They set out more than an hour before sunset, and designed to return by moonlight. Mr Nugent,

who was indolent, and cared nothing for any prospects but those of his own pedigree, rent-roll, and dinner-table, said he had letters to write, and staid at home. Two or three of his guests also remained. But the riding-party set out in high spirits, followed by a single servant, and passed quickly through the green lanes till they began to reach the higher and more

broken ground of heathy hills. Here they came to a farm-house, where Mrs Nugent, a notable visitor and adviser of her inferior neighbours, said she must go in to see the farmer's wife, but would soon catch them by a shorter road than that which, for the sake of the view, was to be pursued by them. The others, accordingly, rode on. Maria knew that the good lady's habits of delaying and gossiping would probably detain her longer than she expected. But she could not change her aunt's arrangements, and went forward without objection.

"Not far," said Maria, "from the point we are approaching lives the man we have before spoken of, the hermit Collins. I have seen him often, and, strange as he is, I like him very much. There is such thorough honesty about him, as well as so much queer uncouth kindness, that he interests me extremely. He is the most marked and original figure I have ever heard of in modern England. Whatever is usual and commonplace among us seems to have influenced him only by contraries, and called out nothing but opposition."

"All that," answered Walsingham, "is very foolish, or at least very imperfectly wise. In every age there is good enough, if a man will but put himself into harmony with it, to enable him to produce more good out of it. If he does not, he defrauds his time of what he owes to it; and above all, he keeps his own mind in a perpetual aimless ferment of antipathy. Kicking out behind is not the way to move forward either for horse or man. And then what an absurd dream, to fancy that the good in any man has grown up so independently of all around him as to have nothing outward with which to connect itself. No, no, we are not thrown down out of the sky like meteoric stones, but are formed by the same laws and gradual processes as all about us, and so are adapted to it all, and it to us. But, no doubt, Collins will fight his way through his present angry element to peace and activity. What employment has he now?"

"He minds his bee-hives. And to the few people he ever sees he talks quaintly and vigorously, I sometimes think wildly. But all he says has a strong stamp upon it, and never could pass from hand to hand without no-

tice. After having heard him, some of his phrases keep ringing in one's ears, as if he had sent a goblin trumpeter to haunt one with the sound for days and nights after. But I have always felt that he has more in his mind than ever comes out in the expression, and, so odd as his talk is, I should hardly call it affected or conceited."

"Ah! no doubt there must be much genuine nature there. But, although these vehement lava-lumps and burning coals of his may be no mere showy firework, and do shoot out from a hot central furnace, I would rather it were all so much cool clear water, pouring from an inward lake of freshness."

"I can fancy him saying—the All is right. There must be a Fire-God as well as a Water-God. If there were no fire forces seething and blasting, for aught you know the fountains and flood forces would stagnate into slime. I heard him say something like that when last I saw him."

"All very true. But I stoop to drink of the stream, and I hasten away from the eruption."

"In this case," replied Maria, laughing, "the eruption saves you the trouble. It seeks no one, and loves its solitude."

In half an hour after parting from Mrs Nugent they had climbed a sort of pass between two hills, and then turned to one side, so as to gain the summit of the ridge. There was then nothing between them and the sea but a wide and easy descent ending in level ground. Hardly a house was in sight for many miles. Broad tracts of heath, mingled with furze and broom, all in full flower, and here and there with patches of timber, covered the long and weary fore-ground, which sloped away into fields and meadows, divided by hedgerows, and dotted with sheep and cattle. A small town was visible several miles off on the shore. The sea lay shining under a blood-red sun, which had nearly set amid the heat-red sky. Above the sun a dark cloud hung distinct and swollen as a black mantle; but the glaring light blazed around the spectators, and illuminated one side of the old church which stood about a mile from them on the same ridge as they. The portion of it towards the east looked cold and gloomy, while the hot light pour-

ed through two or three windows, and defined the whole dark outline against the sky.

They had hardly gazed for a few seconds before the black cloud spread rapidly, with its smoking edges, over a third of the heavens, and some heavy drops of rain fell. Walsingham looked at Maria, and she said, "Let us make haste to the church; there is no nearer shelter." She turned her horse in that direction, and riding fast, they reached the broken walls of the small green enclosure in which the ruin stood, before much rain had fallen. They pushed through one of the gaps, gained the porch, and dismounted. The door was not locked, and they entered the building, and tied their horses to an old iron stanchion in the wall. A stone-bench still remained under the spire of the church, on which Maria sat down, while Walsingham stood beside her. The eastern window, at the other end of the church from them, was in a great degree blocked up by rubbish and ivy, but through it was seen the grey sky, with a streak or two of faint red. The western window, near them, was quite open, and between its shafts they saw the dark and stormy landscape, the sea, angry and labouring under the heavy sky, yet kindled here and there with flamelike rays, and the broad fierce sun balancing for a moment its crimson orb on the perilous edge of the horizon.

They gazed in earnest delight, but the sharp glare which struck upon Maria's eyes compelled her to raise her hand before her face, while Walsingham stood confronting the violent and resplendent hour, while the glory upon his marble face was met by more than answering power from within. She looked at him with admiration from behind her hand, now tinged to a transparent pink; and she thought that if, as she believed, his life were far too statuesque and coldly predetermined, yet intelligence and sensibility could never have been invested with a nobler form. At this instant the lightning flashed and filled the church; the thunder broke in a long peal. The sun seemed to have dropped like a flag at the signal, and barely burnt above the sea with a hand's breadth of intense radiance. A crash of rain came down upon the building. Walsingham turned composedly to Maria,

and seated himself beside her. "This scene," he said, "is worth some inconvenience. I fear, had you expected it, you would have stayed at home. It would have been an additional inducement to me to come here."

"I should hardly have been allowed to choose, but I am not sorry for the event."

The wind rose high, and dashed the rain in noisy bursts about the ruin. The neighbouring old beech-trees roared. The sound of the sea was not audible, but a vague roll of white and black confusion showed its tumult even at a distance. A glimmer of the sunset still played over it, though the sun was now drowned out. The greatness of the powers at work stirred and enlarged the two beholders with a grave joy. They felt themselves rise and expand with the strong elements.

"One feels now," said Walsingham, "what life there is in nature, and our feeling shows how deeply it is involved with our life, how inseparably its powers are one with those we wield and are conscious of. Almost, we dare to say, with every gust and peal, these efforts of the universe have their impulsive from our breasts, so mightily do sympathy and abounding imagination gush with them from within us."

"The storm is very grand," she said, "but I feel as if I should yield to its grasp, and lose myself in its vastness, if there were not a sense of religion which the sublime struggle awakens in me, but which raises me above it to God."

He did not answer her directly. But soon she heard him repeating, as if rather to himself than to her,—

Ye demon winds that fill the vault of air,

And caves of earth with uproar sibylline,
On whose dark blasts the fates let loose
their hair

Amid the thunder-clouds to stream and twine,

Rage on, huge spirits, wildly as ye can!
Yet nobler tempest swells the soul of man.

They were both silent for some moments, when the lightning again broke in terrible beauty, and before the swift sound followed, they saw the ruin and each other's faces in a blaze of light, and land and sea swept over by the meteoric burst, and in the dis-

tant depth a vessel reeling and crouching under the tempest. Involuntarily she grasped his arm. She had never felt so intimately attracted to him as when he laid his hand on hers, and returned her trembling pressure.

"It is the hour," he said, "of the Spirits; but I cannot wish it otherwise, or that I were away from here."

"I feel that God is here, but — as if he did not reach so far as that poor ship."

"He is there too," replied Walsingham, in a voice almost as low as hers, "but most, doubtless, with those who believe in Him."

The horses were uneasy and frightened at the storm; and the poet said, after a pause,—"Those animals feel only apprehension. We can admire and enjoy the hour, so much nearer do we lie to the source of all things, at which, could we quite attain to it, all would doubtless appear in perfect harmony."

"How noble," exclaimed Maria, "are these organ tones, so infinitely deep, of the vast air, while in the midst of them we hear so many broken sounds, some even whispers, like voices of living hearts, filling the whole tempest, and modulating every breath of it."

Her hand now lay calmly in his, and he could feel its quiet pulsation. His own beat more hurriedly—excited not by the tempest but by her. "Yes," he said, "not only the ethereal powers are working with fresh energies around us,—but the spirits in ourselves,—and how many are there, each claiming in turn to be our true self, which no one of them is, but all of them together—are, awakened and busy in such an hour, strong with more than common life. Nor can they stir and throng without calling round them, too, the other spirits of the past and present, perhaps of the future, and of all beings with whom our hearts have ever held true communion. It is the graves themselves which are dead, and the dead live triumphantly around us."

His sweet and steady voice flowed clear and low amid the clang and discord of the winds and rain, and wrought, with the hour itself, in the ears of Maria, like an enchantment. She pressed the hand which held hers, and looking at the other hand, said to him in a deep whisper,—“How that ring of yours glitters in the dark-

ness! I too feel as if there were a wondrous life and spiritual presence around us. But for weeks past I have had something of this feeling, and more than ever since you have been staying with us. It is now a month since I have heard any thing of a dear friend, and his image has been haunting me at intervals all the time."

She felt his hand relax, and that he trembled while she spoke. She too now trembled, for never to any one before had she spoken of her love. But the previous idea still possessed her, for the potent strife of nature had elevated and freed her soul, and broken down many an old barrier of reserve.

"Often," she continued, "and especially when you are with me, he walks visibly before me, and turns his head as if to look at me, but never so much that I can catch his eye. There," she cried, "there—now he sees me!" and she drew her hand away convulsively, and pointed into the darkness.

A keen flash now came, and showed Walsingham that there was no one where she had looked. The astounding thunder followed; and Maria, at the same time, fell back with a long sigh. Walsingham, too, was much agitated, for what he thus learnt of Maria's affections bitterly disappointed him; but he commanded himself sternly. Another flash now spread around them, and the thunder followed so rapidly as to show how near to them was the explosion; but before it was heard she had again opened her eyes, and both she and her companion saw once more the fated ship, which now lay stripped and dismasted, and seeming to take its final plunge into the deep. They kept their eyes fixed upon the spot, but even when some fainter electric lights did play over the view, the sea was now invisible through the black sheets of rain. The streams from the steeple above them and from the remaining portions of the roof were heard rushing down with a continuous uproar, while the rattle and the murmur of the rain itself spread all around, and the wind howled and bellowed as if the universe were given over to its wrath. Except during the moments of the lightning, it had long been pitch dark. Maria felt that she could speak more boldly than if she had been seen by Walsingham, and she said in a low voice, "I have been talking very wildly; but this tempest had filled me

with strange and stirring thoughts, and I felt as if we knew each other better than I should ever otherwise have believed."

"Dear friend!" he answered gently and sadly—"such hours as these set afloat much that was aground, and open much that was closed. What wonder, when such blasts are beating on the gates of our caverns, that they should burst open, and apparitions of long-hidden truth come out, and leap with inspired frenzy in the wide commotion? When the storm passes, the dark gates close anew, and the shapes sink back into their cells, perhaps for ever. To-morrow we shall wake as inhabitants of calm day-light; the involuntary and painful disturbance will have ceased; and the sense of what has been will remain as lasting joy and strength."

Quiet passed into her bosom with his words, and she took his hand again, but scarcely had he received and returned this token of good-will, when they both were smitten by a fearful shock. Their eyes seemed seared and blinded, and their ears filled with an overwhelming noise. The air they breathed was thick with dust, and tasted sulphureous. For some seconds the monstrous clamour continued and the racking bewilderment, till Walsingham exclaimed—"Are you hurt?"

"No—no," she answered, "What is it?"

"The lightning has struck the church; but we are now probably safe."

They were still nearly stifled by the dust, but they could see imperfectly, for they were no longer in total darkness. He looked up and saw a blaze high in the spire; Maria, too, perceived the fact; but she became at once calm and steady, and said,—
"What are we to do? In the dark-

ness outside we could not find our way, and if we remain we may be injured by the flames and ruins."

They looked again, and saw that the flames had spread wider among the old wood-work, though the rain hissed on them loudly. Walsingham gazed for a minute fixedly upward, and then said,—
"We are in no danger. You must continue here in this recess, where nothing falling from above can hurt you; and there are, I think, means of obtaining help. See here! and he pointed out to her the rope of the church-bell still hanging near them. This he seized, and began to ring it with all his strength. The loud alarm boomed out through the storm, while the crackling flames blazed and smoked around the spire, but had not yet reached the bell-rope."

He paused in his work after a time, and said,—
"I wonder how it happens that this bell is left here, when the building is otherwise so entirely abandoned."

"I think I have heard," replied Maria, "that the parish to which the church belongs, but which has now a more modern place of worship nearer the village, holds some lands on condition of having this bell rung for an hour every St Peter's day, and that it is never sounded at any other time of the year."

He now began to ring again, till at last the rope caught fire and was divided; and soon after, the bell became heated, and cracked. "So much," he said, "for the parish tenure of its lands." He now placed himself beside her, and in a few moments they heard, through the abating storm and the increasing sound of the fire, a human voice and tread, and then a man carrying a lantern appeared amid the smoky gloom.

CHAPTER X.

"What friend," cried the voice, "are you that have taken possession of the old tower? A pretty beacon and clamour you have raised!"

"We were driven here," replied Walsingham, "by the storm, and the lightning has struck the building. There is a lady here who wants your help."

The man came on, guided by the

voice, and when close to them, held up his lantern to see their faces, thus, at the same time, partly showing his own. "O! Mr Collins," said Maria, "this is a strange scene that you find us in."

It was the friend she had spoken of to Walsingham who now stood before them, his hat dripping with rain, which fed over his long and loose grey hair.

"What?"—he answered,—*"Maria Lascelles! Why you are even a gayer creature of the elements than any complimentary young gentleman could have supposed, if you have chosen such an evening for a pleasant ride. And who is this with you?"*

"Mr Walsingham, whose name you must have often heard."

Collins looked at him with a sharp glance of cold curiosity, and said,—*"Well, you are as odd a pair of wild-ducks as ever took wing through a storm. But what must be done now?"* He looked up at the burning spire, and said, *"We shall have half that wood-work and stuff up there down about our heads in three minutes; but the rain must be near over now; it was clearing off fast when I came in here. Unless you want to be found by half the village, whom that clatter you were making with the bell will set swarming, to say nothing of the bonfire, you had best be off with me to my house. I can manage to shelter you for the night, and I suppose you can provide for yourselves in the morning."* They thanked him for his offer, and Maria said she would not accept it, but that she really felt weak and ill, and feared she should not be able to ride home. They placed her on her horse, which Collins led, carrying the lantern, and Walsingham beside her leading his, and ready to support her had she required it.

The house to which Collins took his guests was about half a mile from the church, and he led them there by steep paths and over ground soaked with the heavy rain. But the sky was now fast opening, and the moon shone bright. Maria looked silently at the sea, but no ship was to be seen upon its broken and shifting surface. Before they reached the place of their destination they passed a cottage, where they procured a man to go on Walsingham's horse and tell Mrs Nugent of her niece's safety. Turning away from this spot, they had the church in view. The spire, a mass of red and yellow flame, sent up a column of black smoke into the clear sky, and the moonbeams now fell upon that dark aerial structure. While they gazed, the building fell with an audible crash. An explosion of flame, sparks, and smoke flew upwards, and then the conflagration gradually sank down,

and was hardly perceptible, except from a dull discoloration above it in the sky, and from the light through a small window in the lower part of the tower.

In a few minutes more they arrived at the house of Collins, which, before he came to it, had been that of a mere labourer. It consisted of only three rooms, two below and one above. The upper one was usually his bedroom, the outer of the lower ones his parlour and kitchen, and the other the chamber of the old woman who was his only servant. Walsingham secured the horse in a shed, while Collins showed Maria into his cottage. He drew a seat for her beside the fire-place, and busied himself in kindling a fire, while he sent the old woman up stairs to prepare his room for her use. Walsingham soon came in, and the three sat round the fire.

Collins was a man hardly of middle age, and of rather low stature. That which struck you at first as most remarkable in his appearance was the bright glow of his complexion, and the silver grey of his long and floating hair. He had rather small and dark eyes, which did not fix with keenness, but seemed most frequently averted in abstraction. There was, however, an air of quietness and resolution about all his actions. His head always looked firmly set; his hands tense, as if to gripe or clench. His feet seemed rooted where he set them down. Ill health, or grief, or natural character, had added a strong cast of sadness, and even of harshness to his countenance; and there was something so earnest and vigorous about the whole aspect, as to give the notion of a catapult kept ever loaded to discharge its weighty missile. This often came in the shape of some rude and sudden phrase, violent and picturesque, but also luminous as a burning arrow. A broad and rough kindness, and an adamantine honesty, were apparent at first sight, and gained increased value on better knowledge. He had lived in educated society, had travelled, and read much. But, two or three years before the present time, he had come to the spot where he now lived, hired a cottage with a tolerable garden, and there established a great number of bee-hives, the inhabitants of which drew their fragrant honey chiefly from the heathy surface of their neighbour-

ing hills. He attended to them himself, and appeared to derive from them his principal, if not his only support. Many of his hours he spent in wandering alone over the hills. But it was a pleasure to him to meet with any casual strangers, however squalid their wretchedness. He also spoke without reluctance to persons of the highest class of society who happened to fall within his reach. But if he found them barren and worthless he swung them off impatiently, often with some grim jest, and, shaking his bent brows, went upon his way sullen and thoughtful.

On the present occasion the wolf-man, as he might himself have said, had on his sheep's clothing, and seemed cheerful and hospitable. He desired his ancient helpmate to prepare tea, and fry some slices of bacon; and, with this, and bread and honey from Collins's hives, they had a meal which sufficed to refresh them.

"What can have taken you," said Collins, "to the old church at such an hour of such an evening? Did you wait till it was pitch dark in order to see the view the better?"

"Darkness," answered Walsingham, "is sometimes well worth seeing. We, however, wanted only to view the sunset from the church, and proposed to return by twilight and moonlight. But the storm overtook us, and, no doubt, also detained Mrs Nugent at the farm-house, where she had stopped behind us for a few moments. We were, of course, glad of the shelter afforded by the ruin. What we should have done at last, but for you, I cannot imagine."

"Oh! the darkness would not have ate you; and a night in the old church in such weather would have been a foretaste of a kind of dim and bleak ghostland, much like, I suppose, to that which we shall all one day visit. As it is, no doubt the ringing of the bell will be attributed to an evil spirit by half the county. I myself was rather in hopes of finding some huge skeleton, or demon, hard at work pulling the rope, and was rather disappointed at seeing only you."

"Ay," said Walsingham, "it would make no bad tale. Suppose we spread the rumour:—A nameless fiend amused himself with ringing the bell till his burning hands set the rope on fire, which communicated with the

wood-work; and when Mr Collins and a crowd of country people came to see what was the matter, he burst out at the top of the spire in an eruption of flame and smoke, gave a laughing yell as he vanished, and, at the same moment, the building fell in, and all the inhabitants of the old churchyard were heard to groan in their graves, while Miss Lascelles was obliged, by the smell of sulphur, to use her smelling-bottle. But after all, Mr Collins, I doubt whether any apparition you might have found and invited home with you, would have enjoyed your supper as much as we."

"No; I suppose not. And, in fact, my surprise and disappointment were as foolish as that of a farmer, some miles from this, who received an anonymous letter, telling him that in the middle of a certain wood, on such a day, he would find something far more strange and precious than the crown jewels—a specimen, indeed, of the most wonderful thing on earth. He went, expecting a bushel of diamonds, or Fortunatus's purse, or something equally unlike turnips and clover, and was much astonished and puzzled at seeing only a poor little chubby baby. Yet the letter-writer said true enough. I do not know that even I have much right to complain on the present occasion."

"Then I am sure we have not," said Maria; "but I am afraid you are very wet—and she glanced at his hat, which lay on the floor beside him."

"Oh! my old hat is soaked a little. So many queer mists and vapours must rise up in it from one's brains, especially when one has happened to look into a newspaper or a fashionable novel, that it need not flinch from a few aerial clouds descending on it. It is a sort of temporary firmament between the storms and clatter of one's head-below, and the other capricious meteorology up above. And so Metaphysics are only the Moore's Almanac of our brain-weather. Many a system, indeed, in the Almanac of a past year is falsified by the event, and reprinted with a fresh date, as if it would be valid for the next twelvemonth."

He laughed a short sardonic laugh, and then fixed his eyes upon the fire, as if he had uttered his oracle and was content.

Walsingham smiled, and said—"It would be amusing to have a complete history of coverings for the head writ-

ten on that principle. Their picturesque varieties and diverse uses have often been noticed by travellers, artists, and so forth. But the relation of the head-garment to the thoughts would give a new point of view."

"Well," said Collins, with a tone between defiance and jesting, "there are many odd facts to be noted on that matter. As the land-shells of Madeira are altogether different from those of the neighbouring island of Porto Santo, so the Portuguese population of the one place wear a small funnel-shaped, or unicorn cap, and the same race in the other adorn themselves with a flat bonnet."

"Ah!" said Walsingham, with bland seriousness, "remarks of that depth and originality recall the famous Pythian verses of Nathaniel Lee, the Trophonian prophet:—

'Methinks I see a hieroglyphic bat
Skim o'er the zenith in a slipshod hat.'

Both Collins and Maria now laughed loud and merrily; and the Recluse said, "Well, no one can deny that the whole of man is included between his hat and shoes. In these mysterious

integuments are concealed the extreme boundaries of his Being, which, though certainly finite, philosophers aver to be all but infinite."

"Or," said Walsingham, "as we may express it in Orphic song:—

Oh! wondrous powers, ye shoes and hat,
That bound our human span,
How idly sages puzzle at
The limits set to man!

Thus does the conversation of poets and moralists, when they have not the fear of a pompous public before them, often become mere doggrel and absurdity, and yet suits for the time both the men and the occasion. Such talk helped on the hour till Maria bade them good-night, and thanking them both, and especially Collins, for his kindness, left them to themselves. She retired to think, to remember Arthur, to shudder at the image of the lost vessel, to pray, and then to sleep. In the mean-time Collins made more tea for himself, Walsingham having had enough, and drank it by bowlsful, without milk, and sweetened with his own honey.

CHAPTER XI.

"That," said Walsingham to Collins, "was a striking event of which we have been witnesses at the church. But I should like to have observed, unseen, the demeanour of the people when they reached the burning edifice, as I suppose a crowd of them soon did. There is much to attract and awaken one in the thought of a living world startled by the conflagration of a neighbouring world of graves and ghosts. But it ought to be painted on both sides. I mean both from the point of view of the actual beings regarding this convulsion in the realm of the past, and from that of the ruin and its graves impersonated and spiritualized, and brought face to face with bodily mortals. One might round the whole into a little Grecian tragedy, the action consisting of the efforts of the men to save the buildings, and their lamentations over memorials of their ancestors, and the Chorus being a band of spectres, with the grey old founder of the church, clothed in his pall of lead and years, leading the grisly troop, and wailing and admo-

nishing through the tempestuous and fiery air."

"Why," answered Collins, "do any thing of the kind? It might be worth while to know what really happened. But what we should gain by taking the mere name of the real event and appending a fiction to it, I do not see. When I am not in a very ferocious humour I do not mind seeing a soldier, for I know what he and his dress are, and mean. But some lord or linendraper coxcomb, in the masquerade dress of a soldier, is a thing to be drifted, as soon as possible, down the great sewer of perdition. The uniform, on such shoulders, is but a red rag thrown into the kennel; and the biped is but the fleshly effigy of a man a good deal more offensive than a wax one at a puppet-show. Now so I hold it to be with your supposed poem. By all means give us as much truth as possible, even though the dose is ever so bitter. But lies, whether in verse or prose, are an abomination under the sun, and above it too, if such pests are known there, which for

the sake of the super-solars, I hope is not the case. Truth, man! truth is the only true poetry, if the business of poetry is to move the feelings, which, for aught I see, might as well be left unmoved. But bread and meat, which we do want daily, are facts. Ambrosia is doubtless a fact too—for the gods. But for me, a man, it is a fiction. Bread and truth are all man wants; and a loaf is only an eatable lump of truth fitted for the body, as truth is the invisible, but no less substantial, bread of the spirit. Tea, too, is truth in its way, and very good for a thirsty throat. Talk to me of nectar by the hour, but my mouth would still be dry, and I should wish you drinking it at Olympus, or any where away from me.

“ ‘What is truth?’ said jesting Pilate, and would not wait for an answer. But I stand in his shoes, and wait instead of him.”

“Truth is every thing that is. Every thing is truth; and every nothing is lie. Destiny for ever spins things—realities. But man is the only beast I know of that spins nothings—fictions—poems. So he tries to swindle destiny and his own fellow-beasts. But destiny spins on unswindled, and leaves him to die like a starved spider in his own cobweb. Honesty is the only true religion; all else is mere superstition, more or less poetic—that is, more or less false.”

“A compendious creed, and that sounds as if it would have saved Aristotle, Quintilian, Strada, and the Schlegels a good deal of trouble. But look closer. All that I, too, want is Truth, but Truth made intelligible and effectual for man. In order to this, what is essential and characteristic in an image or feeling must be separated from what is accidental or futile—! mean, from what must seem so to us—for, doubtless, nothing really is so,—must be divided from the endless, unmanageable All, which would only bewilder us. That is, it must be marked out as a distinct Whole by itself, with its own beginning, progress, and conclusion. Now, if this be rightly done, we shall have the essential Thought filling its own circle, excluding all that is extraneous to itself, and taking in and embodying from without whatever is necessary to its own completeness and evidence. All this, however, is quite as true of a history, or a theory, or a speech, as of a poem.

But herein is the difference, that the poem is not meant to convey knowledge or produce conviction, but to excite a state of feeling at once lively and harmonious. That the feelings may be lively, the poem must have energy, distinctness, glow; that they may be harmonious, it must have consistency and completeness, and must lead to the apprehension of a peaceful order supreme over all confusion. But it may have all these requisites, and therefore be a good poem, and yet be far from a literal representation of the fact, event, thought, or emblem, which supplies the pretext for it. If you rightly weigh all these conditions of a poem's existence, you will see, I think, that it may and often must admit free and marvellous displays of fancy, legend, superstition, and symbolic necromancy. In a word, it must boldly say—To produce an impression equivalent to that which this actual, but superabundant, overwhelming world would produce in a mind capable of embracing it as a whole, I will shape a world of my own, no less vivid and coherent, but rounded in a smaller circle, readily intelligible to man, and delightful to him, as free from the baffling, confounding immensity of that in which he lives. Every thing, therefore, which we borrow from the actual for the uses of poetry, must be translated not transferred, its form and colouring modified, from that consistent with and dependent on the appearances of the actual world, to those required by the unity of the imaginary creation. Such seem to me the laws required by the slightest song; and yet adequate to explain the *Odyssey*, *Hamlet*, and *Herman and Dorothea*.”

“Well, a very pretty scheme. But in my notion a mere jugglery. The moment you separate a part of human existence from the great All it belongs to, and seek to shape it into a minor, dependent, and analogous, but distinct world, which, as I understand, is your notion, that moment you lose all law and measure of truth and falsehood. A feeling, an image, an event is true that is real, genuine, not when detached, but only when connected with its original circumstances and atmosphere. Suppose, while the clay of nature is yet soft and plastic, I break off a finger or an ear from

the great image; this is, no doubt, a real part of the whole. But then the fractional edge recalls that it is only a portion, and ought to be replaced in its former position. But if I again knead it up and round it off into a separate work, betraying no violent dislocation, it ceases to be any thing but a fiction of my hands. I cannot make it a small total, recalling in minuter lines, and representing the great one, because the great one is too vast, and I see it only in part. An *Iliad* was very well, because those for whom it was written believed it all true, read it as history, and had no more doubt of Jupiter and Pallas than of Achilles and Agamemnon. To us, who have looked at the wrong side of the puppet-show, it has lost half its value. But remember, besides, that the free extemporaneous Homeric rhythm is very unlike our modern metres. To me it seems that the very fact of writing in artificial, elaborate verse is a proclamation of a design to be absurd."

"Verse ought to be, and to have the evidence of being, the spontaneous and only suitable utterance of lively and delightful emotion. If not, doubtless it is bad and a trick."

"Almost all I know of, indeed, is so. As for the verse of Homer and Shakspeare it is only prose fused and fluid. But almost all else is prose pinched, twisted, filed, scraped, and notched into arbitrary forms, in hopes, not of producing any independent feeling, but of awakening some echo of the feeling which the authentic melody of words begets. But, in fine, explain it how you will, all fiction in verse or prose is to me abhorrent. I hate straw-men, snow-men, rag-men, colossal dolls, bronze kings and dukes, and all the sons of scarecrows. I loathe your modern romance which sets up its tawdry wooden Highlanders and calumetted Indians at the door with as keen an eye to gain, and to the public's gross cravings, as the keeper of a snuff-shop. We have not too much thought and energy among us for actual life, and it is idiotic to waste what we have in aimless sympathies, and to spend our days in tracing out the baby-house labyrinths of songs and sonnets. What would you think of a man who, when his ship was sinking, and the only chance lay in working with every sinew, should begin to fiddle on the

deck, and set the sailors off in an insane dance? We, and the world too, are in just this need, and the poets help us as little."

Walsingham answered calmly,—
"I do not remember that the seamen in the Greek story were much the better for throwing Arion overboard."

"Ah! I suppose in that tale some poet was pleading his own cause and that of his brethren. In this matter, however, we shall not agree; but I do hold most firmly to the belief that the task of life is a hard, stern, Spartan work—to climb with bleeding feet among rocks of ice and lava. We must have done, once for all, with cobwebs and rose vapours, election ribbons and rockets, flummery and finery of all kinds. Sentimental sighing has no business in a world where there are so many heart-broken groans. The will is the foundation of a man. He should stand up—speak out—hold fast—stamp his thoughts in strong words—and leave lies, songs, flatteries, fancies, and all other mental sillabub whatever to womanish and sickly stomachs. Then when he stands, as I often do, alone upon the bare hill-top, and thinks of the laws, maxims, amiabilities, decencies, and reputations that make up what we call our country, and which are but one great fermenting mass of falsehood, let him rejoice that he dares keep his own soul pure and in arms, and breathe the air of heaven which has not yet been all filled with the reek of men's vanity and voluptuousness. For in our smooth, delicate, moral days, even conscience has been made nothing more than a kind of voluptuous self-indulgence. O! for some rude old John Baptist or Wickliffe, to go through the land, and cry, Wo! Wo! and make our feeble busy men of talents and notoriety, and European reputation—Heaven help them!—skip at his voice like grasshoppers from before the tramp of a rhinoceros."

"Why should not he who so strongly conceives also perform?"

"O! a man may fancy indeed that his arms are long enough to reach the stars; but when, in trying even to raise them above his own head, they have been heavily beaten back and crushed by the demon of the air, he must be content, for a while at least, to rest, and nurse his pangs. But

you, you for whose pipings and madrigals the world has smooth and favourable ears, you, had you the heart of a man instead of the fancy of a conjurer, might indeed find or make the sad hour for speaking severe truths; you might inspirit and shame men into the work of painfully building up for themselves new, and graver, and more serene hopes, instead of lulling them into a drunken dream with wanton airs and music."

Walsingham shook his head, but not angrily, and said—"One builds Cyclopiam walls, another fashions marble carvings. Each must work as he can. But remember that the Cyclopiam walls, though they stood indeed, and stand, became useless monuments of a dead past, and the fox and the robber kennel among the

stones. The marble carvings which humanized their own early age are still the delight of all humane generations."

"Ay, but those marble carvings, for those who wrought and revered them, were most holy realities. Our modern poems and other tinsel work are, for us, as mere toys as musical snuff boxes or gauze flowers."

"To him who regards them as mere toys they are indeed worthless, nay, dangerous. That which he handles as a squib he may find burst between his fingers as a bomb. But of such men, and those who work for them, there need be no discourse between us."

"Of such men I fear there must be discourse between us, if we are to discourse at all, and in speaking not forget ourselves."

CHAPTER XII.

They bade each other good-night, and lay back in their chairs at opposite sides of the fire. Collins went to sleep. But Walsingham sat revolving the conversation that had passed and his present position. He thought that he saw most distinctly the fallacy of his host's views as to poetry; and judged from this evening's experience that he was not a very acute reasoner, so far, at least, as reasoning is carried on by analysis. He also regarded him as narrow and partial in all his feelings and aims, viewing many things with undue violence, and with undeserved indifference turning from others. The mind, he said to himself, of this recluse resembles a smith's forge, with its small glowing light, its deep imaginative shadows, the strenuous image of the workman, and the weighty and colossal processes to which the whole is devoted. "Well," he thought, "let others forge crowbars and ploughshares, nay, even weapons and armour; enough for me, in my sunny chamber, with vine-leaves round the windows, to mould graceful figures, or even to engrave the small and unobtrusive gem." His mind, however, did not rest here. He could not escape from the feeling that, after all, there was in Collins an earnest though rugged and painful force of some kind, whether of will, or feeling, or imagination, which bore down the poet. This energy but half understood itself, and was unaccompanied by any

sense of the graceful, the harmonious, the complete, without which life to Walsingham appeared so bare and empty. It was a character which, in its dim but broken strength, and large though interrupted outline, seemed to him more imposing than any other he had known, than all that he could find in himself. His curiosity and his sympathy with the mysterious were awakened, and were excited the more by his ignorance of the previous history which, in spite of fervid longings after a high course of human action, had thrown Collins into this solitude a brooding aimless hermit.

Now, as was his custom, he began to collect and arrange all he knew of the man, and the recent circumstances that had brought them acquainted. But here his thoughts were turned into a different direction, for, with the events of the evening, the image of Maria recurred to him. He recalled his previous feelings of admiration for her; his delight in her pure, unselfish elevation of heart; his own intellectual superiority, which had enabled him to see over and round her opinions; and the coldness and weakness of his faith in invisible realities, compared with her devout and practical reliance. The unspeakable loveliness of her whole being presented itself anew to him; and he reflected with how much pleasure he had been able to give her fresh knowledge, and to set her mind in movement in new di-

rections. For while his suggestions and ideals rooted themselves in her, and re-appeared in gentler and more attractive forms in her demeanour and language, she had seemed to him a nymph-like Grecian girl, catching new hints of melody and themes of verse from a sage master, by her voice and instrument, her sunny beauty and lyrical glances lending to them roundness, fluency, and a thrilling sweetness. Lastly, he reviewed the singular hour that he had spent with her in the ruined church, and was conscious of a mingled rush of pain and joy while he revived for a moment the free and mounting flight of heart with which they had seemed to live together in the tempest and rise upon its wings above the ordinary restraints of custom and reserve. It was a less selfish train of emotion, more elevating and enthusiastic than he had almost ever experienced. But along with the remembrance of it came that of the discovery of her secret affection, though for whom he could not divine. From this he would fain have withdrawn his attention, for he habitually endeavoured to turn away from all painful considerations. But the facts were too recent, and she was still too near him. A few feet and a thin ceiling were all that divided him from the sleeping girl. Love with his torch lighted the poet's imagination up the dark stair. He seemed to see the beautiful and animated head now reclined in still unconsciousness on the pillow; the delicate and benign hand and rounded arm escaping from the folds designed to hide them; the smooth eyelids, with their dark lashes closed, and the full, half-parted lips. Over all the enchanted picture of his fancy, he viewed the silent dream-world opened to her spirit, with many images, of which his own was one, blended in the front, and a dark and fiery cloud of destiny, like the smoke of that night's conflagration, opaque to him, though for her transparent, hiding the main and central figure so incomparably dear to Maria.

The hour of twelve came. The clear picture of the lady in her chamber vanished, the long and busy past, with its prominent and struggling

forms, broke at once upon him. He had now before his eyes together, Arthur and Sir Charles, Wilson and Hastings, Musgrave, and Walsingham. The student, the baronet, the farmer, the traveller, the divine, the poet—each seemed to him perfectly distinct, yet as to each he had a train of evident remembrances, and each he fancied was himself. So might he have stood in the midst of many large mirrors, each bright and speckless, but each of a differently coloured glass, a blue, a red, a green, a golden, an amethyst, a white, and seen himself, his own form, face, gesture, and expression of countenance reflected in each of the surfaces, but with the difference of colouring. But again it seemed that the difference overbalanced the identity, and that he beheld only so many several figures, passing for the same one man by wearing a mask the fac-simile of his face. As the hour glided on, the various forms grew less and less distinct, though his inward recollection of their history was still clear. He now turned his eyes upon the sleeping countenance of Collins, with its bold and harsh lines still full of melancholy and energetic meaning, and with hair so prematurely grey shading the furrowed brow and beating temples. All the impressions of the evening came upon him with redoubled power. He saw in that face a long inscription to which he required the key. Even without its help he knew of a concentrated zeal and torrid vigour, narrow perhaps in its objects and experience, but having a depth and genuineness of life found in few among mankind, and especially rare in profusely accomplished and refined periods and classes. He said to himself—I understand and can paint a thousand modes of human existence, from the hero and the sage, to the damsel, the child, and the rude barbarian slave. But there is one character that seems to lie beyond me wrapped in its own dark electric cloud. This, too, shall now lie clear under my gaze and be wielded by my will.

The ring did not refuse its function; and Walsingham slept in utter oblivion.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.

EVERY body knows that our empire in the East is entirely one of opinion ; that the vast realms of Hindostan have been won by the sword, and must be maintained by the sword ; and that it depends upon the chance of perpetual success, not merely for its prosperity, but for its existence. Forty or fifty thousand Europeans, including five-and-twenty thousand soldiers, are there to be found scattered among ninety millions of Asiatics, directly subjected to their empire, and a still greater number in the tributary and allied states. How so small a body of Europeans should ever have succeeded in acquiring and maintaining an empire at the distance of eight thousand miles from the British islands, over so immense a body, most of them hardly inferior to the European race in hardihood and valour, trained to discipline, and supplied with military implements of war fully as powerful, will be a subject of never-ceasing astonishment, and is not rightly appreciated by this generation, only because, like any other prodigy with which we have long been familiar, it has ceased to be an object of present surprise. But one thing is perfectly plain, and must be quite obvious even to the most superficial observer,—that such an empire can be maintained only by the most consummate wisdom and firmness on the part of the local government—by the maintenance of a powerful European force, and by the most sedulous attention, both to the material interests and the rights of property in the immense mass of our Oriental subjects. Even if no external danger threatened ; if no northern power was at hand to take advantage of any weakness in our Indian administration, and no northern diplomacy to combine the Courts of Central Asia into a powerful league against us, still, common-sense has long demonstrated to every man capable of thinking and acquainted with the subject, that our Indian empire stood on the most precarious foundation ; and that by disaffection among the native troops, almost before the alarming tidings could reach the British shores, the splendid fabric might be levelled with the dust.

What, then, has been the policy of the British Government ? Have they employed the precious years of peace in our Eastern dominions in increasing our European force—augmenting our native military establishment—conciliating the affections of the native soldiers—strengthening our frontier towards the north and west, and securing ourselves by alliances among the powers of Central Asia ? Have we established a powerful fleet of armed steam-boats on the Indus, and rendered that great river, seventeen hundred miles in length, the true frontier of Hindostan against European or Asiatic power, an impenetrable barrier to hostile arms ? Have we established military camps on its shores, and erected forts to support the operations of the frontier troops, and established a national force capable of supporting those in front in case of disaster ? Have we conciliated the affections of the inhabitants in our rear, and secured the attachment of the native troops by liberal allowances and retired establishments held safely ? Have we promoted industry through Hindostan by opening to it the unfettered market of the British Empire, and won the hearts of all classes by the impartial administration of the revenue, and the steady security given to existing land rights ? Alas ! we have done the very reverse of all these things ; and in order to enable our readers to form some estimate of the infatuation which, for the last ten years, has pervaded our Indian Councils, under the influence of the parsimonious, niggardly ideas of the masses at home, we shall subjoin a slight sketch of the steps which have been taken to injure our magnificent Eastern dominions during the disastrous era of Reform, which will probably excite some attention from the evident approach of the time when the effects of our policy and the strength of our empire there are to be put to the test.

We possessed, fifteen years ago, two line of battle ships, and several strong frigates in the Indian ocean, having their principal station at Bombay—a force ample sufficient to have se-

cured our predominance in the Persian Gulf, and rendered certain the co-operation of Muscat, and all the powers on the shores of Persia and Arabia. We have sold off, or dismantled, the whole of this fleet, in order to make a show of reduced expenditure. The India Company have not a ship of war of their own in the Indian Ocean, and whatever ships we may send there will form a deduction from the naval strength of Great Britain. We had till very lately just three weak battalions on the Indus, and the nearest troops to support them in the rear were a hundred and fifty miles distant. While neglecting thus our foreign defences, we have still more ruinously weakened our internal resources. We have reduced the European native force, which, in 1827, was 33,000, to twenty-five regiments, mustering little more than 19,000 men, and the native army, which in the former year was 260,000, to 155,000. All this we have done in the full knowledge of the truth emphatically impressed upon our Government by our greatest commanders in India, even at the moment of their most signal triumphs, that, without an adequate proportion of European troops, which should never be less than a third or a fourth of that of the native soldiers, it was impossible to expect success in India, and that our empire in the East, on the appearance of the first European power, would be seriously endangered.

Nor is this all. In addition to this diminution of the numbers of our military establishments, we have taken steps still more decisively calculated to alienate the affections of those whom we retained under our standards. Forgetting that there can be no inherent loyalty in a black Musulman, or Hindoo, to a white Christian, and distant Crown, we have done much to dissolve the firm bond of union that has hitherto held us together—that of permanent self-interest. Influenced by a blind and false spirit of economy, the Indian Government have successively reduced the allowances, retired pensions, and other advantages accruing to the officers, European and native, as well as privates of the native army, so that not only has the attachment of those actually in the ranks been seriously weakened, but the disposition to enlist under the British colours, throughout the whole peninsula,

been chilled and discouraged to a most alarming degree.

Serious as are the dangers that threaten our Indian possessions from these measures of reduction and economy, there are other internal changes which are, perhaps, still more calamitous, because productive of discontent more deep-seated and evils more incurable. The error committed by Lord Cornwallis of introducing European ideas of feudal property into the East, and holding, contrary to all Asiatic principle, that the zemindar or collector is the real proprietor, instead of the ryot or cultivator, had been attended in many of the provinces where it has been established with the most disastrous consequences, and led, in some districts, to the great impoverishment of the inhabitants. The land-rent, constituting two-thirds of the whole revenue of India, has fallen off two millions of late years, from the impossibility of extracting their quit-rents from the cultivators, ruined by oppressive management. The perpetual settlement, established in 1792, could not, perhaps, be altogether abrogated, but regulations should have been introduced to protect the cultivator; and yet nothing of the kind effectual has been attempted. So far from this, the power of judging in revenue cases, which constitute by far the most important in the Indian courts, has been vested in the European collectors of the revenue. This is not only a dangerous proceeding, but it throws discredit upon the whole system of our Indian Administration. There is not indeed a more upright and conscientious set of men than the Company's civil servants in India; but human nature is weak, and it may easily be conceived what a host of contagions must assail a judge, when, at the very moment when his regular income has been materially reduced by economical parings of late years, he finds himself entrusted with the decision of all questions between the Government and the people connected with the land revenue within his jurisdiction, and knows by experience that the regular remittance of a large sum quarterly from headquarters is the best possible means of securing the favours of the dispensers of patronage on which his future fortune depends. Then, a most alarming step has been taken of late years, which has spread

an indescribable panic throughout all Hindostan, in calling upon all the holders of land, who had been confirmed in their possessions by the East India Company in former times, when the civil Government of Bengal was first assumed by their functionaries to produce their titles. Great part of these titles cannot now be produced, having been given in to be registered in terms of the regulations of the Company, and neither correctly registered nor returned to the owners by the registering officers. The subsequent acquirers have often no regular title to produce at all. Nevertheless they have all been recently called upon to produce their land rights, under the penalty of the property reverting to the Government, if they can show none such. The peril of such a proceeding, affecting so numerous a class as the Indian cultivators, is obvious: it is the same thing as if Louis Philippe were to commence a general reduction of all the titles of the whole revolutionary proprietors in France. Nevertheless this dangerous step has been adopted by the East India Government over a vast extent of their possessions, at the very time when they were destroying their naval establishment, reducing their military one-half, and shaking the fidelity of the remaining half by the impolitic reduction of their military allowances.

No man of sense ever imagined that the Russians would set out from the extreme point of their own frontier to march across Persia, Cabul, and all the intervening countries to the Indus, fighting all the way, and without either alliances, fortresses, magazines, or stores to facilitate their advance. The way in which it was all along foreseen Russia would act, would be to go on step by step, consolidating her power by successive acquisitions, and taking care always to precede her legions by subsidiary treaties and alliances which might enable her to march through all the intervening country as through her own dominions, and pour at last, with an accumulated force, upon the northern provinces of Hindostan. It is in vain to say that it is impossible for the Russian troops to march down from Russia to India, when the British troops are preparing to march up from Delhi and Agra to Cabul and Candahar, a distance of 2000 miles. If any per-

son will look at the map he will find that, if our troops arrive in these regions, they will have gone more than half way from Calcutta to the shores of the Caspian, from which the Russian troops have to set out. They are setting out avowedly to anticipate the Russians in the possession of Cabul, and in all probability to assist the Shah of Herat in his resistance to the Russian guile and Persian forces.

After all, however, it may confidently be predicted that it is not in Central Asia that the British and Russian powers will first come in contact. The decisive point lies nearer home; *Constantinople* is the glittering prize which is destined to bring these two mighty empires into collision. In fact, such is the importance of Constantinople, both in a political and commercial point of view, that it may safely be said to be the gate to India, as well as the key to all the political influence of Central Asia. Marshal Marmont has declared, in his late interesting and valuable travels, that such is the strength of Constantinople, arising from the impregnable fortifications of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, by which alone it can be approached by sea, and the extraordinary difficulty of bringing any considerable army either over the Balkan, or through Asia Minor by land, that whichever party first gets possession of it, will, in all probability, be able to maintain it against the utmost efforts of the other. No one can doubt that if the Turks were to admit an English fleet through the Dardanelles, and Admiral Stopford were to anchor with an adequate force off the Seraglio Point, all the efforts of Russia would be unable to achieve the conquest of Constantinople. Every thing, therefore, in this great struggle depends upon *priority of occupation*, and we devoutly hope that the firmness, both of the Divan and of the English Government, may lead, ere long, to results which will arrest the haughty supremacy which Russia has so long exercised in the east of Europe.

But while the great contest, which every man of sense and foresight has long anticipated, is now drawing to a crisis, let us consider what preparations England has been making to meet the struggle. That the struggle was approaching, and that, too, rapidly, has been long manifest to

every person of ordinary intelligence, unless England was prepared to relinquish all pretensions to her former maritime power. Without going farther into detail, it is sufficient to say that the seizure of the *Vixen*, and the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi were such blows at her maritime power that no nation could possibly submit to. In the case of the *Vixen*, Russia took upon herself to proclaim and enforce a maritime blockade of the coast of Circassia, when that country was neither a part of the Russian dominion, nor were its harbours blockaded by any force sufficient to make the entering in a matter of danger, which is the only principle on which a favourable blockade can be justified by the law of nations. But gross as was this outrage upon the British flag, it was nothing to that which took place, when, by the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, the *Dardanelles* were declared for ever closed to the *British men-of-war*. The pretension thus assumed by Russia, and acquiesced in by Turkey, of declaring the Euxine a Russian lake, and permitting no ship of war of any other nation to enter it, excepting the Turkish and the Russian, was so perfectly monstrous, that nothing but a conviction of the infatuation of England at the time could ever have induced Russia to make the demand, and nothing but the most violent paroxysm of political madness could ever have induced England to acquiesce for one moment in its establishment. What right had Russia to assume to herself the command of the Dardanelles and the Black Sea? Had not Austria an equal interest with her in the navigation of those waters—Austria, who possesses three-fourths of the course of the Danube, and to whose empire that mighty stream is the great artery of the state? Had not Circassia and Persia an interest on account of the multitude of their rivers which empty themselves into the Euxine, and the numerous harbours which crowd its eastern shores? Had not Great Britain, and France, and Holland, and all the maritime powers of Europe a decided interest to navigate the Euxine with their ships of war, in order to protect their merchantmen, or the mercantile establishments which may be carrying on business on the shores of the Black Sea? England has long possessed a greater maritime power than any other country in the world;

but did she, even in the days of Chat-ham and Nelson, ever pretend that no ships but those of France and England should pass the Straits of Dover? What would the world say if England were ever to conclude a treaty with Spain, by which no ships but those of England and Spain should pass the Straits of Gibraltar, or with Denmark, that none but British or Danish ships should pass the Sound? Russia would have been the first to exclaim against such a treaty as an unheard of violation of her neutral rights. The thing is so perfectly monstrous, that it won't bear a moment's argument. It is of itself an ample ground for entering into an alliance with the Turks, founded upon the principle of restoring an equal navigation of the Euxine to all nations; and if Russia considers that as a reason for declaring war, upon the ground that it is a violation of the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, it must be manifest to all the world that she has lighted the flames of hostility, in order to support a monstrous and unprincipled violation of the rights of other nations.

How, then, it may be asked, did Russia gain this enormous advantage? How did it happen that Turkey, whose animosity to the Muscovite power, inflamed by wrongs, and envenomed by religious hatred, should have thus consented to a treaty which placed in the hands of Russia the gates of her capital, and all but placed her neck under the foot of her redoubtable enemy? The answer is obvious. It was the supineness of England, occasioned by the total absorption of the national thought in political passion, and the culpable weakness of her Administration, bent upon nothing but revolutionary advancement, which was the sole cause of this enormous advantage being gained by the Russian autocrat. The circumstances are well known which led to this woful result. Ali Pacha, the ruler of Egypt, revolted against the Ottoman sway. He defeated the Turks in several encounters, and brought the empire to the brink of ruin in the decisive battle of Koniah. The rest shall be given in the words of the Edinburgh Review:

“There is much reason to suspect that the revolt of Ali Pacha, like many others of the same kind, was secretly instigated by Russia, with the intention of interfering on one side or another, as chance and the

fortune of war should decide. *The Sultan applied to this country for aid.* But this application came in the form and at a time when it was hardly possible for our Government to comply with it. For it was in October, when the late Parliament, though not yet defunct, had closed its labours, and could not, with any decency, have been re-assembled, and when there was no possibility for the new Parliament to meet till January. The Government, therefore, would have been rash and inconsiderate, which, without the power of soon acquiring the sanction of Parliament, should have complied with a request that would instantly have incurred a very large expense, and incurred the hazard of a general war. *We had also other important matters on our hands.* Portugal and Belgium demanded the strictest attention, *while our fleets occupied the mouths of the Scheldt and the Tagus."*

Here, then, is the explanation of the extraordinary advantage gained, and monstrous usurpation then made by Russia. We were so busy advancing the cause of revolution in Belgium and Portugal, and had our naval forces so completely engrossed in blockading the Scheldt, and in enabling Antwerp to display the tri-coloured flag for the son-in-law of France, that we had not a man or a gun to spare to prevent the Dardanelles from falling into the hands of Russia; that is to say, we were so much occupied in sacrificing *two old allies* in our close vicinity, to revolutionary ambition, that we were compelled to let a *third old ally*, holding the keys of India in its hands, fall a sacrifice to the power which had so long openly coveted our eastern possessions.

And what are we doing now, and what is the circumstance that constitutes the strength of the Russian and the weakness of the British arms at this moment? Why, we are labouring to undo the work of our own hands; striving to regain the power voluntarily offered to us, at that time, by Turkey, and surrendered by us to Russia; and endeavouring to regain that commanding position then pressed upon us by our ancient ally, and refused by our infatuated rulers. It is the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, extorted by the Russians from the Turks, as the price of the deliverance of Constantinople from the Egyptians, which is the barrier, and the only barrier now which prevents us from assuming an impregnable position in front of the Bosphorus. We have

recently concluded a treaty of commerce with Austria, and no one can doubt that under this treaty of commerce are veiled, or to it have been added, secret articles of a political character. In truth, the earnest desire of Austria to take the lead in opposing the ceaseless usurpations of Russia on the shores of the Black Sea, have long been known to all the diplomatic circles in Europe; and it was nothing but the fatal revolt of the Barricades and the accession of England to the revolutionary cause in 1830, which prevented the formation of a powerful league between England and Austria eight years ago, which would have effectually arrested the progress of Russia in the east of Europe. Metternich laboured incessantly at that period to form a league of the European powers to oppose the advance of Russia in that direction; and the Duke of Wellington was cautiously, but firmly, proceeding in the attempt to organize such an alliance, when all these salutary plans were blown into the air by the sudden wheel which England then made to the side of revolution. Decisive evidence is to be found among the State Papers, quoted in the Portfolio, of the efforts of Prince Metternich in this respect, and of the fact that it was the resistance of France alone, at that period, which prevented the formation of a league for its accomplishment. In a secret despatch from Count Pozzo di Borgo to the Russian Government, dated Paris, Dec. 14, 1828, it is stated, "The malevolent intentions and the hostile preparations of the Court of Vienna against Russia are facts known to all Europe. The Imperial Cabinet has penetrated them in their commencement and followed them in their progress, and the servants of the Emperor have signalized their existence and combated their effects.

It was after having inundated the public with distorted or exaggerated statements of supposed reverses of the Russian army, and of the success and superiority of the Turks, that *Prince Metternich proposed to the Cabinet of London to act in concert with him in order to form a league, into which France and Prussia would be drawn, with the view of interfering between Russia and Turkey; and to impose peace upon his Majesty the Emperor.*

"You are aware, M. le Comte, that according to the plan of the Chancel-

lor of the Court and the State, the Duke of Wellington was to undertake the task as regards France, and to guide her to his ends, while the former was to be answerable for Prussia."

And, after enumerating the various steps taken by Metternich to achieve this object, Pozzo di Borgo concludes—

"Such is, M. le Comte, a faithful recital of all that I have gathered upon this new attempt of Prince Metternich, and upon the mode and the expressions. My opinion is, that, seeing the intimacy which exists between the Cabinets of England and Vienna, Prince Esterhazy has concealed nothing from the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen, but that both have felt the inconvenience and impossibility of carrying such a plan into practice when France has declared that she will not concur in it."

Austria, however, was not discouraged; and it was entirely in consequence of the formidable military preparations of that power, joined to the energetic remonstrances of England under the Duke of Wellington's Administration, that the conquest of Constantinople by the Russians was prevented after they had crossed the Balkan. It appears by a note presented by Count Krasinsky, the French Envoy, to Metternich, dated 6th June, 1829, that the military preparations of Austria at that period were of the most formidable description. He stated:—

"The Landwehr is revived, the number of individuals exempted from this service restricted, and that it is assembled during two months in autumn. In the course of last year each regiment of cavalry has received from 250 to 400 additional horses; this year orders have been given to purchase horses for artillery and waggons. Even in the capital, workmen of every kind are rigorously enlisted, in order to complete equipments and saddlery for the military magazines. In the arsenals, and in the manufactories for arms, reigns an extraordinary activity. Artillery and ammunition are continually being sent by the Danube into Hungary; they are always embarked by night. Since last year, when these successive transmissions commenced, the fortresses of Hungary must be amply provided with necessaries. It would ap-

pear, then, that these objects have another destination. The greater part of the general officers have been assembled at Vienna for several weeks back, and have had conferences. The same thing took place in 1809, before the opening of the campaign. This shows the intention of taking some very important military measures."

Every one knows what was the result of these demonstrations. Russia was arrested in her career of conquest; and, notwithstanding the passage of the Balkan, real independence was preserved to Turkey by the peace of Adrianople. What, then, placed the power of the Porte finally under the dominion of their northern enemy? Nothing but the infatuation of the Whig Government in 1834 led to the point-blank refusal of any assistance to the Grand Seigneur, and to the consequent prostration of Turkey into the arms of her immortal enemy.

And what was the boasted enterprise in which we were engaged at the time when Turkey was thus reduced to extremities, which prevented us from sending a single frigate to extricate Constantinople from the grasp of the Russians? It was the blockading the Scheldt when Antwerp was besieged by Marshal Gerard. And observe what was said of Antwerp, as a *point of hostility against Great Britain*, by the person in the world who knew best how it should be attacked. "Napoleon," says Las Cases, "*attached the utmost importance to the possession of Antwerp*. He had formed for it the most gigantic projects; he was accustomed to say that *Antwerp alone was worth a province, a little kingdom*. He was attached to it as one of the most important of his creations. He had done much for Antwerp, but nothing to what he intended to have done. By sea he wished to have made it a *point of mortal attack against England*; by land to have made it a *point d'appui* in case of disaster; a refuge for an army, where it might withstand a year of open trenches. Such was his attachment to it that he repeatedly declared, at St Helena, that Antwerp was one of the chief causes of his being there; *for that if he could have prevailed upon himself to part with it he might have obtained peace at Chatillon*."* Thus

* Las Cases, VII. 44.

England, under the Whig Administration, was *unable to save Constantinople, the key of India, from the grasp of Russia, because she was completely engrossed in restoring Antwerp, the great outwork of Napoleon against the independence of England, to France.*

All these consequences, which are now developing themselves with such rapidity, and are staring us in the face in every quarter of the globe, were at that very period distinctly foretold in this Journal; and we may point with no small satisfaction to the article on Foreign Affairs, in October, 1834, for a complete prediction of the consequences of the conduct of England, and of the Russian seizure of Constantinople. The alliance with France was the great specific relied upon at that period, as a sure preservative against all dangers from any quarter whatsoever. Are we *now* so perfectly sure that we can rely upon that power? Have the revolutionary transports of France and England cemented an alliance which is destined to be of eternal duration? Are we quite sure that France would join us in the event of a war with Russia? Is there no foundation for the whisperings of a secret treaty recently concluded between the courts of the Tuileries and St Petersburg? Is Admiral Stopford supported by the French as well as the Turkish fleets at the mouth of the Dardanelles? Whatever may be the issue of these combinations, we point to the following passage in the article above alluded to in this Journal, in October, 1834, for decisive evidence that *We* at least did not share in the general infatuation, but distinctly foresaw the occurrence of the period now in the course of accomplishment, when this country would be compelled to endeavour to regain, in the face of the most serious disadvantages, the place which she had lost in the scale of nations.

“ For a few years, indeed, when the throne of Louis Philippe is as yet unsteady, and it is material for him to have the broad shield of England thrown over his head, he may court our alliance and flatter our Ministers; but with the cessation of such dangers, with the advent of times, when he can give a free vent to the real inclinations and wishes of his people, can there be a doubt that he will fall in with the inextinguishable French hatred and jealousy of this country? But France and

England, we are told, are now united in the bonds of interest as well as affection; theirs and theirs only is the cause of representative governments; of regulated freedom against Asiatic despotism; and in the common dangers of both from the tyrants of the earth, is laid a permanent foundation for their future alliance. Are we so very sure, then, that France is to remain true to the colours which she originally hoisted? Is Louis Philippe so very desirous to stand by the principles of the barricades? Has his conduct to his republican allies, who seated him on the throne, been so very tender and merciful? Are the dungeons of St Michael filled exclusively with the supporters of legitimacy? Was it with these that he maintained the dreadful fight in Paris, in June, 1832, and in Lyons, in November, 1831, and April, 1834? Are there no appearances of the monarch of the barricades disavowing his origin, and seeking to govern by centralised influence and military force, and quietly taking his seat, amidst the ignorant and senseless applause of our journals, among the despotic monarchs of Europe? Is not this the natural and inevitable result of a revolution which has destroyed all the property and religious feeling of the influential classes, and left a state composed only of military despots, civil *employés*, peasant proprietors, and calculating shopkeepers? Is there no danger that this, our only powerful ally, will speedily leave us, and join the northern potentates in a crusade to destroy our maritime power? And if so, are we to look for assistance among the plunderers of Brussels, the murderers of Madrid, or the church robbers of Portugal? Or are we to be ‘left alone with our glory?’ ”

In truth, however, the prodigious stride made by Russia, when by the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, she imposed upon Turkey the condition of allowing no ships of war to pass the Dardanelles except those bearing the Russian and Turkish flag, could never have been submitted to by the rest of Europe, if the balancing power, and the policy of nations, had not been entirely subverted by the ruinous effects of the accession of England to the movements of the revolutionary party in Europe, under the influence of the Reform Administration. The long established jealousy of Russia, which, ever since 1815, had formed the leading principle of the cabinet of Vienna, gave way to the more pressing alarms of revolutionary attack from France and England. This fact

is universally known; and if it were less notorious than it is, it would be completely established by the publication of various State Papers in the Portfolio, the authenticity of which has never yet been called in question. Among the rest, in a memoir of the state and projects of the Germanic Confederation, drawn up in 1834, under the direction of a Minister at St Petersburg, it is stated, "the principles upon which every state reposes—the relations of friendship and political alliance—have experienced in our day a remarkable change. France and England, naturally at enmity, are now in alliance with each other. England quits her most ancient and most faithful ally, Holland. Austria abandons Switzerland, and Prussia becomes the ally of Russia. Wonderful political phenomena! Since, on this account, the States no longer follow the policy which their geographical position and natural interests point out, but are influenced in their alliances by principles of theory, the political balance upon which the European system has for so long reposed has become sensibly weakened, and in its place there has arisen a system of political counterpoise in that which concerns the principles of state. By these means the predominance of one great power has been considerably facilitated."—"To this may be added, that whilst Prussia has gained Russia as her new ally, and France has gained England, Austria has lost her natural ally in England, and, in order not to stand entirely alone, has been herself compelled to join the Russo-Prussian alliance. By this, however, the outward political position of Austria has become one of extreme discomfort, and this of itself might call forth the first difference between Austria and Prussia. For in the same manner that England will feel the unnatural policy of Lord Grey in all its disadvantageous consequences, so deeply as to tear to pieces the coil of Talleyrand, and will again separate herself from France; so Austria will assuredly abandon the Russo-Prussian alliance, and reunite herself to England. Notwithstanding this, the greater profit will still accrue to Russia, since Austria will be more easily coerced by Russia than Prussia by England."

In truth, as Chateaubriand has well observed, when France and England,

like two enormous battering-rams, began shaking every state in their vicinity with revolutionary doctrines and mercenary attacks, the dangers of French propagandism were revived, with this additional circumstance of terror and aggravation, that England, which formerly stood foremost in the confederacy for the defence of European liberty, now was the leader in the attempt to partition and convulse all the lesser states in her vicinity. She first, under the influence of the liberal mania with which Mr Canning was so powerfully affected, insidiously encouraged, and then openly protected, the revolt of the South American colonies against the mother state—"calling," as he said, "a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old." She next took the Greek provinces under her special protection, and, in conjunction with Russia at the battle of Navarino, destroyed that very Turkish navy which we are now using our utmost efforts to restore and improve, and that, too, without any declaration of war or cause of hostility against the Turkish Government. But, strongly as the hostile acts militated against existing treaties and the faith of nations, they had at least the apology of being dictated by a generous spirit, and directed, to appearance at least, to the emancipation of suffering families of the human race. But for those which followed and which were directed under the influence of the Whig Administration, no such apology is to be found. We first aided in the partition of the kingdom of the Netherlands, which we were bound by the treaty of Vienna, in 1815, to support, by immediately recognising the insurgent authority of Belgium, the people of which had not even a pretext for their rebellion, and then prevented the King of the Netherlands from regaining his dominion over his faithless subjects, by interfering, along with France, to stop the advance of the Dutch troops, after they had defeated the "brave Belgians" in two pitched battles, and he was already at the gates of Brussels to put down the revolt and recover his just rights in the next ten days. We then joined our troops to the arms of Louis Philippe to besiege the citadel of Antwerp, the key of the Scheldt; and restored that great stronghold, erected by Napoleon for our subjugation, to the

rule of France, and the sway of the tricolour flag. We next showed our adherence to the principles of non-interference, on which the Liberal party professed they took office, by supporting, to the utmost of our power, the cause of revolution in Portugal; nourishing, for two years, a devouring civil war in the provinces of that kingdom; and, at length, by the open interference of Admiral Napier, with a fleet manned with English sailors, beat down the power of our ally, and ultimately established a revolutionary queen on the throne, without any other support but the revolutionary mania in some towns, and foreign bayonets. We were guilty, along with France, of the offence of rousing the unhappy Poles to an uncalled for and ruinous resistance to Russia, and thereby at once quadrupled the sufferings of the vanquished people, and led to the incorporation of Poland with the kingdom of Russia, and cut off the last remnant of Sarmatian independence. Lastly, we openly supported the cause of revolution in Spain, against the will of four-fifths of the inhabitants of the country, bathed the kingdom for five years in blood, and all the unutterable atrocities of a civil war; and, finally, landed ten thousand Englishmen, armed with Tower guns, on the coast of Spain, and concluded this scene of interference and aggression by exhibiting to astonished Europe the spectacle of English soldiers routed under the walls of St Sebastian, and in the gorges of the Pyrenees, by battalions of freeborn Biscayans, strong only from

“The might that slumbers in a peasant’s arm.”

During the progress of these hateful and perfidious aggressions, we, in this Miscellany, strove repeatedly to rouse the public mind to a sense of their consequences, and to impress upon the people of this country the inevitable results which must ensue to themselves, or their descendants, from the adoption of a policy, alike unprincipled in itself, adverse to the best interests of the state, and ruinous to the national character in the estimation of foreign nations. We repeatedly pointed out the extraordinary impressions that would be produced by the spectacle of England, which had hitherto been more steady in her

principles, and more faithful to her engagements than any other nation, suddenly taking up the cause of Revolution, and giving the example of a total disregard of former engagements, and a total neglect even of her own ultimate interest. Every one now sees that Russia *never could have started the treaty of Unkar-Skelessi from Turkey*, and haughtily dictated the exclusion of the British flag from the waters of the Euxine, had it not been that England at the time, after the battle of Konieh, was engaged in bombarding Antwerp to restore it to the French, and Austria had been driven into the Russian alliance in terror of the propagandism of this country. In those disastrous days of barricade transport and Reform enthusiasm, the *Russian influence was by our acts and deeds brought down to the Rhine*. No state could tell where the Revolutionary wedge was next to be inserted, or a devouring civil war excited, in order to find a vent for French Liberalism, or employment for the turbulent enthusiasm of Great Britain. It is to this feeling that we owe the Prussian-Germanic league, which has struck so deadly a wound into the commercial interests of Great Britain, and the closing of the Dardanelles against the British flag, and delivery of the key of Asia to Muscovite ambition. While we were blindly following the phantom of Revolutionary movements in the west of Europe, Russia was steadily pursuing her real interest in the east, and while we were surrendering Antwerp to Louis Philippe, and were dreaming of an endless liberal alliance of Constitutional monarchies, Nicholas was stretching his hand towards Constantinople, Alexandria, and Ispahan.

Contemporaneous with our incessant attacks upon the peace and tranquillity of other states was our *reduction in the military and naval establishment of the country*. From the naval and military returns of 1810, it appears that Great Britain had then 202 ships of the line, in ordinary and commission, besides 42 building, and 1000 vessels of war at sea, while our land forces amounted to 300,000 regulars and militia, besides an equal number of local militia in the British isles. When the Canadian revolt broke out we had just twenty ships of the line in

commission, and 89,000 men, scattered over the world, to defend our possessions. By great exertions, and by the terror of the immediate loss of our transatlantic empire, we have added 7000 men to our army, and three ships of the line to our navy; and by the last returns in October, 1838, we had twenty-four ships of the line, including three guard-ships in commission, and about ninety-six thousand regulars in arms, of whom, about twenty thousand are in India, and twelve thousand on the shores of the St Lawrence.

On the other hand, what have the Russians been doing? There are at Cronstadt, constantly *equipped, manned, and exercised at sea*, 27 ships of the line and 17 frigates; and at Sebastopol, in the Black sea, 15 ships of the line, and 22 frigates, mostly of 44 guns each. And these great fleets are not distracted by the necessity of protecting distant colonial possessions, but are all massed together at two points, with their troops constantly on board, and daily exercised, in the Baltic, at least, under the personal inspection of the Emperor himself, and capable of sailing in a body at a week's notice, upon any warlike expedition whatever.

Lord Minto says that the navy was never in a more respectable condition, and that we could in a short time, if occasion required it, fit out 20 ships of the line for defence of the British shores. According to the best accounts we have been able to receive, there are 75 ships of the line that could be fitted out, after a long time, for sea, besides 13 building—the poor remains of 244 ships of the line which crowded our harbours thirty years ago. But granting that there are 75 ships of the line in the British harbours which could be fitted out in process of time, *are there stores in the arsenal for their equipment*, or could MEN BE GOT TO MAN THEM? There is the vital point. The Queen's stores notoriously never were at so low an ebb as at this moment; the Reform Administration having, in order to make a show of economy, and an apparent reduction in their navy estimates, sold off the stores, or ceased to repair them when reduced, by the waste of time, to an unprecedented degree. But supposing the stores got, where are the men?

Will the Reform Parliament lay on the house-tax—a tax on spirits—and a five per cent property-tax in order to augment the pay of the navy, and induce merchant seamen to enter into it? Will the ten-pounders re-enact the tax on beer and spirits to save their country? There is the vital point of the case. We cannot get crews for the fleet without money, and we cannot get money, even for the most vital purposes, from the class to whom we have chosen to surrender political power.

Suppose the men got, and, by the greatest efforts, twenty ships of the line fitted out for sea, what sort of a jumble of crews will be assembled? Indomitable courage, indeed, will never be wanting to the Anglo-Saxon race; nautical skill cannot be unknown to those who have navigated from Indus to the Pole; patriotic ardour will burst forth the moment that an enemy's fleet is seen approaching the British shores. But indomitable valour will not give discipline to a man-of-war's crew. Nautical skill will not in battle supply the want of discipline and the habit of acting together. Patriotism will not, in the decisive hour, supply the want of preparation and organization.

But Russia will not make this attack alone. Should Nicholas descend from his icy throne to dare the British islands, he will not come without adequate support on both his flanks. He may come supported by Denmark, Prussia, Sweden and Holland. All these powers are bound to him by interest, necessity, or the recent aggressions of England. Denmark has the double conflagration of 1800 and 1809 to revenge. Sweden may not be backward to purchase the support of the Czar by uniting to his arms. Prussia is united to Nicholas by ties both of national interest and private connexion. Holland thinks of the partition of the Netherlands, the cruel oppression of England, the bombardment of Antwerp. Who can say that in France, at such a crisis, ancient recollections would not prevail over modern partialities, and the memory of Trafalgar and Waterloo not rise up in irresistible force to induce her to throw her navy into the scale against us?

POEMS BY JOHN KENYON.*

WHAT is become of satire—the good old legitimate satire, for which our language is so fit? Is the task of lashing the follies and vices of the world delivered solely into the hand of the caricaturist and the divine? Or are all other vices allowed to take their course, as of little importance in their effects upon society, in comparison with our great political sins, which defy the slowness of the structure of verse, and are within the province peculiar of the daily press? We certainly cannot take another position, that we live in a most virtuous age; we know there is a canting spirit going about with this daring assumption; and sometimes bold, and sometimes soft and insinuating, are the tones by which an acquiescence in our general virtue is demanded. But it is sheer wickedness and hypocrisy. Pretence and pretension, nearly allied, indeed, are the great sins of the day, infecting all grades, all professions, and are the great masters in all the arts and sciences. We are, all of a sudden, become the wisest people the world ever knew; so knowing, that all who have gone before us are fools; and so good, that we can afford, seemingly, to cast off every principle in turn to play with, and it will fly back to us, as if the very centripetal force, or the attraction of virtue was in our own selves, self-engendered, self-nourished, and self-promoting. The ages past are nothing to us; and we should equally treat with contempt the ages to come, did we not look upon them as to be illuminated by ourselves, and but a continuation to perfection of our own excellence. And yet satire, the good old satire, is nearly dumb. And very properly dumb, say the sly knaves, that would have their own way without disturbance. Satan takes the shape of Demure Propriety, and walks about with pitch-plasters for every one's mouth that would utter words that wither and burn. There is strength in real goodness; there is indignation, the very birthright of vigorous nature, salutary to the soul, and

throwing off from it the pestilences that brood in the atmosphere of the evil world. The wicked know this well, and will suppress the honest feeling with every art. They threaten one with brute force, and endeavour to cajole another with lessons of pretended meekness; and are open-mouthed against the whole clergy, with texts of Holy Writ, suggested by their master, if one in the duty of his sacred calling cry aloud and spare not. The low villains, that would set all things wrong that they may gain by the plunder, without religion or morality, have long known that the superior education, knowledge, and morals of the clergy must make them powerful adversaries; to get them out of the field, therefore, is a great object. What would not the malignant press say should a priest publish a powerful satire—yet who so qualified! The clergy dare not open their mouths on politics; they must be excluded from every thing but their calling, as if their calling was not in every thing. For what human action is there that should not be conducted on religious principles? And who ought so well to search into, and know the hearts of men—and to mix wherever duty, civil or political, calls them? They are not to be disfranchised. It is neither just to them nor good for society. Then the wicked think, and truly, that if the clergy are put aside from expressing strong opinions, so all these under their influence, too, are got rid of—all who would be thought, as well as all that are, religious—and where, then, are the adversaries to attack vice in the strongholds and in high places? It is insisted upon that it is unchristian to use harsh names, and downright weakness and compliance is demanded, under the names of gentleness, forbearance, meekness, and charity. We are to forget that our Lord, who to us is an example in all things, called men hypocrites, and whited sepulchres full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. It would follow that St Paul was unchristian when he uttered the words

to the smiter, "thou whited wall;" or when he quoted the Greek poet, and called the Cretans "liars, evil beasts, slow bellies." But the scoundrel part of mankind have greatly succeeded in this respect, and have driven off the field, by their outcry, many a one capable of wielding the very battle-axe of legitimate satire; and hence it is that every iniquity under the sun has the more play. Prose satires, indeed, we have, of a new kind, in our Reviews, but they are too general, and want that solemn burst of indignation of the old verse, and the bold positions and representations of poetry. They are rather appeals to reason than feeling, and are therefore subjected to a longer process of thought. They may abash fools—and almost knaves—for a time, but they rise up again and reply. Villany should lie prostrate, scathed, an awful warning, with the mark of the single stroke upon its forehead. It is an evil sign when the solemn and indignant satirist gives place to the caricaturist. There is something unmanly in the viewing lightly what seriously affects our interests. It is an evil sign to laugh at a lack of principle, to be amused with selfishness, to smile at errors which bring empires into peril. It has been said that we are a nation of caricaturists. It is no compliment. It were better that we had the bolder virtue than the simpering accomplishment. But even in this we are nowadays the tamest of the tame. We have H. B. the master of the sports; and, while it might make angels weep to see the antics men are playing, the grilled world is invited to be merry over the most timid drolleries. There is not the touch of strength in his hand. How different, how very different, were the productions of Gillray! His was a masterly hand, and dignified caricature—his was a power to be respected and feared. We should have thought Cruickshank had possessed the caricaturist's mind and genius. Does he think it beneath him? If so, he greatly mistakes, while he dedicates his pencil too exclusively to the vulgarities of low London life. But why are we to look to the pleasantries of caricature, when there is such a demand for the utmost severity of satire? Good, strong, nervous, and indignant versification is the only satisfactory, the only complete satire, and

of that we have none. Prose has its more limited scope, and however forcible against an individual, or an individual case, admits not of general views, nor free play of illustration, and the complete summing up by artful arrangement. There is so much of the real spirit of satire occasionally in Burke, that we could almost believe that he wrote great parts of his letter to the Duke of Bedford, with his portrait of the Leviathan of Royal favour, and parts of his French Revolution, particularly the display of the insolence of the personified Regicide, in verse, and originally intended for versified satire. We are not disposed to grant this spirit to Junius. His letters want imagery—bold, assuming, they tell wonderfully; but are rather invective than satire. It is the adjunct of poetry that is wanting. It makes the dullest reader feel the spark. "Si natura negat facit indignatio versus;" who reads it, thinks he could similarly pour out *his* indignation—he adopts it; it is his own, and he repeats it; and oh! what a noble feeling is indignation! it is the lordly feeling of manhood against all that is mean, low, contemptible. It is that which a very vile person never felt, and which a foolish one could never express. We are not afraid of being thought paradoxical in asserting that it is an amiable feeling. That the gentlest, the mildest natures, the wisest, the best, have it—dormant, indeed, until a worthy occasion calls it forth, and then out it bursts like inspired virtue. We would assert, that there never was a true poet without it. All poets are in mind and genius essentially satirists—they only want the occasion. Even the amiable Cowper could not resist the impulse, and in his gentlest subjects, where a minor poet would be all elegance and softness, he throws about his satiric lash with a vehement power. We confess, that when we read satire ourselves, we feel the better man—it flogs at once out of the mind all petty things, and bids energy and resolution do their best within us. Yet does it make us humble, seeing that we are of a nature that needs so much correction, and so much aid to rescue us from things which in our better moments we abhor. And it makes us better towards men. It is the safety-valve—it is the

storm that clears the atmosphere of our minds, with one grand thunder-burst dispersing the ill-humours, and leaving the mind's sight clearer, and the heart purer and more tranquil. The rage of indignation has been expended, pity has followed, and then forbearance, and then love. Never let us have fellowship, much less friendship, with men who walk in the world's ways without ever feeling one touch of indignation, for their tame souls can never rise to any ecstacy of affection; and their benevolence is half affected, a simpering quiescence, to cover the little bilious bitternesses of disposition that lurk and make them uncomfortable within, and press upon and narrow the heart so that it cannot expand to any manliness of act or feeling. Better to hear the war-whoop of a generous enemy than encounter the smiles of an universal quietist. To smother indignation is to stifle virtue, and if we quell it entirely in young minds, we smother virtue in the very cradle as she is awaking from her sweet sleep into healthy and active existence. How beautiful is it in youthful hearts, where as yet there is uncorrupted honesty; and through feeling they acquire knowledge, and the wise nurse's wish is accomplished for her child—"Sapere et fari quæ sentiat." And then, where there is the bold, the open, the

fearless expression, there is ever the gentler love, the affection better worth the cherishing. We have at this moment the tenderer feelings, and have the more enjoyed a volume of much sweet poetry, because we have been led to it through good wholesome satire, and would recommend to all who would be thus rendered amiable, a volume of good poetry, the *better* part of which, we think, is satire, "by John Kenyon, formerly of St Peter's College, Cambridge." The first piece is "Moonlight"—and beautiful moonlight it is as ever illuminated lands of dream and vision. But pass it by a-while; let the moon rise, and you will see the divine orb in her glory above the world, when you have seen a little what the world is, over which she would benevolently spread her veil, half of silver light, and half of darkness. Read first, "Pretence, a Satire," and then, when honest Virtue has had full sway, and has discharged the peccant humours of your disposition, be you amiable as you may—you will be enabled to rise in dream and vision of poetry, and meet half-way angels of the moon, and visit either world together in love and purity. The process of the preparatory fib is not unpleasant—so enter we on "Prince Ereles' Vein." Our author makes a nice and happy distinction between Pretence and Pretension.

"To seem, not be, our ever-anxious aim,
Such is our vice, beneath a double name;
In turn by Folly nursed, and crafty Sense,
And now Pretension called, and now Pretence.
This seeks a vain display; this seeks to hide;
And one from Interest springs, and one from Pride;
Sometimes apart; more oft, in holy tether,
Like sovereigns leagued, they rule and rob together.

"But oh! what type may paint each varying form,
Shadow or light, the zephyr or the storm?
Prompt as ærial clouds that drift and wreath;
Changeful of hue, as seas that roll beneath;
They take all colours, turn at every call;
Shift through a thousand shapes, and cheat in all."

Yes, one lesson does hold to the end, the great lesson, too early taught, to seem, and not to be. These lines bring to mind a scene, or rather two scenes in the farce of Humbug, which we ourselves saw this year, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, of our advancement to perfection.—Had it not been for the ridiculous mixed up with them, the lamentable folly would have

left but a sense of melancholy. On Whit-Monday the large and populous city of —, was from one end to the other a pattern or picture of goodness. There was not a street in which there was not a school procession, with their banners and colours. The Sabbath-School of this district, the Sunday-School of that—the School of the Meeting, the Tabernacle, the Church.

The children, all schooled to look like cherubs, the masters, ushers, assistants, patrons, and patronesses, all like saints—men at the head trying with all their might to walk decently slow, whom business had habituated only to the trot—the black, clerical-affect-ed dress and demeanour of men who had never taken orders but in their trades—the constrained and demure looks—the assumption of benevolent and love-smiles—the general acting; the more apt of the young, little well-taught hypocrites, aping the sanctimonious airs of the elders. “See how good we are,” was legible in every forehead. It was one holiday of gentleness and sweetness. “Daub yourself with honey,” says the proverb, “and you will never want flies.” The maxim was known—acted upon, and the flies caught—and many a one that day, to use another homely proverb, that “stole the goose, gave away the gblets in alms.” So crowded were the streets you could not move a finger without touching a saint. It was a general proclamation of virtue, “See how good we are.” There was not a rogue or knave to be seen, excepting by shrewd observers. There was universal Pretension, was there Pretence? All walked in sunshine, and were pure.—What said the night? It did its best to cast a charitable veil over this world of wickedness, but “Murder will out.” We walked the same streets, as well as the general turbulence would allow, the very next morning. The police were busy in every direction taking up the delinquents of the past night and the present day. Away they went to the magistrate and to the prison in every street. How legible, then, was the proclamation, “See how bad we are,”—“and pray, Mr Simperer, which was the worst day, Whit-Monday or Whit-Tuesday?” That day many were taught lessons of hypocrisy—and that to make a *display* is quite as

good as to possess a virtue. But what should we say, if we did but see the machinery that set all this goodness going? The rehearsal of look, and walk, and speech—the littlenesses, the contrivances, the practising the putting-on that which was to be looked at, and the general putting-off of all simplicity of heart and manners—did we see all this, we might well long for a lash and liberty to use it, to flog the getters-up of it into their holes again: Oh, that we could at least rescue the young from all this Pretence and Pretension.”

“Their after sole concern
To live a lie, and all our lore unlearn.”

Even charity gets nothing now-a-days without her setting up in a Vanity Fair, and being made to put on the look of wo and penury, meekness and suffering; and simpering, or sympathetic flower-girls, unblushingly dress up her nakedness with tawdry trinkets, ticketed by cheats, to be stript off again by dupes. O let not daughter of mine so drop her modesty at the door of a Bazaar, as, under pretence of any charity whatever, to personate the shop-girl, to cheat the legitimate traders in trifles, and to win the purses of fops; they pay not for the articles, but for the stare, and familiarity. “But the purpose,” quoth the Lady Patroness! “Would you do evil that good may come, my Lady Display, then sell your modesty, and yourselves outright—as too often, by your trick’d up sales, and flimsy home-manufactures, you drive to starving desperation the virtuous destitute, whom the regular traders in fancy-works were wont to employ; and now by your charity their virtuous maintenance is gone.” Oh, Pretence and Pretension—ye are everywhere.—But to our satirist; and here we find a passage, confirming and strengthening our poor prose.

“Vexed by hypocrisies, or chafed by pride,
‘What walls shall guard us, or what shades shall hide?’
Where’er we turn, for ever—ever nigh,
Publicity pursues us as we fly;
At every hour, in each remotest place,
Prescribes the phrase, or modifies the face;
Of pettiest hamlet, pettiest deed notes down,
And makes the country fastuous as the town.
So now, when rural squires would meet to dine,
The county press must vaunt the vast design;

E'en as when Muckworm his town-feast would blaze,
Himself the paragraph both writes and pays.

" And not alone, where roaring feast goes round,
Is heard the pride-proclaiming trumpet's sound;
On Charity, scarce charity if told,
It waits as 'mid the Pharisees of old;
And if gorged wealth, with patronising air,
Buy some small pasteboard at a Serious Fair;
Or keep his oldest friend, broke down and grey,
Just one degree above mere parish pay,
The ready newsman, on our modest plan,
Makes known to Heaven, ' The Charitable man.'
So left hands learn each action of the right,
And not a bushel now conceals the light."

But we must turn back a page or two—and see how the bare-faced impudent vanity of mankind, that should be whipped through the streets by every satirist that can hold the lash, excites our mild and amiable author to seize

the pen. We take a liberty with the last line of the quotation, and append the epithet "honest" to verse; we think it more after the indignant burst of Juvenal's line—"facit indignatio versus."

" To show—to hide—to seem what we are not,
Some willing feigners—some constrain'd by lot—
(For who would combat naked needs must fail,
Where others sheathe in visor and in mail,)
Lo! here of half the virtues, which we count,
The mighty secret, and the true amount.
And feign they might from my poor comment free,
Myself to criticise enough for me,
So each, snug-nestled in his borrowed skin,
Would cease to bawl for praise with sturdy din;
But when, false claims not tim'rous to discuss,
All clamour forth, ' For models look on Us,'
Mere silent scorn no longer I may nurse,
And indignation vents the *honest* verse."

Then forth fare the author and the genius of satire in a somewhat splenetic humour; being somewhat weary, they take an omnibus as it passes—away to the bank—plunge into the murky noon-lit atmosphere of Lombard Street; and as poetry is pretty sure not to find any credit there, away they come, fuming from the "odours of gain," and find it is bad living upon the steam of Plutus's kitchen. The banker's chariot passes them, within an inch of grinding their toes, splashes them with mud; they turn a corner,

out of the tide and flood of human existence, look each other in the face, as much as to say, "that's too bad," and forth issues golden verse, that none of the busy multitude heed, and for which there is little chance of getting small change. The merchant's pride is a happy subject; his parks, his mansion, his pictures, his wines, and his all-abominable taste are contrasted with the simplicity of Alderman Whittington and his Cat. Such we suppose to be the intention of the following couplet:—

" Are these, grave Whittington, respected Shade!
Are these thine ancient simple sons of trade?"

Whittington's shade, of course, has no voice in the matter, and answers not; but the author's friend B. speaks for the Cat, who, in her immortality of prudence and renown, has no objection occasionally to dip her whiskers in a bowl of cream.

B.—" I grant 'tis luxury; yet the race who moil,
May rightly claim remission from their toil;
And if excess unduly there be found,
'Tis but degree; and who shall fix the bound."

Very well put, and many the man that has been posed in his philippics, when he has been indiscreet enough to ask a question, by as simple a reply. But our author is a master of his weapon—the scholar armed. So he conjures up satire again to graduate offences.

A.—“ And so shall Satire graduate each offence,
Nor treat Pretension as she treats Pretence ;
Shall merely smile to mark the smaller spot,
But justly frowns indignant on the blot.
She smiles when Balaam quits his old resort,
And City-friends, to leave his card at Court ;
And smiles to see the new-bought blazonry
Far flaming from his chariot flashing by.
She frowns on knavish show, that yet awhile
Tricks out some tottering credit, to beguile,
Then bursts, at once, in ruin, wide and deep,
Whence orphans pine and widowed mothers weep.
She frowns on seals to broken contracts set,
And the long file that glooms the last Gazette,
Which honest Gripus reads with clenching fist,
Then sends his own pure name to swell the list.
She frowns on hollow scheme, on puffed-up share,
And that late gulf, fraud-scooped, in Gresham's Square
(The ravening Southsea flowed not more profound,
A gulf, not greedier, cleft Rome's forum ground),
Round which in gamester strife, all England stood,
City and Court—and all for England's good !
Nor closed we saw it, till those jaws between
Pride, Conscience, Honour, all were tumbled in :
All ! for the chance some lucky hit affords
To strut a Croesus, and to herd with lords.”

These are stinging lines—but for such a field, where facts are so redundant, do we not regret that they are too general ; why not, in individual cases, drag forth the man by the throat, and bid the villain stand for his picture ? The satirist, if his own pure feet tread not in the miry by-ways of traffic, where the air is so thick that Diogenes's lanthorn would not keep its light, and if it did would be of no use—make no discovery—let the satirist, we say, go ask the first solicitor he meets for a case to vent his spleen on. Oh ! what an exposition of wickedness would there be if a truth-telling attorney would have the boldness and strength to give the world his diary. We will imagine an extract, yet is it no imagination—a sketch from nature—we took it from the portfolio of a friend in the law, an eyewitness. *Scene.*—The sick-room of old Lovegold.—He is pillowed up in bed, very weak, with a look of anxiety and apprehension. Enter lawyer M., who is beckoned to a chair by the bedside, close to which he finds a table, and pen ink and paper. The nurse quits the room. When thus old Lovegold, in broken sentences, and with a ghastly

stare, affecting at the same time a smile or rather grin of unbelief. “ They tell me, Lawyer M., that I'm in a bad way, and had better settle my worldly affairs—they mean, make my will, you know—don't believe but that I shall get about again, and it's very awkward to be ill just now that I've much to do, a world of business on my hands at this very time. But shan't die the sooner for making my will, so I've sent for you.” Well, instructions are given—Lawyer M. retires—makes the will—is reintroduced to the sick man, —witnesses procured—and the will is regularly attested. Lovegold and his lawyer are left alone. The solicitor is desired to recapitulate, and goes through, clause by clause, the several bequests, and enumerates the large amount of property. The sick man looks at the lawyer significantly, as taking a pride in the amount of wealth he had amassed. “ You have acquired,” said Mr M., “ a very large property, sir.” The sick man made an effort and raised himself up in bed, and spoke with increasing energy as follows, “ Yes, yes—thank God—I've done pretty well, pretty well—hey ! yes ; and how do you think I've made

it all? I tell ye what it is—I studied men—I looked in their countenances as I walked the streets, and I knew 'em; I knew their circumstances and looked out for bargains. I watched 'em, and when I knew they were distress'd I threw myself in their way, and learnt where their speculations lay; what bills they had given, and when they would become due. Oh how I chuckled a day or two before that, when I saw their down looks—I knew how 'twas, how they wanted money, and to save their credit, and just at the right moment (with wonderful energy and clench'd fist down upon the bed, and then,—d—n 'em—I came down upon 'em, and got their goods for nothing." At these words he fell back and expired. Lawyer M., who told me the story, said he hastily put up his papers, rushed out of the house, and determined to give up business—but, like the usurer Alpheus, "Jam, jam futurus rusticus" lost his resolution ere he reached his office. And if he had become rustic, is there a charm in country air to purify all minds and hearts; and is it certain that the good lawyer there, if free from sordid avarice himself, would see no examples of perfect deadness to

good feeling? Even there the "auri sacra fames" spreads infection. How much of the heart is taken up by objects of gain, and how little room in it is left for objects of love! A wealthy farmer, the other day, whose daughter was recovering from a long illness, was asked, when a little warm in his cups (in vino veritas), if she was better; he thus replied, "She's well enough for what I do see; she eats and drinks, and does nothing at all; but then I never look at my daughter. If you had asked me how my bullocks were, that's another thing, I'm always looking at them, they bring a sight of money in, and are worth looking after—but daughters, hang 'em, take the money out." Such is worldly wisdom, town wisdom, country wisdom. Fly to the country, ye town-sick, and you will fly back again, and acknowledge there is justice in this, "How shall the man have understanding whose talk is of bullocks."

Leave we this for another vice. Our satirist lashes the mean, affecting the great, Servilios of our day, and the incidents are happily given—we long to kick the paltry puppy to whom he introduces us. Thus Servilio,

"On a low pony asked, as suits, to ride,
Him late I saw, with pity for his pride,
Straining, in vain, behind the spanking blood,
And happy to receive his Lordship's mud.

"For days his Grace's well-watched pathway trode,
A bow perchance he wrests, or wins a nod;
Then, home returned, his own full pride he wakes,
Bows like the Duke; and gives the nod he takes.

"You meet Servilio with his only boy,
A very dream of love! a living joy!
'Why, 'tis a cherub every heart to stir!
Your own sweet child?'—'Sir Simon's godchild, sir.'

"Ignobly proud to tell the honour done,
And happier in the sponsor than the son!
Such are the tribe in Grandeur's akirts who nest,
And soil, with reptile crawl, his ermined vest."

Here he takes occasion to show how friendless are the great. Flattery ruins friendship—the palace gate of kings should bear inscription, "No friendship enters here." The following

lines, describing the lying in state of our second Charles, are exceedingly vigorous, and have much of the bold imagery and stern disgust of the Roman satirist.

"His easy days Charles Stuart—not the First—
Best of companions, if of kings the worst,
Whiled gaily, with a witty, merry crew,
Friends! nay, not courtiers—loving all and true!

How true, how loving—tell that proving hour
 When Death shall lay his clay-cold hand on Pówer ;
 Yea, even before hath ceased the death-bed knell,
 Let many a kingly couch, deserted, tell.” ~

This is a solemn preparation—mirth and jest are already gone—the cold hand, the “clay-cold hand” of death has set his seal to a stern hard truth. You sit uneasy as at a theatre of phantasmagoria. The magician draws the curtain—and behold a picture to strike self-love and vanity aghast.

“ The closing hour hath passed, which, soon or late,
 Must pass o’er all ; a monarch lies in state ;
 In lonely state ; for love hath gone, and sorrow,
 To plan the crowning pageant for to-morrow.
 Now, let thy fancy pierce yon glimmering room,
 That coffin’s only guard one sordid groom ;
 Mark how, the prowling night-rat scarce forbid,
 The varlet snores beside the ready lid.
 And what his dreams ? Are they of kingly fame,
 A weeping people, and a world’s acclaim ?
 Ah, no ! he dreams of some contested grace,
 Trapping or plume, his perquisite of place :
 Mutters his greedy discontent, half loud,
 And gropes, with sleep-tied hand, to clutch the shroud !”

That is a fine conclusion—yet is not all concluded yet.

“ Yet, e’en for him, deserted thus who dies,
 Ere long shall statues gleam ; shall columns rise ;
 And epitaphs Servility shall bring ;
 Who lauds dead Kingship, flatters living King.”

Mr Kenyon is a scholar, and who that is one will not occasionally engraft the scenic characters of the Roman satirists into descriptions of modern manners, proving, too, by their admirable filling in, that human nature is not materially changed, though we are walking, or learning to walk, on the stilts of scientific perfection ? The fol-

lowing contrast between olden times and modern times, the quiet content of our more simple forefathers, and the ever restless, ambitious, audacious, and paltry interference of every body, every where, is, we think, more happy than any attempt of the kind we have seen ; and the versification is admirably simple and forcible.

A.—“ The smoke, the riches and the strifes of Rome
 Right glad I quit ; come, rural blisses ! come.
 To sweet retreats, unostentatious bowers,
 We wend us now ; to fields, and farms, and flowers !
 ‘ God made the country, and man made the town,’
 Or true or false, so Cowper wrote it down ;
 And fields, I ween, might boast a purer race,
 Ere change of manners grew on change of place,
 While yet broad Trent and Cumbrian mountains bold
 Were real barriers, guarding habits old.
 Then if the goodman, or the goodman’s wife,
 Sighed sore to view the far-famed city’s strife,
 Soon the rough waggon stage and quagmire road
 Stirred fond remembrance of the old abode.
 E’en when amid the mighty city set,
 E’en there they gazed, less wonder than regret,
 Till, back returning from the great event,
 Their life’s one pride, they died—at home—content.

“ For such dull bliss our age hath too much wit ;
 Home, now no resting-place, but place to quit.
 In endless change we live ; in change we die ;
 Found scarcely one, of all life’s flitters by,
 The turf to tenant where his fathers lie.

}

For ancient village lane, irriguous, deep,
 Through moss and wreathing roots that loved to creep ;
 For church-way paths, through meadows wandering free ;
 Sweet records of an old civility ;
 By many a faded generation trod,
 Who simply sought their father's house of God,
 There, where it rose, with old grey tower serene,
 From forth the elm-trees on the village green,
 Ere town and country yet were clustered thick
 With trim new-fangled chapels of red brick ;
 For these—fork forth new roads, like branching veins,
 And strong through each the living current strains,
 Till every pulse from fever'd city's heart
 Fires with fierce throb the realm's extremest part.
 ' When shall I see the country once again ?'
 Thus sighed the Latian bard his ancient strain ;
 But we—his silvan longings should we share—
 Must ask not when we shall behold, but where.
 For now, as travels on mid wigwamed hills
 The civilizing power, that taints or kills,
 Along each British valley's sweet approach
 Whirls in the city with the whirling coach ;
 Cigars and waltzes ; latest caps ; last news
 Of Crockford's—Almack's—justice-rooms, and stews,
 And controversial preachers, and French shoes. }
 Its vices roused, its roughness ill smoothed down,
 Each village now would ape the lordly town ;
 ' Rustic' mere term for what no longer is,
 And all the land one vast metropolis."

Thus does our author raise the hurricane of the mind, that, luckily, is "*vox et præterea nihil*," or away would go with a sweep of the whirlwind the "clustered" abominations of "red brick"—the Pretence and the Pretension—the Hypocrisies and the Hypocrites—"like dust before the wind, and the angel scattering them." Then tranquillity would come again, and retrieve the

"Sweet records of an old civility."

But we are check'd—and, in our zeal, "know not what spirit we are of." Man is, indeed, unfit to have the chain loosened that binds him to matter, confines him to narrow spots. Were we illimitable spirits, with powers illimitable, and Will Action, what a world of confusion all would be ! But even the mental storm is soon quelled. Limited as our sphere of action is, it might be all evil, were Will of long duration. But no further unintelligible prosing. Mr Kenyon takes the reader to the Courts of Law and to the Senate ; but, we think, too summarily dismisses the black sheep of Law and Patriotism. He is, however, never weak ; and we regret that the force which he is capable of exerting is not more directed to expose the hollow political maxims

and principles that modern statesmen have the audacity to lay down, as if there was no fixed basis of morality on which to raise political structure. For example, what lying fiend was in the heart of the statesman who could unblushingly proclaim, as a political axiom, that if a Government, by removing the pressure of prejudicial laws, enabled any party to make more of their property than they could do under existing circumstances, the more that would be made, the over and above what was now made, would not belong to the possessor of the property, but to the Government ? We do not pretend to give the words, but certainly the sense of a British Minister's proposition. And where was British moral spirit ? Did the Senate calmly hear it ? It did—the Reformed Senate, and Satire is dumb ! Where lives the Satirist who is to write "The Reform, a Satire ?" There is not such a subject. Mr Kenyon will not try it. He circumscribes his power ; he shuns personality. Though public actors play their tricks before him, he walks away, and dresses up sticks and straws for human figures, and whirls them about and rails at them nobly ; but he will not boldly brand the right forehead, nor burn a too near effigy. And,

perhaps, he has not the searching knowledge of political events and characters which such a noble, such a moral task would require. Retribu-

tive justice is at work ; but it wants its powerful historian—the Age's Satirist. Our author evidently turns in disgust from such a banquet.

“ Sick to the core of thin or deep Pretence,
The attack, false motiv'd, or as false defence ;
Of furious partisan, and dirty job,
And bribing candidate, and greedy mob ;
Sick of great names, wherewith all Europe rings,
Of peoples sick, and ministers, and kings,
In soul I turn to scenes beloved of yore,
And fret for Greeks and Catholics no more.

“ Granta ! beneath whose mildly-cloistering bowers
Swift years I passed, made up of idlest hours ;
Ere yet on hearts, in flowing frankness bold,
Unfeeling Time had fixed his freezing hold ;
For still this praise be thine, gone spirit of youth !
Thy very vices had their touch of truth—
Granta ! for thee though wreath I never won,
Granta ! receive again thy world-tired son ;
Pleased, as of old, by thy calm stream to stray,
And where youth smoothly sped, dream age away.”

These are beautiful lines, and full of feeling. The character of the unprincipled student is powerfully drawn ; his well-timed assumptions of virtue, and just the degrees of it that may not at any one time shock society, but such as with facility may let him drop into the consummate hypocrite, are nicely marked in the picture. We cannot forbear quoting the latter lines of the character.

“ E'en when the bishop's mild ordaining hand
Had stricter rule imposed with gown and band,
Our deacon yet of strictness little smacked,
Nor made he vast pretence to what he lacked.

“ But when his lot befel to settle down,
A well-paid curate in a thriving town,
Where Mammon and Devotion, each a pride,
'Twixt prayer and pelf th' ambitious crowd divide,
To his clear interests never quite a dunce,
A change came o'er the outward man at once.
You know him, now, by somewhat straighter hair ;
And a strained look of sanctimonious care,
Which, as must seem, no worldly thought distracts ;
And a huge quarto pocket, stuffed with tracts ;
And sermon sour ; and week-day talk austere ;
Save when he holds some female follower's ear ;
Such gifts to rich preferment needs must come,
Or win a trusting wife with—half a plum.”

We do not quite discover the truth in the next character introduced—the gifted Hiero. The blighted promise is poetically and delicately expressed.

“ So some sweet forest plant, born for the shade,
To richer soil, or sunnier skies convey'd,
Tho' there with stem to worthless stature grown,
Offends with a coarse blossom—not its own.”

We have intimated that Mr Kenyon, though having full power to use the lash, is too sparing. If he could persuade himself that a stronger satiric boldness is, as we really believe it to

be, a moral virtue, and would fling the entire wrath and energy of his mind into a new subject, we think he might do the world a benefit. The Satire—Part the First, Pretence—of which we

have given specimens, may (and we think the reader will agree with us) delight the scholar, and somewhat more than amuse the general reader, but wants the closeness, and—why be ashamed to say it?—the personality, to benefit mankind, by making the vices portraits. But then he must have written anonymously—and why not? Horace tells us that, when his father wished him to avoid a vice, he pointed out its personification in a living character; and, without doubt, that

“ In my own doing’s spite,
Little love I the satire which I write.
Harsh drugs, though given but to drive ailments out,
Will sometimes in the giver wake a doubt.
And this the Satirist still must take in trust,
Even those hate him who own his Satire just.”

The second part of Pretence, but for a few lines, might have borne another title. It is decidedly less satiric, and may be termed, *Rambling Thoughts in a Library*. Critical review of any particular books, ancient or modern, is scarcely to be found in it. There is little of keen ridicule in it. All is even rather grave, of a reflective cast, and, perhaps, more indicative of the author’s taste and feelings than the former. He is one of those who live much in a world of their own, and who are not always well pleased to be forced out of it. And when they are, they find themselves, with jarring elements within them, not very fit for either. They are not angels that drive them out of their paradise, and they bear their discomforts with less composure, as with less respect for the agents that expel them. Hence amiability itself becomes satiric. All poets feel sensibly the incompatibility of things without and things within. Poetry, like “true love, never did run smooth”—if it did it might stagnate—be dull—the interruptions make the waters musical and sweet, so the checks the world gives to poetical minds keeps the passion alive, and they return, as they are allowed, with per-

petual courtship, to that beautiful vision, which is the more loved, as it may not be theirs *all the days* of their lives. Yet is the poet’s world, made of this world’s materials, wonderfully worked upon by a combining, a selecting, and, to a far extent, a creating genius; and if it be a world that man is gifted to make, it is a real one; and many a time does it reflect a brightness of its own on that world which, though scarcely more real, is common to all, and gilds the path of life with the glory of exalted virtue and noble thought. Thought! it is indeed not tangible to the hand like household stuff—but is it not real? To deny it would be to deny reality to the soul, and to remove responsibility from man. He who has seen, and touched, and heard, though the organs were dead, would hear, and see, and touch; for the power of sensation is not in them, but once communicated, through them, to exist in independent vigour. So it is that we recall, and dream; and memory and genius, though invisible, are the living spirits of the heart and mind, and make up the better reality of life. And does not Mr Kenyon so think? Doubtless he does.

“ And sweet ’twill be, or hope would so believe,
When close round life it’s fading tints of eve,
To turn again our earlier volumes o’er,
And love them then, because we’ve loved before;
And inly bless the waning hour that brings
A will to lean once more on simple things.
If this be weakness, welcome life’s decline!
If this be second childhood, be it mine!”

Genius, memory, and affection were all at work in the composition of the following true and touching lines.

"Who has not loved, erewhile, to pause and look
 On childhood's record in some old school-book,
 Name—or grim portrait scrawled in ink—agen
 Awakening memories, which had slept till then?
 What if the spirit shrunk in sudden grief,
 When the eye lights on some remembered leaf,
 With parent, or beloved friend, once read,
 The, now, for-ever-parted—or the dead!
 Though for brief space the stroke be still severe,
 Not long we shun the line that wakes the tear,
 But, stealing back to that love-hallowed page,
 With its own balsam its own wound assuage."

And where is friendship like the poet's friendship? It cherisheth the living and the dead—loving not less the present, conversing with the past. To him indeed there is no death that takes away; does he not take Piscator with him to the brooks, and what friend he pleases of all those said to be defunct, in his daily walks? He

forgets his morning visitors, his idlers and loungers, and sends his compliments into the library to Horace or Virgil, or Homer, or Milton, or Shakespeare, according to the vein he would be in, and begs their arm to the forest or the field, the glen or the mountain. Nay, see if it be not so.

"Now—doubly sweet such refuge found with books!
 To stray with mild Piscator up the brooks;
 With Cowley muse beneath the greenwood tree,
 Or taste old Fuller's wise simplicity,
 As if his Worthies, though removed their span,
 Smack yet too strongly of the living man,
 Then backward turn to question Homer o'er,
 Or dream of storied ages, rolled before;
 Faint—glimmering now, like far-off beacon light
 O'er misty ocean scarcely read aright."

Now, then, has he a touch of the incompatibilities, and a vein of satire blends with his high aspirations, and admiration of gifted powers, in whatsoever exercised—and the "material world" is whipped till the top spin, and all that are on it are giddy, mazed, and foolish.

"To us the mere material world is all;
 Our pride; our tax; our pleasure and our thrall.
 Science, whom scarce the circling spheres may fold,
 Chained to a desk we hire to scheme for gold;
 Drag from his heights Imagination down,
 To please, for daily bread, the modish town;
 And daintiest Art, the dreaming child of grace,
 Wake from her dream to paint some idiot face.
 Virtue herself, born guest of Heaven's high roof,
 Gift of the Godhead; gift at once and proof;
 E'en her, blind bigots of our planet birth,
 E'en her, we fain would fetter down to earth;
 Just mark where Bat-Expedience flits at height,
 And meanly, there, would bound her eagle-flight.

From such a world, all touch, all ear, all eye,
 What marvel, then, if proud Abstraction fly;
 Amid Hercynian shades pursue his theme,
 And leave the land of Locke to gold and steam?

But thou art not of those who, hence and thence,
 Glean for low ends their pic-nic scraps of sense;
 A lofty thinker, proud thy thirst to slake
 At truth's well-head, unbribed, for truth's own sake;
 Or art thou of the race still more unfit
 To wrestle with the clans of worldly wit;
 One, whom ere yet thy youngling thought could reach

To wield sweet verse, or e'en well-painting speech,
 Some unseen presence fed with many a dream
 Won from old bard, or caught from cloud or stream ;
 And still, though turmoiled 'mid the things that are,
 Still dost thou love to muse on Good and Fair ;
 And, faith outworking from far names sublime,
 The brethren-band of every age and clime,
 To thy young heart's first creed of virtue cling,
 Nor stoop to think her an unreal thing ;
 Oh ! prize those dreams, oh ! guard that creed of thine ;
 But guard it hid within thy bosom's shrine ;
 To clasp, at silent eve, at unwatched morn,
 But let not garish day detect to scorn."

Pretension has been let off a little too easily ; but as she is a voluminous and fashionable writer of the present day, and meddles in all matters, and all subjects, the reader will not be sorry to see her a little smartly snubbed, and her pen split, so that hereafter, as somebody says, it may open its wide mouth and speak less.

" So fame is won. Nor only Poet's rhyme
 Must feed on flowers and flutter in sublime ;
 But, like false head that froths on sickly beer,
 When drugs belie sweet malt and hop austere,
 Church briefs themselves with tropes are mantling o'er,
 And humble prose is humble prose no more,
 Yet strip, more oft, from each its fine brocade,
 How mean the mould of thought beneath displayed !
 Thus, posset-stirred, old January pranks
 In youthful hose too wide for shrunken shanks ;
 Thus when, the booth without, some bumpkin's eye
 Hath fed on pictured monster, ten feet high,
 Giant or huge Bonassus, from his lair
 Hurling at once three hunters high in air,
 Let in, his visage takes most rueful touch
 To find that *In* and *Out* unlike so much."

Our author, in his rage at the perversion of the Muse's art, would gladly go back to the days, ere writing was known—ages well described. The allusion to Cadmus is classical and good.

" So sped th' unwriting age—Came Cadmus then,
 To leave in doubt if worse his lettered pen,
 Or serpents' teeth that grew to armed men."

He would not, however, be content to remain long in those unlettered ages ; for of the revival of literature he speaks with rapture.

" O matchless line of years, whose generous strife
 Reared man's reviving mind to perfect life.
 Then Petrarch's native lay refined on love ;
 Then Angelo th' impetuous chisel drove ;
 Then Oracles, that stirred young Raphael's breast,
 Spoke forth in colours, clear as words, exprest ;
 And Learning, made no coldly gainful art,
 Was Sacrifice, and offered from the heart."

The teeming Press—no longer to be called Minerva, for she was not prolific—and ours bears not the mark of coming from Jove's head !—who can possibly keep any pace with the literature of our age ? Prolific literature, the litter of the Press ! Monsters and prodigies of every shape and size—

from the big at their birth, to the blushing cherub with albums for wings. We wonder not at our author's praise of the Caliph Omar, with which he concludes his satire, and with which we close our quotations from it.

" Come back, long tolling Faust ! come back and see
 The produce of thy Good-and-Evil tree ;

Count o'er it's mingled fruits of joy and pain,
 Then say if thou wouldst plant it o'er again !
 Thou too, wise Caliph Omar ! who art said
 All Alexandria's ovens to have fed,
 Visit our shelves once more. Where'er we look,
 Pamphlet on pamphlet, book buds out on book ;
 Turn wheresoe'er we will, new volumes sprout ;
 Some of fair promise ; most lack clearing out,
 Come, then, thou Critic-Caliph—come again,
 Nor decimate ; but take the nine in ten !

B. The ground thus cleared, you plant your own instead,
 And shrewdly gain one chance of being read."

Those to whom the roughness of satire gives no relish, may walk forth with Mr Kenyon into the soft moonlight, and find a kindred spirit. But they must bargain for the scene, for in his moonlight excursions he is ubiquitous, and thinks little of a flight from the West Indies to Mola di Gaeta. The tenderness in the following lines is very exquisite, it is evidently engendered by love, and offered in a Poet's worship to the moon ; and the moon repays the gift with her lucid

quiet, and thrilling influence ; felt and acknowledged in

" The silent eye,

And silent pressure of each linked arm."

Even lovers are hard-hearted in the broad noon, and have their little differences of opinion. But the rising moon and the quiet night give more than reconciliation. But to those who have never differed, whose all is love, and they all loving, what is such a scene and time as this ?

" Such eve,

Such blessed eve was ours, when last we stood
 Beside the storied shore of Gaëta,
 Breathing its citroned air. Silence more strict
 Was never. The small wave, or ripple rather,
 Scarce lispings up the sand, crept to the ear,
 Sole sound ; nor did we break the calm with movement,
 Or sacrilege of word ; but stayed in peace,
 Of Thee expectant. And what need had been
 Of voicèd language, when the silent eye,
 And silent pressure of each linkèd arm,
 Spoke more than utterance ? Nay, whose tongue might tell
 What hues were garlanding the western sky
 To welcome thy approaching ! Purple hues
 With orange wove, and many a floating flake,
 Crimson or rose, with that last tender green
 Which best relieves thy beauty. Who may paint
 How glowed those hills, with depth of ruddy light
 Translucified, and half ethereal made
 For thy white feet to tread on : and, ere long—
 Ere yet those hues had left or sky or hill,
 One peak with pearly top confess'd thy coming.
 There didst thou pause awhile as inly musing
 O'er realm so fair ! And, first, thy rays fell partial
 On many a scattered object, here and there ;
 Edging or tipping, with fantastic gleam,
 The sword-like aloe, or the tent-roofed pine,
 Or adding a yet paler pensiveness
 To the pale olive-tree, or, yet, more near us,
 Were flickering back from wall reticulate
 Of ruin old. But when that orb of thine
 Had clomb to the mid-concave, then broad light
 Was flung around o'er all those girding cliffs,
 And groves, and villages, and fortress towers,
 And the far circle of that lake-like sea,
 Till the whole grew to one expanded sense
 Of peacefulness, one atmosphere of love,
 Where the Soul breathed as native, and mere Body
 Sublimed to Spirit.'

We should have preferred the termination at "native"—the Body being sublimed to Spirit, if it be not rather in the vein of nonsense, is superfluous; the soul, in its native atmosphere of love, expresses all that can reasonably be meant by the addition. A poet less observant of the scenery of nature,

and too many are, would have made up two magnificent descriptions of sunlight and moonlight, but would never have thought of letting them see each other's faces—and who ever paints this double aspect, which is yet so beautiful?

"We too behold thee,

With untired eye fixed upward; scarce regarding
(So deep the charm which thou hadst wrapped around us),
Where reddening lines along the eastward sea,
Spoke of the Sun's uprising. Up he rose,
From o'er the regions of the near Illyria,
Glorious, how glorious!—if less gladly bailed
As warning thy departure. Yet, some time,
Ye shone together; and we then might feel
How they, the ancient masters of that land,
The dwellers on the banks of Rubicon,
Who saw what we were seeing, uninstruct
Of wiser faith, had, in no feign'd devotion,
Bowed down to Thee, their Dian, and to Him,
Bright-haired Apollo! We too bowed our hearts,
But in a purer worship, to the One,
Who made, alone, the hills, and seas, and skies,
And thee, fair Moon, the Hallower of them all!"

We cannot forbear quoting the last lines of this piece, because they give an interest to the whole that could not be without them. They are as the pearl in Dian's crescent—

"Once more that tomb hath opened! and She, who,
Companion of my wanderings as my life,
Thus far had listen'd to th' unfinished strain,
Shedding fond tears to hear a sister's praise,
Now lies in death beside her. Fare thee well
Thou faithful Heart! and Thou, dejected Song!
For now thy spell is broken—Fare thee well!"

It is essential, or nearly so, to the poet to have a musical ear—many, who are not gifted with this *efflatu numinis*, still love to pour forth their meditations, and even their conversations in a certain rhythm. Mr Kenyon probably thinks in something very like blank verse; perhaps the structure comes ready to his utterance. The poet himself, so gifted, is too apt to think all his thoughts and reflections so uttered, poetry; when, without the dress which gave them the charm, they would be but passing and less observed notices. There are many pieces of moral meditation in the volume, which, though good as musical prose, and just in conception, yet lack the Muse's stamp. Sentimental writers are very apt to fall into this (we may call it) error, and mistake the *music* of their thoughts for the very pith and marrow of sense, and perhaps invention. In the full

feeling of his own heart the poet ascribes the tale and elegy of the nightingale's song to the unconscious bird; so does he often fancy that he has expressed all he feels and thinks when he has given but the pleasing air.

We venture to suggest this to the notice of Mr Kenyon, that, in any subsequent edition, he may revise some of these pieces, and more concentrate what is really poetical; they would tell more forcibly. The above remarks are, however, not applicable to the last piece in his volume, "the Streams," which is poetical in its first conception, and in the execution; it has something of the nature of narrative, current with the great moral—and the poetry is preserved. The two streams are The Heathen Mythology and Revelation, the course of both is diversely and appropriately marked, even from their fountains. "From Siloa this, and this from Hip-

pocrene." The beautiful fable, the lighter graces of the Mythology are set off with all their charms. The utter loss of "this from Hippocrene," that

"With sudden plunge flung itself under ground,"

"(Not by such fabled forms as Charon old,
But by Angelic Natures piloted),
Th' awaiting pilgrims o'er its rough or smooth
(For not to all the passage was the same)
Safely to waft; while from that very shore
All might behold what lovely regions rose
Beyond in the horizon; fair as clouds,
The fairest ever hung in western sky,
But not like them to fade; eternal dwellings
Of Spirits who had passed and landed there!"

Of the minor poems or pieces, as they are usually called in most poetical publications, it is perhaps scarcely fair to speak in censure; and how seldom can we bestow much praise! Many of them owe their charm, in the poet's own estimation, to associations which attach them to his heart, but, therefore, remove them from his judgment. We more particularly allude to all those which owe their perhaps too sudden birth to the early passion of love. We almost wish they were universally held sacred for the eyes of those for whom they were written; and as they are commonly written *upon* the eyes, or talk much about them, we see no reason why

and the despair of those who delighted in the joyous worship along its flowery banks, are very happy in conception, and finely contrasted with the steady and solemn lapse of that holy stream into its eternal sea, where "rode anchor'd barks."

they should be robbed of their perquisite. But if authors persist in sending them into the world, we do wish from our hearts that the more judicious publishers would impannel a jury of matrons to decide upon their propriety, who might take a retrospective view of all the exaggerations, oaths and promises, and test them, as they would other sweetmeats, by their keeping, with full powers to discard; provided that such jury were under strict oath to declare that none of them were written to themselves.

We should be happy to drink with Mr Kenyon a glass or two of his favourite—

CHAMPAGNE ROSE.

"Praise who will the duller liquor,
Juice of Portugal or Spain;
Fill for me with lighter—quicker—
Fill for me with Rose Champagne.
See the glass its foam upgiving,
Creaming—beading—round the brim,
Such, were old Anacreon living,
Such should be the wine for him!
Elixir blest! Bacchus and Flora,
'Twas He proposed—She smiled compli-
ance—
Thee—a spell for mortal sorrow,
Thee devised in gay alliance.
Full of the plan, they leapt delighted
From leafy couch, where each reposes,

And while they plied their task united
(One gave the grapes, and one the roses),
Young Love stood near, with curious eye,
And heedful watched the chemic union,
And smiled to think how, by and by,
The play of looks, the soul's communion,
And the tied tongue's first liberty,
Should thrive beneath that magic essence.
And what, thou glorious alchymy!
What though thy primal effervescence,
Like Love's, too bright—too dear to stay—
Like Love's—die almost in the tasting—
Yet each I snatch, as best I may;
Ah! why are both so little lasting."

TRANQUILLITY IN IRELAND.

IN the papers of a few days since, we have the report of a meeting of the magistrates of the county of Tipperary, which, as being one of the most Popish counties of Ireland, is, of course, the most lawless, furious, and bloody. The magistrates, consisting of all the principal men of the county, with Lord Donoughmore, the Lord-Lieutenant, at their head, addressed the Viceroy for protection, represented life and property as wholly at the mercy of the villains who have been let loose on them by the spirit of insurrection, and declared the county to be in a state verging on utter ruin. They came to this meeting generally armed, in some instances, with their arms visible. The Lord-Lieutenant closed the meeting as early as possible, observing that he did so, "that gentlemen might be able to reach their homes *before nightfall*." And this is the country for which Popery pledged its pacification. How can English commerce or English capital venture there? How far is such a state of society at this moment from open war? Even this formidable question is scarcely left dubious. The Dublin Evening Post, the Government organ in Ireland, pronounces that the crisis has come, and fiercely recommends "Agitation." We have in it, of late, long and laboured appeals on the theme — "We must agitate." "The nation must be agitated anew." "Agitation must go through the island."

May not we of *this* island, being plain men, venture to ask, what is the object of all this labour of agitation? There is no such want of either feelings or tongue in the Irish peasant, that, if he is aggrieved, he cannot comprehend his injury, and speak of it loudly. In England, if we find any thing to complain of, we complain; if nothing, we hold our peace. We ask, why the same process may not exist in Ireland? Why, if the peasantry are the most suffering, unhappy, broken, and so forth race on earth, as the orators inform us, do they require all this agitation to make them say so? Why, if their chains still clank on their legs; and why, if they feel themselves deprived of law, and bound hand in foot in the

links of British iniquity, &c. &c., cannot they be left to say something of this for themselves, without being assembled by placards and cows' horns, and gathered on commons, and marched by platoons into market towns, and listening to three hours' harangues, merely to know that they are desperately unhappy? We should think, that to make this discovery, they might be trusted to their own ideas of discomfort. And that where they did not complain until they were ordered to do so, the unhappiness was not of a very severe species. In short, that the man is not much hurt who does not feel it, and that there is a considerable probability of his not feeling much where he says nothing on the subject.

We admit that this silence would be by no means to the advantage of the O'Connell dynasty. If the populace do not riot, what becomes of the rent? If orators do not itinerate and madden the country day by day, what becomes of murder and robbery night by night? and, if robbery and murder are no more, who can doubt that the death-warrant of the party is signed? Therefore "agitate, agitate, agitate," is their policy and their proverb; hurry through the land, summoning the people from their work, and defrauding them of their wages, and swear to them by the Virgin, and all their other gods and goddesses of wood and stone, that they are the most wretched of human beings, however they may not have found it out for themselves; that the chief want of the Irish peasant is to be able to vote for a Popish member; or, in process of time, to be a member himself; and that, until Ballot, Triennial Parliaments, and Repeal are gained, he ought not to lay his head on his pillow, or the pike out of his hand. The haranguers, who vociferate all this sanguinary falsehood, know in their souls that the effect is, and will be, the infinite riot, mischief, and misery which overspread the Popish provinces of Ireland. But what is it all to them? The word still is "agitate, agitate, agitate." "This," said the Duke of Wellington, in his public rebuke to one of the silliest of peers, "means nothing in

the ears of the rabble but rebellion ;" and common sense will say the same, whatever noble Lords in their folly, or any other miserable hunters for popularity and contemptible echoes of Mr O'Connell may think it. Even allowing that such men can have no wish to see a rebellion, yet the mischief is the same ; the peasantry catch the word, it is first their rallying-point, then their war-whoop, and then come assassination, burning, and massacre.

We say solemnly, with full conviction, and not without the deepest regret, that it is most dangerous and most foolish to *believe any Papist*, let him pledge himself by any oath, however voluntary, formal, and distinct, upon any public subject which he may find it desirable to violate. On this we have the most fatal evidence. Of course the Papist, in the ordinary circumstances of life, may be trustworthy. Nor do we doubt, that even on public matters, there are many Popish individuals of honour and manliness who will preserve their honour ; but it is not with gentlemen that we shall always have to deal in these matters, it is not with gentlemen that we have to deal at this moment. We have hourly proof that they will fly out into the most open contempt of every obligation on the first opportunity. All may go on smoothly in smooth times ; but let the emergency come, let the struggle be imminent, let the rabble of Popery be called into the contest, and from that hour all obligations disappear like chaff before the wind. The most solemn oaths are laughed at, and we are laughed at too for the shallowness of being duped by such notorious, habitual, and disgusting perfidy. What must in fact be the utter scorn of the validity of an oath among a set of low adventurers like the Popish tail, headed by a low adventurer like their present leader, and with this rule of their Church held up before their eyes—" *No oath, contrary to ecclesiastical utility, is binding ?*"

In the original, *Juramentum contra utilitatem ecclesiasticum præstitum non tenet*. (Decretal. Lib. xi., tit. 24, cap. 27.) "Ecclesiastical utility" confessedly meaning the interests of the Church. Let, then, the Protestant see what a boundless latitude is here given for perjury of every shape and shade. The "interests of the Church" may extend to every thing belonging

to public and private life. The Popish labourer, who takes land on the condition of paying his rent and tithe, has only to find himself safe from the actual grasp of the law in refusing either, or both. The priest comes to him, when his rent and tithe are ready, and tells him that to pay the Protestant clergyman is against the good of his church. "But it is the condition of my lease," says the peasant, "I made the promise voluntarily, and I am bound by the condition." "Are you a true son of the Church," says the reverend father, "a worshipper of the Holy Virgin, and a worthy subject of his holiness the Pope? If you are, see this decree. No oath against the interests of the Church is binding. In the name then of the holy mother Church, I absolve you from any sin on the subject. Keep your money in your pocket." Requests of this order are too palatable not to be easily complied with. The peasant keeps the tithe ; he is summoned before the magistrate to pay ; he shoots the bailiff who summons him. A night or two after he burns the clergyman's house. He then becomes a member of those hordes of night-marauding villains, whom the Agitator calls "hereditary bondsmen," and who are ordered to recollect, that, "who would be free himself must strike the blow." The work of night soon puts an end to the labour of day. His farm goes to ruin. He is unable to pay his rent. The landlord, after many a day of sufferance, is forced to eject him, he serves a return to the writ, in the shape of a letter, "ordering the landlord to prepare his coffin." The letter is followed by shooting the landlord in the face of day, shooting the tenant who had been put into the farm, shooting the magistrate who had signed the writ, and shooting the witnesses who have seen him shoot the magistrate. This would seem monstrous in New South Wales, in Caffraria, in the American forests ; but it is the every day work of Ireland. It exhibits itself on the face of the Government Gazette week by week. The grave has scarcely closed on the mutilated remains of Mr Keefe, a highly respectable man, a land agent and maltster in Thurles, employing sixty men daily, who was thus murdered, and more than murdered, savagely mutilated, crushed,

battered and torn, as if by wild beasts, and not by men. It is but a short time since Mr Stony, a man of fortune and a magistrate, who gave much employment to the peasantry, and bore an estimable character, was coolly attacked, while going at six o'clock in the evening to dine with a neighbouring gentleman. A fellow walked up to him with a lantern, which he held to his face; in the instant after thus *making sure of their man*, another ruffian fired a carbine at him, which left him for dead, with *fifteen* slugs in his body. And for deeds like these the priests give absolution, even if the murderer should not seek it. Every peasant is *ordered* to attend confession once a quarter; and in what instance do we ever hear that absolution has been refused? No, the blackest villain is as sure of getting it, *on paying the proper fee*, as the purest girl of fifteen. And this is *Popery, practical, working, real Popery*; and this is the horrid superstition, which, with all its horrors, we see forcing itself into England, absolutely controlling the legislature, and leading the wretched Cabinet exactly wherever Mr O'Connell, in his insolence, commands.

It is now Radical and Revolutionist, and clamours as loudly as the loudest Republican in England, France, or America, for the Ballot, Universal Suffrage, Short Parliaments, and all the other notorious instruments of the fiercest and most latitudinarian democracy. Yet, what is this but a new perfidy, a more scandalous attempt to delude, a more wilful and sanguinary allegiance to the father of all falsehood. The nature of Popery is *tyranny*, it hates freedom in every form, it commands spiritual and bodily prostration before the most unreasoning and unmingled despotism that the world has ever seen; yet now it clamours for more than freedom, for the madness of freedom! In what other spirit does it stimulate the populace into this frenzy than to work the downfall of the Constitution by the populace, and then clasp the exhausted lunatic in its chain? In the name of our endangered religion, in the name of our scandalized liberty, in the name of our insulted God, we must resist this tyranny. Life would be but one long disgrace, one consummate misery, one hopeless

captivity, if we suffered Popery once to be the law of England. And why shall we say that it will not be thus law? Look to what it has done in Ireland already. By the supineness of the successive Cabinets of England since the middle of the last century; by the poverty to which they doomed the Irish Church, and which paralyzed all its efforts; by the egregious impolicy of relaxing the penal laws with one hand, while with the other they actually thwarted the means and desires of the clergy to spread Protestantism through the people, and thus render their new liberty safe;—The Papist thus obtained power without morals to use it; was released from the civil restraints, rendered of old essential by his spirit of rebellion, before any attempt was made to extinguish that spirit of all evil; and thus what was meant as liberality was turned into license; what was meant as reconciliation was turned into revenge; and what was boasted of as securing perpetual fidelity, has secured nothing but a sullen, venomous, and unappeasable thirst of rebellion.

Or, let us take the contrast between the Papist soliciting privileges and the Papist possessing them. Who ever heard before 1829 of a Popish demand for Ballot, Universal Suffrage, or the other mixtures of nonsense and atrocity which compound the Republican creed? No; all he asked was to have his humble share of the Constitution as it was. His plea was "faith long proved" to that Constitution; his pledge was "sincere, indisputable, and voluntary allegiance" to the existing order of the country; his oath was to the most solemn avoidance of all trespass on the rights, titles, and property of the Established Church! The Legislature was forewarned that this was all a desperate system of artifice; that the supplication was for a surrender; that the humility was hypocrisy; that the voice of the beggar outside the door would be turned into the roar of the robber within. The forewarning was supported by history, by reason, and by scripture. It was disregarded. And *now*; we are fighting in the last ditch of the Constitution!

The documents proving the pledges of the Papists are as numerous as their violations. Let us confine ourselves to one, the petition presented to both

Houses in 1805. We give a few abstracts of this long, laboured, and incontrovertible bond. It begins by a declaration of their perfect allegiance to the *Protestant* throne!

"That your petitioners are steadfastly attached to the *person, family, and government* of their most gracious Sovereign (George III.), and that they contemplate with rational and decided predilection the admirable principles of the *British Constitution*." So much for those who now cannot exist without Universal Suffrage, &c. They then state their reverence for an oath.

"Your petitioners most humbly state, that they have solemnly and publicly taken the oaths by law prescribed to his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, as tests of political and moral principles, and confidently appeal to the sufferings which they have so long endured, and the sacrifices which they still make, rather than violate their consciences by taking oaths of a *religious or spiritual* import contrary to their belief; as decisive proofs of their profound and scrupulous reverence for the *sacred obligation of an oath*."

Now, let us advert to the argument which, more than all the rest, imposed on the Legislature. The Papist continually appealed to his refusal of the oaths required by the Test and Corporation Acts, and from this argued his fidelity to oaths of all kinds. Now, the Test and Corporation Acts demanded not the Papist's oath that he would abstain from doing any injury to Protestantism, but that he abjured the fundamental doctrines of Popery; in other words, demanded that, before he could be admitted to public office, he should prove that he was *not a Papist*, and this was done by abjuring the Pope's supremacy and the doctrine of transubstantiation, and receiving the holy sacrament in the manner of the Protestant Church, to confirm the fact of his *being a Protestant*. This was notoriously an oath which would bring down the censures of the Romish Church on him, and which, therefore, no Roman Catholic, however careless of oaths to the safety of Protestantism, could dare to take. So that the Papist actually has the effrontery to expect that, on the mere strength of his oath to the Romish Church (which he dares not violate

without terror of her censure and eternal ruin), *we* are to rely on his oath to Protestantism, which he *must* violate, if he is true to his own Church, and which that Church fully allows him to violate. The rule being, that "no oath contrary to the interests of the Church of Rome is binding."

To proceed. The petitioners declare, that they pledge themselves to disclose, denounce, and put down all *conspiracies and treasons*, which may be found against the king and his successors, and further remind the Legislature, "that they have solemnly sworn that they will not exercise any privilege to which they are or may become entitled, to *disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant Government* in Ireland." And this part of their bond they keep, as we see, in the daily record of murderings and burnings, and the utter refusal, by the open authority of their bishops and leaders, of paying any part of the revenue due to the Clergy; the outcry for the total extinction of the Church property! And this is the way in which Papists boast of keeping oaths! The petitioners, "to make assurance double sure," in fact, to dupe the Legislature still more thoroughly, added this declaration:—

"Your petitioners most explicitly declare that they do not *seek or wish, in the remotest degree*, to injure or encroach upon the rights, privileges, immunities, possessions, or revenues appertaining to the bishops and clergy of the *Protestant religion as by law established*, or to the churches committed to their charge, or to any of them, the *sole object* of your petitioners being an *equal* participation, upon equal terms with their fellow-subjects, of the full benefits of the British constitution." Need we go further than this, or ask a deeper and more contemptuous condemnation of this atrocious system of falsehood, than to compare what the Papists are every where doing at this moment in the British empire, with what they have been swearing these fifty years?

But they never want a subterfuge. They tell us that their foreign universities have abjured the doctrines of murdering kings whom the Pope has excommunicated, and of *not* keeping faith with any whom they call heretics. But what are the declarations of their universities worth? Not the

weight of a feather. Have the true authorities, the Pope, or the Pope and a council, abrogated those horrid laws? Not a syllable. They boast that the laws of Rome are immutable—and such they must be, so long as Rome pretends to be infallible. But what says the historian? We quote Hallam, (*History of the Middle Ages*):—"Two principles are laid down in the Decretals—that an oath disadvantageous to the church is not binding, and that one extorted by force is of slight obligation, and may be annulled by ecclesiastical authority."—"As the first," says Hallam, "of those maxims gave the most unlimited privilege to the Popes of breaking all faith of treaties which thwarted their interest or passion, a *privilege which they continually exercised*, so the second was equally convenient to princes weary of observing engagements towards their subjects or neighbours. Thus Edward the First sought at the hands of Clement the Fifth a *dispensation from his oath* to observe the great statute against arbitrary taxation." He adds, as to the deposition of kings who might happen to have provoked the wrath of Rome—"In the Canon Law it is expressly declared that subjects *owe no allegiance* to an excommunicated monarch." Of course, if it should please the Pope to be bribed by Russia or France to excommunicate the British Sovereign to-morrow, from that moment no Papist would be bound to pay him any allegiance whatever. The Popish law, always superior to the law of the land, would bind him to revolt; and it would wholly depend upon his mere sense of convenience or personal safety whether he should or should not be a rebel.

It is to be remarked that to this petition are appended the names of all the more stirring Roman Catholics of the time—Lords Sirewsbury, Fingal, Kenmore, &c., with Daniel O'Connell, Maurice O'Connell, Elias Corbally, and many others.

In the very teeth of all these declarations we find the whole Papist body, now that they have gained all that they could gain by falsehood, trying what they can gain by force; and we find them enlisting degenerate Protestant officials in their cause. It was only in the last month that we find an individual, combining in his person an Irish Marquisate, an English Peerage,

the Lord-Lieutenancy of an Irish Protestant county, and the office of a Lord of the Bedchamber to her Majesty, adding his name to a Papist requisition to Mr Elias Corbally (a Papist, and, we presume, the signer of the petition just quoted), as High Sheriff of the county of Meath, to convene a meeting for the "total abolition of tithes in Ireland!"

In the *personal* instance of this very trifling Marquis we should not take the trouble of adverting to any opinion. The Marquis of Headfort's opinion upon any conceivable topic beyond his own ringlets or the polish of his boots, must be utterly unimportant, and perfectly worthy of his attainments. But the Marquis of Headfort, as a Privy-Councillor, a Lord-Lieutenant of a county, and one of the Household, does, by virtue of his offices, though by them alone, exercise an influence which renders him accountable to his sovereign and his country. But if we are to be told, "he has only signed a petition and exercised a judgment, and what man has not a right to sign a petition and exercise a judgment?" What nonsense is all this! If any man signs a petition, for instance, in favour of any act of immorality, who can doubt the immorality of the petitioner's mind, or doubt that, with all his right to petition, he stamps himself as an offender? Suppose a prelate of the Establishment signing his name to a petition for the acknowledgment of Socinianism (and we may see that, too, before we are much older), who can doubt whether the petitioner, with all his right to petition, ought not to be divested of his mitre? Or, if we find that a man loaded with high responsibilities to the constitution, responsibilities which we may well wonder to have found settling on so weak a head, should put his name to a petition demanding the overthrow of a chief organ of the Constitution, what are we to say? Is the cloak of petition to cover the instrument of offence? Is the petitioner to be declared a true and loyal subject, because he perverts a great right into a great wrong?

But we shall volunteer for him the only apology that can be made—he perhaps knew nothing of what he was doing. He perhaps looked upon his duty as Privy-Councillor, Lord-Lieu-

tenant, and Lord of the Bedchamber, as simply comprehended in employing the best *friseur*, and exhibiting the most permanent smile in the neighbourhood of St James's; in cultivating potatoes and rabble popularity on his Irish estates during the recess, and in keeping his places by hanging on at Mr O'Connell's skirts at all seasons, and being dragged through the mire by that master of marquises, petition in hand.

All this may be the fact, and in that case we shall do the Marquis a favour, by enlightening him as to other facts.

The Queen of England holds her throne on the simple tenure of that principle which the plunder of the Church in either Ireland or England would inevitably abolish. The sovereign of England *must be a Protestant*. The sovereign's even marrying a Roman Catholic would be fatal to the diadem. This is the language of the Constitution, of the laws, and of the express oath taken by the sovereign at the coronation. By the Church that Constitution was made in 1688; by the Church it has been sustained, and with that Church it will fall. The sovereign is personally, as well as politically, sworn to uphold in all its rights, properties, and privileges the Established Church of the United Kingdom. We have no fears that the present sovereign will forget the principle, or forfeit the pledge. And we must believe that such uninformed Lords as have still to learn this will thank us for communicating the knowledge, for apologizing for their absurdity, and for awaking them to the discovery, that to sign petitions for the extinction of the only property of the Church is to sign petitions for its ruin, and that the ruin of the Church would, by law, reason, and necessity, be the ruin of the Constitution. We recommend the Act of Settlement, and the Coronation Oath, its immediate offspring, to the perusal of this noble lord and his coadjutors equally in need of the lesson.

The meeting, which the requisition called, took place on the 24th of October, Mr Elias Corbally, the Papist High Sheriff, in the chair. This peace-maker, depository of public authority, and loyal subject of a Protestant Queen, whose oath binds her strictly to preserve the Established Church, began by these perfectly plain-spoken

words—"I am glad that the county Meath has thus come forward to express its sentiments manfully on the subject, and to show the world that the people of Ireland *will never be content until that hitherto bloody and detested impost* (Tithes) be extinguished both in name and nature. . . . I wish to try the *Voluntary system* for the support of the clergy, and I wish to *exclude the Bishops from the House of Lords*. It is then, and then only, that we can expect to enjoy peace. Until the Bishops are put out, we cannot expect to have any question useful to this country carried through the House of Lords."

So much for the benefit of making Papists High Sheriffs, or any thing which can give them the official power of doing mischief. This is one of Lord Mulgrave's men, and one of Lord Plunkett's manufacture. He is evidently entitled to the highest favours of both those distinguished peace-makers. He was succeeded by a Dr Mullen who, in the discharge of his double functions as patriot and Papist, recommended that ministers should be impeached for not having carried the "Appropriation (or Church robbery) Act long ago."

The Lord of her Majesty's Bedchamber, sworn to the maintenance of the Church as much as of the State, then spoke, among other desultory matter, as follows. After acquainting the meeting that "his principles in his boyhood were just the same as they are at this moment," which we fully believe, his principles being exactly those which we might expect from the nursery, the natural products of brains which neither time nor experience could ever mature, he proceeds with his rambling and rapid harangue.

"I have always considered the Tithe question as intimately connected with the civil and religious liberties of this country. And the settlement of it should have been made a portion of the Catholic Relief Bill in 1829."

This trifling lord, of course, does not know, or is not capable of comprehending, that the positive declaration of the whole Popish body was not merely that they never would, on any possible occasion, resist the payment of Tithes, but that, moreover, they fully acknowledged the right of the Church to their Tithes; and, above

all, they argued, that emancipation would act as a direct security to the Church in the possession of those tithes; that the act of 1829 would instantly extinguish all the jealousy which existed against their collection, that "jealousy having arisen wholly in consequence of the denial of emancipation." And the Government at the time, accepting this declaration as the great and indeed the only security—the purchase money of emancipation the Papists now in a body refuse to pay; just as any single villain may refuse to pay the price which he had himself set upon a commodity, and finish the argument by putting the money back again into his pocket. The Marquis talks of himself as still a Protestant, and therefore he has not, yet at least, any of those happy privileges which give such ease of heart to the O'Connell generation. After having thus, with a ridiculous simplicity worthy of no one on earth but himself, lamented that the Bill of 1829 did not extinguish tithes; in other words, that the very and only consideration on which the Bill was built was not abolished by the *Bill itself*—so much for the commonsense of this Lord of the Bedchamber—his Lordship proceeds, with consistent absurdity—"This was *always* my feeling, and indeed, I think, the earnest desire of the Roman Catholic portion of the community, as well as of the liberal Protestants and Dissenters." The Lord of the Bedchamber evidently does not regard the Dissenters as Protestants; probably with him they are Pagans or Mahometans; but such difficult questions are not to be allowed to ruffle the smooth front of a courtier. He totters on—"I think it monstrously absurd, as well as being penal in the extreme, that Catholics should be forced to pay for the religious support of Protestants." We have already given this very childish personage credit for blundering by the necessity of his nature; but we cannot go to the extravagant length of supposing him ignorant that the Papist does *not* pay for the Protestant clergy; that the fiftieth part of a farthing in the pound would be fifty times more than the Papist has ever paid to the Established Church; that the land is Protestant; that every Papist, like every other man, has a deduction allowed in his rent, equivalent to the

tithe which remains payable on the land; and that the Papist, with all his clamour, would look upon it as the worst day he ever saw, when, instead of paying that tithe direct to the clergyman, whom he cheats in every possible way, and whom he calculates on cheating, he were to pay its equivalent to the landlord, whom he cannot cheat at all. The Lord of the Bedchamber knows this, for it is impossible that he should not. We advise him, for the comfort of his conscience, to turn Papist wholly, and without loss of time.

One sentence more. He proceeds—"It cannot be, *that civil or religious liberty exists in a country where a system of tithes exists, be they modified or constructed as they may.*" Of course he has never heard of a country called England, or has never discovered that "a system of tithes exists there;" or that it is not altogether a country of drains and bas-tiles. For, in the opinion of this Bedchamber Marquis, "neither civil nor religious liberty can possibly exist where tithes exist." This is the man for Mr O'Connell; a shepherd silly as his sheep; a babe still redolent of the cradle; a helpless maid of all work; a ribband-valet ready to walk up to his chin in mire in the track of his master. The Arabs have, in the procession of the caravan to Mecca, a camel which carries the Koran, which camel is constantly followed by a slave with a brush, and a pitcher, whose business is solely to attend on the rear of the holy brute. We recommend Lord Headfort to Mr O'Connell as his attendant for similar purposes, on his next sacred itinerancy through Ireland. He has shown exactly the range of qualities suitable to the employment; and as he is evidently a volunteer in the Papist interest, the Agitator may rely for once on his fidelity. But there is one *hit*, for which we must do him justice. The Irish are a people of jest; they burn and assassinate a good deal, but, as Hamlet says, "It is all in jest"—and the notorious way to their brains or bosoms is by making them laugh. This propensity is so prominent, that not even his Lordship's faculties have been simple enough to overlook it. So he concludes—"I moreover assert that, if some measure more congenial to the feelings of the majority be not de-

vised, it will prejudice the interests of the Establishment to a degree which many who are adverse to it are not aware of." We believe not; indeed it would be remarkably difficult for any body to find out what greater prejudice could be done to the Establishment than knocking it to pieces.

What is the very meaning of Establishment? It is not a religion, it is not even a creed; it is a fixed system for religious purposes in a state, supported by a definite and publicly acknowledged and secured property. This innocent personage probably thinks also that the Establishment of England is the only Establishment on earth; has he ever heard of the Scottish Church, which is, with scarcely any difference of principle, an Establishment, a system with a fixed and publicly secured income? But this would argue an ignorance too profound even for the Marquis. The whole must have been evident as a burlesque, and we allow it to have been a better one than we could have expected from the performer. We can conceive with what a roar of jollity it must have been received by the laughter-loving, though rather cut-throat rabble, who came together to settle the state, in front of the Meath jail; that ominous place where patriotism has so often figured before! With what a sardonic smile old Lord Plunket must have heard it on his Chancery Bench? With what additional and undisguised contempt Mr O'Connell must have meditated on the material which sometimes acts as the substitute for brains in the crania of popularity-hunting peers? The Lord of the Bedchamber's argument, if it be taken with any degree of gravity, is this—to the sailor it says scuttle the ship, to prevent her going down—to the soldier, blow up your ammunition, to prevent your arms from being useless—to the trader, burn your stock, to prevent your being bankrupt. But whether grave or jesting, the matter does not and must not rest here. We must ask Lord Melbourne, did he know what he was doing when he recommended this Marquis as a fit and proper person to stand in the presence of the Queen, to have a right to any kind of influence in the Court, and to receive the salary paid by a Protestant people? Did he, or did he not know what his principles were? (!) If he

did not, what culpability in his negligence? If he did, what more than culpability in his appointing men with such opinions? Are we not then entitled to ask whether such opinions are those of the Minister himself? This he must answer and soon, and perhaps heavily, to the empire. But the evil does not end with the follies of a coronetted simpleton, whose whole soul is in a song-book. Lord Howick has already declared that the Church in Ireland is a nuisance. How many others are at this moment ready to play the same game, and asking nothing but an assurance of the same impunity! miserable creatures, to whom place is principle, and salary soul. How many are looking up to the Downing-Street weathercock, and trimming their ragged sails to the next turn of the wind! How many are as ready as the strollers of a country barn to beg, under pretence of bearing a "character," and to plunder in the name of "Her Majesty's Servants;" to make themselves a laughing-stock for the sake of the shillings at the door, and to think that when they have caricatured greatness before the curtain, they are entitled to burlesque common honesty behind it?

In the mean-time, in the interval of the session, Mr O'Connell is, we may be assured, busy and insolent as ever. He publishes, from time to time, his proclamations, and in them he tells the rabble that they are to rely on nothing but "physical force." At the same time, in his old villanous strain, he recommends that all be done with the utmost *meekness*! He asks but two millions of recruits, who are all to be saints and Quakers, raised out of the pacific peasantry of Ireland, and who are to carry every thing by supplication, on their bended knees we presume, and this, too, to a people and Legislature whom he describes as bitterly hostile, and to be moved by nothing in the shape of reason.

And these are his propositions in his manifesto to the assembled patriots of Kanturk—the manifesto being appropriately addressed to the priest, or, as the letter formally designates him, the Catholic Rector of Kanturk:—

"We *must* have corporate reform. We *must* have the right of voting as extensive in Ireland as in England. We *must* have the *tithes*, whether call-

ed rent-charge or composition, or by whatever name they may be called, *extinguished*. We must have our just share of members in the House of Commons. If I can get two millions of precursors, I will carry all those measures; and thus, *above all things*, will the Irish people be relieved from the compulsory payment to a *Church* to which they do not belong."

So the grand object is again avowed to be the destruction of that Establishment which Mr O'Connell, and the class of hypocrites who act with him, swore *not* to molest or weaken in any way whatever; for let the Protestant observe that the Papist oath of 1829 is not only to refrain from injuring the Protestant religion, a matter in which their efforts never have succeeded, and never can succeed, until they have the power to extinguish reason and the Bible in this country, but to refrain from injuring the *Protestant Established Church*, which the extinction of tithes, almost its only revenue, would obviously and inevitably destroy. So much for the faith of Rome, and the Popish respect for an oath.

But then comes the true O'Connell touch, the stamp by which we could recognise him in the most secret piece of knavery that he ever fabricated for his fellow-pikemen. Mammon is at the bottom of all. The "rint" is the true meaning of the manifesto. "So soon," saith this most prodigious of beggarmen, "as twenty persons enrol themselves as precursors, let one of them take the shillings of the other twenty, and a pound-note to Mr T. M. Ray, Corn-Exchange, Dublin. *The sooner this is done the better*. The true patriotism consists in zealous," &c. &c.—meaning thereby the active contributions of the shillings of a people complaining perpetually of pauperism, to a patriot boasting perpetually of disinterestedness, and making a vast revenue out of their rags, for purposes which have never been disclosed, but which every man of sense sees as clear as the sun at noon-day. We presume, too, that the notes

would not be the more unacceptable if they were from the bank of O'Connell and Company. In the meantime, be it remembered that the great Agitator and great Everything has no less than *five* machines, of exactly the same order, at work at this moment, screwing money out of the beggary of the people. With what jealousy must not Spring Rice look upon such achievements, and how many times in the day must he not thank his stars that it has not occurred to the great Irish financier to cast his eye upon the English Chancellorship of the Exchequer!

Can any man believe that foreigners would have dared to insult this great country as they have lately done if we had a manly Ministry? But when they see a Ministry the very emblem of every weakness, living on chance—to-day truckling to this party, to-morrow licking the dust off the feet of another—to-day told by O'Connell that he keeps them in, and told truly; and to-morrow by Sir Robert Peel, that he suffers their existence, and this truly too; and the day after shown clinging to the knees of Wellington—all their measures merely struggles to keep place; pegs to hang on; apologies for doing nothing—what haughty foreigner but thinks that now is his time, and relieves himself of his old sense of inferiority by immediate insult. Thus we have France keeping Africa, in spite of us and honesty; Russia building ships by the score; and every other power of Europe joining in jealous restrictions on our commercial rights. Even Spain and Portugal joining to realize the fable of the sick lion, and lifting up their ass's hoof against us. What a contrast in the dull indolence and low pursuits of those feeders on royalty is presented by the Russian Emperor, rushing from corner to corner of his immense territory, inspecting every thing, and stimulating every thing. Who can be surprised at his baffling those ninecompoops, and holding in contempt the country that endures them?

EXTRACTS, WITHOUT COMMENT, FROM OUR TWO VASES.

SONNETS.

BY THE REV. FREDERIC W. FABER.

COLLEGE CHAPEL.

A SHADY seat by some cool mossy spring,
 Where solemn trees close round, and make a gloom,
 And faint and earthy smells, as from a tomb,
 Unworldly thoughts and quiet wishes bring :—
 Such hast thou been to me each morn and eve ;
 Best loved when most thy call did interfere
 With schemes of toil or pleasure, that deceive
 And cheat young hearts ; for then thou mad'st me feel
 The holy Church more nigh, a thing to fear.
 Sometimes all day with books, thoughts proud and wild
 Have risen, till I saw the sunbeams steal
 Through painted glass at even-song, and weave
 Their threefold tints upon the marble near,
 Faith, prayer, and love, the spirit of a child !

COLLEGE HALL.

Still may the spirit of the ancient days
 Rest on our feasts, nor self-indulgence strive,
 Nor languid softness to invade the rule
 Manly, severe and chaste—the hardy school
 Wherein our mighty fathers learnt to raise
 Their souls to Heaven, and virtue best could thrive
 They, who have felt how oft the hour is pass'd
 In idle, worldly talk, would fain recall
 The brazen eagle that in times of yore
 Was wont to stand in each monastic hall,
 From whence the Word, or some old father's lore,
 Or Latin hymns that spoke of sin and death,
 Were gravely read ; and lowly-listening faith
 In silence grew, at feast as well as fast.

COLLEGE GARDEN.

Sacred to early morn and evening hours,
 Another Chapel reared for other prayers,
 And full of gifts,—smells after noon-day showers,
 When bright-eyed birds look out from leafy bowers,
 And natural perfumes shed on midnight airs,
 And bells and old Church clocks and holy towers,
 All heavenly images, that cluster round.
 The rose and pink acacia and green vine,
 Over the fretted wall together twine
 With creepers fair and many, woven up
 Into religious allegories, made
 All out of strange Church meanings, and inlaid
 With golden thoughts drunk from the dewy cup
 Of morns and evenings spent in that dear ground !

COLLEGE LIBRARY.

A churchyard, with a cloister running round,
 And quaint old effigies in act of prayer,
 And painted banners mouldering strangely there,
 Where mitred prelates and grave doctors sleep,—

Memorials of a consecrated ground !
 Such is this antique room, a haunted place
 Where dead men's spirits come, and angels keep
 Long hours of watch with wings in silence furled.
 Early and late have I kept vigil here :
 And I have seen the moonlight shadows trace
 Dim glories on the missals blue and gold,
 The work of my monastic sires, that told
 Of quiet ages men call dark and drear,
 For faith's soft light is darkness to the world.

THE WHILLS.

There are strange, solemn times, when serious men
 Sink out of depth in their own spirit,—caught
 All unawares, and held by some strong thought
 That comes to them they know not how or when,
 And bears them down through many a winding cell,
 Where the soul's busy agents darkly dwell—
 Each watching by his wheel that, bright and bare,
 Revolveth day and night to do its part
 In building up for Heaven one single heart.
 And moulds of curious form are scattered there,
 As yet unused, the shapes of after-deeds ;
 And veiled growths, and thickly-sprouting seeds
 Are strewn, in which our future life doth lie
 Sketched out in dim and wondrous prophecy !

THE COMPLAINT.

I heard thee say that thou wert slow of speech ;
 Thou didst complain thy words could never reach
 The height of thy conceptions. Ah ! dear friend,
 Envy me not, if thou art wise, this gift.
 Fierce reckless acts and thoughts unbridled range,
 And cherished passion, that at times hath rocked
 My soul to its foundations,—these did lift
 Me into eloquence : 'twas sad to spend
 So great a price to win so poor a dower.
 Thine is a deep clear mind : nor inward change,
 Nor outward visitation yet hath shocked
 Thy heart into a consciousness of power.
 So calm and beautiful thou art within,
 That thou wilt scarce believe that power is sin.

ON THE HEIGHTS NEAR DUVOKÉ WATER.—AUGUST 7, 1888.

Dreary and gray the twilight hour came on,
 Duddon was sounding in his wooded vale ;
 And through the ferns, and round each hollow stone,
 The spirit of the chill night-breeze did wail.
 With low and piteous moaning did it swell,
 Like a poor ghost, upon the shaggy fell.
 When, as we rode, the sun came round and stood
 On the hill top,—an altar all of gold :
 Twisting in gorgeous coils, like a huge flood,
 The crimson stream along the valleys rolled.
 Rain-drops, like gems, upon the heath were seen,
 And the whole earth was hid in golden green.
 O, it was well our hearts within us quailed,—
 The throne of the Eternal was unveiled !

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

There are no Shadows where there is no Sun ;
 There is no Beauty where there is no Shade :
 And all things in two lines of glory run,
 Darkness and light, ebon and gold, inlaid.
 God comes among us through the shrouds of air ;
 And His dim track is like the silvery wake
 Left by yon pinnacle on the mountain lake,
 Fading and re-appearing here and there.
 The lamps and veils through heaven and earth that move
 Go in and out, as jealous of their light,
 Like sailing stars upon a misty night.
 Death is the shade of coming life ; and love
 Yearns for her dear ones in the holy tomb,
 Because bright things are better seen in gloom !

Univ. Coll. Oxford.

TWO SONNETS BY MR CHAPMAN.

I.

A LITTLE heap of dust ! yet might that clay
 Have been informed with a glorious mind,
 Like Galileo's, quick to leave behind
 The grosser world, and pierce the starry way ;
 Or else like Milton's, with divinest ray
 Instructed, to soar upward, and unbind
 The mystic roll, and give unto his kind
 The Delphic lines of some immortal lay.
 Ah, for one seed that takes root in our earth
 How many perish ! under the broad sun
 Abounding life yet flows—nor is there dearth
 Of what maintains it ; all is wisely done,
 Bud, blossom, fruit—blight and untimely birth :
 Nature's fresh urns with new life ever run.

II.

Alas ! to think that well-shaped piece of clay
 No Christian baptism had, nor sepulture !
 No after life—a death without a cure !
 That unborn hope was the Destroyer's prey,
 Before its eyes were opened on the day ;
 No living soul informed it, to endure
 For ever ; no immortal spirit pure
 Did from that fleshly mansion pass away.
 'Twas an unfurnished house where none had dwelt—
 A stringless lyre—a soulless skeleton—
 A shape for being that no being felt—
 A thing built up with care and then undone—
 Hush ! hush ! for with you Wisdom thus has dealt
 To prove you ; bow unto the Wisest One.

SONNETS BY THE SKETCHER.

THE MYSTERY OF NIGHT.

ALAS ! the weakness of our human praise,
 Disparaging the Power that we adore !
 We fondly dream *He* walks the silent shore,
 Th' illimitable Godhead—feign he strays
 The Genius of deep woods, and solemn ways—

And think, when darkness clouds the mountain hoar,
 The shadow of his hand is passing o'er—
 And hide our faces from his dreaded gaze.
 Last night—as centinelling stars 'gan shed
 Dim light o'er coming gloom, that did enclose
 And curtain in and pillow as a bed
 The Earth with clouds, awe-struck, I straight arose—
 "Sure, here," thought I, "some God would lay his head,
 And lie unseen in this prepared repose."

TEARS OF JOY.

From the dark chamber where the sick one lay,
 The Sister came—I ask'd—"Is she no more?"
 No words she spake—but a sweet sunshine o'er
 Her parted lips in thankfulness did play,—
 And tears that chased the darkness all away
 Pour'd from their lucid founts, so dim before—
 That blessed rain did all our hearts restore—
 And, oh! the brightness of that healing day!
 So, one from prison escaped, hath stayed his flight
 'Neath the green tree, and dreams of unjust power,
 Awakes to the green earth, and morning light,
 And deems whereon he rests some heavenly bower—
 The ground where Spirits had walked the live-long night—
 And left sweet pearls on blade, and leaf, and flower.

A PICTURE.

And there a rolling Ocean did abound,
 Deep scoop'd in many a black and watery vale,
 And there his nightly pastime a huge whale
 Took, like the Lord Leviathan—the sound
 Of distant roar spread Solitude around,—
 And bade the monster in his empire hail—
 He roll'd along, and swung his surging tail—
 Then rose the Moon over the dim profound.
 It was no time brute Nature now to deem
 Predominant. For Heaven's large Eye, awake,
 Shone in the Majesty of Night supreme
 O'er the proud Sea, that underneath did shake.
 The monster rose, as he were ta'en aback,
 And felt the mighty rein that kept him in his track.

PROTECTION.

Dreary the moor, low blasts set up their dirge,
 And moaned, to stay my steps: still on I sped—
 Th' uprisen winds swept by me—then o'erhead,
 Like Spirits of Good that Evil ones did urge,
 Rushed in wild conflict and repelling surge.
 On still I fared: "Your warfare, winds," I said,
 "Is God's protection to my humble shed,
 That lights with gleam of love yon mountain verge."
 As the stern Angel of Death passed Egypt o'er
 And smote not, where God's token did appear;
 So, Spirits of Ill unseen bow down before
 The lowly light of home, that shineth clear
 Through blackest night—and Angels at the door
 Stand guard, and say—"Pass on, nor enter here."

DIRECTION.

As by an ancient ruin long I lay,
 Contemplating the end of human pride,
 Night came with curtain'd blackness far and wide ;
 Then, peradventure, ill had been my way,
 But that a humble casement shot a ray,
 That did my steps to a lone cottage guide ;
 There, with his book, an old man I espied,
 That reverently, by turns, did read and pray.
 O happy guidance, did we understand
 The love that leadeth oft to walk aright,
 'Mid dark and thorny ways—whose unseen hand
 Holds the pure lamp. When darkness more than Night,
 E'en to be felt, o'erspread th' Egyptian land,
 In Israel's homes there beamed a Heavenly Light.

THE SQUIRREL.

BY THE SKETCHER.

'Twas not a bright and sunny day,
 Laura and I were walking—
 Or if there was a single ray,
 'Twas only in our talking.

But, ah ! imprudent was the flight,
 Too late experience taught him—
 For soon as we were out of sight,
 Two boys surprised, and caught him.

We cross'd the park, in mirthful mood,
 By mirth I mean not laughter,
 But gentle joy—we reach'd the door—
 Pass'd through—and slamm'd it after.

We saw him in an apron tied—
 (If *how* we saw, you wonder,
 At least we saw his tail outside,
 That show'd his head was under.)

A Squirrel, on the leafy ground
 Hard by, his nuts was munching—
 He thought a gun went off—a
 sound
 That spoils a Squirrel's luncheon.

Poor beast, thou'rt caged—art prisoner
 now,
 Must quit thy former habits,
 Thy slack-rope feats from bough to
 bough,
 Th' applause of hares and rabbits.

Down dropt his nuts—and off he set—
 Across the road he ventured—
 There found a wall—but not the hole,
 Alas ! where he had enter'd.

Thy wife must take another mate,
 Or linger broken-hearted ;
 For sure the " District Registrar"
 Has booked thee down " Departed."

Across the road again he flew,
 — And maz'd, like most encroachers—
 At seeing us, poor beast, in view—
 No doubt he thought us Poachers.

Dear Laura ! scrutinize my rhymes,
 For the poor brains that spin them
 Mark things that pass a thousand times
 That bear a moral in them.

I'm sure my face look'd very bland,
 And Laura's every feature
 Told, that a babe might understand,
 She could not hurt a creature.

The Squirrel, captived in his flight,
 This lesson seems to carry,
 That very often when we fly,
 'Twere better far to tarry.

But Squirrels trust not human looks,
 To me they're paradoxes,
 Perhaps they've read in Fable books
 What things we do to Foxes.

It bids the timid maid look twice,
 When Lovers first approach her ;
 Nor trust first looks, that rarely show
 The true one from the Poacher ;

Th' affrighted thing an instant stood,
 And paus'd—then off he started,
 And straight before us in the road
 Precipitately darted.

And flying oft a gentle heart,
 Lest gentle arms should catch her,
 That "*farther on she may fare worse,*"
 And ruder hands may snatch her.

SONNETS WRITTEN IN THE VICINITY OF FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

By R. W. H.

I.

WHATEVER man images of profound and great!
 Eternal might! with energy unbound
 In tide, and sea, and ocean, Thou roll'st round!
 Eternal motion! Thou dost undulate
 In gentlest ripple—heave by cape, through strait!
 Eternal freshness! Breathed in every morn,
 Wafting each gale which health and life hath borne!
 Eternal music! How thy notes dilate
 Like lute Æolian, or in trumpet peals!
 Eternal grand and fair! Thy power can strew
 As spray, and break as foam, the proudest keels!
 Beneath the Orient, or at eve, what hue
 Thy crisped surface, like a prism, reveals,—
 Earth's fairest green, and Heaven's deepest blue!

II.

What is this field so smooth? No furrow,—trace?
 What mirror without waving line or flaw?
 What desert sand-plain, where no lizard-claw
 Hath left its print near the tent's dwelling-place?
 Sylph has not touched it, nor the Horal race!
 Ne'er saw I type like thee of perfect calm,—
 Not such as poets feign in bower of balm,—
 Emotion! deep in awe and sweet in grace;
 As mother's ecstasy, clasping her babe!
 Beauty's repose is here,—gentle, benign,—
 Still, dread as is the sphere of Astrolabe,
 Where undistracted stellar concaves shine,
 When sages lift and spell the Heavenly web!
 Zephyr's soft fanning! Day's devout decline!

III.

The storm-clouds burst along as Demon-vans,
 Whirling the abysses from their lake-like sleep,—
 Forms monstrous, as themselves, start from the deep,—
 And yestreen swells, that glided fair as swans,
 Now writhe in wrath like gored leviathans!
 How yonder headlands those rude billows lash!
 Yet on its crest there stands a friendly mark,
 A sign that is a hope to many a bark
 Which midst this yeast and yawn of surges dash!
 Its shoot of light, like lightning's arrow, flies
 Thro' haze, or as the sunset's crimson glance
 On all the multitudinous vapour lies!
 The sea-boy wakes from panic's freezing trance,—
 The grey-haired mariner far higher lifts his eyes!

IV.

Thou rayest out a Star! Solemn Watch-Fire?
 Then burnest thou the beacon of each night,
 Quenchless in thy recess as Delphic pyre,
 As Parsee's Naptha altar ever bright!
 Calmly thou see'st the elemental fight!
 Revolving,—many-hued,—thou dost remind
 Us of experience gleaming on our track
 With Pleiad beam oft broke by wave and wind,
 Refracted on the tempest scathe and rack!
 Still fitter emblem! Faint this ocean-strife
 Depicts the troubled sea of human breast,
 Where raves a vortex gulping treasures rife,
 Far, far, from reach of help, and port of rest,—
 Lights of the World,—Hold forth the Word of Life!

THE CATHEDRAL.

'Twas a glorious sight,
On a beautiful night,
With a large yellow moon sailing up
in the sky,
And a glimmer of day
In the west far away,
Just burning, and glowing, and flash-
ing to die,

That old Gothic Pile,
With its nave and its aisle,
Its transepts, its chapels, and many-
niched choir—
Its traceried lights,
Its pinnacled heights,
Its huge western towers, and its tall
central spire,

The Porches, the doors,
The buttresses, scores—
The chapter-house, cloisters, and Lady
Chapelle ;
The canopies rich,
The finely groined niche,
And octagon turret that holds the
great bell.

In that wall on the west,
Scarce the sight dares to rest
On yon fair gorgeous wheel, like a
bright, thoughtful eye ;
For where'er the ray hits,
As from diamond it flits,
Reflecting the last dolphin hue of the
sky.

And hark ! to the sound,
Rich, solemn, profound,
Which sweeps on the night-breeze
around and around ;
'Tis the organ's deep voice
To bid us rejoice
That we stand on the threshold of
sanctified ground.

O near let us draw,
With love and with awe—
Let us enter with meek eye and peni-
tent soul—
The House of Our Lord,
Whose name be adored,
Wherever earth stretches or ocean's
waves roll.

But listen again,
'Tis the voices of men
Coming thick from the city which lies
in the vale ;
Now stronger and nearer,
Now sharper and clearer,
Now louder and fiercer they rise on
the gale.

And see where a crowd
Comes wrathful and loud,
With crow-bars, and hammers, and
axes of steel ;
With red torches flaring,
And eyes wildly glaring,
And blasphemous screams that the
life-blood congeal.

Like tempest-stirred waves,
They bound over graves,
See the pile at their knock all her por-
tals unfold ;
And now the fierce rout,
Within and without,
In their work of destruction are busy
and bold.

The strong walls are battered,
The images shattered,
The richly-stained windows and tra-
cery crushed,
Shaft, buttress, and crocket,
Are torn from the socket,
And from their strong pedestals pin-
nacles pushed.

The font is dashed down,
The screen-work o'erthrown,
And shrines of old sanctity rudely
disgraced !
Not e'en the great altar
May cause them to falter—
The holy of holies is stained and de-
faced !

With vigour abated,
But fury unsated,
" Fire, fire, to the roof, and the wood-
loft " they cry ;
The fitful flash gleaming,
The molten lead streaming
To these terrible words is the rapid
reply.

See, see, how the fire
Entwines the tall spire,
In passionate circles embracing its
prey ;
With a quick crackling joy
It delights to destroy,
And in mockery mimics the beauty of
day.

By yon pure orb of light
Now so mournfully bright,
Who are these on whose fury her
loveliness shines ?
Are they spirits of woe ?
Are they maniacs ? No.
They are pious Reformers, and zeal-
ous Divines.

ADIEU TO ROMANCE.*

FAREWELL to wild Romance,
With all its magic train,
For broken—broken is the trance
I may not have again!

O, 'twas a dazzling dream
—So bright it could not last!
Yet merg'd into that rapid stream
Which bears away the past.

I wish not to recall,
Even were it in my power,
That cabalistic festival
Which maddened every hour!

Answer, spectral Romance!
What hast thou done for me?
Thy recollections but enhance
Thy bitter mockery!

'Twas a malignant star,
Which glittering high o'er head,
A pallid, an unearthly glare
On life's dim picture shed!

So, guided by the light
Delusively that shone,
Through realms of dreariest—blackest
night
I wandered darkling on—

Of Happiness in search,
With nought to show the way:
Till Truth uprear'd her flaming torch
And turn'd the night to day.

In accents soft and mild,
She thus addressed mine ear:
"O cease thine efforts wild
To seek enjoyment here!

" 'Tis searching after gold,
And grasping useless ore—
An apple, ruddy to behold,
With ashes at the core!

" O, 'tis a brilliant bubble
Men covet to possess;
Which, when attain'd with toil and
trouble,
Is found—but emptiness!

Then why thus struggle on,
To waste thy fleeting breath?
Ah, credit me, deluded one!
There's no Romance in death!

There's no Romance beyond
The shadowy bounds of time—
For in Eternity is found
REALITY sublime!

S. W.

MOUNTAIN MEMORIES,

BY B. SIMMONS.

" This morn is merry June I trow,
The rose is budding late—
But it shal bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I.

'Twas but a day—but then that day
Was lit by June's long jocund ray;
When bright and happy She and I,
On soaring *Comrah's* summit high,
Strayed from the throng 'mid heather
flowers,
Where *Fête-champêtre* sped the hours,
And sought that mountain's mightiest
height
From whence, we said, our ardent
eyes
Might best drink in the green delight
That in that matchless landscape lies,

II.

'Twas fond pretence! to us in vain,
Far Ormond spread its broad domain,
And lured our gaze with sparkling
flood,
And castled cliff and giant wood.
Vainly the distant Barrow rolled
His course, a coil of slender gold,
Or Nore's blue waters danced and
played
Round Woodstock's banks and beech-
en glade.
Ah, there no more the wild harp swells
That shook those violet-breathing dells,

* These verses, written about his sixteenth year, have been sent us by our old friend, a late Physician, who informs us that they have not hitherto appeared in print. How could he doubt whether we would "oblige him by inserting them?"—C. N.

And shed a deathless spell along
Each grove's sweet gloom in *Psyche's*
song !*

In vain Barnane, the thunder-riven,
Far northward cleft the summer
heaven,
Or on the horizon stretched away,
A streak of light, slept Youghal bay.
We gazed but once, and gazing turned,
Filled with the love that round us
burned,

And spoke as speechless glances speak
The thoughts that kindle lip and cheek;
And that bright lady fair, with face
All pale, and darkly-glancing grace,
Cast to the gladdened earth her eyes,

And, faltering, took the purple seat
Boon Nature to her child supplies,
Whilst I sat duteous at her feet.

III.

We never met before, and knew
We never more should meet again';
For seaward at that moment blew
The breeze should bear her o'er the
main,

O'er half hoarse Ocean's sounding
foam,

To light with love another's home,
And be to me, through years afar,
Lone memory's deeply mirrored star.
And yet we talked not sadly there,

But wished our barks of life had
been

Together wafted earlier, ere
Dark Fate had heaved its gulf be-
tween.

And still I asked, in trembling tone,
Of him who claimed her as his own,
And of those gorgeous Western skies,
Whose glory lingered in her eyes.
And when she murmured 'twas her
wont

In that far land, at fall of day,
Lulled by cool breeze and tinkling font,
To sleep the sultry eve away,

I vowed, if minstrel spirit might
Spring from its earthly fetters free,
That ever at that hour my sprite

Should in her bower attendant be,
And whisper mid the odours shed
By gathered roses round her head,
Or mix my memory with the wail
Of song from neighbouring nightin-
gale,

Or babbling in the waters' fall,
To her hushed ear my name recall.
And that sweet listener's sole reply

Was blushing cheek, and bended eye,
And heath-flower plucked all hastily,
Which well, she said, might emblem be
Of fickle Bard's inconstancy, -
A truant tribe and light of faith,

Whose very life's essential bloom
Was fed by woman's fragrant breath,

It mattered not of whom ;
And much she feared the freshening
gale

Would hardly rustle in the sail
Which bears her hence when I, who
now

Low at her feet devoted bow,
Would, in the self-same spot so dear,
Pour the same tale to other ear.

IV.

Fast died the day—on Galty Peak
Fair Evening leant her rosy cheek,
And up that sky of bluest June
Wheeled from the Deep the solemn
moon,

When gay companions thronging
round

Proclaimed the fugitives were found,
And festive mirth rushed in between,
And all was as it ne'er had been.

—We met no more—that revel past,
Our first sweet meeting was the last.

V.

And years have gone—and Time has
stolen

Hope from the heart, light from the
eye—

And feelings then, all passion-swollen,
Now shrunk to arid darkness lie.
And that long-lost regretted one
Is—Angel of the Rainbow—gone,
And treads her path of woman's pain
In isles beyond the Western main.

How little deems the stranger who,
Amid the Carib's sparkling sea,
That pale and graceful One may view,
Shrined in her home tranquillity,
That she who there so sheltered dwells
In warm Bermuda's musky dells,
Once braved the breezes of the North,
And, from their wild hills looking forth,
Had loitered through the summer day
With mountain-bard as wild as they }
In utmost Thulé far away.

VI.

And still that dreaming Bard will think
That, haply, on the silver brink
Of that clear sea, at vesper hour,

* This beautiful spot was occasionally the residence of Mrs H. Tighe, the Author of *Psyche*.

When memory most exerts its power,
 The lone fair muser there will raise
 At times her melancholy gaze
 To the dim West, and while its star
 Trembles, like lover's heart, afar,
 Will ask if he, who at her side
 Sat, eager-browed and restless-eyed,
 One blessed day, now feels with her

How minutes stamp the strife of
 years—
 How passion's gusts, the soul which
 stir,
 Leave to that ruffled worshipper
 Of all its stormy joy but tears.

HAMPSTEAD.

SHADOWS.

BY R. M. MILNES.

I.

O! MOURNFUL sequence of self-drunken days,
 When jovial youth had range of Nature's store!
 With fever-thirst for pleasure and for praise,
 I nauseate every draught, and ask for more.

Look on me well, and early steep thy soul
 In one pure Love, and it will last thee long;
 Fresh airs shall breathe while sweltering thunders roll,
 And summer noons shall leave thee cool and strong.

Across the desert, 'mid thy thirsty kind,
 Thy healthy heart shall move apace and calm,
 Nor yearning trace the horizon far behind,
 Where rests the fountain and the lonely palm.

II.

I had a home, wherein the weariest feet
 Found sure repose;
 And Hope led on laborious day to meet
 Delightful close!
 A cottage with broad eaves and a thick vine,
 A crystal stream
 Whose mountain-language was the same as mine,—
 It was a dream!

I had a home to make the gloomiest heart
 Alight with joy,—
 A temple of chaste love, a place apart
 From Time's annoy:
 A moonlight scene of life, where all things rude
 And harsh did seem
 With pity rounded and by grace subdued,—
 It was a dream!

III.

They owned their passion without shame or fear,
 And every household duty counted less
 Than that one spiritual bond, and men severe
 Said, they should sorrow for their wilfulness.

And truth the world went ill with them ;—he knew
That he had broken up her maiden life,
Where only pleasures and affections grew,
And sowed it thick with labour pain and strife.

What her unpractised weakness was to her
The presence of her suffering was to him ;
Thus at Love's feast did Misery minister,
And fill their cups together to the brim.

They asked their kind for hope, but there was none,
Till Death came by and gave them that and more ;
Then men lamented,—but the earth rolls on,
And lovers love and perish as before.

IV.

They seemed to those who saw them meet The worldly friends of every day, Her smile was undisturbed and sweet, His courtesy was free and gay.	And letters of mere formal phrase Were blistered with repeated tears,— And this was not the work of days, But had gone on for years and years !
---	--

But yet if one the other's name In some unguarded moment heard, The heart, you thought so calm and tame, Would struggle like a captured bird :	Alas, that Love was not too strong For maiden shame and manly pride ! Alas, that they delayed so long The goal of mutual bliss beside !
---	--

Yet what no chance could then reveal,
And neither would be first to own,
Let fate and courage now conceal,
When truth could bring remorse alone.

V.

Beneath an Indian palm a girl Of other blood reposes, Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl Amid that wild of roses.	Cool grows the sick and feverish calm— Relaxed the frosty twine— The pine-tree dreameth of the palm, The palm-tree of the pine.
--	--

Beside a northern pine a boy Is leaning fancy-bound, Nor listens where with noisy joy Awaits the impatient hound.	As soon shall nature interlace Those dimly-visioned boughs, As these young lovers face to face Renew their early vows !
--	--

VI.

She had left all on earth for him, Her home of wealth, her name of pride, And now his lamp of love was dim, And, sad to tell, she had not died.	She watched the crimson sun's decline, From some lone rock that fronts the sea,— “ I would, O burning heart of mine ! There were an ocean-rest for thee.
--	---

“ The thoughtful moon awaits her turn,
The stars compose their choral crown,
But those soft lights can never burn,
Till once the fiery sun is down.”

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LAC DE GAUBE IN THE PYRENEES.

BY R. M. MILNES.

1.

The marriage blessing on their brows,
 Across the Channel seas
 And lands of gay Garonne, they reach
 The pleasant Pyrenees :—
 He into boyhood born again,
 A child of joy and life,—
 And she, a happy English girl,
 A happier English wife.

2.

They loiter not where Argelès,
 The chestnut-crested plain,
 Unfolds its robe of green and gold
 In pasture grape and grain ;
 But on and up, where Nature's heart
 Beats strong amid the hills,
 They pause, contented with the
 wealth
 That either bosom fills.

3.

There is a lake, a small round lake,
 High on the mountain's breast,
 The child of rains and melted snows,
 The torrent's summer rest,—
 A mirror where the veteran rocks
 May glass their peaks and scars,
 A nether sky where breezes break
 The sunlight into stars.

4.

Oh ! gaily shone that little lake,
 And Nature, sternly fair,
 Put on a sparkling countenance
 To greet that merry pair ;
 How light from stone to stone they leapt,
 How trippingly they ran ;
 To scale the rock and gain the marge
 Was all a moment's span !

5.

" See, dearest, this primaaval boat,
 So quaint, and rough, I deem
 Just such an one did Charon ply
 Across the Stygian stream :
 Step in,—I will your Charon be,
 And you a Spirit bold,—
 I was a famous rower once
 In college days of old.

6.

" The clumsy oar ! the laggard boat !
 How slow we move along,—
 The work is harder than I thought,—
 A song, my love, a song !"
 Then, standing up, she carolled out
 So blythe and sweet a strain
 That the long-silent cliffs were glad
 To peal it back again.

7.

He, tranced in joy, the oar laid down,
 And rose in careless pride,
 And swayed in cadence to the song
 The boat from side to side :
 Then clasping hand in loving hand,
 They danced a childish round,
 And felt as safe in that mid-lake
 As on the firmest ground.

8.

One poise too much !—He headlong
 fell,—
 She, stretching out to save
 A feeble arm, was borne adown
 Within that glittering grave :—
 One moment, and the gush went forth
 Of music-mingled laughter,—
 The struggling splash and deathly shriek
 Were there the instant after.

9.

Her weaker head above the flood,
 That quick engulfed the strong,
 Like some enchanted water-flower,
 Waved pitifully long :—
 Long seemed the low and lonely wail
 Athwart the tide to fade ;
 Alas ! that there were some to hear,
 But never one to aid.

10.

Yet not alas ! if Heaven revered
 The freshly-spoken vow,
 And willed that what was then made one
 Should not be sundered now,—
 If She was spared, by that sharp stroke,
 Love's most unnatural doom,
 The future lorn and unconsolated,
 The unavowed tomb !

11.

But weep, ye very Rocks, for those,
 Who, on their native shore,
 Await the letters of dear news,
 That shall arrive no more ;
 One letter from a stranger hand,—
 Few words are all the need ;
 And then the funeral of the heart,
 The course of useless speed !

12.

The presence of the cold dead wood,
 The single mark and sign
 Of all so loved and beautiful,
 The handiwork divine !
 The weary search for his fine form
 That in the depth would linger,
 And late success,—Oh ! leave the ring
 Upon that faithful finger.

13.

And if in Life there lie the seed
Of real enduring being,—
If Love and Truth be not decreed
To perish unforeseeing,—
This Youth the seal of death has stamp'd,
Now Time can wither never,
This Hope, that sorrow might have damp'd,
Is flowering fresh for ever.

Mr and Mrs Patteson were drowned in the autumn of 1831.

TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

C. N. S.

I GAZE upon thy cherub face,
And in its placid beauty trace
The sacred stamp of those pure skies,
That lent thee to a father's eyes.

No earthly stain is in thee seen,
But all is love, and joy serene;
Hope that alone our souls may cheer,
Hope is not known nor needed here.

So heavenly soft those features show,
That tears of fearful gladness flow:
A misty veil obscures my sight,
And dreamy visions lift their light.

I see a young and ruddy maid
Disporting in the grassy shade;
With flying feet and tresses free,
And looks that laugh and speak to me.

But oh! sad change! on yonder bed
A pale and fainting form is spread;
And what is he whose lifted dart,
Aiming at hers, would reach my heart?

Yet see again a nymph appears
Of riper frame and added years;
A radiant wreath her locks to bind
By duty and by love is twined.

Anon, a grey and aged sire
Sits feebly by the winter's fire,
While near, with bright and busy hands,
A ministering spirit stands.

Sweet sunny children next I see,
Clustering around that old man's knee;
And one, most loved, whose baby brow
Wears the same grace I saw but now,

The mirror trembles, and no more
I know the forms that pleased before;
The lines a gaudy image bring
Of some vain, fickle, fluttering thing.

With that fair face, as with its prey,
Each idle impulse seems to play,
And o'er it now the shadows move,
Of clouded hopes and blighted love.

I start—with grief and terror chill:
My infant child, I hold thee still;
I hold thee innocent and pure,
From sin and sorrow yet secure.

That which hereafter thou shalt be
Is partly hid in Heaven's decree;
But oh! how much my words and will
Must mould thy fate for good or ill!

THE OLD JACKDAW.

'Tis an old Jackdaw, and he sits all alone
On a snow-clad stone;
He caws aloud, for the blast is howling,
The black clouds scowling.
The hail is falling around—around,
With a hissing sound,
And the lonely daw, so poor and old,
Is all a-cold.

A maiden sitteth in yonder hall,
Where the ivy clings to the solid wall,
She sighs "heigho," as she gazes forth
On the cold blind face of the snowy
north—

"Heigho, it is dull and drear!
Oh! when will the soft spring cheer
The bowers with its beauty bland,
Shedding life on the waking land!
Heigho, 'tis a weary, a weary hour,
When the snow falls fast,
And the moaning blast
Sighs in the leafless bower;
Heigho! heigho!" and the old Jack-
daw

Answers each sigh with a boding caw.

At day's decline that ivied hall
Is lit for the gladsome festival;

And many a lovely one is there,
But none to match that lady fair,
And Vanity whispers a gentle song
To her willing heart as she glides
along.

Erewhile she longed for the gentle
spring

And the Zephyr's whispering ;
But now, while treading the gorgeous
hall,

And knowing that she is the light of all,
The spring with the Zephyr's gentle
stir

May sink into wintry gloom for her ;
Yet oft she starts, with a fearful start,
And the life-drops rush to her quailing
heart

As she hears, on the wintry blast, a
caw

From the ominous throat of the old
Jackdaw.

'Tis midnight now, and the revellers all
Are silently sleeping ;
No life is in the slumbering hall,
Save the old Jackdaw, from a niche in
the wall,

Nodding and peeping ;
Nodding and peeping and shivering
sore,

As he hears the blast with a hollow
roar

Rush o'er the barren moor.

Flitting through the chamber lone

All the livelong night,
While the dew of sleep is strown
O'er each weary wight ;

Through the aisles, so narrow and long,
Where the wintry blast is sighing,
With a dull and ghastly song

The lone bird is flying ;
Flying, fluttering, to and fro,
Into every chamber peeping,
Where in beauty's genial glow,

Lovely maids are sleeping ;
Sleeping in the pride of joy,

Tripping Fancy's varied measure,
Little dreaming aught can cloy
Such an eager pleasure.

Toll, toll, the solemn bell,
Ding, dong, ding dong.

Awake the death-chant—swell
The burial song.

The Sexton stands in the place of
bones,

By the gaping jaws of a new-made
grave,

He stumps about mid the grey tomb-
stones,

And warbles a merry stave ;

And propt aloft on a yew-tree high
The old jackdaw is sitting alone,
Flapping his grey wings merrily,
merrily,

Watching the sexton with eager eye
From his branching throne.

Deeper and deeper the cutting spade
Pierces the clay, and the merry old
soul,

As he sees the bones rise from the
chilly shade,

Welcomes them forth with a "tol
de rol."

Slow moving o'er the snow-clad
ground,

The mourners bear the corse along,
In deep unbroken silence bound,

A melancholy throng.

'Tis over—all are gone!

Perchance to dream awhile
Of the departed one,

And her benignant smile ;

But time upon its gliding way

Shall dry the tear and smooth the
brow,

And bid the cloud of care decay
In pleasure's placid flow.

One youth remains !—he too hath
gone

In search of peace from shore to
shore,

But anguish still, in every clime,
Shall pierce him to the core.

And now from his throne on the
branching yew

The old Jackdaw comes fluttering in,
And his croaking voice on the frosty
breeze

Is swelling in merry din.

Thrice o'er the grave he flaps his wing,
And thrice he croaks a hollow cry ;

Then spreading forth on the cutting
blast

He skims the deep blue sky.

The years flow on—and now the tune-
ful throng

Have filled the budding bowers with
voice of song,

And o'er that lone churchyard the
placid flow

Of summer sunset sheds a golden glow.
Day blends with night in eve's seren-
est gloom,

Amid the dwellings of the dreary
tomb.

On a grave a man is kneeling,
Death in silence o'er him stealing.

He hath wandered to and fro,
Sinking 'neath a load of wo ;

Till a heavy sleep fell o'er him,
And a vision passed before him;
What it was—no mortal knew,
But it shed a holier hue
O'er his spirit's deep despair,
Stilling every passion there,
Shedding bliss of heavenly power
Over death's descending hour.

From the branching yew a croaking
cry

Tells that the bird of death is nigh;
Thrice o'er the tomb'd and the tomb-
less dead

He caws aloud,

Thrice stalks around with tottering
tread

The clay-cold shroud.

When the darkness fled and the morn-
ing beams

Gilded the waves of an hundred streams,
When the joyful lark, on his heaven-
ward way,

Sang his first song to the dawning day,
On the tomb of a maiden long since
dead

The lifeless form of a man was laid;
And the villagers trembled with meikle
awe

When, on raising him up from the
chilly ground,

From his bosom dropt with a hollow
sound

The corse of the old Jackdaw.

EDINBURGH.

P. K.

Nuthurst, Horsham, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,

I took the following ode, without reference either to its length or merits—which are both great—simply because it stood next to those which have been so admirably translated by good Bishop Heber.

I will not now inflict upon you an essay “on the peculiar character of Pindar as the great *religious* Poet of Greece,” nor yet upon the comparative excellence of his various translators into English,—only, as I have mentioned Bishop Heber, permit me to advert to one single point—after all, perhaps, of no very great importance.

The Bishop, if I remember rightly, when reviewing Girdlestone's Pindar in an early number of the Quarterly, after making himself merry with the strict observers of Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode, proceeded to exemplify his precepts in the versions of two odes, appended to that review, as well as in the others (making, in all, six), which are comprised in the new edition of his poems, published by Murray, 1829. And in this license he has been followed by Messrs Wheelwright and Cary in their translations. When one considers the old, legendary, and ballad-like style of his poetry, as contrasted with the Dramatic Chorusses, there does, I confess, seem some reason for modifying our obedience to the despotic rule of Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode. But, then, the question arises,—Have we a right, contrary to the expressed will and intention of the founder, to knock down all the walls and ceilings of his house of song, and lay the whole suite of apartments and complete interior of the building into one? (Which thing we do when we abolish all signs of Strophe &c., and make his odes plain monostrophies.) I trow not, and, therefore, I have adopted, in the accompanying version, the plan of making each Antistrophe correspond exactly with its twin Strophe—treating the Epode as a “tertium quid;” though I believe the first two Epodes do chance to answer the one to the other all but precisely.

By some such modification as this of the old Mede and Persian law, a sufficient idea of the form of an ancient ode is preserved to the English reader, without the *constricta et distracta* “*membra poetæ*” being subjected to the pleasing varieties of Procustean torture—which always must be the case, more or less, in every attempt to imitate to the very letter the precise reciprocating rhythm of the original.

Believe me, then, my dear Sir,

Most faithfully yours,

WILLIAM SNO BLEW.

AN HYMN OF PINDAR.

THE SEVENTH OLYMPIQUE.

TO DIAGORAS OF RHODES, CONQUEROR IN THE BOXING-MATCH.

I. 1.

As when a feast's free-hearted lord
 Lifts high the wassail cup,
 Around whose lip the vine-dew poured
 Runs freshly sparkling up,—
 And pledging, on his homeward way
 From house to house the bridegroom
 gay,
 To him presents it—golden all,
 His treasures' chiefest coronal,
 Grace of the board and banquet hall;
 And honouring thus the league then
 knit,
 In sight of them, that round him sit,
 Exalts that envied youth, whose head
 shall rest,
 In happiness and joy, upon his true-
 love's maiden breast.

II. 2.

So, to the wreath-crowned MEN I lift
 The nectar-flowing bowl,
 Chalice of song, the Muses' gift,
 Sweet fruitage of the soul;
 Their hearts to cheer the prize that
 gain
 On Pythian and Olympian plain.
 And happy he, in life and death,
 Whose name the ever-living breath
 Of dulcet praise encompasseth.
 For to and fro doth glance the eye
 Of life-enlightening poesy,
 With frequent chime of mellow-mur-
 muring shell,
 Blent with the burst of full-voiced
 flutes,
 That loud their descant swell.

III. 3.

Yes—pipe and lute ring gaily, while
 The sunny waves I pass,—
 That gird fair Rhodes, his fathers'
 isle—
 With bold Diagoras;
 Hymning the child of Aphrodite,
 The Sun-god's Ocean-bride,
 And him, the chief of giant height,
 Who plucked with foremost hand in
 fight,
 Proud guerdon of his manhood's might,
 The wreath upon Alpheus' side.
 Him will I sing, for conqueror he
 Beside the fount of Castaly,
 And of good Damagetus tell,
 His sire, beloved by Justice well;
 For on a noble isle they dwell,

With many an Argive spear;
 Where, capped with tower and citadel,
 Their heads three cities rear,
 Fast by the beak that juts, unrent,
 From Asia's boundless continent.

IV. 1.

Fain would I build the song for them,
 Sons of the strong Eraclean stem,
 A common lay to all that spring
 From old Tlepolemus the king.
 Nor empty is, methinks, their pride—
 For downwards, on the father's side,
 From Jove their lineage runs;
 While, by the mother traced, their
 name
 From fair Astydameia came,
 Amyntor's true born sons.
 But round the o'erclouded minds o.
 men,
 Unnumbered errors lower;
 And profitless the task to ken
 What now may best betide, and then,
 At life's last closing hour.

V. 2.

For, in the by-gone days of yore,
 The planter of this pleasant shore,
 Tlepolemus, in anger hot,
 Alcmena's bastard brother smote,
 Licymnius:—him, with hand of blood,
 And mace of gnarled olive-wood,
 At Tiryns' rocky tower
 He smote—and slew him where he
 stood,
 As forth he tripp'd, in heedless mood,
 From Medea's matron-bower.
 Thus Passion's fitful gusts, when they
 Within the bosom swell,
 Drag even the wise man's steps astray:
 Thence to the God he bent his way,
 And sought the oracle.

VI. 3.

His prayer he offered: when to him
 The Godhead, golden-tress'd,
 Gave answer meet, and from his dim
 Sweet-incensed shrine address'd:
 "Away! away! from Lerna-bay
 Steer thy brave barks, and hold
 Thine onward course the waters o'er,
 Unto a sea-encircled shore,
 Where erst the gods' great emperor,
 Rain'd snows, that gleam'd with gold,
 And, soft descending, lighted down
 In silence o'er a stately town.

"What time, by shrewd Hephaistus'
craft,
The curtal-ax of brazen haft—
Sheer through—Jove's topmost tem-
ples claft,
And forth Athena sprang,
Full arm'd—and long the Goddess
laugh'd,
And loud her war-note rang:
Whereat shook highest Heaven with
dread,
And Earth, the mother, shuddered."

VII. 1.

'Twas then Hyperion's blessed son,
Fountain of light and life to man,
Bade his loved children, every one,
The coming marvel keenly scan;
That they should rear, till then un-
known,
Her first far-flaming altar-stone,
Whose hallow'd hearth, with offerings
strown,
Might win the charmed heart of Jove,
And the spear-clashing maiden's love,
For with success and joy is fraught
Man's reverence of forecasting
thought.

VIII. 2.

But oft, unmark'd and heeded not,
Oblivion's cloudy rack
Sweeps on, till from the mind it blot
Stern duty's forward track.
Nor they unto their sire gave heed,
For carrying not the hearth-flame's
seed,
The hill they climb with reckless speed,
And fashion'd, but with fireless rite,
A fane, upon that airy height.
Yet, from the full cloud's amber fold,
Jove showered o'er them a flood of
gold.

IX. 3.

And she, the Maid of flashing eye,
Vouchsafed them art's proud mastery,
O'er all on earth, with peerless hand
To compass what their thoughts had
plann'd.
Hence each broad way with shapes
grew rife,
That, starting, seem'd instinct with
life;
On them deep glory fell:
But ne'er to its full strength is nurst
The wise man's skill by arts accurst,
Or witchery's wizard spell.
So list to a tale of the olden time;
When Jove, and they of heavenly
birth,
Were culling, clime by clime,
The kingdoms of the earth,—

Not yet, on the ocean's breast,
Shone Rhodes in the light of day,
But enshrouded and at rest
In the deep-sea-hollows lay.

X. 1.

Yet for the absent Helios, none
Mark'd out the lot—but left,
Of frightful meed and portion left,
The pure and holy Sun.
Returning, he the wrong proclaimed,
And Jove afresh the lots had framed,
But that the God his wish forbade,
"For in the hoary waves," he said,
"I see an islet sleep:
And now it swells from the Ocean floor,
Mother of men, and ever more
A kindly nurse of sheep!"

XI. 2.

Then, straightway, gave the God com-
mand
To Lachesis, that she,
The golden-tiar'd Deity,
Outstretch the accordant hand,
And slighting not Heaven's awful oath,
Plight with old Cronus' son her troth,
That the fair isle, from darkness sent,
Full in the glorious firmament
Should stand, his fief for aye,
Thus closed, with glad assurance blest,
His crowning word, and on the breast
Of Truth alighting lay.

XII. 3.

Then budded the isle from the salt sea
spray,
And spread for him her sparkling
meads.
Sire of the sunlight's arrowy ray,
Prince of the fierce flame-breathing
steeds.
There, in bright Rhodes' embrace re-
clined,
Seven sons the god begot;
Chiefs, wise of heart, of wariest mind,
Were few, I ween, of human kind,
Whom they surpassed not.
Of these bold brethren, one
To heroes three was sire—
Eulysus, his first-born son,
And Lindus and Camire.
Apart they held, in triple share
Carved out, their father's isle;
And hence three fenced cities bare
Their lordly founder's style.

XIII. 1.

There, to their loved Tirynthian chief,
Tlepolemus—sweet balm of grief,
As to a god—high towers tow'rd heaven,
The pitchy pomp of flames—
Lord of the lists, to him is given

All judgment in the games:

Where, twice, Diagoras hath bound
His brow with Rhodian flowers;
High chief, in twice twain contests
crown'd,
At wave-worn Isthmus' pass renown'd,
And twice at Armea's holy ground,
And Athens' craggy towers.

XIV. 2.

Him the brass-shield in Argos town,
And Thebes and Aready have known;
Him too, the old Boeotian lists,
Egina and Pellene,
Victor o'er all antagonists,
And six times crowned have seen,
Nor other tale doth Megara's stone,
Blazon with herald tongue.
Bless then, O Father, from thy throne
On Atabyrion's summit lone,
The measured hymn's harp-ruling
tone,
In Olympian triumph sung!

XV. 3.

And bless the man, that bore that
day,
By might of hand, the prize away;
Yea him with reverent honour grace,
From citizens and stranger race:
For not the flaunting paths of pride
His steps delight to tread,
His fathers' virtues are his guide,
He follows where they led.
Nor thou, the race in darkness hide,
From Dallianax that springs,
Since, through the brave Eratida,
With feast, and song, and joyaunce
free,
The festal city rings,
All-jubilant—but one short hour
May shift the summer scene,
And whirlwinds rave, with maddening
power,
Where peace so late hath been.

MOST ADMIRABLE CHRISTOPHER,

As you have delighted many, if not most of your readers with your English versions of the flowers of the Greek Anthology, perhaps you may look with a favourable eye on the following attempt to present Campbell's *Höhenlinden* in a Latin dress.

It was not from any foolish hope of entering the lists with that most polished poet that the two versions were commenced, but to show practically to some very promising young scholars the difference between the harmony resulting from accent alone and the harmony resulting from the union of accent and quantity. I need not inform you that English poetry, independent of the meretricious aid of rhyme, is founded on accent alone, while Latin poetry requires a strict adherence to the rules of quantity as well as of accent. In short lyric poems I do not know whether we ought not to require as strict an observance of metrical rules as the Greeks and Romans, and some other nations whom it pleases Englishmen to regard as barbarians. Of this I am certain, that poems composed on such principles would, if equal in genius, soon consign all their predecessors to the vaults of all the Capulets. We have ceased to be "English," we are daily becoming more worthy of Homer's appellation of "αἰγυπτιακοὶ ἄνθρωποι;" and the ease with which every man, woman, and child can versify proves that something more difficult has to be achieved before we can justly claim to be masters of our own language. But as these observations naturally lead to a wide field of enquiry, I shall drop them for the present.

The version Number I. has been composed in the same metre as Campbell's stanza, with the exception that the fourth line is confined to two iambi and a caesural syllable. To end the lines with monosyllables was impossible, from the genius of the Latin language.

The version Number II. is in strict Sapphic metre.

I.

Relinqueret quum Phoebus Linden,
Nitebat nix intacta pede,
Qualisque nigrans ruit hyems,
Ruebat Iser.

Sed quam mutata rerum facies,
Quum nocte cecidere signa!
Ut ignis emicaret umbras
Fugare densas.

Tædarum luce mox instructus,
Stringebat omnis eques ensem,
Et equus hinniebat, ardens
Inire pugnam.

Tunc actæ concurrêre turmæ,
Tellusque tremuit fragore,
Haud secus fulgure Tonantis
Exardet Æther.

Sed clarior illa lux fulgebit
Per nives sanguine rubentes ;
Undasque magis cæde tinctas
Devolvit Iser.

En ! orto sole, tela lucis
Vix fumum penetrant undantem,
Quà tenebris amicti Francus
Hunnusque fremunt.

Crudescit Pugna, prosilite,
Quêis morte spreta placet honos,
Tu robore virorum Munich
Perrumpe turmas.

It frequens cohors, rara redit,
Nix morte positos recondet
Et locus ubi quisque stabat
Sepulchra dabit.

II.

Lindēnæ campis ubi sol recessit
Nix renidebat, pede trita nullo,
Qualis et nigrans hiemis procella,
Profluit Iser.

At novam campi faciem induerunt
Nocte quum serâ cecinere signa,
Ignis ut fulgor rutilantis atras
Pelleret umbras.

Luce tædarum lituique cantu
Ordines structi, gladios recludunt,
Et fremit spretis sonipes lupatis
Martis amore,

Tunc ruit missus medios in Hostes ;
Terraque ingenti tremuit fragore,
Haud secus noctu Jove fulminante
Cuncta relucet.

At novâ mox vi rutilabit ignis,
Cæde quum colles nivei rubescent,
Et magis tinctus tepido cruore
Defluet Iser.

Solis en ortu ! radii diei
Vix valent fumi penetrare nubem,
Qua latent mersi tenebris fremuntque
Francus et Hunnus.

Ingruit Martis furor, ite fortes,
Quos decus ducit media in pericla,
Tu Munich lectis inimica rumpas
Agmina turmis.

Heu datur paucis superesse—turbam
Alta nix letho positam recondet
Et locus fiet suus interempto
Cuique sepulchrum.

EDINBURGH ACADEMY, 15th Nov. 1838.

THE MURDERING BANKER.

THERE are certain money-making associations, called Joint-Stock Banks, whose branches overshadow the land. No city, however large, no village, however small, can escape the colonizing assiduity of those wonderful establishments. The "Branch" is transplanted with inconceivable rapidity—strikes root in an instant, and bears fruit from the moment it touches the soil. Railways and Joint-Stock Banks will assuredly, between them, turn old Scotland upside down. A railway through Drumshorlan Muir, with a train of fifty carriages, loaded, roof and body, with men and bales of goods, besides women, crockery, and other brittle ware ;—a branch of the Great Western Bank, showing forth goodly leaves and blossoms at Inverary ;—these, and a few other sights of our modern days, would have made Bailie Nicol Jarvie lose conceit of the Saut Market. What invocations he might have made to his "Conscience" it is not for us to say ; nor, indeed, can we affirm with certainty, that the honest citizen would have retained conscience enough even to swear by ; for who knows but he might have been like the rest of us, and have thrown off that and other heavy luggage, as being an encumbrance to the rapidity of what is called the Progress. The March of Mind is performed best without baggage. But with these great truths we have at present no concern. What we mean to assert, and at the same time to deplore, is, that all these new-fangled establishments—Joint-Stock Banks, Railways, and Steam-Boat Companies—will finally succeed in exterminating three very excellent things, — Private Bankers, King's Highways, and Leith Smacks. Yes, the whole species of private banks will be destroyed ; if, perchance, a specimen is preserved in the British Museum, he will be gazed on as we now look upon the Dodo,—by many treated as a fabulous bird altogether, by the generality believed to be a freak of Nature—a solitary instance, and not the representative of a widely-diffused species. Whoever, in travelling through a country town, saw a well-fed individual, about fifty years of age, standing

at the door of a large comfortable-looking house—his blue coat resplendent with bright brass buttons—his drab-coloured kerseymere shorts concluded by long gaiters of the same, with about three inches of snow-white stocking visible at the junction—a low range of building at one side of the mansion, pierced by one dingy window and one door of very massive appearance, with the words "Bank open from 10 till 3," in time-worn letters, above the lintel ;—whoever has seen all this may congratulate himself that he has seen a sight which his posterity will look for in vain. That was the Private Banker.—But whoso travelling, whether through town or village, beholds a very elegant young man kissing his hand to the landlady's daughter, who is watching him from an upstairs window, as he steps into his gig, which the ostler has brought round to the door of the "Branch of the ——— Joint-Stock Bank," and observes the jaunty air with which he handles the ribbons, the exquisite fit of his coat, and the gallant air with which his well-brushed hat is stuck on one side of his head ;—let the person who sees all this ponder well on the mutability of human affairs, for this is the District Manager, before whose star our fat friend in the kerseymere smalls "begins to pale his ineffectual fire." What the ultimate end of all these things will be is not our business ; nor is it our intention to indulge in a treatise on the principles of banking, leaving that to our ingenious friend Mr Bell, whose Letter on the subject is admirably clear and convincing ; nor do we intend to be didactic about monetary systems, or paper currencies, or average deposits, it being our uniform practice to deposit the whole of our worldly goods in our breeches-pocket, convinced, from long and melancholy experience, that every man is his own best banker ;—but our object at this present writing is to give a faithful account of sundry adventures which befell the members of a banking family in the ——— of Scotland, which (as Mathews used to have it) created a great sensation at the time.

At the hundred and twentieth page

of the second edition of Brookes's Gazetteer there is the following account of the town of —:

"— is a considerable town, situated on the river —, containing four thousand inhabitants, who are chiefly employed in the manufacture of cotton and woollen nightcaps. It has two churches, a prison, bridewell, and town-hall; the streets are wide and spacious; it is governed by a provost and four bailies; and its police consists of three watchmen and a town-crier."

Having thus unquestionable authority for the spaciousness of the streets, we shall not dilate on the splendours of the houses composing them; we shall merely invite attention to the large white-washed mansion in the High Street, a little withdrawn within handsome iron railings—constituting "number twelve," and being undoubtedly the principal house in the town. The long low roof projecting over the prodigious expanse of white wall, pierced with innumerable small windows, is, we are informed, not in strict accordance with the rules of Grecian architecture; nor is it in much danger of being mistaken for the Gothic,—but if we may be allowed to suggest the style to which it belongs, we should say it was "the comfortable." Lots of accommodation, with an air of snug retirement, were the characteristics of the mansion, and it was evident to a very superficial observer of such matters that it possessed a mighty advantage in its proximity, or, in fact, in its identity with the stout stone building at one side of it, which projected to the level of the street, and bore above its door the cabalistic words we have alluded to in the introduction, "BANK. Open from 10 till 3." An enquiring observer, on looking beyond the outside portal of this wing of the building, might have seen written, in large white letters, on an inner door, "Pearie, Peat, and Patieson." And if he had had as much wisdom as we give him credit for, he might have felt pretty sure that those were the names of the three partners. And his supposition would have been correct. That was the banking establishment of Messrs Pearie, Peat, & Patieson, the richest and best known bankers in the whole — district of Scotland. The bank, in the course of the forty years of its existence, had gone through

many changes of name,—at first, it had been Patieson, Peat, and Pearie; then, on the death of the founder, the middle partner had taken precedence, while the nephew of the defunct had gone to the bottom of the list. On the demise of Mr Peat, the next partner succeeded to the honours, and at the time of the commencement of this narrative, the respective stations of the firm of Pearie, Peat, & Patieson were filled in the following manner. The main part of the large house, No. 12, was occupied by Mr Pearie, now a gentleman of mature years,—with a plump expression of body and feature, which told as plainly as words could have done, that he had all his life long been a prosperous gentleman. The sound of his voice, also, the short gruff method of expressing his opinion, something between a cough and a grunt, bore evidence to the same happy condition of his circumstances. Trade had indeed flourished—his consequence and dignity expanded in exact proportion with his bodily configuration—and an eye with any speculation in it, could see at a glance that one hundred thousand pounds at least were written in the swell of his waistcoat. Scrupulously brushed were his habiliments, snow-white were his stockings, and brightly polished his shoes, which latter articles of wearing apparel were ornamented with certain bright buckles, which rumour gave out as being heir-looms dedicated to the adornment of the head partner, and, indeed, by many people believed to be the palladium or tutelary influences of the bank itself. Scandalous people, who paid too little respect to dignities, have been known to wonder that Mr Pearie should indulge in such ostentatious vanities, especially as any smatterer in geometry, or, more properly speaking, in *sarkometry*, could not fail to perceive that the aforesaid swell of the waistcoat had for many years deprived him of the pleasure of seeing the ornaments on his instep, unless with the assistance of a mirror. It was equally evident that he still rejoiced in single blessedness, though in what particulars of shape or manner bachelorship becomes visible in a moment we are not qualified to decide; we merely state the fact in this particular instance; but no,—on second thoughts, we extend the remark to

mankind at large, viz. that the fact of matrimony or bachelorship is written so legibly in men's appearance, that no ingenuity can conceal it. On the tops of coaches, in the coffee-rooms of inns, nay, in pews at church, there is some inexplicable instinct that tells us whether an individual (name, fortune, circumstances totally unknown) be or be not a married man. Whether it is a certain subdued look, such as that which characterises the lions in a menagerie, and distinguishes them from the lords of the desert, we cannot tell; but that the truth is so we positively affirm; so, leaving these matters for a more searching enquiry at some future time, we return to the *conditions* of Mr Pearie. With regard to his relations to the other partners of the establishment we have some difficulty in making them quite intelligible to a stranger, for during the partnership there had been so many intermarriages, that it required a considerable turn for genealogy to make out exactly what degree of relationship existed between them. When Mr Peat (who had married a sister of Mr Pearie, and whose father had been the husband of Mr Patieson's aunt) left his share of the business, in addition to his savings, to his only daughter, he committed the management of the young lady, her farms, and fortune, to the joint management of his two partners, who being both relations, both guardians, and both also partners of their young charge, fell into the very natural mistake of considering her as one of the hereditaments, whose beauty, youth, accomplishments, and floating capital were all to be laid out to the best advantage. Mr Patieson, however, had shortly afterwards died, and left his son sole heir of all his possessions, his place in the bank, the guardianship of his ward, and, incongruously enough, himself at the same time in the guardianship of Mr Pearie; an *imperium in imperio*, which might have had very dangerous consequences, had not the executive, in the hands of the senior partner, been at once very strict, and not very oppressive. Mary Peat, aged a little more than nineteen, "kept," as the phrase is, her guardian's house—her suite of rooms are those on the left hand of the entrance-door, where you see the rich gauze curtains, and the beautiful geraniums, and catch a glimpse, a little way back, of the top

of a splendid harp; and proceeding from which you might occasionally hear delicious music, accompanied by as sweet a voice as it is safe to listen to, unless you have got pretty near your grand climacteric. She was what judges call "great" on the harp, and brought such sounds from her piano, and carolled Scotch ballads so simply, and looked so sweetly, that no one who listened to her music, or looked at her beautiful blue eyes, could doubt her powers of "execution." Mr Pearie himself was divided between his fondness for his own notes and hers—he used to sit in his arm-chair whole evenings listening to her performance, pretending to be asleep; for he would have considered it derogatory to his dignity, as "heed o' the hoose," to be pleased with Auld Robin Gray, or the Flowers o' the Forest. Charles Patieson, however, who had no such exalted considerations to restrain him, not only felt, but openly expressed the greatest delight in listening to his ward, or cousin, or partner, whichever you choose to call her—though there can be no doubt in which of these characters the young man would have preferred considering her himself. Yet there were obstacles,—insurmountable obstacles, which resulted partly from the determined discountenancing of any thing of the sort by Mr Pearie,—partly from the unconquerable modesty of the young man—and principally from the apparent indifference, if, indeed, it was not altogether dislike, of the young lady. So poor Charles contented himself with loving her with all his heart and all his soul in secret—hearing her sing and speak every evening that he possibly could; and dreaming of her all night—a mode of proceeding which all who have tried it unite in pronouncing very unsatisfactory. A house, at the other side of the town, prettily situated on the bank of the river, reminded him continually, by its spacious size, so disproportioned to the necessities of a bachelor—of that very pleasing text which says man was not meant to live alone. What to him were the shrubby walks—the long suites of rooms, the green-houses and conservatories?—Poor fellow! not all the grammarians, since the days of Priscian downwards, could have convinced him of the congruity of the substantive "Aloneness," with the

adjective "single."—"Delitiæ," in the Latin, he recollected, was always in the plural number,—and he considered the Romans a very sensible people. What a pity, that in those days, the march of mind was not sufficiently advanced to make it imperative on the ladies (and especially on Mary Peat) to understand Latin! In these, and similar vain regrets, time wore on. Mary smiled and sang as charmingly as ever, and Mr Peter Pearie—the heed o' the hoose—grew in fat and dignity with each revolving moon.

One September, while affairs continued in this state, the house on the opposite side of the street from Mr Pearie's gave symptoms of some wonderful change. Its windows were new glazed, and pretty silk curtains hung round them; the door was new painted; paperers and other decorators at full work; and a long row of handsome stabling roofed in and finished in the lane at the other end of the premises. Furniture shortly after arrived; grooms and horses followed in due course; and large volumes of smoke were seen rising from morn till night from the numberless chimneys. Still there was no appearance of any inhabitant above the rank of a house-keeper—and it was only when the hunting season had fairly commenced, that a view was occasionally caught of a young man, dressed in a red coat, who galloped off from the door on an active hackney in the morning, or walked his jaded hunter slowly up the lane in the afternoon. Unless on these occasions nothing was seen of their new neighbours. And conjecture, after exhausting itself to discover who the mysterious stranger could be, fell fast asleep, and took no notice of him, either as he scoured along to covert, or glided noiselessly home to the stable. That he was handsome nobody could deny, who saw beauty in whiskers and moustaches of preter-human size;—a back of prodigious length, very thin legs, an upright seat on horseback, and a countenance of an impassive gravity worthy of a monk of La Trappe, suggested no slight reminiscences of Don Quixote—but the parallel was by no means sustainable in the article of horse-flesh, for it would have been difficult to believe that Rosinante belonged to the same species with the "souls made of fire, and

children of the sun," who pawed the ground impatiently, and showed their pure Arab blood in every toss of their lordly manes, as they waited for their master, and neighed proudly as he made his appearance.

In the first place, Charles was well aware of Mary's insane admiration of that noble animal the horse; in the next place, not even the vanity of a proprietor could blind him to the fact, that his little grey Galloway could bear no sort of comparison with the poorest hackney in the new-comer's stud; in the third place, he felt sure that admiration, once excited, is very expansive in its character, and he therefore concluded that it was highly probable that the manifest liking which Mary had taken to the long-tailed barbs would imperceptibly widen and widen (like rings in water), till at last it included the long-whiskered owner of them in its circumference. And what was he to do to avert this calamity?—Buy a horse of surpassing beauty, and conquer the rival at his own weapons? Alas! John Laing sent him from Edinburgh a descendant of the Godolphin Arabian, which had every excellence that a horse could possess, except the trifling one of allowing a saddle to be put on his back—and to complete his discomfiture, the high-born intruder left tokens of his remembrance among all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance during his week's sojourn at the Dene (so was Charles's villa called); for before John Laing's man had been recalled from the capital to lead the new purchase home again, it had broken two of Andrew Nevins' ribs, and lamed the grey Galloway, by a kick on the hind leg. Deprived of the services of Andrew Nevin, who had been groom to one or other of the partners beyond the memory of man, and also of those of the grey Galloway, Charles exhausted himself in imagining other means of gaining his object; and, like all other people excelling in the imaginative, he went on building castles in the air,—wishing, hoping, fearing, and—doing nothing.

"I maun gang ower and ca' on this new occupier," said Peter Pearie one day to his ward; "it's no right to let the lad live sae much by himsel'. Our bank was aye hospitable to a' comers, and I feel it my duty, as heed o' the hoose, to ask him to his kail."

"O, I'm so delighted to hear you say so," said Mary, "I have been wishing it for such a time,—'twill be delightful!"

Mr Peter Pearie looked at the animated countenance of his ward—and a strange cloud passed over his brow.

"The lassie's in a creel," he replied. "Is't such a grand thing to mak' an outery about, that a man placed in my situation should gi'e a bit denner to an English fox-hunter that's come down a' the way to hunt wi' the Duke—what'll be delightful aboot it? eh?"

"Oh, he'll tell me all about his horses; that beautiful black creature with the glossy mane—a Tartar of the Ukraine breed."

"Na, na," said Mr Pearie, who had not studied Mazeppa so deeply as Cocker, "it seems a douce quiet bit beast, an' very clean in the skin. Chairlie Patieson's the lad for a Tartar. Yon was a real ane that cam' frae Embro—but in my een it's a temptin' o' Providence to hae ony thing but a blind powney that's a wee short o' the wind—for when they're blind they canna see ony thing to shy at, and if they're a wee asthmatic they canna rin very far, and that's the reason I'll hae nae ither horse but Dapple—nor you either, Mary; so say nae mair, say nae mair."

"But do you know any thing of this gentleman, his name, or whether he would like to be called upon?" enquired the young lady.

"His name's no of sae much consequence when I ask him to his denner as if I was asking him to pit it on the back of a bill—and as to likin' to be called on, ye'll remember, Miss, that it's me that's going to do't—me, the representative o' the firm, and indeed heed o' the"—

"Oh yes, I know all that," interrupted the young lady; "I only wish you could ask his horses along with him—such noble steeds."

'At the Baron De Mowbray's gate was seen,

A page with a courser black;

There came out a Knight of noble mien,

And he leapt on the courser's back;

His eyes were bright, and his heart was light,

He sang this merry lay—

Oh merrily lives a fair young knight,

He loves and he rides away."

"Does he so?" murmured Mr Pearie, as he gazed at the door through

which his volatile ward had disappeared, while her voice was still audible, going on with the ballad—"then by my certie the sooner he rides away the better—I wonder if this is some lover o' the lassie—if it is, and they've kept me in the dark, they'll find to their cost what it is to offend the heed o' the hoose. The gipsy! I maun tell Charles o' my suspicions, but in the mean time I'll hae the chap to his denner."

While this great resolve was agitating the bosom of Mr Pearie, and while the harp was thrilling beneath the touch of Mary Peat, who still sang the ballad of the Fair Young Knight, Charles Patieson glided into the room, looking so pale and miserable, that the fair performer suddenly broke off in the middle of a stanza, and asked if he had seen a ghost?

"I think I have, Mary," he replied, trying to smile.

"What was it like?—what was it of?—a bleeding nun—a murdered man—oh, what was it? do tell."

"The Past, the buried Past! it haunts me still."

"Poor fellow," said Mary, turning over her music in search of another song, "you must be terribly ill since you have taken to quoting poetry. How are stocks to-day, Charles; are the funds looking up?"

"Three and a half," mechanically answered the lover, "are same as yesterday—; but pshaw! hang the funds. Has Mr Pearie told you his intention about this hunting stranger?"

"Oh yes, he is to be asked to dinner—we shall get great friends, I hope—pleasant acquisition in this dull place, won't it?"

"Oh very," replied Charles, in a tone of voice that did not quite accord with the sentiment. "He is an officer."

"Dear me! how charming!" interrupted Mary; "and his name, dear Charles, have you found out his name?"

"Slasher. He is home on his three years leave from India."

"Oh what a nice neighbour he will be; what delightful stories he'll tell us of Ormus, and of Ind, Delhi, Bussorah, Damascus! The very names are enchanting as fairy tales; what day is he to be asked on?"

"On Thursday," said Charles; "I am surprised Mr Pearie runs such a risk."

"Risk, Charles! he isn't going to ride hunting with him, is he?"

"Perhaps he is," replied the young man, shaking his head mysteriously, "and may find that he is thrown out."

"Thrown out, you mean, if you mean any thing," said Mary; "but what risk do you mean?"

"A rival," replied Charles, boldly, "a rival, Mary, in his own designs, though I conclude he feels pretty sure of what he is doing before he has taken such a step."

"His designs? You amaze me, Charles. What designs? What rival?"

"Oh! I can't pretend to offer you information on points you must be so much better acquainted with yourself. However, it would have been as well to have consulted me before going quite so far. You will remember that, as my father's representative, I also am one of your guardians."

"Hoity toity," exclaimed the young lady, "what is the meaning of all this? You first begin looking dismal, talking of seeing a ghost, quoting poetry, and now tormenting my head with riddles. Speak out, man, and don't ride the high horse any longer. The tall steed you had from Edinburgh should have taught you better behaviour. What have you got to say?"

"Simply this; that Mr Pearie intends to marry you; he makes no secret of it; he told our new head-clerk, Mr Dawson, who told it again to me; so there can be no mistake."

A variety of colours passed over the beautiful brow and cheeks of Mary Peat, among which a bright scarlet soon gained the mastery, for her countenance was somewhat like a stormy sunset as she answered,

"Who has dared to say this? Has Peter Pearie, banker and bachelor, heed o' the hoose, and fifty-seven years of age? 'Pon my word, Charles, Charles, didn't you knock Mr Dawson down?"

"I had a great inclination to do it; but determined to ascertain the truth of the report from your own lips."

"But what would be the use of my saying any thing?" continued Mary, in a different mood, with difficulty controlling a desire to laugh outright; "you know, Charles, you are one of my guardians, and may refuse your consent. You wouldn't agree to it? Would you?"

"I would die sooner—ah! Mary, if it rested with me!"

"By the by, Charles, have you heard this new ballad? Such a pretty thing, though the words are contemptible;" and striking the harp-strings, she trilled one of the commonplace chansons of the day so sweetly, that Charles thought it would be a sin to interrupt her; and by the time the song was finished, the head of Mr Peter Pearie was poked in at the door for a moment, and uttered the following words,

"I've ca'd on the chield over the way—he's coming at five o'clock on Thursday; so let us hae a good denner on that day, Mary, befitting our station in the town, and my position as heed o' the hoose. Pearie, Peat, and Patieson were aye famed for their five-year auld cheviots, and we've aye dealt wi' Bell and Rennie; so we needna turn our backs on the King."

After this discourse the head was withdrawn, but we grieve to say that, from our knowledge of Charles Patieson's character, we are afraid he never summoned courage to renew the conversation, and allowed Mary to sing song after song till it was time for him to return to the Dene, and spend his solitary evening in envying the senior partner his happiness in living in the same house, albeit he was somewhat comforted by the way in which the young lady had received his information respecting that gentleman's matrimonial designs.

CHAPTER II.

A week, a month, a quarter of a year elapsed, and matters were not ostensibly much changed. Captain Slasher, indeed, was a frequent visitor, but, to ordinary eyes, his delicate attentions seemed exclusively devoted to

Mr Pearie's claret; his reminiscences of Oriental beauty were too lively to permit his attaching much value to the lilies and roses of Mary Peat; and, with a persevering gallantry worthy of a scientific old soldier, he persisted in

maintaining the footing he had gained in the worthy banker's family, even after it was abundantly evident that a retreat would have been agreeable to all parties, and particularly to the "heed o' the hoose." The "heed o' the hoose" was reduced to a very humble height in presence of the Indian soldier—his Cheeta shooting at Dhurwar—his steeple chases at Belgaum—his leopard-hunts at Bellary, threw the after-dinner boastings of Mr Peter Pearie, who in his day was considered a dead shot at a moorcock, completely into the shade; and it was with feelings of satisfaction, worthy of Milton's Satan, that Charles saw the fires of rage and jealousy slowly wasting away all the good-nature in his partner's bosom. In fact, it could no longer be concealed that Mr Pearie hated Captain Slasher, and it was also equally incapable of concealment that Captain Slasher didn't care three straws whether Mr Pearie hated him or not. Twice or thrice a-week, without any invitation, the gallant soldier stalked into the banker's dining-room just as dinner was announced,—told all the feats of the day—the leaps, and falls, and other incidents—sent in his plate five or six times to the joint of beef, emptied his bottle of port and threeturnblers of toddy, and concluded the evening by snoring an accompaniment to Mary's nicest songs.

Now, whether it were from the perversity that is said to be a constituent part of the feminine disposition, or from some other cause with which we are unacquainted, Mary did not appear to share in her guardian's dislike to the society of her new acquaintance. She delighted in his tales of wild Indian adventures, and his accounts of the noble deaths of the wild monsters of the desert. On days when the hounds did not meet, he generally wiled away an hour or two listening to Mary's music, or escorting her in her walks; in these respects supplying the place of Charles Patieson, who had gradually withdrawn himself from his former intimacy, and was endeavouring to wean himself from his foolish affection. One day when matters were in this state,—when the gallant Captain had escorted Mary to see the wax-work models of distinguished characters, which a provincial forerunner of Madame Tussand had brought into the town,

with the additional recommendation of modelling correct likenesses, in a few hours, of any one who chose to be immortalized in wax—while Slasher, we repeat, was escorting Mary to this sight, Mr Pearie, after many ominous and mysterious nods with his sagacious head to his junior partner, commenced a lamentation in the following terms—

"Charles, hoo does it happen ye sae seldom stay to yer kail?"

"You have other company, sir; I might perhaps be intrusive,"

"Deil a bit, deil a bit. Ah, Charles, if ither folk had a wee taste o' your way o' thinkin', it would be a' the better for my peace an' comfort. Charles, hospitality is a wearyin' o' the flesh. I wish I had never askit that lang neckit Indian savage to see the inside o' my hoose."

"He is an agreeable man, sir, I believe—full of anecdote"—

"Lees, every word o't; but, for a' that, the smooth-tongued leear is gainin' his point. I had ither thochts for Mary; but a wilfu' man will hae his way—and so will a wilfu' woman."

"Mary will soon be of age—she will have a right to choose"—

"But is't no shocking she should leave the Bank, and settle in some wearifu' place wi' a name like Meritcheaum or Sholapoor? The lassie's an ass, and there's an end. Dogs on't! if I werena' sae braid in the waim, and gied ower fair a mark, I wad challenge him to fecht; or if I were a wee younger,—hoo auld are ye, Charles?"

"Three-and-twenty, sir,"—

"Three-and-twenty! If I were three-and-twenty—ay, or twice three-and-twenty, I wad shoot him as I wad a pairtrick."

"My indignation is not quite so warm, sir," replied Charles.

"But it ocht to be, sir,—hot—boilin'. I tell ye this landlouser is going to break in on the customs of three generations. We've aye married thro' ither—an' Slasher wad be a grand name to pit into the firm! I'll no stand it—I'll gang through wi' my plan, and marry her in spite o' her teeth—there's nae consent needed but yours an' mine; we are her guardians—you'll consent, I'm sure; and as for hers"—

"You, of course, have secured that," said Charles, with something of bitterness in his tone.

"I thoct I had; indeed, as heed o' the hoose, I thoct it my duty to use all my influence, if it had been for

naething but the sake o' the Bank ; but deil hae this lang-backit ne'er-doweel, she seems to forget her auld freend and the kind o' promise she aince gave me "——

"She gave you a promise? sir," enquired Charles; "I think she might have consulted me before going quite so far. In a matter like that *my* consent, I should think, is of some importance."

"What the deil, sir!—are ye dementit? Do ye think, young man, that it wad be seemly in me—the heed o' this hoose, sir—to hae nae discretion in the marryin', or not marryin', o' Mary Peat? It's yer ain faut, sir—ye'll drive me to do something ye'll be sorry for—I'll speak to this Captain—into this hoose he'll come no more—ye'll repent it, sir; ye'll repent it, and that'll be seen and heard tell o'."

While Charles Patieson looked on, awestruck at the unexampled agitation of Mr Pearie, that gentleman, as if suddenly seized with some great resolve, snatched up his hat and stick, enquired where Miss Peat and the Captain were gone to, and followed them to the exhibition room of the wax-works.

"Slighted love is sair to bide,"

as Robert Burns sings—and as Charles Patieson felt. How lonely he seemed that long, long evening; reflecting, in every possible way, over the words and innuendoes of Mr Pearie. The Dene had never appeared to him so dull; even the bright moonlight trembling into his drawing-room, through the glass of his conservatory, failed to soothe him; and, in a fit of desperation, he rushed out into the open air. He wandered down the shelving banks of his beautiful villa to the river, which was brawling along beneath its overhanging rocks, sometimes hidden in darkness, sometimes, for a long expanse of its bright pure water, glimmering peacefully in the moonlight. Charles stood still beneath one of the great cliffs, for he thought, on the opposite side of the water, where the light was unobscured by trees, he heard the sound of distant voices; shortly afterwards he observed two figures emerge from the darkness, whom he easily recognised to be Mr Pearie, and Mr Dawson, the head-clerk. They seemed to look round them very cautiously; and then they suddenly returned to the dark corner they had emerged from, and carried

between them an object, which at first the breathless spectator found it difficult to recognise. Lifeless and limber, without sign of voluntary motion or resistance, it was dragged along the ground by Mr Pearie and his assistant. With a thrill of unimaginable horror Charles recognised, in the long blue surtout,—the top boots and breeches—and above all, in the long, pale face, with the prodigious whiskers and moustaches, the lifeless form of the unhappy Captain Slasher!—Horror kept him silent—in voiceless, motionless terror and surprise he watched the dreadful proceedings of the pair. They dragged the body to the river, and apparently fixing heavy stones to it to ensure its sinking, they dropt it slowly into the water—and rapidly retired. * * *

Pale and agitated with a night of sleepless distress, Charles Patieson presented himself next morning at the house of Mr Pearie. He had come to the resolution to warn the unhappy man to flee for his life, for he could not bring himself to give his friend, and his father's friend, into the hands of the executioner. At the same time concealment of the awful secret was out of the question—and not a moment was to be lost.

Mary Peat received him. She was gayer and more friendly in her manner than she had been for a long time.

"Dear Charles, I am so glad to see you.—You're come to breakfast?"

"I've no appetite, Mary," replied Charles,—"In fact"——

"Oh! you've breakfasted already—Mr Pearie will be so glad to see you."

"I doubt that"—answered the young man, coldly.

"But he *will*, though—he told me so himself—he told me that he was busied to a late hour last night in your service."

Charles shuddered at the dreadful scene recurred to him. "*My* service?" he said—

"Yes—and do you know I think it must have had some connexion with Captain Slasher's departure."

"Departure!"—echoed Charles, almost unconsciously.

"Oh! yes—he's away; quite suddenly—something or other carried him off."

"Mary,"—said Charles, solemnly taking her hand into his—"something has indeed carried him off; but something very different from what you suppose."

“ Mr Pearie called him aside for a very short time at the Wax-works,—and this morning he told me, before he went out for his walk, that I should not see Captain Slasher again.”

“ He told you so?—’Tis, indeed, too true.”—

“ I’m so sorry!—Captain Slasher had seen such strange things in India;—but I don’t think Mr Pearie ever liked him;—Do you think he did?”

“ My dear Mary,” said Charles, “ don’t run on so thoughtlessly—it is of the greatest importance that this subject should not be mentioned. Never on any account allude to the dislike you perceived Mr Pearie entertained to Captain Slasher. Hush! he’s coming! It may be the saving of a life. Beware!”—and Charles rushed out of the room to have his interview with the murderer alone.

Never were happiness and peace of mind more clearly depicted on a human countenance than on that of Mr Pearie. His hands stuck in both pockets, his hat cocked airily on one side of his head, for he had just returned from his morning’s stroll,—and, his whole outward man swelling with comfort and satisfaction, he winked significantly to the horror-struck visitor, and said—

“ We’ve done him, Charles; yon birky will gie us nae mair trouble.”

A shudder passed over poor Charles at this dreadful commencement.

“ You allude—I presume—to—to Captain Slasher?” he stammered.

“ Just so—I gied him a hint about some promotion that was going on in the Indian army, and he set aff that very hour for London.”

“ Promotion?” enquired Charles, with a searching look at the unconscious narrator.

“ Yes—a sudden death had ta’en place in the regiment that he was aye puffin’ and boastin’ about.—Do ye mind hoo he used aye to be telling us hoo pleased he would be if we could see his corpse?”

Charles gathered the whole energy of his soul into one sentence. With compressed lips, and an eye rivetted on Mr Pearie, he said, “ I have seen it, sir!”

“ Weel, was’t a braw ane?—It maun ha been unco black, for ye mind he tauld us his men were a’ niggers.—But is’t come hame? Whar saw ye his corpse?”—

“ Old man!” said Charles, laying his hand solemnly on Mr Pearie’s

shoulder, “ do you think I believe your tale about a promotion in Captain Slasher’s regiment?”

“ What care I whether you believe it or no? He believed it, an’ that’s enough. He’s awa’ to Lon’on,—his horses are a’ to follow to-day;—his rent is a’ paid, and sae we’re quit o’ him. You dinna seem half pleased about it, Charles?”

“ Look within, into your own heart, Mr Pearie, and tell me if you think I ought to be pleased.”

“ Deed ocht ye, for ye see we’ve the disposal o’ Mary a’ to ourselves,—she’ll still be in the firm; and between ourselfs, I ha’e every reason to believe she’s as well pleased at the business as we are.”

“ Once for all,”—said Charles, firmly—“ I know all, Mr Pearie,—mark me,—all. I was by the water’s side, last night—you understand me.”

“ Whisht! for God’s sake whisht—it wad ruin our credit in the town—poor Dawson has his way to make—folk wad think it was carryin’ the joke owre far. It was grand fun! but sef us, man, whisht about it.”

During this recital, which was accompanied with many explosions of mirth, the listener was transfixed with a mingled feeling of pity and disgust. At last, however, a conviction of the insanity of the unfortunate banker took possession of his mind. But Dawson, the quiet, steady head-clerk—the confidant of his principal’s plans about Mary—the depository of his schemes of vengeance against his rival! It was impossible to believe that both were insane. Time pressed—he resolved to leave Mr Pearie; to explain the whole business in a few words to Mary; and then to inform Dawson of the discovery of his misdeeds. At this moment a bell was rung in the street, and Mr Pearie, rushing to the window, listened for a moment to a proclamation of the bellman, then looking at Charles with a face in which alarm and vexation were very powerfully expressed, he exclaimed, “ We’re found out! we’re found out!—what’ll become o’ us?—I’ll gie the bellman five shillings, and bribe every ane else to haud their tongues. Not a word, Charles, o’ what ye saw last night.”

But Charles was in no mood to make promises. Mr Pearie rushed forth to carry his plans of bribery into effect; and Charles hurried into the Bank. There, seated quietly at his desk, as if

nothing particular had happened, was Dawson busy making entries.

"Dawson," said Charles, "no time is to be lost. Follow me into the house."

Mr Dawson folded up his books and papers, and did as he was told.

Mary was no little amazed to see Charles, thus accompanied, enter her breakfast parlour.

"What's the matter?" she exclaimed, "has any thing happened?"

"Yes," said Charles, "murder has happened! have you heard the bell-man?"

"No—who? what is it? oh tell me."

"Dawson can tell you best!—out with it, sir,—it is no secret to me!—I saw you last night by moonlight."

"Me, sir?—de'il a bit o' me will tell ony thing without the order o' my principal."

"Then I will," continued Charles. "You will see your admirer, Captain Slasher, no more."

"I know it," replied Mary, "Mr Pearie has told me so."

"It was Mr Pearie, aided by the diabolical ruffian at my side, who got quit of him."

"I know that too," said Mary; "I think they managed it very well."

Charles Patieson reeled as if thunderstruck, and fell into a chair.

But farther disclosures were interrupted by the entrance of Mr Pearie.

"Ah! Dawson?"—he exclaimed—"this is a foolish business—they're draggin' the water—they'll find the body to a certainty."

"There! there!" cried Charles. "I told you so, Mary!"

"Unless we get some body to tak' the wyte o't, it'll ruin our reputation;—some young chap—it wadna harm the like o' a laddie o' twa or three an' twenty—Charlie, will you just save Dawson an' me frae disgrace, and tak' the blame o't on yersel?"

"Who! I, sir?"

"Wha else? Was it na for your sake it was done? Wasna it to get ye the hand (ye've gotten the heart already I jalouse), o' Mary Peat there, that Dawson and me did it?"

Charles looked at Mary, and Mary's silence and blushes confirmed Mr Pearie's statement.

"No, sir," he replied at last, "not even for that. Mary herself would recoil from a person accused of murder."

"Murder!" cried Mr Pearie, astonished; "it's no just sae bad as that either, though Tam Jaffrey, the bell-man, says that the town-clerk tauld him it amounted to hamesucken and robbery—principally on account of the breeks; for ye see they were the Captain's ain breeks, and a pair o' his auld boots too."

"What is all this about?" enquired Mary, who had gazed from one person to the other, amazed at the conversation.

"Just a frolic, Mary, o' Dawson an' me," said Mr Pearie—"Ye see that lang-neckit Indian, afore going awa', had had the vanity to hae his statue done by the folk at the Wax-works, and had furnished it with his auld claes. Noo, I saw clear enough that his plan was to leave this statue wi' you, Mary, as a parting keepsake; an' as I didna wish to hae ony thing o' the kind, Dawson an' me just gaed down last night, clamb into the upstairs window, and got haud o' the wax figure. We didna ken hoo to get quit o't, so we tied a wheen stanes round it, an' threw it bodily into the water opposite the Dene-walks—and Charles, ye see, refuses to tak' the blame o't, tho' I've tauld him ye're willing to reward him."

Charles Patieson, at this explanation, started up. "What! refuse? Who said I refused? My dear sir,—I will confess this moment."

"An' marry Mary Peat?"

Our chronicle gives no account of what Charles's answer was. But, we believe, a very short time saw every thing satisfactorily arranged—and the spotless reputation of the "heed o' the hoose" preserved from the scandal of so frolicsome an achievement, by the self-devotion of the younger partner. The church bells thundering forth their best, "one morning very early, one morning in the spring," gave notice to all whom it might concern, that the banking establishment lately carried on under the names of Pearie, Peat, and Patieson, was now conducted under the names of Pearie and Patieson only. In the course of a few years it was finally dissolved. Mr Pearie retired from business, and now resides at the Dene—his old premises bearing, in new gilt letters above the door—"Branch Bank. Hours of business from 10 till 4."

OUR WOULD-BE RECTOR.

Among those serious and vexatious affairs the public have had a little relaxation in laughing at the misfortunes of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. This Royal Duke has been notorious for many years as a Whig "and something more," as a *liberal* of the most vociferous kind. Nature having given the Royal Duke no talents whatever, he could not, like some of his betters, abuse them, and his principles having been taught by Whigs, the character of those principles may be left for the amusement of the public.

But during his whole life the topics of his oratory were the abomination of living upon the public,—his own huge pension, we presume, being the reward of intended services, he never having rendered any in the sixty years of his being. His Royal Highness was in perpetual agonies at the idea of pensions and places, of titles conferred without cause, of royal extravagance, and Ministerial corruption. The friend of the patriotic party who sang and swore that self-denial, public economy, and personal disinterestedness had taken refuge among them alone, could do no less than flourish his commonplaces at taverns and tea-drinkings, and preach cheap living and liberty. All this was often looked on with surprise, when it was remembered that his Royal Highness himself was one of the most palpable cases of sinecurism in the kingdom; and that the success of his doctrines would have driven him to the hopeless necessity of earning his bread by the labour of his brains or hands. Still his Royal Highness harangued, and while there seemed no chance of his getting any thing from the Treasury he was the most averse of any man living to condescend to the national offence of making any demand upon the finances of what he, as regularly as the tavern bell rang, pronounced an impoverished, beggared, cruelly burthened, and so forth, nation.

But the hope of other things dawned. He saw the Duchess of Kent, as her expenses decreased, getting an augmentation to her income, and the Duke, old as he was, thought that as his merits were quite equal, so might his luck. He accordingly made his proposal, through the bowels of compassion of Mr Gillon, a young gentleman who, in default of all other claims on public attention, avows himself a

Radical. The poor Duke asked for an increase of his pension, that pension being, on the whole, equal to the annual interest of half a million of money; his only discoverable plea being that he would extremely like to have more money than during his sixty years of drowsy existence he had ever possessed. No one in the House was cruel enough to ask what he had done for all that he had got from the nation already. The royal patriot and petitioner never having held any office, never rendered any service, never been heard of in any human shape of any possible exertion for the public behoof. The case was so decisive, that, prodigal as the House was, the petition slept on the table. The result was lamentable; the Royal Duke gave up the Presidentship of the Royal Society, to which his prodigious discoveries among the stars, or possibly his investigation of the philosopher's stone, doubtless entitled him; wrote a lacrymose letter to the Fellows, which was intended to rouse the very insensible feelings of the public, and, declaring that he was unable to support the expenses of this formidable elevation, retired, covered with, we presume, glory.

The men of science, it must be owned, have not been altogether pleased with the reason, however they may have been with the result. They did not choose to be regarded as having eaten up a Royal Duke, as churchwardens were once said to devour a child. Accordingly, some lively correspondence has followed.

The point in question is the Royal Duke's inability to support the heavy expenses of his Presidentship. This is an unlucky confession to be thrown among so many arithmeticians. They have since been busy in the calculation how much it may have cost his Royal Highness to give tea and cakes, which were all that his Royal Highness ever gave. Some take the items of the tea, which they assert might be a couple of pounds at five shillings each, on his soirees. And others distinctly state, that those soirees, last year, amounted only to four, and allowing for candles, sugar, cream, &c.—for to these calculations the melancholy announcement of his Royal Highness's dilapidation have naturally driven them—the amount might be, at the outside, about L.200 per annum, which, deducted from his public

allowance of L.18,000 a-year (with other matters, amounting to L.21,000), leaves only the small sum of L.20,800 to meet the troubles of this world.

A sensible, and by no means an uncourteous letter, on this subject has appeared, utterly denying that the expenses of the Presidentship could be a burden to any one with a tenth or a hundredth of the unhappy Royal Duke's income.

It says, "I have been thirty years a Fellow of the Society, and have frequently had the honour of being elected of the Council. I have attended the evening parties of Sir J. Banks, Sir H. Davy, and Mr Gilbert. I have also attended, I believe, all the 'soirees' at your Royal Highness's residence to which I was honoured with an invitation, and I think I may say that these have not amounted to *four* altogether, and that, except your Royal Highness's frank and gracious reception of your guests, there was nothing to distinguish them from the evening parties so frequent in London, in which a private gentleman gives tea, coffee, and conversation to his literary friends."

It continues in the same quiet, but perfectly *intelligible* style—"I can only say that the meetings which I attended, though perhaps too few in number, were conducted with plain,

if not frugal, good taste; and that, in the simplicity of their style, there was nothing to contrast offensively with the ordinary habits of the guests; nor, I should have thought, to increase in any sensible degree the expenses of your establishment."

All this will be extremely well relished by the country, though we shall not answer for the Royal Duke's equanimity on the occasion. The truth is, that all men are extremely glad when pretexts and pretences exhibit themselves the things they are. Paying all due respect to rank and royalty, we have seen nothing in the conduct of this man, whether young or old, to justify any kind of regret on the occasion. A Whig prince, in the modern sense of Whiggism, is an anomaly and an absurdity. If Radicalism were triumphant for a week, it would strip every prince in the land of title, pension, honours, and coat and breeches, and send them roving the earth like the unfortunate French nobility.

But we warn the country that the experiment on the parliamentary *viscera* is to be repeated. The "*Datæ obolum Belisario*" will not altogether answer in the instance of a petitioner who "of the division of a battle knows no more than a spinster." We recommend the following:—

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling legs have borne him to your door,
Ready to beg the utmost that he can,
And humbly take his twenty thousand more.

Whose gartered limbs his poverty bespeak,
A talking, trifling, brain-bewildered thing,
Whose name in vain in History's page you'll seek;
Who never served his country or his king.

What were a palace by the public given,
A lavish pension, title, and a star?
Now comes he—by the price of Congo driven,
To hold his hand up at your worships' bar.

For forty years, just thirty times he dined
Per month, where Charity supplied the meal,
But years *will* come—this practice has declined,
And now he lives, hard fare, upon his zeal.

When once the *Savans* with his toast made free
(Dinners and suppers were beyond a prince),
Fate struck the hour when first he gave them tea,
He ne'er has known a smile, or sixpence since.

In vain the presidential glories rose,
Sir Joseph's three-cocked hat, Sir Isaac's chair,
Sir Humphrey's rapier, Gilbert's well darned hose,
The spectre of the grocer's bill was there.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling legs have borne him to your door,
Ready to beg the utmost that he can,
And humbly take his twenty thousand more.

TUPPER'S GERALDINE.

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel* is the most exquisite of all his inspirations; and, incomplete as it is, affects the imagination more magically than any other poem concerning the preternatural. We are all the while in our own real and living world, and in the heart of its best and most delightful affections. Yet trouble is brought among them from some region lying beyond our ken, and we are alarmed by the shadows of some strange calamity overhanging a life of beauty, piety, and peace. We resign all our thoughts and feelings to the power of the mystery—seek to enjoy rather than to solve it—and desire that it may be not lengthened but prolonged, so strong is the hold that superstitious Fear has of the human heart, entering it in the light of a startling beauty, while Evil shows itself in a shape of heaven; and in the shadows that Genius throws over it, we know not whether we be looking at Sin or Innocence, Guilt or Grief.

Coleridge could not complete *Christabel*. The idea of the poem, no doubt, dwelt always in his imagination—but the poet knew that power was not given him to robe it in words. The Written rose up between him and the Unwritten; and seeing that it was “beautiful exceedingly,” his soul was satisfied, and shunned the labour—though a labour of love—of a new creation.

Therefore 'tis but a Fragment—and for the sake of all that is most wild and beautiful, let it remain so for ever. But we are forgetting ourselves; as many people as choose may publish what they call continuations and sequels of *Christabel*—but not one of them all will be suffered to live. If beyond a month any one of them is observed struggling to protract its rickety existence, it will assuredly be strangled, as we are about to strangle Mr Tupper's *Geraldine*.

Mr Tupper is a man of talent, and in his Preface writes, on the whole, judiciously of *Christabel*. “Every word tells—every line is a picture: simple, beautiful, and imaginative, it retains its hold upon the mind by so many delicate feelers and touching points, that to outline harshly the main bran-

ches of the tree, would seem to be doing the injustice of neglect to the elegance of its foliage, and the microscopic perfection of every single leaf. Those who now read it for the first time, will scarcely be disposed to assent to so much praise; but the man to whom it is familiar will remember how it has grown to his own liking—how much of melody, depth, nature, and invention, he has found from time to time hiding in some simple phrase or unobtrusive epithet.” In no poem can “every line be a picture;” and there is little or no meaning in what Mr Tupper says above about the tree; but our wonder is, how, with his feeling of the beauty of *Christabel*, he could have so blurred and marred it in his unfortunate sequel. “*My excuse*,” he says, “for continuing the fragment at all, will be found in Coleridge's own words to the preface of the 1816 pamphlet edition, where he says, ‘I trust that I shall be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come, in the course of the present year’—a half-promise which, I need scarcely observe, has never been redeemed.” Mr Tupper continues:—“In the following attempt I may be censured for rashness, or commended for courage; of course, I am fully aware, that to take up the pen where COLERIDGE has laid it down, and that in the wildest and most original of his poems, is a most difficult, nay, dangerous proceeding; but upon these very characteristics of difficulty and danger I humbly rely; trusting that, in all proper consideration for the boldness of the experiment, if I be adjudged to fail, the fall of Icarus may be broken; if I be accounted to succeed, the flight of *Dædalus* may apologize for his presumption.” “Finally,” he says, “I deem it due to myself to add, what I trust will not be turned against me, viz. that, if not written literally *currente calamo*, GERALDINE has been the pleasant labour of but a very few days.

Mr Tupper does not seem to know that *Christabel* “was continued” many years ago, in a style that perplexed the public and pleased even Coleridge. The ingenious writer meant it for a mere *jeu de spirit*—but “*Geraldine*”

is dead serious, and her father hopes an immortal fame. We neither "censure him for rashness nor commend him for courage," but are surprised at his impertinence, and pained by his stupidity—and the more for that he possesses powers that, within their own proper province, may gain him reputation. We like him, and hope to praise him some day—nay, purpose to praise him this very day—therefore we shall punish him at present but with forty stripes. He need not fear a fall like that of Icarus, for his artificial wings have not lifted his body fairly off the ground—and so far from soaring through the sky like a Dædalus, he labours along the sod after the fashion of a Dodo. In the summer of 1797, Coleridge wrote the first part of *Christabel*—in 1800, the second—and published them in 1816—so perfected, that his genius, in its happiest hours, feared to look its own poem in the face, and left it for many long years, and at last, without an altered or an added word, to the delight of all ages. Mr Tupper's "*GERALDINE* has been the pleasant labour of a very few days!"—(Loud cries of Oh! oh! oh!)

Mr Tupper in the Third Canto shows us the Lady Geraldine beneath the oak—the scene of the Witch's first meeting with *Christabel*. You remember the lines in Coleridge—and more vividly these—

"There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That standing in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made the white robe wan,
Her stately neck and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandelled were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she,
Beautiful exceedingly!"

And you remember how *Christabel*, after that

"Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness,

* * * *

On her elbow did recline
To look at the Lady Geraldine."

And how, when the Witch unbound her cincture,

"Her silken robe and inner vest
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! *her bosom and half her side,*
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet *Christabel!*"

These few words signify some unimaginable horror—and never did genius, not even Shakspeare's, so give to one of its creations, by dim revelation mysteriously diffused, a fearful being that all at once is present "beyond the reaches of our souls"—something fiendish in what is most fair, and blasting in what is most beautiful.

Powerful as Prospero was Coleridge; but what kind of a wand is waved by Mr Tupper?

"Thickly curls a poisonous smoke,
And terrible shapes with evil names
Are leaping around in a circle of flames,
And the tost air whirls, storm-driven,
And the rent earth quakes, charm-riven,—
And—*art thou not afraid?*"

Previous to these apparitions, the wolf has been hunting, the raven croaking, the owl screeching, the clock of course tolling twelve,

"And to her cauldron hath hurried the
witch,
And aroused the deep bay of the mastiff
bitch;"

The moon is gibbous, and looks "like an eye-ball of sorrow," and yet is called "sun of the night,"—most perversely—and oh! how unlike the sure inspiration of Coleridge! While, with the "Sun of the Night" shining, Geraldine is absurdly said to be—

"Fair *truant*—like an angel of light,
Hiding from heaven in dark midnight."

One touch of the Poet's would have shown the scene in all the power of midnight, by such an accumulation of ineffective and contradictory imagery thus utterly destroyed. S. T. C. made the Witch dreadful—M. F. T. makes her disgusting.

"All dauntless stands the maid
In mystical robe array'd,
And still with flashing eyes
She dares the sorrowful skies,
And to the moon, like one possest,

Hath shown—O dread! that face so fair
Should smile above so shrunk a breast,

Haggard and brown, as hangeth there—
O evil sight!—wrinkled and old,
The dug of a witch, and clammy cold,—
Where in warm beauty's rarest mould
Is fashioned all the rest."

* * * *

"Muttering wildly through her set teeth,
She seeketh and stirreth the demons beneath."

Why—were not already "terrible shapes with evil names leaping around a circle of flames?" But

"Now one nearer than others is heard
Flapping this way, as a huge sea-bird,
Or liker the dark-dwelling ravenous shark
Cleaving through the waters dark."

Of her or him we hear no more—
and it is well—but who that ever saw
a shark in the sea would say that his
style of motion was like that of a huge
sea-bird flapping its wings? Geraldine feels "the spell hath power," and

"Her mouth grows wide, and her face
falls in,
And her beautiful brow becomes flat and
thin,
And sulphurous flashes blear and singe
That sweetest of eyes with its delicate
fringe,
Till, all its loveliness blasted and dead,
The eye of a snake blinks deep in her
head;
For raven locks flowing loose and long
Bristles a red mane, stiff and strong,
And sea-green scales are beginning to
speck
Her shrunken breasts, and lengthening
neck;
The white round arms are sunk in her
sides

As when in chrysalis canoe
A may-fly down the river glides,
Struggling for life and liberty too,
Her body convulsively twists and twirls,
This way and that it bows and curls,
And now her soft limbs melt into one
Strangely and horribly tapering down,
Till on the burnt grass dimly is seen
A serpent-monster, scaly and green,
Horror!—can this be Geraldine?"

You remember the dream of Bracy
the Bard in Christabel—told by him-
self to Sir Leoline?

"In my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And calls't by thy own daughter's name—
Sir Leoline! I saw the same
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wondered what might ail the bird;
For nothing near it I could see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath
the old Tree.

And in my dream methought I went
To search out what might there be found;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant
That thus lay wattering on the ground.
I went and heard, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear Lady's sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck,

Green as the herbs on which it crouched,
Close by the dove's its head it crouched;
And with the dove it heaves and surs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
I woke; it was the midnight hour;
The clock was echoing in the tower;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away—
It seems to live upon my eye!
And thence I vowed this self-same day,
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest lone,
Lest aught unholy loiter there."

How beautiful the picture! The
expression how perfect! How full
of meaning the dream! Mr Tupper
does not know it was a dream of love
in fear; and interpreting it literally,
transforms Geraldine into a "bright
green snake!" and such a snake!

The "dragon-maid" coils herself
round the "old oak stump," splitting
it to the heart, which, it seems, is
hollow and black—and after a while

"The hour is fled, the spell hath sped;
And heavily dropping down as dead,
All in her own beauty drest,
Brightest, softest, loveliest,
Fair faint Geraldine lies on the ground,

Moaning sadly;
And forth from the oak
In a whirl of thick smoke

Grimacing gladly,
Leaps with a hideous howl at a bound
*A squat black dwarf of visage grim,
With centebes beside each twisted limb
Half hidden in many a flame-coloured rag,—*
It is Ryxa the Hag!"

Ryxa the hag is the Witch's mother
—by whom the deponent saith not—
and undertakes to clothe her with all
beauty—in the shape of Geraldine—
that she may win the love of the Lady
Christabel's betrothed knight, and en-
joy his embraces—only that

"Still thy bosom and half thy side
Must shrivel and sink at eventide,
And still, as every Sabbath breaks,
Thy large dark eyes must blink as a snake's."

She tells her, too, to beware of the
hymning of the Holy Bard—

For that the power of hymn and harp
Thine innermost being shall wither and
warp,
And the same hour they touch thine ears,
A serpent thou art for a thousand years."

Such is Canto Third, and it ex-
plains—as we understand it—what
occurred immediately before the meet-
ing of Christabel and the Witch be-
neath the oak, as described in the

First Canto by Coleridge. But how the Dragon Maid was so beautiful before her mother endowed her with the borrowed mein of Geraldine, we do not know; nor are we let into the secret of the cause of her hatred of Christabel in particular, more than of any other lovely Christian lady with a Christian lover, of whom there must have been many at that day among the Lakes. The Canto seems to us throughout to the last degree absurd.

It pleased Coleridge to give to each of his two Cantos a conclusion—in a separate set of verses—and Mr Tupper does the same—but oh! my eye, what verses! He speaketh of hatred—or jealousy—or some infernal passion or another, which, among other evil works,

"Floodeth the bosom with bitterest gall,
It drowneth the young virtues all,
And the sweet milk of the heart's own fountain,

Choked and crushed by a heavy mountain,
All curdled, and harden'd, and blacken'd,
doth shrink

Into the Sepia's stone-bound ink!!" &c.

Think of these lines as Coleridge's,

"The creature of the God-like forehead!"

Part Fourth beginneth thus—

"The eye of day hath opened grey,

And the gallant sun

Hath trick'd his beams by Rydal's streams,

And waveless Coniston;

From Langdale Pikes his glory strikes,

From heath and giant hill,

From many a tairn, and *stone-built cairn*,

And many a mountain rill:

Helvellyn bares his forehead black,

And Eagle-crag, and Saddleback,

And Skiddaw hails the dawning day,

And rolls his robe of clouds away."

Mr Tupper knows nothing of the localities—and should have consulted Green's Guide before sitting down to "continue" Christabel. Coniston has no connexion with Rydal's streams, nor have they any connexion with Sir Leoline's Castle in Langdale—much less has Helvellyn—and least of all have Saddleback and Skiddaw. No doubt the "eye of day" saw them all, and many a place beside; but this slobbering sort of work is neither poetry nor painting—mere words.

A stranger knight with a noble retinue arrives at the Castle gate, and

"leaps the moat,"—an unusual feat. And who is he? Amador, "a founding youth," who having been exposed in infancy "beneath the tottering Bowther-stone," and picked up by Sir Leoline, in due course of time fell in love with Christabel, and, on discovery of their mutual affection, had been ordered by the wrathful Baron away to the Holy Land, not to return "Till name and fame and fortune are his."

The progress of the loves of the "*handsome* (!) youth and the beauteous maid" is described circumstantially—and we are told that, when climbing the mountains together, they did not

"guess that the strange joy they feel
The rapture making their hearts reel,
Springs from aught else than—sweet Grassmere,

Or hill and valley far and near,
Or Derwent's banks, and glassy tide,
Lowdore and hawthorn'd Ambleside."

Such simplicity is rare, even now-a-days, in young people on whom "life's noon is blazing bright and fair." But so it was, Mr Tupper assures us in lines that will bear comparison with any thing of the kind in any language.

"Thus they grew up in each other,
Till to ripened youth

They had grown up for each other;

Yet, to say but sooth,

She had not lov'd him, as other

Than a sister doth,

And he to her was but a brother,

With a brother's troth:

But selfish craft, that slept so long,

And, if wrong were, had done the wrong,

Now, just awake, with dull surprise

Read the strange truth,

And from their own accusing eyes

Condemned them both,—

That they, who only for each other

Gladly drew their daily breath,

Now must curb, and check, and smother

Through all life, love strong as death;

While the dear hope they just have learnt to prize,

And fondly cherish,

The hope that in their hearts deep-rooted lies,

Must pine and perish:

For the slow prudence of the worldly wise

In cruel coldness still denies

The founding youth to woo and win

The heiress daughter of Leoline."

To part them was as hard as to bid

"The broad oak stump, as it stands on the farm,

Be rent asunder by strength of arm;"

the wretch as severe as that needed

“To drag the magnet from the pole,
To chain the freedom of the soul,
To freeze in ice desires that boil,
To root the mandrake from the soil,” &c.

But Amador, after ten years' absence
—so Christabel was no girl—now re-
turned “with name and fame and *fortune*” — for

“The Lion-King, with his own right hand,
Had dubbed him Knight of Holy Land,
The crescent waned where'er he came,
And Christendom rung with his fame,
And *Saracen trembled at the name*
Of Amador de Ramothaim !”

Having leapt the moat, and flung him-
self from his horse,

“In the hall
He met her !—but how pale and wan !—
He started back, as she upon

His neck would fall ;
He started back,—for by her side
O blessed vision ! he espied

A thing divine,—
Poor Christabel was lean and white,
But oh, how soft, and fair, and bright,
Was Geraldine !

Fairer and brighter, as he gazes
All celestial beauty blazes
From those glorious eyes,
And Amador no more can brook
The jealous air and peevish look
That in the other lies !”

This is rather sudden, and takes the
reader aback—for though poor Chris-
tabel had had a strange night of it, she
was a lovely creature the day before,
and could not have grown so very
“lean and white” in so short a time.
Only think of her looking “*peevish*” !

But—

“A trampling of hoofs at the cullice-port,
A hundred horse in the castle court !
From border wastes a weary way,
Through Halegarth wood and Knorren
moor,

A mingled numerous array,
On panting palfreys black and grey,
With foam and mud bespattered o'er,
Hastily cross the flooded lirt,
And rich Waswater's beauty skirt,
And Sparkling-Tairn, and rough Seath-
waite,

And now that day is dropping late,
Have passed the drawbridge and the gate.”
Here again Mr Tupper shows, some-
what ludicrously, his unacquaintance
with the Lake-Land, and makes Sir
Roland perform a most circuitous
journey.

You know that Sir Leoline and Sir

Roland had been friends in youth, and
cannot have forgotten Coleridge's ex-
quisite description of their quarrel and
estrangement. He would have paint-
ed their reconciliation in a few lines of
light. But attend to Tupper—and
remember the parties are, each of
them, bordering, by his account, on
foursecore.

‘Like aspens tall beside the brook,
The stalwart warriors stood and shook,
And each advancing feared to look
Into the other's eye ;
'Tis fifty years ago to-day
Since in disdain and passion they
Had flung each other's love away
With words of insult high ;
How had they long'd and pray'd to meet !
But memories cling ; and pride is sweet ;
And—which could be the first to greet
The haply scornful other ?
What if De Vaux were haughty still,—
Or Leoline's unbridled will
Consented not his rankling ill
In charity to smother ?

“Their knees give way, their faces are pale,
And loudly beneath the corselets of mail,
Their aged hearts in generous heat
Almost to bursting boil and beat ;
The white lips quiver, the pulses throb,
They stifle and swallow the rising sob,—
And there they stand, faint and unmann'd,
As each holds forth his bare right hand !
Yes, the mail-clad warriors tremble,
All unable to dissemble
Penitence and love contest.
As within each aching breast
The flood of affection grows deeper and
stronger
Till they can refrain no longer,
But with,—‘Oh, my long-lost brother !’
To their hearts they clasp each other,
Vowing in the face of heaven
All forgotten and forgiven !

“Then, the full luxury of grief
That brings the smothered soul relief,
Within them both so fiercely rushed
That from their vanquish'd eyes out-gushed
A tide of tears, as pure and deep
As children, yea as cherubs weep !”

Sir Roland tells Sir Leoline, that
his daughter Geraldine could not help
being amused with Bard Bracy's tale
that she was in Langdale, seeing
that she was sitting at home in her
own latticed bower ; but the false one
imposes on the old gentleman with a
pleasant story, and, manifest impostor
and liar though she be, they take her
—do not start from your chair—for
the Virgin Mary’

"Her beauty hath conquer'd : a sunny smile
Laughs into goodness her seeming guile.
Aye, was she not in mercy sent
To heal the friendships pride had rent ?
Is she not here a blessed saint
To work all good by subtle feint ?
Yea, art thou not, mysterious dame,
Our Lady of Furness ?—the same, the same !
O holy one, we know thee now,
O gracious one, before thee bow,
Help us, Mary, hallowed one,
Bless us, for thy wondrous Son"—

At that word, the spell is half-broken,
and the dotards, who had been kneeling, rise up ; the Witch gives a slight hiss, but instantly recovers her gentleness and her beauty, and both fall in love with her, like the elders with Susanna.

"Wonder-stricken were they then,
And full of love, those ancient men,
Full-fired with guilty love, as when
In times of old

To young Susanna's fairness knelt
Those elders twain, and foully felt
The lava-streams of passion melt
Their bosoms cold."

They walk off as jealous as March hares, and Amador, a more fitting wooer, supplies their place.

His head is cushioned on her breast,

Her dark eyes shed love on his,
And his changing cheek is prest

By her hot and thrilling kiss,
While again from her moist lips
The honeydew of joy he sips,
And views, with rising transport warm,
Her half-unveil'd bewitching form."

At this critical juncture Christabel comes gliding ghost-like up to him—and Amador, most unaccountably stung—

———"Stung with remorse,
Hath drop't at her feet as a clay-cold corse ;"
she raises him up and kisses him—Geraldine, with "an involuntary hiss and snake-like stare," gnashes her teeth on the loving pair. Bard Bracy plays on his triple-stringed Welsh harp a holy hymn—Geraldine is convulsed, grows lank and lean—

"The spell is dead—the charm is o'er,
Writhing and circling on the floor,
While she curl'd in pain, and then was
seen no more."

Next day at noon Amador and Christabel are wed—the spirit of the bride's mother descending from heaven to bless the nuptials—the bridegroom is declared by her to be Sir Rowland's son—

"The spirit said, and all in light
Melted away that vision bright ;
My tale is told."

Such is *Geraldine*, a Sequel to Coleridge's *Christabel* ! It is, indeed, a most shocking likeness—call it rather a horrid caricature. Coleridge's *Christabel*, in any circumstances beneath the sun, moon, and stars, "lean and white, and peevish"!!—a most impious libel. Coleridge's *Geraldine* "like a lady from a far countree"—with that dreadful bosom and side-stain still the most beautiful of all the witches—and in her mysterious wickedness powerful by the inscrutable secret of some demon-spell over the best of human innocence—the dragon-daughter of an old red-raged hag, hobbling on wooden crutches ! *Where is our own ?* Coleridge's bold English Barons, stiff in their green eld as oaks, Sir Leoline and Sir Roland, with rheumy eyes, slavering lips, and tottering knees, shamelessly wooing the same witch in each other's presence, with all the impotence of the last stage of dotage !

"She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight ;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away !"

That is all we hear of him from Coleridge—Mr Tupper brings before us the "*handsome youth*" (yes ! he calls him so), with

"a goodly shield,
Three wild-boars or, on an azure field,
While scallop-shells on an argept fess
Proclaim him a pilgrim and knight no
less ! !

Enchased in gold on his helmet of steel
A deer-hound stands on the high-plumed
keel !" &c.

And thus equipped—booted and spurred—armed cap-a-pie—he leaps the moat—contrary to all the courtesies of chivalry—and, rushing up to the lady, who had been praying for him for *ten years* (ten is too many), he turns on his heel as if he had stumbled by mistake on an elderly vinegar-vi-saged chambermaid, and makes furious love before her face to the lady on whose arm she is fainting ;—and *this* is in the spirit of—Coleridge ! It won't do to say Amador is under a spell. No such spell can be tolerated—and so far from being moved with pity for Amador as infatuated, we feel assured, that there is not one Quaker in Ken-

dal, who, on witnessing such brutality, would not lend a foot to kick him down stairs, and a hand to fling him into the moat among the barbels.

As for the diction, it is equally destitute of grace and power—and not only without any colouring of beauty, but all blotch and varnish, laid on as with a shoe-brush. All sorts of images and figures of speech crawl over the surface of the Sequel, each

shifting for itself, like certain animalculæ set a-racing on a hot-plate by a flaxen-headed cowboy; and though there are some hundreds of them, not one is the property of Mr Tupper, but liable to be claimed by every versifier from Cockaigne to Cape Wrath.

Let us turn, then, to his ambitious and elaborate address to Imagination, and see if it conspicuously exhibit the qualities of the poetical character.

“Thou fair enchantress of my willing heart,
Who charimest it to deep and dreamy slumber,
Gilding mine evening clouds of reverie,—
Thou lovely Siren, who, with still small voice
Most softly musical, dost lure me on
O'er the wide sea of indistinct idea,
Or quaking sands of untried theory,
Or ridgy shoals of fixt experiment
That wind a dubious pathway through the deep,—
Imagination, I am thine own child:
Have I not often sat with thee retired,
Alone yet not alone, though grave most glad,
All silent outwardly, but loud within,
As from the distant hum of many waters,
Weaving the tissue of some delicate thought,
And hushing every breath that might have rent
Our web of gossamer, so finely spun?
Have I not often listed thy sweet song,
(While in vague echoes and Æolian notes
The chambers of my heart have answered it),
With eye as bright in joy, and fluttering pulse,
As the coy village maiden's, when her lover
Whispers his hope to her delighted ear?”

Imagination is here hailed first as a “fair enchantress,” then as a “lovely siren,” and then as the poet's mother—“I am thine own child.” In the next paragraph—not quoted—she is called “angelic visitant;” again he says, “me thy son;” immediately after, “indulgent lover, I am all thine own;” and then—

“Imagination, art thou not my friend,
In crowds and solitude, my comrade dear,
Brother and sister, mine own other self,
The Hector to my soul's Andromache?”

These last lines are prodigious nonsense; and we could not have believed it possible so to burlesque the most touching passage in all Homer. Nor can we help thinking the image of Martin Farquhar Tupper, Esq., M.A., author of “Proverbial Philosophy”—

With eye as bright in joy, and fluttering pulse,
As the coy village maiden's—

rather ridiculous—with Imagination sitting by his side, and whispering soft nothings into his ear.

“With still small voice” is too hal-
lowed an expression to be properly
applied to a “lovely siren;” nor is it
the part of a siren to lure poets on

“O'er the wide sea of indistinct idea,
Or quaking sands of untried theory,
Or ridgy shoals of fixt experiment,
That wind a dubious pathway through the deep.”

We do not believe that these lines have any real meaning; and then they were manifestly suggested by two mighty ones of Wordsworth—

“The intellectual power through words
and things
Went sounding on its dim and perilous
way.”

Imagination is then “Triumphant Beauty, bright Intelligence,” and

“The chastened fire of extacy suppressed
Beams from her eye,”
which is all true; but why thus beams
her eye?

“Because thy secret heart,
Like that strange light, burning yet uncon-
sumed,

Is all on flame, a censer filled with odours,
And to my mind, who feel thy fearful
power,
Suggesting passive terrors and delights,
A slumbering volcano," &c.

Here the heart of Imagination is—if
we rightly understand it—the burning

bush spoken of in the Old Testament
—a censer filled with odours—and a
slumbering volcano! That is not
poetry. But here comes to us an as-
tounding personification—which we
leave, without criticism, to be admired
—if you choose.

“ Thy dark cheek,
Warm and transparent, by its half-formed dimple
Reveals an under-world of wondrous things
Ripe in their richness,—as among the bays
Of blest Bermuda, through the sapphire deep,
Ruddy and white, fantastically branch
The coral groves: thy broad and sunny brow,
Made fertile by the genial smile of heaven,
Shoots up an hundred fold the glorious crop
Of arabesque ideas; forth from thy curls
Half hidden in their black luxuriance
The twining sister-graces lightly spring,
The Muses, and the Passions, and Young Love,
Tritons and Naiads, Pegasus, and Sphinx,
Atlas, Briareus, Phaeton, and Cyclops,
Centaurs, and shapes uncouth, and wild conceits:
And in the midst blazes the star of mind,
Illumining the classic portico
That leads to the high dome where Learning sits:
On either side of that broad sunny brow
Flame-coloured pinions, streaked with gold and blue,
Burst from the teeming brain; while under them
The forked lightning, and the cloud-robed thunder,
And fearful shadows, and unhallowed eyes,
And strange foreboding forms of terrible things
Lurk in the midnight of thy raven locks.”

Here and there we meet with a
rather goodish line—as for example—

“ Thou hast wreathed me smiles,
And hung them on a statue's marble lips,”
And again—

“ Hast made earth's dullest pebbles bright
like gems.”

And still better, perhaps—

“ Hast lengthened out my nights with life-
long dreams.”

We are willing, but scarcely able,
to be pleased with the following image:

“ First feelings, and young hopes, and
better aims,

And sensibilities of delicate sort,
Like timorous mimosas, which the breath,
The cold and cautious breath of daily life,
Hath not, as yet, had power to blight or
kill,

From my heart's garden; for they stood
retired,

Screened from the north by groves of
rooted thoughts.”

You admire it?—then probably you
will admire this too—

“ So, too, the memory of departed joy,
Walking in black with sprinkled tears of
pearl,

Passes before the mind with look less
stern,

And foot more lightened, when thine in-
ward power,

Most gentle friend, upon the clouded face
Sheds the fair light of better joy to come,
And throws round Grief the azure scarf of
Hope.”

How far better had that thought
been, if expressed in simplest lan-
guage, and without any figure at all!

The Invocation ends thus,—

“ As the wild chamois bounds from rock to rock,
Oft on the granite steeples nicely poised,
Unconscious that the cliff from which he hangs
Was once a fiery sea of molten stone,
Shot up ten thousand feet and crystallized
When earth was labouring with her kraken brood;

So have I sped with thee, my bright-eyed love,
 Imagination, over pathless wilds,
 Bounding from thought to thought, unmindful of
 The fever of my soul that shot them up
 And made a ready footing for my speed,
 As like the whirlwind I have flown along
 Winged with ecstatic mind, and carried away,
 Like Ganymede of old, o'er cloud-capt Ithaca,
 Or Alps, or Andes, or the ice-bound shores
 Of Arctic or Antarctic, — stolen from earth
 Her sister-planets and the twinkling eyes
 That watch her from afar, to the pure seat
 Of rarest Matter's last created world,
 And brilliant halls of self-existing Light."

We call that bad. Like a cha-mois—like a whirlwind—like Ganymede! Shew us a flight—without telling us what it is like—and leave us to judge for ourselves whether or no you are a poet and can fly.

Does Imagination inspire "The Song of an Alpine Elf?" The Alpine Elf sings—

"My summer's home is the cataract's foam,

As it floats in a frothing heap;
 My winter's rest is the weasel's nest,
 Or deep with the mole I sleep."

We daresay there are moles and weasels among the Alps, but one does not think of them there; and had Mr Tupper ever taken up a weasel by the tail, between his finger and thumb, he would not, we are persuaded, have conceived it possible that any Elf, accustomed to live during summer in the froth of a cataract, could have been "so far left to himself" as to have sought winter lodgings with an animal of such an intolerable stink. And what are the Alpine Elf's pursuits?

"I ride for a freak on the lightning streak,
 And mingle among the cloud,
 My swarthy form with the thunder-storm,
 Wrapp'd in its sable shroud."

A very small thunder storm indeed would suffice to wrap his Elf-ship in its sable shroud; but is he not too magniloquent for a chum of the mole and the weasel? What would be the astonishment of the mole to see his bed-fellow as follows—

"Often I launch the huge avalanche,
 And make it my milk-white sledge,
 When unappalled to the Grindewald
 I slide from the Shrikehorn's edge."

By his own account he cannot be much more than a span long—and we are sceptical as to his ability to launch

an avalanche, though we are aware that avalanches hold their places by a precarious tenure. However, the sight of so minute a gentleman sliding unappalled on a huge avalanche from the Grindewald to the Shrikehorn's edge, would be of itself worth a journey to Switzerland. But what a cruel little wretch it is! not satisfied with pushing the ibex over the precipice, he does not scruple to avow,

"That my greatest joy is to lure and decoy
 To the chasm's slippery brink,
 The hunter bold, *when he's weary and old*,
 And there let him suddenly sink
 A thousand feet—dead!—he dropped like
 lead,

Ha! he couldn't leap like me;
 With broken back, as a felon on the rack,
 He hangs on a split pine tree."

Why shove only the old hunter over the chasm? "Twould be far better sport, one would think, to an Alpine elf, to precipitate the young bridegroom. "Ha! he couldn't leap like me," is a fine touch of egotism and insult—and how natural!

"And there mid his bones, that echoed
 with groans,

I make me a nest of his hair;
 The ribs dry and white rattle loud as in
 spite,

When I rock in my cradle there:
 Hurrah, hurrah, and ha, ha, ha!

I'm in a merry mood,
 For I'm all alone in my palace of bone,
 That's tapestried fair with the old man's
 hair,

And dappled with clots of blood."

At what season of the year? During summer his home is in a "frothing heat;" during winter he sleeps with the weasel or moudy-warp. It must be in spring or autumn that he makes his nest in a dead man's hair. How *imaginative*!

Turn we now to a reality, and see how Mr Tupper, who likened himself

to a chamois, deals with a chamois-hunter. He describes one scaling "Catton's battlement" before the peep of day, and now at its summit.

"Over the top, as he knew well,
Beyond the glacier in the dell
A herd of chamois slept;
So down the other dreary side,
With cautious step, or careless slide
He bounded, or he crept."

"And now he scans the chasmed ice;
He stoops to leap, and in a trice
His foot hath slipp'd,—O heaven!
He hath leapt in, and down he falls
Between those blue tremendous walls,
Standing asunder riven.

"But quick his clutching nervous grasp
Contrives a jutting crag to clasp,
And thus he hangs in air;—
O moment of exulting bliss!
Yet hope so nearly hopeless is
Twin-brother to despair.

"He look'd beneath,—a horrible doom!
Some thousand yards of deepening gloom,
Where he must drop to die!
He look'd above, and many a rood
Upright the frozen ramparts stood
Around a speck of sky.

"Fifteen long dreadful hours he hung,
And often by strong breezes swung
His fainting body twists,
Scarce can he cling one moment more,
His half-dead hands are ice, and sore
His burning bursting wrists.

"His head grows dizzy,—he must drop,
He half resolves,—but stop, O stop,
Hold on to the last spasm,
Never in life give up your hope,—
Behold, behold a friendly rope
Is dropping down the chasm!

"They call thee, Pierre,—see, see them
here,
Thy gathered neighbours far and near,
Be cool, man, hold on fast:
And so from out that terrible place,
With death's pale paint upon his face
They drew him up at last.

"And he came home an altered man,
For many harrowing terrors ran
Through his poor heart that day;
He thought how all through life, though
young,
Upon a thread, a hair, he hung,
Over a gulf midway:

"He thought what fear it were to fall
Into the pit that swallows all,
Unwing'd with hope and love;
And when the succour came at last,
O then he learnt how firm and fast
Was his best Friend above."

That is much better than any thing yet quoted, and cannot be read without a certain painful interest. But the composition is very poor.

"O heaven!

He hath leapt in!"

Well—what then? "and down he falls!" Indeed! We do not object to "between those blue tremendous walls," but why tell us they were "standing asunder riven?" We knew he had been on the edge of the "chasmed ice." "O moment of exulting bliss!" No—no—no. "Many a rood"—perpendicular altitude is never measured by roods nor yet by perches. Satan "lay floating many a rood"—but no mention of roods when "his stature reached the sky." "His head grows dizzy"—aye that it did long before the fifteen hours had expired. "But stop, O stop" is, we fear, laughable—yet we do not laugh—for 'tis no laughing matter—and "never in life give up your hope" is at so very particular a juncture too general an injunction. "*Be cool, man*, hold on fast" is a *lectle* too much, addressed to poor Pierre, whose "half dead hands were ice," and who had been hanging on by them for fifteen hours.

"And so from out that terrible place,
With death's pale paint upon his face,
They drew him up at last"—

is either very good or very bad—and we refer it to Wordsworth. The concluding stanzas are tame in the extreme;

"For many harrowing terrors ran
Through his poor heart that day!"

We can easily believe it; but never after such a rescue was there so feeble an expression from poet's heart of religious gratitude in the soul of a sinner saved.

The "African Desert" and "The Suttees" look like Oxford Unprized Poems. The Caravan, after suffering the deceit of the mirage, a-dust are aware of a well.

"Hope smiles again, as with instinctive haste
The panting camels rush along the waste,

And snuff the grateful breeze, that sweeping by
 Wafts its cool fragrance through the cloudless sky.
 Swift as the steed that feels the slacken'd rein
 And flies impetuous o'er the sounding plain,
 Eager as, bursting from an Alpine source,
 The winter torrent in its headlong course,
 Still hasting on, the wearied band behold
 — The green oasis, an emerald couch'd in gold!
 And now the curving rivulet they descry,
 That bow of hope upon a stormy sky,
 Now ranging its luxuriant banks of green
 In silent rapture gaze upon the scene:
 His graceful arms the palm was waving there
 Caught in the tall acacia's tangled hair,
 While in festoons across his branches slung
 The gay kossom its scarlet tassels hung;
 The flowering colocynth had studded round
 Jewels of promise o'er the joyful ground,
 And where the smile of day burst on the stream,
 The trembling waters glitter'd in the beam."

There is no thirst here—our palate grows not dry as we read. What *passion* is there in saying that the camels rushed along the waste,

"Swift as the steed that feels the slackened rein,"

And flies impetuous o'er the sounding plain?"

"Not a bit." And still worse is

"Eager as bursting from an Alpine source
 The winter torrent in its headlong course;"

for there should have been no allusion to water any where else *but there*; the groan and the cry was for *water to drink*; and had Mr Tupper felt for the caravan, men and beasts, no other water would he have seen in his imagination—it would have been *impossible* for him to have thought of likening the cavalcade to Alpine sources and winter torrents—he would have huddled it all headlong, prone, or on its hands, hoofs, and knees, into the water of salvation. "The green oasis, an emerald couch'd in gold!!" Water! Water! and there it is!

"That bow of hope upon a stormy sky!!!"

They are on its banks—and

"In silent rapture gaze upon the scene!!!"

And then he absolutely paints it! not in water colours—but in chalks. Graceful arms of palms—tangled hair of acacia—scarlet tassels of kossoms in festoons—and the jewels of promise of the flowering colocynth!!!

Stammering or stuttering, certainly is an unpleasant defect—or weakness in the power of articulation or speech, and we don't believe that Dr Browster

could much mend it; but some of the most agreeable men we know labour under it, and we suspect owe to it no inconsiderable part of their power in conversation. People listen to their impeded prosing more courteously, and more attentively, than to the prate of those "whose sweet course is not hindered;" and thus encouraged, they grow more and more loquacious in their vivacity, till they fairly take the lead in argument or anecdote, and are the delight and instruction of the evening, as it may hap, in literature, philosophy, or politics. Then, a scandalous story, stuttered or stammered, is irresistible—every point tells—and blunt indeed, as the head of a pin, must be that repartee that extricates not itself with a jerk from the tongue-tied, sharp as the point of a needle.

We beg to assure Mr Tupper, that his sympathy with the "Stammerer," would extort from the lips of the most swave of that fortunate class, who, it must be allowed, are occasionally rather irritable, characteristic expressions of contempt; and that so far from thinking their peculiarity any impediment, except merely in speech, they pride themselves, as well as they may, from experience, on the advantage it gives them in a colloquy, over the glib. If to carry its point at last be the end of eloquence, they are not only the most eloquent, but the only eloquent of men. No stammerer was ever beaten in argument—his opponents always are glad to give in—and often, after they have given in, and suppose their submission has been accepted, they find the contrary of all that from a

dig on the side, that drives the breath out of their body, and keeps them speechless for the rest of the night, while the stream of conversation, if it may be called so, keeps issuing in jets and jerks, from the same inexhaustible source, pausing but to become more potent, and delivering, per hour, we fear to say how many imperial gallons into the reservoir.

Therefore, we cannot but smile at "the Stammerer's Complaint"—as put into his lips by Mr Tupper. He is made to ask us—

"Hast ever seen an eagle chained to earth?
A restless panther to his cage immur'd?
A swift trout by the wily fisher check'd?
A wild bird hopeless strain its broken wing?"

We have; but what is all such sights to the purpose? An eagle chained cannot fly an inch—a panther in a cage can prowl none—a trout "checked"—basketted, we presume—is as good as gutted—a bird winged is already dish-ed—but a stammerer, "still beginning, never ending," is in all his glory when he meets a consonant whom he will not relinquish till he has conquered him, and dragged him in captivity at the wheels of his chariot,

"While the swift axles kindle as they roll."

Mr Tupper's Stammerer then is made to say,

"Hast ever felt, at the dark dead of night,
Some undefined and horrid incubus
Press down the very soul,—and paralyse
The limbs in their imaginary flight
From shadowy terrors in unhallowed sleep?"

We have; but what is all that to the purpose, unless it be to dissuade us from supping on pork-chop? Such oppression on the stomach, and through it on all the vital powers, is the effect of indigestion, and is horrible; but the Stammerer undergoes no such rending of soul from body, in striving to give vent to his peculiar utterance—not he indeed—'tis all confined to his organs of speech—his agonies are apparent not real—and he is conscious but of an enlivening emphasis that, while all around him are drowsy, keeps him wide awake, and banishes Sleep to his native land of Nod. We ourselves have what is called an impediment in our speech—and do "make wry faces," but we never thought of exclaiming to ourselves,

"Then thou canst picture—aye, in sober truth,"

In real, unexaggerated truth,—

The constant, galling, festering chain that binds

Captive my mute interpreter of thought;

The seal of lead enstamped upon my lips,

The load of iron on my labouring chest,

The mocking demon, that at every step

Haunts me,—and spurs me on—to burst in silence."

Heaven preserve us! is the world so ill off for woes—are they so scant—that a Poet who indites blank verse to Imagination, can dream of none worthier his lamentations than the occasional and not unfrequent inconveniences that a gifted spirit experiences from a lack of fluency of words?

"I scarce would wonder, if a godless man, (I name not him whose hope is heavenward.)

A man whom lying vanities hath scath'd
And harden'd from all fear,—if such an one

By this tyrannical Argus goaded on,

Were to be wearied of his very life,

And daily, hourly foiled in social converse,

By the slow simmering of disappointment,

Become a sour'd and apathetic being,

Were to feel rapture at the approach of death,

And long for his dark hope,—annihilation."

What if he were *dumb*?

Mr Tupper is a father—and some of his domestic verses are very pleasing—such as his sonnet to little Ellen, and his sonnet to little Mary; but we prefer the stanzas entitled "Children," and quote them as an agreeable sample, premising that they would not have been the worse of some little tincture of imaginative feeling—for, expressive as they are of mere natural emotion, they cannot well be said to be poetry.

We object, too, to the sentiment of the close, for thousands of childless men are rich in the enjoyment of life's best affections; and some of the happiest couples and the best we have ever known, are among those from whom God has withheld the gift of offspring. Let all good Christian people be thankful for the mercies graciously vouchsafed to them; but beware of judging the lot of others by their own, and of seeking to confine either worth, happiness, or virtue, within one sphere of domestic life, however blessed they may feel it to be;

"For the blue sky bends over all,
and our fate here below is not determined by the stars.

CHILDREN.

" **HARMLESS**, happy little treasures,
Full of truth, and trust, and mirth,
Richest wealth, and purest treasures,
In this mean and faulty earth.

" **How** I love you, pretty creatures,
Lamb-like flock of little blossoms,
Where the love that lights your features
From the heart in beauty sprouts.

" **On** those laughing rasy faces
There are no deep lines of sin,
None of passion's dreary traces
That betray the wounds within ;

" **But** yours is the sunny dimple
Radiant with maternal smiles,
Yours the heart, sincere and simple,
Innocent of selfish wiles ;

" **Yours** the natural curling tresses,
Prattling tongues, and sunny eyes,
Trotting steps, and kind caresses,
Pure with health and warm with joy.

We like the following lines still better—and considered "as one of the moods of his own mind," they may be read with unmingled pleasure.

WISDOM'S WISH.

" **Ah**, might I but escape to some sweet spot,
Oasis of my hopes, to fancy dear,
Where rural virtues are not yet forgot,
And good old customs crown the circling year ;
Where still contented peasants love their lot,
And trade's vile din offends not nature's ear,
But hospitable hearths, and welcomes warm
To country quiet add their social charm ;

" **Since** smiling bays of Cambria's happy shore,
A wooded dingle on a mountain side,
Within the distant sound of ocean's roar,
And looking down on valley fair and wide,
Nigh to the village church, to please me more
Than vast cathedrals in their Gothic pride,
And blest with pious pastor, who has trod
Himself the way, and leads his flock to God ;

" **There** would I dwell, for I delight therein !
Far from the evil ways of evil men,
Untainted by the soil of others' sin,
My own repented of, and clean again :
With health and plenty crown'd, and peace within,
Choice books, and guiltless pleasures of the pen,
And mountain-rambles with a welcome friend,
And dear domestic joys, that never end.

" **There**, from the flowery mead, or shingled shore,
To roll the gems that beautify our native wave,
From the rent mountain pick the brilliant ore,
Or seek the curious crystal in its cave ;
And learning nature's Master to adore,
Know more of Him who came the lost to save ;
Drink deep the pleasures contemplation gives,
And learn to love the meanest thing that lives.

" **The** dull slaves of gain, or passion,
Cannot love you as they should,
The poor weary slaves of fashion
Would not love you if they could :

" **Without** gratefulness, those cold-hearted,
Whom nature's fire has generous been,
And whose sons with fear have smarted,
Let my blessing come too soon.

" **When** he hath a child to love him
No man can be poor indeed,
While he trusts a Friend above him,
None can sorrow, fear, or need.

" **But** for thee, whose hearth is lonely
And now mused by children's mirth,
Spite of riches, thou art only
Desolate and poor on earth :

" **All** enkindled by innocent beauty,
All undriven by ruthless heart,
All enliven'd by sweetest duty,
Childless man, how poor thou art !"

"No envious wish my fellows to excel,
 No sordid money-getting cares be mine;
 No low ambition in high state to dwell,
 Nor meanly grand among the poor to shine:
 But, sweet benevolence, regale me well
 With those cheap pleasures and light cares of thine,
 And meek-eyed piety, be always near,
 With calm content, and gratitude sincere.

"Rescued from cities, and forensic strife,
 And walking well with God in nature's eye,
 Blest with fair children, and a faithful wife,
 Love at my board, and friendship dwelling nigh,
 Oh thus to wear away my useful life,
 And, when I'm called in rapturous hope to die,
 Thus to rob heav'n of all the good I can,
 And challenge earth to show a happier man!"

But the best set of stanzas in the volume are those entitled *Ellen Gray*. The subject is distressing, and has been treated so often—perhaps too often—as to be now exhausted—or if not so, nothing new can be expected on it, except either from original genius, or from a spirit made creative by profoundest sympathy and sorrow for the last extremities of human misery.

ELLEN GRAY.

"A starless night, and bitter cold;
 The low dun clouds all wildly roll'd
 Scudding before the blast,
 And cheerlessly the frozen sleet
 Adown the melancholy street
 Swept onward thick and fast;

"When crouched at an unfriendly door,
 Faint, sick, and miserably poor,
 A silent woman sate;
 She might be young, and had been fair,
 But from her eye look'd out despair,
 All dim and desolate.

"Was I to pass her coldly by,
 Leaving her there to pine and die,
 The live-long freezing night?
 The secret answer of my heart
 Told me I had not done my part
 In flinging her a mite.

"She look'd her thanks,—then droop'd
 her head;
 'Have you no friend, no home?' I said—
 'Get up, poor creature, come,
 You seem unhappy, faint, and weak,
 How can I serve or save you,—speak,
 Or whither help you home?'

"'Alas, kind sir, poor Ellen Gray
 Has had no friend this many a day,
 And, but that you seem kind,—
 She has not found the face of late
 That look'd on her in aught but hate,
 And still despairs to find:

"'And for a home,—would I had none!
 The home I have, a wicked one,
 They will not let me in,
 Till I can fee my jailor's hands
 With the vile tribute she demands,
 The wages of my sin:

"'I see your goodness on me frown;
 Yet hear the veriest wretch on town,
 While yet in life she may
 Tell the sad story of her grief,—
 Though heav'n alone can bring relief
 To guilty Ellen Gray.

"'My mother died when I was born:
 And I was flung, a babe forlorn,
 Upon the workhouse floor;
 My father,—would I knew him not!
 A squalid thief, a reckless sot,
 —I dare not tell you more.

"'And I was bound an infant-slave,
 With no one near to love, or save
 From cruel sordid men,
 A friendless, famish'd, factory child,
 Morn, noon, and night I toil'd and toil'd,—
 Yet was I happy then;

"'My heart was pure, my cheek was fair,
 Ah, would to God a cancer there
 Had eaten out its way!
 For soon my tasker, dreaded man,
 With treacherous wiles and arts began
 To mark me for his prey.

"'And month by month he vainly strove
 To light the flame of lawless love
 In my most loathing breast;
 Oh, how I fear'd and hated him,
 So basely kind, so smoothly grim,
 My terror and my pest!

* * * * *

"'Thenceforward droop'd my stricken
 head;
 I liv'd,—I died, a life of dread,
 Lest they should guess my shame;
 But weeks and months would pass away,
 And all too soon the bitter day
 Of wrath and ruin came;

" ' I could not hide my alter'd form :
Then on my head the fearful storm
Or gibe and insult burst :
Men only mocked me for my fate,
But women's scorn and women's hate
Me, their poor sister, curst.

" ' O woman, had thy kindless face
But gentler look'd on my disgrace,
And heal'd the wounds it gave !—
I was a drowning sinking wretch,
Whom no one lov'd enough to stretch
A finger out to save.

" ' They tore my baby from my heart,
And lock'd it in some hole apart
Where I could hear its cry,
Such was the horrid poor-house law ;—
Its little throes I never saw,
Although I heard it die !

" ' Still the stone hearts that ruled the place
Let me not kiss my darling's face,
My little darling dead ;
O I was mad with rage and hate,
And yet all sullenly I sate,
And not a word I said.

" ' I would not stay, I could not bear
To breathe the same infected air
That kill'd my precious child :
I watched my time, and fled away
The livelong night, the livelong day,
With fear and anguish wild :

" ' Till down upon a river's bank,
Twenty leagues off, fainting, I sank,
And only long'd to die ;
I had no hope, no home, no friend,
No God !—I sought but for an end
To life and misery.

" ' Ah, lightly heed the righteous few
How little to themselves is due,
But all things given to them ;
Yet the unwise because untaught,
The wandering sheep, because unsought,
They heartlessly condemn :

We do not think the idea very happy of " *Contrasted Sonnets*"—such as, Nature—Art ; The Happy Home—The Wretched Home ; Theory—Practice ; Riches—Poverty ; Philanthropic—Misanthropic ; Country—Town ; and so on—and 'tis an ancient, nay, a stale idea, though Mr Tupper evidently thinks it fresh and new, and luxuriates in it as if it were all his own. Sometimes he chooses to shew that he is ambidexter—and how much may be said on both sides—leaving the reader's mind in a state of indifference to what may really be the truth of the matter—or disposed to believe that he knows more about it than the Sonnetteer. The best are Prose and Poetry—and they are very good—so is " *Ancient*," but *Modern* is very bad—and therefore we quote the three—

" ' And little can the untempted dream,
While gliding smoothly on life's stream
They keep the letter-laws,
What they would be, if, tost like me
Hopeless upon life's barren sea,
They knew how hunger gnaws.

" ' I was half-starved, I tried in vain
To get me work my bread to gain ;
Before me flew my shame ;
Cold Charity put up her purse,
And none looked on me but to curse
The child of evil fame.

" ' Alas, why need I count by links
The heavy length'ning chain that sinks
My heart, my soul, my all ?
I still was fair, though hope was dead,
And so I sold myself for bread,
And lived upon my fall :

" ' Now was I reckless, bold and bad,
My love was hate,—I grew half-mad
With thinking on my wrongs ;
Disease, and pain, and giant-sin
Rent body and soul, and rag'd within !
Such need to guilt belongs.

" ' And what I was,—still such am I ;
Afraid to live, unfit to die,—
And yet I hoped I might
Meet my best friend and lover—Death,
In the fierce frowns and frozen breath
Of this December night.

" ' My tale is told : my heart grows cold ;
I cannot stir,—yet,—kind good sir,
I know that you will stay,—
And God is kinder e'en than you,—
Can He not look with pity too
On wretched Ellen Gray ?

" ' Her eye was fixed ; she said no more,
But propp'd against the cold street-door
She leaned her fainting head ;
One moment she look'd up and smil'd,
Full of new hope, as Mercy's child,
—And the poor girl was dead."

PROSE.

" That the fine edge of intellect is dulled,
And mortal ken with cloudy films obscure,
And the numb'd heart so deep in stupor lulled

That virtue's self is weak its love to lure,
 But pride and lust keep all the gates secure,
 This is thy fall, O man ; and therefore those
 Whose aims are earthly, like pedestrian prose,
 The selfish, useful, money-making plan,
 Cold language of the desk, or quibbling bar,
 Where in hard matter sinks ideal man :
 Still, worldly teacher, be it from me far
 Thy darkness to confound with yon bright band
 Poetic all, though not so named by men,
 Who have swayed royally the mighty pen,
 And now as kings in prose on fame's clear summit stand."

POETRY.

" To touch the heart, and make its pulses thrill,
 To raise and purify the grovelling soul,
 To warm with generous heat the selfish will,
 To conquer passion with a mild controul,
 And the whole man with nobler thoughts to fill,
 These are thine aims, O pure unearthly power,
 These are thine influences ; and therefore those
 Whose wings are clogged with evil, are thy foes ;
 And therefore these, who have thee for their dower,
 The widowed spirits with no portion here,
 Eat angels' food, the manna thou dost shower :
 For thine are pleasures, deep, and tried, and true,
 Whether to read, or write, or think, or hear,
 By the gross million spurn'd, and fed on by the few."

ANCIENT.

" My sympathies are all with times of old,
 I cannot live with things of yesterday,
 Upstart, and flippant, foolish, weak, and gay,
 But spirits cast in a severer mould,
 Of solid worth, like elemental gold :
 I love to wander o'er the shadowy past,
 Dreaming of dynasties long swept away,
 And seem to find myself almost the last
 Of a time-honoured race, decaying fast ;
 For I can dote upon the rare antique,
 Conjuring up what story it might tell,
 The bronze, or bead, or coin, or quaint relique ;
 And in a desert could delight to dwell
 Among vast ruins,—Tadmor's stately halls,
 Old Egypt's giant fanes, or Babel's mouldering walls."

Mr Tupper has received much praise from critics whose judgment is generally entitled to great respect—in the *Atlas*—if we mistake not—in the *Spectator*—and in the *Sun*. If our censure be undeserved—let our copious quotations justify themselves, and be our condemnation. Our praise may seem cold and scanty ; but so far from despising Mr Tupper's talents, we have good hopes of him, and do not fear but that he will produce many far better things than the best of those we have selected for the appro-

bation of the public. Perhaps our rough notes may help him to discover where his strength lies ; and, with his right feelings, and amiable sensibilities, and fine enthusiasm, and healthy powers when exercised on familiar and domestic themes, so dear forever to the human heart, there seems no reason why, in good time, he may not be among our especial favourites, and one of "the Swans of Thames"—which, we believe, are as big and as bright as those of the Tweed.

Alas ! for poor NICOL ! Dead and gone—but not to be forgotten—for aye to be remembered among the flowers of the forest, early weeded away !

THE HA' BIBLE.

" Chief of the Household Gods
Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage-homes !
While looking on thy signs
That speak, though dumb, deep thought upon me comes—
With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirr'd,
Like Childhood's when it hears the carol of a bird !

" The Mountains old and hear—
The chainless Winds—the Streams so pure and free—
The God-enamell'd Flowers—
The waving Forest—the eternal Sea—
The Eagle floating o'er the Mountain's brow—
Are Teachers all ; but O ! they are not such as Thou !

" O ! I could worship thee !
Thou art a gift a God of love might give ;
For Love and Hope and Joy
In thy Almighty-written pages live !
The Slave who reads shall never crouch again ;
For, mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his feeble chain !

" God ! unto Thee I kneel,
And thank Thee ! Thou unto my native land—
Yea to the outspread Earth—
Hast stretch'd in love Thy Everlasting hand,
And Thou hast given Earth, and Sea, and Air—
Yea all that heart can ask of Good and Pure and Fair !

" And, Father, Thou hast spread
Before Men's eyes this Charter of the Free,
That all Thy Book might read,
And Justice love, and Truth and Liberty.
The Gift was unto Men—the Giver God !
Thou Slave ! it stamps thee Man—go spurn thy weary load !

" Thou doubly-precious Book !
Unto thy light what doth not Scotland owe ?
Thou teachest Age to die,
And Youth in Truth unsullied up to grow !
In lowly homes a Comforter art thou—
A Sunbeam sent from God—an everlasting bow !

" O'er thy broad ample page
How many dim and aged eyes have pored ?
How many hearts o'er thee
In silence deep and holy have adored ?
How many Mothers, by their Infants' bed,
Thy holy, blessed, pure, child-loving words have read !

" And o'er thee soft young hands
Have oft in truthful plighted Love been join'd,
And thou to wedded hearts
Hast been a bond—an altar of the mind !—
Above all kingly power or kingly law
May Scotland reverence aye the Bible of the Ha' !"

We have no heart to write about him
and his genius and his virtues *now* ;
but these lines which Scotland " will
not willingly let die," will embalm

his memory—they breathe of the holy
fragrance that " smells sweet and
blossoms in the dust." And how
beautiful are these !

INDEX TO VOL. XLIV.

- Alcestis of Euripides, the, translated by Mr Chapman, 408.
- Ancient fragments of the Phœnician, Chaldean, &c. writers, by Cory, reviewed, 105.
- Archeus, a poem, by him named the Sexton's Daughter, 1—Part II. 3—Part III. 5—Part IV. 7—Part V. 9—Part VI. 12—Part VII. 14—Part VIII. 16—Part IX. 18—Thoughts and images by him, 197—Legendary Lore, by him, No. IV. Land and Sea, 335—No. V. The Onyx Ring, Part I. 664—Part II. 741.
- Arnold's History of Rome, reviewed, 142.
- Attaché, Letters of an, 369.
- Avenger, the, a tale, 208.
- Banker, the Murdering, a tale, 823—Chap. II. 838.
- Buenos-Ayres, war in disguise, 717.
- Cabinet and the Country, the, 429—Lord Brougham has well branded the Melbourne Cabinet with the title of the "Incapables," *ib.*—the incapability of the Premier shewn, 430—of the Foreign Secretary, *ib.*—of the Colonial Secretary, 431—of the Home Secretary, *ib.*—the important affairs of the nation are neglected on the pretext of tranquillizing Ireland, *ib.*—examples adduced of the vanity of tranquillizing Ireland by making concessions to the Irish papists, 432—extracts from O'Connell's speeches quoted in proof, *ib.*—also Mr Roebuck's letter on those speeches, 436—further evidence by Lord Brougham, 437—no reliance can be placed on the most solemn protestations of the papists, 438.
- Callimachus. Hymn to Diana, by the translator of Homer's Hymns, 52.
- Cassimir Perrier, his political character depicted, 34—162.
- Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy in France. By M. Guizot, reviewed, 524.
- Chapman, Mr, his translation of the Alcestis of Euripides, 408.
- Christopher in his Cave, 268—among the Mountains, 285.
- Colonial misgovernment, 624—the political character of the Colonial Secretary depicted, *ib.*—his shameful conduct to Mr Boulton, Chief-Justice, Newfoundland, exposed, 625—his endowments of popery the bane of colonial government, as exemplified in Lower Canada, 628—in New South Wales, 630—in the West Indies, 632—his culpable conduct exposed, in regard to the exportation of the Hill Coolies of India to the West Indies, 633—some of his proceedings, as the Malta Commission, are incidental specimens of the general policy of the administration, 634—besides these instances of improper conduct, he has permitted objectionable appointments to be made in our North American colonies, 635.
- Colonial and reciprocity systems considered, 317.
- Coronation Ode for Queen Victoria I., June 28, 1838, by James Montgomery, 140—Letters of an Attaché on the coronation, 369—Sonnets, on the, 402.
- Corn Laws, the, 650—up to last crop, the existence of the corn laws, as affecting prices, was of no importance, *ib.*—the last wet and cold summer raised the price of corn, and the Radicals have seized this formidable weapon to move the passions of the people, *ib.*—the argument constantly maintained against the corn laws stated, 651—doubtful that unrestricted importation of foreign corn would lower the money price of corn, 652—unrestricted importation would depress the home growers as much as it would encourage the foreign growers, *ib.*—examples of the effects of this principle quoted in other articles of consumption, 653—fallacy of the opinion that low prices are the invariable concomitant of prosperity, proved, 655—as well as the opinion that a free trade in grain would greatly extend our foreign trade, *ib.*—the home trade rather would decline much more than the foreign trade would increase, 657—official tables quoted to show the greater value of agriculture than manufactures, and of agriculture and the home trade combined, than the foreign trade, *ib.*—whilst the cry for unrestricted importation of corn is set up, the restrictions existing in favour of manufacturing industry are permitted to rest unmolested, 659—when the home market consumes

- more than double the quantity of manufactures than the foreign, it is unwise to change the direction of trade, 660—especially when the *persons* who constitute the home consumers are compared with the foreign consumers, *ib.*—but the question assumes more importance when the national existence is concerned, 661—nor is there the least fear that the country will become unable to support our increasing manufacturing population, when millions of acres lie uncultivated in all parts of the country which are yet capable of cultivation, 662—unbounded as the capability of Britain is to support its inhabitants, its agricultural production must be liable to fluctuations from the nature of the seasons, 663—the happy working of the corn laws during such fluctuations proved, *ib.*—and which effect could not have taken place had an unrestricted trade in corn existed, *ib.*
- Corruption, Whig-Radical, exposed, 345.
- Cory's Ancient Fragments, reviewed, 105.
- Country and the Cabinet, the, 429.
- Crustaceous Tour, a, by the Irish Oyster Eater, 637.
- Earlier English Moral Songs and Poems, on the, No. I., 453.
See *Moral*.
- Euripides, the *Alcestis* of, translated by Mr Chapman, 408.
- Extract from the drawer of our What-not, the law of content, 120—general expediency, 121—dependence of morality on the divine will, 123—origin of the fine arts, 124—form, 126—correction of Hume's doctrine of association, 127—the apathy of the stoics, 129—spirit of the age, 130—remarks on a passage in Coleridge's "Aids to Reflections," 135.
- Family antiquity, the sentiment of, 403.
- Food of the herring and salmon, on the, by John Stark, Edinburgh; I. food of the herring, 175—II. food of the salmon, 185.
- France, war in disguise, 717.
- Funerals, 469.
- Geology and love, a tale, 386—Chap. II., 390—Chap. III., 393—Chap. IV., 397.
- Geraldine, Tupper's, 835.
- Glance over the poetry of Thomas Warton, a, 553.
- Herring, on the food of the, 175.
- Historical coincidences quoted betwixt the measures of the 17th century, and those of the present men in power, 597—character of an honest and worthy parliament man, quoted, 599—the character of a sneaker, quoted, *ib.*
- Hymn to Diana.—Callimachus, by the translator of Homer's hymns, 52.
- Introduction to the philosophy of consciousness, Part IV., Chap. I., 234—Chap. II., 236—Chap. III., 237—Chap. IV., 241—Chap. V. 242. Part V. Chap. I., 539—Chap. II., 543—Chap. III., 546—Chap. IV., 551.
- Ireland, its tranquillity considered, 795.
- Kenyon, John, his poems reviewed, 779.
- Lace-Merchant of Namur, the, a tale, 245.
- Law and facts from the North, 57.
- Legendary Lore, by Archæus, No. IV., Land and Sea, Chap. I., 335—Chap. II., 337—Chap. III., 341—No. V. The Onyx Ring, Part I., Chap. I., 664—Chap. II., 665—Chap. III., 667—Chap. IV., 670—Chap. V., 672—Chap. VI., 674—Chap. VII., 676—Chap. VIII., 678—Chap. IX., 680—Chap. X., 681—Chap. XI., 682.—Part II., Chap. I., 741—Chap. II., 742—Chap. III., 744—Chap. IV., 745—Chap. V., 747—Chap. VI. Henry's Papers, 749—Chap. VII. Henry's Papers, continued, 752—Chap. VIII. Extracts from Maria's Notebook, 755—Chap. IX., 757—Chap. X., 761—Chap. XI., 764.
- Letter from Tomkins—Bagman, *versus* Pedlar; to Christopher North, Esq. 508.
- Letters of an Attaché—the Coronation, 369—the Review, 378—the Review of the Guards, 383.
- Liberalism of Popery, the, 730—the political character of popery as it has always been described, *ib.*—the support given by popery to liberalism proved to be for fraudulent purposes, first, in reference to the *ballot* *ib.*—second to the *voluntary principle*, 731—and thirdly, as to *national education*, 732—history supports this view of the hollowness of popery, as witnessed in the suppression of the reformation in Poland, 734—in its attempted suppression in England, 735—if a doubt exists of the tyrannical intention of popery in those times, a glance at its proceedings in the present age in surrounding countries, will dispel it, 736—if the pretensions of popery were sincere towards liberalism, she would support all Protestant Governments which are based on tolerant principles, 737—the union now of popery and liberalism is a sign of the times, as pregnant with gloomy forebodings, as it was in times past, 739—the remarkably prophetic sentiments of Bishop Horsley on such an ominous combination, aptly quoted, 740—popery has never yet succeeded in her aggressions against protestantism, and it is hoped never will, *ib.*
- Lines suggested by a poem called "The Flight of Youth," in the August number (p. 271), of *Blackwood's Magazine*, 401.
- Love and Geology, a tale, 386.
- Memoranda of the origin and history of Our Village, and of its Founders, 358.
- Mexico, war in disguise, 717.
- Misgovernment of the colonies demonstrated, 624.
- Mitchell, T. L., Major, his three Expedi-

- tions into the interior of Eastern Australia, reviewed, 640.
- Montgomery, James, his Coronation Ode for Victoria I., June 28, 1848, 140.
- Moral songs and poems, on the earlier English, No. I. 453.
- Murdering Becker, the, a tale, 823.
- My First Circuit: Law and facts from the North, in a letter to Christopher North, Esq., from an old contributor, 57.
- Namor, the Lane-Merchant of, a tale, 240—
—the apparition, 246—
—an intelligence, 248—
—the obstacle, ib.—
—the miracle, 249—
—the lessons, ib.—
—the helper, 250—
—the treasure, 253—
—the journey to Valentin des Anges, 256—
—the lifting of the measure, 256—
—the dream, 257—
—the distress, 258—
—the duke, 259—
—the secret, 261—
—separation, 263—
—as you were, 264—
—Abubeker again, 266—
—all's well that ends well, 267.
- New South Wales, three expeditions into the interior of Eastern Australia, by Major T. L. Mitchell, Surveyor-General, reviewed, 640.
- Our Would-be Rector, 833.
- Orpheus, thoughts on, 21.
- Our Pocket Companions, 573.
- Our Two Vases, extracts from them without comment, 804.
- Oyster Eater, a crustaceous tour by the Irish, 637.
- Philosophy, Catholicism, and Protestantism, in France. By M. Guizot, reviewed, 524.
- Picture Gallery, the, 439—He will come to-morrow, a tale, (Chap. I. 441—Chap. II. 444—Chap. III. 448—Chap. IV. 449.
- Poems by John Kenyon reviewed, 779.
- Poetry of Thomas Warton, a glance over it, 553.
- Popery, its progress at the present time traced, 494—its liberality proved to be hypocritical, 730.
- Progress of popery, the, 494—
—the Roman Catholics of England and Scotland took very little part in bringing about the emancipation act of 1829, and none in the revolutionary movement connected with the war with France, ib.—
—now that they see political power within their grasp, they are using the means of wealth and influence at their disposal to gain it, 495—
—their numbers are increasing in the country, in the legislature, and in offices of trust, 496—
—its progress in Canada, Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, the United States, proved from the tract of Mr Beckerstaffe the writings of Dr Lang, and other documents, 498—
—the proceedings of the Roman Catholic missions, Dr Wiseman's lectures, and the account of those missions in Australia, by Dr Ullathorne, noticed, 499—
—the position of the Irish papists for emancipation, 501—
—the progress of popery, and attempted acts of the papists since their entrance into Parliament, enumerated, 503—
—the office-bearers of the society for the diffusion of Catholic publications enumerated, and the objects of that society described, 504—
—papists are now united throughout the empire in one complete organization, 505—
—victorious and animated exertions are required on the part of Protestants to maintain their cause, 507.
- Protestantism, Catholicism, and Philosophy in France. By M. Guizot, reviewed, 524.
- Reciprocity and Colonial Systems, the, 317—
—two different principles have governed this country in their foreign and colonial relations, ib.—
—the two systems have come into collision, ib.—
—impossible to enjoy the advantages of both, ib.—
—the vital point which separates the two systems is, whether the producers or consumers shall have the ruling power, ib.—
—to protect the producers, the navigation laws were enacted, 318—
—the reciprocity system is founded on diametrically opposite principles, ib.—
—the reciprocity act quoted, 319—
—the effects of the reciprocity system on the maritime strength, and resources of the empire, demonstrated to be injurious to our commercial navy, 320—
—its alleged favourable effects on the commerce of the country examined, and proved to be unable to preserve our European trade from decay, 323—
—whereas the restrictive system has been unable to check the growth of our commerce with other countries, 326—
—the favourable results of the restrictive system in our colonial trade, has enabled the advocates of the reciprocity system to blind the nation regarding the real tendency of the latter, 328—
—the grand error of the latter system is the sacrificing the national security and defence to the national wealth, 329—
—the two grand articles of national independence are grain and shipping, ib.—
—a free trade cannot be maintained in either, 330—
—in the application of the reciprocity system, the price at which different commodities can be raised in different countries, is an essential distinction to be kept in view, ib.—
—the acts and reasonings of foreign nations in relation to prices, stated and considered, and their injurious effects on this country shown, 331—
—the two points on which the reciprocity system is well-founded is the repeal of duties on foreign raw produce, and the opening of the trade of our colonies to the colonies of other nations, 334—
—the true principles of reciprocity in commerce stated, ib.
- Rector, our Would-be, 833.
- Rome, Arnold's History of that empire, reviewed, 112.
- Salmon, on the food of the, 185.

Sentiment of family antiquity, the, 403.
 Sexton's Daughter, the, a poem, 1.
 Sketcher, Sonnets by the, 157.
 Sonnets by the Sketcher, 157—on the Coronation, 402.
 Sophocles, *Trachiniæ*, translated, 400.
 Stark, John, on the food of the herring, vendace, and salmon, 175.
 Strollers, tale of the, 94—Chap. II. 96—Chap. III. 99—Chap. IV. 101.
 Thoughts on Orpheus, 21—Thoughts and Images, by Archæus, 197.
 Tick on scientific principles, Chap. I.—of many things, such as web spreading. Introductory, 612—Chap. II. wherein appear the author and his preface, 614—Chap. III. wherein the art is explained, 618—Chap. III. wherein the art is further developed, 621.
 Tomkins, his Letters to Christopher North, Esq. on the subject of the Bagman *versus* Pedlar, 508.
Trachiniæ of Sophocles, translated, 400.
 Tranquillity in Ireland, 795—the pledges given by the Roman Catholics towards the safety of the Protestant Church, with the view of claiming political rights, proved to have been hypocritical, 796.—The present bold attempt of the papists in Ireland to abolish tithes altogether, is at complete variance with, and clearly proves the insincerity of their former protestations, 799.—The dangerous conduct of the Marquis of Headfort, a Privy Councillor, a Lord of Her Majesty's Bedchamber, and a Lord-Lieutenant in presiding at the meeting for the extinction of tithes, highly reprobated, *ib.*
 Tupper's Geraldine, 835.
 Tutor, the, a tale—Chap. I. 480—Chap. II. 483—Chap. III. 485—Chap. IV. 487—Chap. V. 491.
 Vases, our two, extracts from them, without comment, 804.
 Victoria I., Coronation Ode for Queen, June 28, 1838, by James Montgomery, 140.
 War in disguise—France—Mexico—Beunos-

Ayres, 717—the erratic and undisciplined method of conducting the foreign affairs of this country clearly described, *ib.*—during this period of concerted supineness on the part of the Foreign Secretary, France is taking the advantage of increasing her ships and commerce and extending her conquests, 718—in that grasping spirit she has established the blockades of Mexico and Buenos-Ayres, 719—the circumstances upon which the blockade of Mexico has been pretended to be established, truly stated, and proved to be unwarrantable, *ib. et seq.*—the pretexts for the blockade of Buenos-Ayres proved to be equally frivolous, 723, *et seq.*—the interruptions occasioned by them to the commerce of Britain, proved to be of a serious nature, 727.

Warton, Thomas, a glance over his poetry, 553.

Whig-Radical Corruption, 345—proved clearly that patronage has been more increased and more scandalously abused, and the public money more lavishly and suspiciously squandered under the Whigs, than at any period during the past fifty years, on their dependents in the House of Commons, 346—by favours conferred on their friends in the House, 347—by appointments given to their quondam friends in the House, *ib.*—on members of the House whose relations have received direct appointments, 348—by grants of public money for commissions, &c., 349—in the Colonial Department, 350—by appointments at home, *ib.*—on placemen in the House of Lords, 351—by promotions in the peerage, 352—by elevations to the British peerage, *ib.*—by increased expenditure, 354—by appointments of young naval officers, relations of Whigs, 355—by naval commands, 356—by notorious instances of nepotism, *ib.*—it is not easy to trace all their sinuous windings, and embrace all their extended and increasing corruption, 357.

AP

4

B6

v.44

Blackwood's magazine

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

